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Sir William Davenant R.

THE
WORKS
OF
S^r William Davenant K^t

Consisting of
Those which were formerly Printed,
AND
Those which he design'd for the Press:

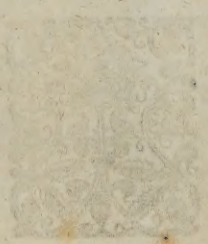
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LONDON:

Printed by T. N. for Henry Herringman, at the Sign of the
Blew Anchor in the Lower Walk of the New
Exchange. 1673.

THE
 WORKS
 OF
 SAMUEL JOHNSON
 ESQ.
 IN TEN VOLUMES.
 THE FIRST EDITION.
 WITH CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONS.
 BY
 SAMUEL JOHNSON.
 IN TWO VOLUMES.
 THE SECOND EDITION.
 WITH CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONS.
 BY
 SAMUEL JOHNSON.
 IN TWO VOLUMES.



LONDON:
 Printed by J. & J. Johnson, Strand, at the Sign of the
 Lion, in the Year 1790.
 R. & J. Johnson, 1790.

TO HIS
Royal Highness.



Our Highness is no sooner return'd from Exposing your Person, for the Honor and Safety of Three Kingdoms, but you are Persecuted by a poor Widow, who humbly begs you to Protect the Works of her Deceased Husband from the Envy and Malice of this Censorious Age: For whoever sees your Royal Highness's Name in the Front of this Book, and dares Oppose, what you are pleas'd to Defend, not only shews his Weakness, but-ill Nature too.

I have often heard (and I have some reason to believe) that your Royal Father, of Ever Blessed Memory, was not displeased with his Writings; That your most Excellent Mother did Graciously take him into her Family; That she was often diverted by him, and as often smil'd upon his Endeavors; I am sure he made it the whole Study and Labor of the latter part of his Life, to entertain His Majesty, and your Royal Highness, and I hope he did it succesfully.

When ever we are, or when ever we fear to be Opprest, we always fly to your Highness for Redress

The Epistle Dedicatory.

*or Prevention, and you were ever Graciously pleased
to Protect us; 'Tis that has embolden'd me to present
these Papers to your Royal Highness, and I humbly
beg pardon for the Presumption of*

Your most Humble

and Obedient Servant

Mary D'Avenant.

TO

READER,



Here present you with *A Collection* of all those Pieces Sir *William D'avenant* ever design'd for the Press; In his Life-time he often express'd to me his great Desire to see them in *One Volume*, which (in Honor to his Memory) with a great deal of Care and Pains, I have now Accomplished.

In this Work you have *Gondibert*, *Madagascar*, &c. to which is added several Poems and Copies of Verses never before Printed; amongst them, there is the Death of *Astragon*, call'd, *The Philosophers Disquisition*, directed to the dying Christian, which the Author intended as an Addition to *Gondibert*; In this Volume you have likewise *Sixteen Plays*, whereof Six were never before Printed.

My Author was *Poet Laureat* to two Great Kings, which certainly bespeaks his Merits; besides I could say much in Honor of this Excellent Person, but I intend not his Panegyrick; He was my Worthy Friend, let his Works that are now before you, speak his Praise, whilst I subscribe my self,

Your Servant

Henry Herringman.

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GOND-

GONDIBERT:
AN HEROICK
POEM,

WRITTEN BY
S^r WILLIAM D'AVENANT.



L O N D O N,
Printed by T. N. for Henry Herringman ,
and are to be sold at his Shop at the Sign of
the *Anchor* in the *New Exchange*, 1672.

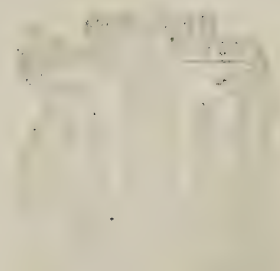
GOLDEN

AND

MOON

THE

NEW YORK



THE NEW YORK
PUBLISHED BY
THE NEW YORK



THE AUTHOR'S.
PREFACE

To his much Honour'd FRIEND

Mr. H O B S.

S I R,



Since you have done me the honour to allow this Poem a daily examination as it was writing, I will presume now it hath attain'd more length, to give you a longer trouble; that you may yeild me as great advantages by censuring the Method, as by judging the Numbers and the matter. And because you shall pass through this new Building with more ease to your disquisition, I will acquaint you, what care I took of my materials, e're I began to work.

But first give me leave (remembering with what difficulty the World can shew any Heroick Poem, that in a perfect glass of Nature gives us a familiar and easie view of our selves) to take notice of those quarrels, which the Living have with the Dead: and I will (according as all times have apply'd their reverence) begin with *Homer*, who though he seems to me standing upon the Poets famous hill, like the eminent Sea-mark, by which they have in former ages steer'd; and though he ought not to be removed from that eminence, least Posterity should presumptuously mistake their course; yet some (sharply observing how his Successors have proceeded no farther then a perfection of imitating him) say, that as Sea-marks are chiefly useful to Coasters, and serve not those who have the ambition of Discoverers, that love to sail in untry'd Seas; so he hath rather prov'd a Guide for those, whose satisfy'd wit will not venture beyond the track of others; then to them, who affect a new and remote way of thinking, who esteem it a deficiency and meanness of minde, to stay and depend upon the authority of example:

Some there are, that object that even in the likelyhoods of Story (and Story, where ever it seems most likely, grows most pleasant) he doth too frequently intermix such Fables, as are objects lifted above the Eyes of Nature; and as he often interrogates his Muse, not as his rational Spirit, but as a *Familiar*, separated from his body, so her replies bring him where he spends time in immortal conversation; whilst supernaturally, he doth often advance his men to the quality of Gods, and depose his Gods to the condition of men.

His Successor to fame, (and consequently to censure) is *Virgil*; whose toyles nor vertue cannot free him from the peevishness (or rather curiosity) of divers Readers. He is upbraid'd by some (who perhaps are affected Antiquaries, and make priority of time, the measure of Excellence) for gaining his renown by imitation of *Homer*: Whilst others (no less bold with that antient Guide) say, he hath so often led him into

Heaven, and Hell, till by conversation with Gods and Ghosts, he sometimes deprives us of those natural probabilities in Story, which are instructive to humane life: And others affirm (if it be not irreverence to record their opinion) That even in wit, he seems deficient by many omissions; as if he had design'd a pittance of gravity to himself and to posterity: And by their observing that continued gravity, methinks they look upon him, as on a Musitian composing of Anthemes; whose excellence consists more in the solemnness, then in the fancy; and upon the body of his Work, as on the body of a Giant, whose force hath more of strength, then quickness, and of patience, then activity.

But these bold Censurers are in danger of so many Enemies, as I shall wisely shrink from them; and only observe, That if any Disciples of unimitable *Virgil* can prove so formal, as to esteem wit (as if it were levity) an imputation to the Heroick Muse (by which malevolent word, Wit, they would disgrace her extraordinary height;) yet if those grave Judges will be held wise, they must endure the fate of Wise men; who always have but few of their Society; for many more then consist of their number (perhaps not having the fullness to be of it) are taken with those bold flights, and think, 'tis with the Muse (whose noble Quarry is Men) as with the Eagle, who when he soars high stoops more prosperously, and is most certain of his prey. And surely Poets (whose business should represent the Worlds true image often to our view) are not less prudent then Painters, who when they draw Landscaps entertain not the Eye wholly with even Prospect, and a continued Flat; but (for variety) terminate the sight with lofty Hills, whose obscure heads are sometimes in the clouds.

Lucan, who chose to write the greatest actions that ever were allowed to be true (which for fear of contemporary witnesses, oblig'd him to a very close attendance upon Fame) did not observe that such an enterprize rather becom'd an Historian, then a Poet: For wise Poets think it more worthy to seek out truth in the Passions, then to record the truth of Actions; and practise to describe Mankind just as we are periwaded or guided by instinct, not particular persons, as they are lifted, or level'd by the force of Fate, it being nobler to contemplate the general History of Nature, then a selected Diary of Fortune: And Painters are no more then Historians, when they draw eminent persons (though they term that drawing to the life) but when by assembling divers figures in a larger Volumn they draw Passions (though they term it but Story) then they increase in dignity and become Poets.

I have been thus hard to call him to account for the choice of his Argument, not meerly as it was Story, but because the actions he recorded were so eminent, and so near his time, that he could not assist Truth, with such ornaments as Poets, for useful pleasure, have allowed her; lest the fained complexion might render the true suspected. And now I will leave to others the presumption of measuring his Hyperboles, by whose space and height they maliciously take the dimension of wit, and so mistake him in his boyling Youth (which had marvellous forces) as we disrelish excellent Wine when fuming in the Lee.

Statius (with whom we may conclude the old Heroicks) is as accountable to some for his obligations to *Virgil*, as *Virgil* is to others for what he owes to *Homer*; and more closely then *Virgil* waits on *Homer*, doth *Statius* attend *Virgil*, and follows him there also where Nature never comes, even into Heaven and Hell: and therefore he cannot escape such as approve the wisdom of the best Dramaticks; who in representation of examples, believe they prevail most on our manners, when they lay the Scene at home in their own Country; so much they avoid those remote Regions of Heaven and Hell: as if the People (whom they make civil by an easie communication with reason (and familiar reason is that which is call'd the civility of the Stage) were become more discreet than to have their eyes periwaded by the descending of Gods in gay Clouds, and more manly than to be frighted with the rising of Ghosts in Smoke.

Tasso (who reviv'd the Heroick flame after it was many ages quench'd) is held both in time and merit, the first of the Moderns; an honour by which he gains not much, because the number he excels must needs be few, which affords but one fit to succeed him; for I will yield to their opinion, who permit not *Ariosto*, no not *Du Bartas* in this eminent rank of the Heroicks; rather than to make way by their admission for *Dante*, *Mario*, and others. *Tasso's* honour too is chiefly allow'd him, where he most endeavors to make *Virgil* his Pattern: and again, when we consider from whom *Virgil's* spirit is deriv'd, we may observe how rarely humane excellence is found; for Heroick Poesie (which, if exact in itself, yields not to any other humane work) flow'd but in few, and even those streams descended but from one Grecian Spring; and 'tis with Original Poems, as with the Original Pieces of Painters, whose Copies abate the excessive price of the first Hand.

But

But *Tasso*, though he came late into the world, must have his share in that Critical war which never ceases amongst the Learned; and he seems most unfortunate, because his errors which are deriv'd from the Ancients when examin'd, grow in a great degree excusable in them, and by being his, admit no pardon. Such as are his Council assembl'd in Heaven, his Witches Expeditions through the Air, and enchanted Woods inhabited with Ghosts. For though the elder Poets (which were then the sacred Priests) fed the world with supernatural Tales, and so compounded the Religion, of Pleasure and Mysterie, (two Ingredients which never fail'd to work upon the People) whilst for the eternity of their Chiefs (more refin'd by Education) they surely intended no such vain provision.) Yet a Christian Poet, whose Religion little needs the aids of Invention, hath less occasion to imitate such Fables, as meanly illustrate a probable Heaven, by the fashion and dignity of Courts; and make a resemblance of Hell, out of the Dreams of frighted Women; by which they continue and increase the melancholy mistakes of the People.

Spencer may stand here as the last of this short File of Heroick Poets; Men, whose intellectuals were of so great a making, (though some have thought them lyable to even few Censures we have mentioned) as perhaps they will in worthy memory outlast, those Makers of Laws, and Founders of Empires, and all but such as must therefore live equally with them, because they have recorded their names. And since we have dar'd to remember those exceptions which the Curious have against them, it will not be expected I should forget what is objected against *Spencer*; whose obsolete Language we are constrain'd to mention, though it be grown the most vulgar accusation that is laid to his charge.

Language (which is the onely Creature of Man's creation) hath like a Plant seasons of flourishing and decay; like Plants is remov'd from one soile to another, and by being so transplanted, doth often gather vigor and increase. But as it is false husbandry to graft old branches upon young stocks; so we may wonder that our Language (not long before his time, created out of a confusion of others, and then beginning to flourish like a new Plant) should (as helps to its increase) receive from his hand, new grafts of old wither'd words. But this vulgar exception, shall onely have the vulgar excuse, which is, that the unlucky choice of his *Stanza*, hath by Repetition of Rime, brought him to the necessity of many exploded words.

If we proceed from his Language to his Argument, we must observe with others, that his noble and most artful hands deserv'd to be employ'd upon matter of a more natural, and therefore of a more useful kind. His allegorical Story (by many held defect ve in the connexion) resembling (methinks) a continuance of extraordinary Dreams, such as excellent Poets, and Painters, by being over-studious may have in the beginning of Feavers: And those moral Visions are just of so much use to humane application, as painted History, when with the coufenage of lights it is represented in Scenes, by which we are much less inform'd then by actions on the Stage.

Thus, Sir, I have (perhaps) taken pains to make you think me malicious, in observing how far the Curious have look'd into the errors of others; Errors which the natural humor of imitation hath made so like in all (even from *Homer* to *Spencer*) as the accusations against the first appear but little more then repetition in every process against the rest: and comparing the resemblance of error in persons of one generation, to that which is in those of another age; we may find it exceeds not any where, notoriously, the ordinary proportion. Such limits to the Progress of every thing (even of worthiness as well as defect) doth Imitation give: for whilst we imitate others, we can no more excel them, then he that sails by others Mapps can make a new discovery: and to Imitation, Nature (which is the onely visible power, and operation of God) perhaps doth needfully incline us, to keep us from excesses. For though every man be capable of worthiness and unworthiness (as they are defined by Opinion) yet no man is built strong enough to bear the extremities of either, without unloading himself upon others shoulders, even to the weariness of many. If courage be worthiness, yet where it is overgrown into extremes, it becomes as wild and hurtful as ambition; and so what was revered for protection, grows to be abhorr'd for oppression: If *Learning* (which is not Knowledge, but a continu'd Sailing by fantastick and uncertain winds towards it) be worthiness, yet it hath bounds in all Philosophers; and Nature that measur'd those bounds, seems not so partial, as to allow it in any one a much larger extent then in another; as if in our fleshy building, she consider'd the furniture and the room, alike, and together; for as the compass of Diadems commonly fits the whole succession of those Kings that wear them, so throughout the whole World, a very few inches may distinguish the circumference of the heads of their Subjects: Nor need we repine that nature hath not some Favorites,

to whom she doth dispend this Treasure, *Knowledge*, with a prodigious Liberality. For as there is no one that can be said vastly to exceed all mankind; so divers that have in learning transcended all in some one Province, have corrupted many with that great quantity of false gold; and the authority of their stronger Science, had often serv'd to distract, or pervert their weaker disciples.

And as the qualities which are term'd good, are bounded, so are the bad; and likewise limited, as well as gotten by imitation; for amongst those that are extraordinary, either by birth or brain (for with the usual pride of Poets, I pass by common crowds, as negligently as Princes move from throngs that are not their own Subjects) we cannot find any one so egregious (admitting cruelty and avarice for the chiefest evils; and errors in Government or Doctrine, to be the greatest errors) but that divers of former or succeeding times may enter the scales with them, and make the Ballance even; though the passion of Historians would impose the contrary on our belief; who in dispraise of evil Princes are often as unjust and excessive as the common People: For there was never any Monarch so cruel but he had living Subjects, nor so avaritious, but that his Subjects were richer then himself; nor ever any disease in Government so extremely infectious as to make universal Anarchy, or any error in Doctrine so strong by the Maintainer, but that Truth (though it wrangled with her often, and in many places) hath at some season, and on some ground, made her advantages and success apparent: Therefore we may conclude, that Nature, for the safety of mankind, hath as well (by dulling and stopping our progress with the constant humor of imitation) given limits to courage and to learning, to wickedness and to error, as it hath ordain'd the shelves before the shore, to restrain the rage and excesses of the Sea.

But I feel (Sir) that I am falling into the dangerous Fit of a hot Writer; for instead of performing the promise which begins this Preface, and doth oblige me (after I had given you the judgement of some upon others) to present my self to your censure, I am wandering after new thoughts; but I shall ask your pardon, and return to my undertaking.

My Argument I resolv'd should consist of Christian persons; for since Religion doth generally beget, and govern manners, I thought the example of their actions would prevail most upon our own, by being deriv'd from the same doctrine and authority; as the particular Sects educated by Philosophers, were diligent and pliant to the dictates and fashions of such as deriv'd themselves from the same Master, but lazy and froward to those who convers'd in other Schools: Yet all these Sects pretended to the same beauty, *Virtue*; though each did court her more fondly, when she was dress'd at their own homes, by the hands of their acquaintance: And so Subjects bred under the Laws of a Prince (though Laws differ not much in Morality, or Privilege throughout the civil World; being every where made for direction of Life, more then for sentences of Death) will rather dye near that Prince, defending those they have been taught, then live by taking new from another.

These were partly the reasons why I chose a Story of such persons as professed Christian Religion; but I ought to have been most inclin'd to it, because the Principals of our Religion conduce more to explicable virtue, to plain demonstrative justice, and even to Honor (if Virtue the Mother of Honour be voluntary, and active in the dark, so as she need not Laws to compel her, nor look for witnesses to proclaim her) then any other Religion that e're assembled men to Divine Worship. For that of the *Jews* doth still consist in a fullen separation of themselves from the rest of humane flesh, which is a fantastical pride of their own cleanness, and an uncivil disdain of the imagined contagiousness of others; and at this day, their cantonizing in Tribes, and shyness of alliance with neighbours, deserves not the term of mutual love but rather seems a bestial melancholy of herding in their own Walks. That of the *Ethnicks*, like this of *Mahomet*, consisted in the vain pride of Empire, and never enjoyn'd a Jewish separation, but drew all Nations together; yet not as their companions of the same species, but as slaves to a Yoke: Their sanctity was Honor, and their Honor only an impudent courage, or dexterity in destroying. But Christian Religion hath the innocence of Village neighbourhood, and did antiently in its politicks rather promote the interest of Mankind then of States; and rather of all States then of one; for particular endeavors onely in behalf of our own homes, are signes of a narrow moral education, not of the vast kindness of Christian Religion, which likewise ordain'd as well an universal communion of bosomes, as a community of Wealth. Such is Christian Religion in the Precepts, and was once so in the practice. But I resolv'd my Poem should represent those of a former age, perceiving 'tis with the servants of Christ, as with other servants under temporal power, who with all cleanness, and even with officious diligence perform their duty in their Masters sight;

light; but still as he grows longer absent, becomes more slothful, unclean and false. And this, who ever compares the present with the Primitive times, may too palpably discern.

When I consider'd the actions which I meant to describe, those inferring the persons) I was again perswaded rather to chuse those of a former age, than the present; and in a Century so far remov'd, as might preserve me from their improper examinations, who know not the requisites of a Poem, nor how much pleasure they lose (and even the pleasures of Heroick Poesy are not unprofitable) who take away the liberty of a Poet, and fetter his feet in the shackles of an Historian: For why should a Poet doubt in Story to mend the intrigues of Fortune by more delightful conveyances of propable fictions, because austere Historians have enter'd into bond to truth; an obligation which were in Poets, as foolish and unnecessary as is the bondage of false Martyrs, who lye in chains for a mistaken opinion: but by this I would imply, that Truth narrative, and past, is the Idol of Historians (who worship a dead thing) and truth operative, and by effects continually alive, is the Mistress of Poets, who hath not her existence in matter, but in reason.

I was likewise more willing to derive my Theme from elder times, as thinking it no little mark of skilfulness to comply with the common Infirmary; for men (even of the best education) discover their eyes to be weak, when they look upon the glory of Vertue (which is great actions) and rather endure it at distance then near; being more apt to believe, and love the renown of Predecessors, then of Contemporaries, whose deeds excelling theirs in their own sight, seem to upbraid them, and are not reverenc'd as examples of Vertue, but envy'd as the favors of Fortune: But to make great actions credible, is the principal Art of Poets; who though they avouch the utility of Fictions, should not (by altering and subliming Story) make use of their privilege to the detriment of the Reader; whose incredulity (when things are not represented in proportion doth much allay the relish of his pity, hope, joy, and other Passions: For we may descend) to compare the deceptions in Poessie to those of them that profess dexterity of Hand, which resembles Conjuring, and to such we come not with the intention of *Lawyers* to examine the evidence of Facts, but are content (if we like the carriage of their feign'd motion) to pay for being well deceiv'd.

As in the choice of time, so of place. I have comply'd with the weakness of the generality of men; who think the best objects of their own country so little to the size of those abroad, as if they were shew'd them by the wrong end of a Prospective: for Man (continuing the appetites of his first Childhood, till he arrive at his second which is more froward) must be quieted with something that he thinks excellent, which he may call his own; but when he sees the like in other places (not staying to compare them) wrangles at all he has. This leads us to observe the craftiness of the *Comicks*, who are only willing when they describe humor (and humor is the drunkenness of a Nation which no sleep can cure) to lay the Scene in their own Country; as knowing we are (like the Son of *Noah*) so little distast'd to behold each others shame, that we delight to see even that of a Father: yet when they would set forth greatness and excellent vertue (which is the Theme of *Tragedy*) publicly to the people; they wisely (to avoid the quarrels of neighbourly envy) remove the Scene from home. And by their example I travail'd too; and *Italic* (which was once the Stage of the World) I have made the Theater, where I shew in either Sex, some patterns of humane life, that are (perhaps) fit to be followed.

Having told you why I took the actions that should be my Argument, from men of our own Religion, and given you reasons for the choice of the time and place design'd for those actions; I must next acquaint you with the Schools where they were bred; not meaning the Schools where they took their Religion, but Morality; for I know Religion is universally rather inherited than taught: and the most effectual Schools of Morality are Courts and Camps: yet towards the first, the people are unquiet through envy; and towards the other through fear; and always jealous of both for Injustice, which is the natural scandal cast upon authority and great force. They look upon the outward glory or blaze of Courts, as wilde Beasts in dark nights stare on their Hunters Torches; but though the expences of Courts (whereby they shine) is that consuming glory in which the people think their liberty is wasted (for wealth is their liberty and lov'd by them even to jealousy (being themselves a courser sort of Princes, apter to take them to pay) yet Courts (I mean all abstracts of the multitude; either by King or Assemblies) are not the Schools where men are bred to oppression, but the Temples where sometimes Oppressors take sanctuary; a safety which our reason must allow them. For the ancient laws of Sanctuary (deriv'd from God) provided chiefly for actions that proceeded from necessity

ty; and who can imagine less then a necessity of oppressing the people, since they are never willing either to buy their Peace, or to pay for War?

Nor are Camps the Schools of wicked Destroyers, more then the *Inns of Court* (being the Nursery of Judges) are the Schools of Murderers; for as Judges are avengers of private men against private Robbers; so are Armies the avengers of the publick against publique Invaders, either civil or forraign, and Invaders are Robbers, though more in countenance then those of the high-way, because of their number. Nor is there other difference between Armies when they move towards Sieges or Battail, and Judges moving in their Circuit (during the danger of extraordinary malefactors) with the guards of the County; but that the latter is a less Army, and of less discipline. If any man can yet doubt of the necessary use of Armies, let him study that which was anciently call'd a Monster, the multitude, (for Wolves are commonly harmless when they are met alone, but very uncivil in Herds) and he will not find that all his kindred by *Adam* are so tame and gentle as those Lovers that were bred in *Arcadia*; or to reform his opinion, let him ask why (during the utmost age of History) Cities have been at the charge of defensive Walls, and why Fortification hath been practic'd so long, till it is grown an Art?

I may now believe I have usefully taken from Courts and Camps, the patterns of such as will be fit to be imitated by the most necessary Men; and the most necessary Men are those who become principal by prerogative of blood, (which is seldom unassisted with education) or by greatness of minde, which in exact definition is Vertue. The common Crowd (of whom we are hopeles) we desert, being rather to be corrected by Laws (where precept is accompanied with punishment) then to be taught by Poesie; for few have arriv'd at the skil of *Orpheus*, or at his good fortune, whom we may suppose to have met with extraordinary Grecian Beasts, when so successfully he reclaim'd them with his Harp. Nor is it needful that Heroick Poesie should be levell'd to the reach of common Men: for if the examples it presents prevail upon their Chiefs, the delight of Imitation (which we hope we have prov'd to be as effectual to good as to evil) will rectifie by the rules which those Chiefs establish of their own lives, the lives of all that behold them; for the example of life, doth as much surpass the force of Precept, as Life doth exceed Death.

In the choice of these Objects (which are as Seemarks to direct the dangerous voyage of life) I thought fit to follow the rule of Coasting Mapps, where the Shelves and Rocks are describ'd as well as the safe Channel; the care being equal how to avoid as to proceed: and the Characters of men (whose passions are to be eschew'd) I have deriv'd from the distempers of Love or Ambition: for Love and Ambition are too often the raging Feavers of great minds. Yet Ambition (if the vulgar acception of the word were corrected) would signifie no more then an extraordinary lifting of the feet in the rough ways of Honor, over the impediments of Fortune; and hath a warmth (till it be chat'd into a Feaver) which is necessary for every vertuous breast: for good men are guilty of too little appetite to greatness, and it either proceeds from that they call contentedness (but contentedness when examin'd doth mean something of Lazyness as well as moderation) or from some melancholy precept of the Cloyster; where they would make Life (for which the world was only made) more unpleasant then Death: as if Nature, the Vicegerent of God (who in providing delightful varieties, which vertuous greatness can best possess, or assure peaceably to others, implicitly commanded the use of them) should in the necessities of life (life being her chief business) though in her whole reign she never committed one error, need the counsel of Fryars, whose solitude makes them no more fit for such direction, then Prisoners long fetter'd are for a race.

In saying this, I onely awaken such retir'd men, as evaporate their strength of mind by close and long thinking; and would every where separate the soul from the body, ere we are dead, by perswading us (though they were both created and have been long companions together) that the preferment of the one must meerly consist in deserting the other, teaching us to court the Grave, as if during the whole lease of Life we were like Moles to live under ground; or as if long and well dying, were the certain means to live in Heaven: Yet Reason (which though the most profitable Talent God hath given us, some Divines would have Philolophers to bury in the Napkin, and not put it to use) perswades us, that the painful activeness of Vertue (for Faith on which some wholly depend, seems but a contemplative boast till the effects of it grow exemplary by action) will more probably acquire everlasting dignities. And surely if these severe Masters (who though obscure in Cells, take it ill if their very opinions rule not all abroad) did give good men leave to be industrious in getting a Share of governing the world, the Multitudes (which are but Tenants to a few Monarchs) would endure that subjection which

God

God hath decreed them, with better order, and more ease; for the world is onely ill govern'd, because the wicked take more pains to get authority, then the vertuous; for the vertuous are often preach'd into retirement; which is to the publick as unprofitable as their sleep; and the erroneoufness of such lazy rest, let Philosophers judge; since Nature (of whose body man thinks himself the chiefest member) hath not any where, at any time, been respited from action (in her call'd motion) by which she universally preserves and makes Life. Thus much of Ambition which should have succeeded something I was saying of Love,

Love, in the interpretation of the Envious, is Softness; in the wicked, good men suspect it for Lust; and in the Good, some spiritual men give the name of Charity. And these are but terms to this which seems a more considered definition; that indefinite Love is Lust; and Lust when it is determin'd to one is Love; this definition too but intrudes it self on what I was about to say, which is, that Love is the most acceptable imposition of Nature, the cause and preservation of Life, and the very healthfulness of the mind, as well as of the body; but Lust (our raging Feaver) is more dangerous in Cities, then the Calenture in Ships.

Now (Sir) I again ask your pardon, for I have again digressed; my immediate business being to tell you, That the distempers of Love and Ambition are the onely Characters I design'd to expose as objects of terror: and that I never meant to prostitute wickedness in the Images of low and contemptible people, as if I expected the meanness of the multitude for my Readers (since onely the Rabble is seen at common executions) nor intended to raise iniquity to that height of horror, till it seem'd the fury of some thing worse then a beast. In order to the first I believe the *Spartans* (who to deter their children from Drunkenness, accusom'd their Slaves to vomit before them) did by such fulsome examples, rather teach them to disdain the Slaves, then to loath Wine, for Men seldome take notice of the vice in abject persons, especially where necessity constrains it. And in observation of the second, I havethought, that those horrid spectacles (when the later race of *Gladiators* made up the excesses of Roman feasts) did more induce the Guests to detest the cruelty of mankind, then increase their courage by beholding such an impudent scorne of Life.

I have now given you the accompt of such provisions as I made for this new Building; and you may next please (having examin'd the substance) to take a view of the forme; and observe if I have methodically and with discretion dispos'd of the materials, which with some curiosity I had collected. I cannot discern by any help from reading, or learned men, (who have been to me the best and briefest Indexes of Books) that any Nation hath in representation of great actions (either by *Heroicks* or *Dramaticks*) digested Story into so pleasant and instructive a method as the English by their *Drama*: and by that regular species (though narratively and not in Dialogue) I have drawn the body of an Heroick Poem; In which I did not onely observe the Symmetry (proportioning five Books to five *Acts* and *Canto's* to *Scenes* (the *Scenes* having their number ever govern'd by occasion) but all the *Shadowings*, *happy strokes*, *secret graces*, and even the *drapery* (which together make the second beautys, I have (I hope) exactly followed: and those compositions of second beauty I observe in the *Drama* to be the under-walks, interweaving, or correspondence of lesser design in *Scenes*, not the great motion of the main plot, and coherence of the *Acts*.

The first *Act* is the general preparative, by rendring the chiefest Characters of persons, and ending with something that looks like an obscure promise of design. The second begins with an introduction of new persons, so finishes all the characters, and ends with some little performance of that design which was promis'd at the parting of the first *Act*. The third makes a visible correspondence in the under-walks (or lesser intrigues) of persons; and ends with an ample turn of the main design, and expectation of a new. The fourth (ever having occasion to be the longest) gives a notorious turn to all the under-walks, and a counterturn to that main design which chang'd in the third. The fifth begins with an entire diversion of the main, and dependant Plott; then makes the general correspondence of the persons more discernable, and ends with an easie untying of those particular knots, which made a contexture of the whole; leaving such satisfaction of probabilities with the Spectator, as may perswade him that neither Fortune in the fate of the Persons, nor the Writer in the Representation, have been unnatural or exorbitant. To these Meanders of the English Stage I have cut out the Walks of my Poem; which in this description may seem intricate and tedious; but will I hope (when men take pains to visit what they have heard describ'd) appear to them as pleasant as

a summer passage on a crooked River, where going about, and turning back is as delightful as the delays of parting Lovers.

In placing the Argument (as a *Proem*) before every *Canto*, I have not wholly follow'd the example of the Moderns; but averted it from that purpose to which I found it frequently us'd, for it hath been intended by others, as the contents of the Chapter, or as a Bill of Fare at a Venetian Feast, which is not brought before the meat to raise an expectation, but to satisfy the longing curiosity of the Guests. And that which I have call'd my Argument, is only meant as an assistance to the Readers memory, by containing brief hints, such, as if all the Arguments were successfully read, would make him easily remember the mutual dependancies of the general design; yet each rather mentions every person acting, then their actions: But he is very unskilful that by Narratives before an Historical Poem, prevents expectation; for so he comes to have as little success over the Reader (whom the Writer should surprize, and as it were keep prisoner for a time) as he hath on his Enemies who commanding a party out to take them (and commonly Readers are justly Enemies to Writers) imparts openly the design ere he begins the action; or he may be said to be as unluckily officious as he that leads a wooing to a Mistress, one that already hath newly enjoy'd her.

I shall say a little, why I have chosen my interwoven *Stanza* of four, though I am not oblig'd to excuse the choice; for numbers in Verse must, like distinct kind of Musick, be expos'd to the uncertain and different taste of several Ears. Yet I may declare, that I believ'd it would be more pleasant to the Reader, in a Work of length, to give this respite or pause, between every *Stanza* (having endeavored that each should contain a period) then to run him out of breath with continued *Complets*. Nor doth alternate Rime by any lowliness of Cadence make the sound less Heroick, but rather adapt it to a plain and stately composing of Musick; and the brevity of the *Stanza* renders it less subtle to the Composer, and more easie to the Singer, which in *stilo recitativo*, when the Story is long, is chiefly requisite. And this was indeed (if I shall not betray vanity in my Confession) the reason that prevail'd most towards my choice of this *Stanza*, and my division of the main work into *Canto's*, every *Canto* including a sufficient accomplishment of some worthy design or action, for I had so much heat (which you, Sir may call pride as to presume they might (like the works of *Homer* ere they were joyn'd together and made a Volumn by the Athenian King) be sung at Village-feasts; though not to Monarchs after Victory, nor to Armies before battel. For so (as an inspiration of glory into the one, and of valor into the other) did *Homer's* Spirit, long after his bodies rest, wander in musick about *Greece*.

Thus you have the *Model* of what I have already built, or shall hereafter joyn to the same frame. If I be accus'd of Innovoation, or to have transgressed against the method of the Ancients; I shall think my self secure in believing, that a Poet who hath wrought with his own instruments at a new design, is no more answerable for disobedience to Predecessors, then *Law-makers* are liable to those old Laws which themselves have repealed.

Having describ'd the outward frame, the large rooms within, the lesser conveyances, and now the furniture; it were orderly to let you examine the matter of which that furniture is made: But though every Owner who hath the Vanity to shew his ornaments, or Hangings must endure the curiosity, and censure of him that beholds them; yet I shall not give you the trouble of inquiring what is, but tell you of what I design'd their substance, which is, *Wit*: And *Wit* is the laborious, and the lucky resultances of thought, having towards its excellence (as we say of the strokes of Painting) as well a happiness, as care.

Wit is not only the luck and labor, but also the dexterity of thought, rounding the world, like the Sun, with unimaginable motion; and bringing swiftly home to the memory universal surveys. It is the Souls *Powder*, which when suppress'd (as forbidden from flying upward) blows up the restraint, and loofeth all force in a farther ascension towards Heaven, and yet by nature is much less able to make any inquisition downward towards Hell, but breaks through all about it (as far as the utmost it can reach) removes, uncovers, makes way for light, where darkness was inclosed, till great bodies are more examinable by being scatter'd into parcels; and till all that find its strength (but most of mankind are strangers to *Wit*, as *Indians* are to *Powder*) worship it for the effects, as derived from the Deity. It is in Divines, Humility, Exemplariness and Moderation; in Statesmen, Gravity, Vigilance, Benigne Complacency, Secrecy, Patience and Dispatch: in Leaders of Armies, Valor, Painfulness, Temperance, Bounty, Dexterity in punishing and rewarding, and a sacred Certitude of promise. It is in Poets a full comprehension of all recited in all these; and an ability to bring those comprehensions

hentions into action, when they shall so far forget the true measure of what is of greatest consequence to humanity, (which are things righteous, pleasant and useful) as to think the delights of greameſs equall to that of Poefie; or the Chieſs of any Profection more neceſſary to the world, then excellent Poets. Laſtly, though *Wit* be not the envy of ignorant Men, 'tis often of evil Stateſmen; and of all ſuch imperfect great ſpirits, as have in it a leſs degree then Poets; for though no man envies the excellence of that which in no proportion he ever taſted, (as men cannot be ſaid to envy the condition of Angels) yet we may ſay the Devil envies the Supremacy of God, becauſe he was in ſome degree partaker of his Glory.

That which is not, yet is accompted, *Wit*, I will but ſlightly remember, which ſeems very incident to imperfect youth, and ſickly age; Young men (as if they were not quite deliver'd from Childhood, whoſe firſt exerciſe is Language) imagine it conſiſts in the Muſick of words, and believe they are made wiſe by refining their Speech, above the vulgar Dialect; which is a miſtake almoſt as great, as that of the People, who think Orators (which is a Title that crowns at riper years thoſe that have practis'd the dexterity of tongue) the ableſt men; who are indeed ſo much more unapt for governing, as they are more fit for Sedition; and it may be ſaid of them as of the Witches of *Norway*, who can ſell a Storm for a *Deller*, which for Ten Thouſand they cannot allay. From the eſteem of ſpeaking they proceed to the admiration of what are commonly call'd *Conceits*, things that ſound like the knacks or toys of ordinary *Epigrammatists*; and from thence, after more converſation and variety of objects, grow up to ſome force of *Fancie*; yet even then like young Hawks they ſtray and fly far off; uſing their liberty as if they would ne're return to the Lure; and often go at check ere they can make a ſteady view, and know their game.

Old Men, that have forgot their firſt Childhood and are returning to their ſecond, think it lyes in a kinde of tinkling of words; or elſe in a grave telling of wonderful things, or in comparing of times, without a diſcover'd partiality; which they perform ſo ill by favoring the paſt, that, as 'tis obſerv'd, if the bodies of men ſhould grow leſs, though but an unmeaſurable proportion in Seven years; Yet reckoning from the Flood, they would not remain in the Stature of Frogs; ſo if States and particular perſons be impair'd in Government, and increas'd in wickedneſs, proportionably to what old men affirm they have done, from their own infancy, to their age; all publick Policy had been long ſince Conſumption, and the Congregated World would not ſuffice now to people a Village.

The laſt thing they ſuppoſe to be *Wit*, is their bitter Morals, when they almoſt declare themſelves Enemies to Youth and Beauty; by which ſeverity they ſeem cruel as *Herod*, when he ſurpris'd the ſleeping Children of *Bethlem*; for Youth is ſo far from wanting Enemies, that it is mortally its own; ſo unpraſtiſed, that it is every where coſen'd more then a Stranger among *Jews*; and hath an infirmity of ſight more hurtful then Blindneſs to Blinde men; for though it cannot chuſe the way, it ſcorns to be led. And Beauty, though many call themſelves her Friends, hath few but ſuch as are falſe to her: though the World ſets her in a Throne, yet all about her (even her graveſt Councellors) are Traytors, though not in conſpiracy, yet in their diſtinct deſigns; and to make her certain not onely of diſtreſs but ruine, ſhe is ever purſu'd by her moſt cruel enemy, the great Deſtroyer, *Time*. But I will proceed no farther upon old men, nor in recording miſtakes; leaſt finding ſo many more, then there be verities, we might believe we walk in as great obſcurity, as the Egyptians when Darkneſs was their Plague. Nor will I preſume to call the matter of which the Ornaments or ſubſtantial parts of this Poem are compoſed, *Wit*; but onely tell you my endeavor was, in bringing truth, too often abſent home to mens boſomes to lead her through unfrequented and new ways, and from the moſt remote ſhades; by repreſenting Nature though not in an affected, yet in an unuſual dreſs.

'Tis now fit, after I have given you ſo long a ſurvey of the Building, to render you ſome accompt of the Builder, that you may know by what time, pains and aſſiſtance I have already proceeded; or may hereafter finiſh my work; and in this I ſhall take occaſion to accuſe and condemn, as papers unworthy of light; all thoſe haſty digeſtions of thought which were publiſhed in my youth; a Sentence not pronounced out of melancholly rigor, but from a cheerful obedience to the juſt authority of experience: For that grave Miſtris of the World *Experience* (in whoſe profitable School thoſe before the Flood ſtayed long, but we like wanton children come thither late, yet too ſoon are call'd out of it, and fetch'd home by Death) hath taught me, that the engendrings of unripe age become abortive and deformed; and that after obtaining more years, thoſe

must needs prophecy with ill success, who make use of their Visions in Wine; That when the ancient Poets were valu'd as Prophets, they were long and painful in watching the correspondence of Causes, ere they presum'd to foretell effects: and that 'tis a high presumption to entertain a Nation (who are a Poets standing Guest, and require Monarchical respect) with hasty provisions. Such posting, I have long since forborne; and during my Journey in this work, have mov'd with a slow pace; that I might make my surveys as one that travail'd not to bring home the names, but the proportion, and nature of things: and in this I am made wise by two great examples; for the friends of *Virgil* acknowledge he was many years in doing honor to *Aeneas* (still contracting at night into a closer force, the abundance of his morning strengths) and *Statius* rather seems to boast, than blush, when he confesses he was twice seven years in renouncing the war between *Argos* and *Thebes*.

Next to the usefulness of Time (which here implies ripe age) I believ'd pains most requisite to this undertaking: for though painfulness in Poets (according to the usual negligence of our Nation in examining, and their diligence to censure) seems always to discover a want of natural force, and is traduc'd, as if Poésie concern'd the world no more than Dancing; whose onely grace is the quickness and facility of motion; and whose perfection is not of such publick consequence, that any man can merit much by attaining it with long labor; yet let them consider, and they will find (nor can I stay long ere I convince them in the important use of Poésie) the natural force of a Poet more apparent, by but confessing that great forces aske great labor in managing; then by an arrogant braving the World, when he enters the field with his undisciplin'd first thoughts: For a wife Poet, like a wife General, will not shew his strengths till they are in exact Government and order; which are not the postures of chance, but proceed from Vigilance and labor.

Yet to such painful Poets some upbraid the want of extemporary fury, or rather *inspiration*; a dangerous word; which many have of late successfully us'd, and *inspiration* is a spiritual Fitt, deriv'd from the ancient Ethnick Poets, who then, as they were Priests, were Statesmen too, and probably lov'd dominion; and as their well dissembling of *inspiration* begot them reverence then, equal to that which was paid to Laws; so these who now profess the same fury, may perhaps by such authentick example pretend authority over the people; It being not unreasonable to imagine, they rather imitate the Greek Poets than the Hebrew Prophets, since the later were inspired for the use of others; and these, like the former, prophetic for themselves. But though the ancient Poets are excus'd, as knowing the weak constitution of those Deities from whom they took their Priesthood; and the frequent necessity of dissembling for the ease of government: yet these, (who also from the chief to the meanest, are Statesmen and Priests, but have not the luck to be Poets) should not assume such fauzy familiarity with a true God.

From the time and labor requir'd to my Poem, let me proceed to my Assistants; by which I shall not so much attest my own weakness, as discover the difficulties and greatness of such a work; For when *Solomon* made use of his Neighbours towards his building, he lost no reputation, nor by demanding those aids was thought a less Prince; but rather publish'd his Wisdom in rightly understanding the vast extent of his enterprise; who likewise with as much glory made use of Fellers of Wood, and Hewers of Stone, as of learned Architects; Nor have I refrain'd to be oblig'd to men of any Science, as well mechanical as liberal; Nor when Memory (from that various and plentiful stock, with which all observers are furnish'd, that have had diversity of life) presented me by chance with any figure, did I lay it aside as useless, because at that instant I was not skilful to manage it artfully; but I have staid and recorded such objects, till by consulting with right Masters, I have disposed of them without mistake; it being no more shame to get Learning at that very time, and from the same Text; when, and by which we instruct others; then for a forward Scout, discovering the Enemy, to save his own life at a Pass, where he then teaches his Party to escape.

In remembering mine own helps, I have considered those which others in the same necessity have taken; and find that Writers (contrary to my inclination) are apter to be beholding to Books than to Men; not onely as the first are more in their possession (being more constant Companions than dearest friends) but because they commonly make such use of treasure found in Books, as of other treasure belonging to the Dead, and hidden under ground; for they dispose of both with great secrecy, defacing the shape or images of the one, as much as of the other; through fear of having the original of their stealth or abundance discover'd. And the next cause why Writers are more in Libraries, than in company, is, that Books are easily open'd, and learned men are usually shut up, by

a froward or envious humor of retention, or else unfold themselves, so as we may read more of their weakness and vanity, then Wisdom; imitating the Holyday-custom in great Cities, where the shops of Chaundry, and slight wares, are familiarly open, but those of solid and staple Merchandise are proudly lock'd up.

Nor indeed can it be expected that all great Doctors are of so benigne a nature, as to take pains in gaining treasure (of which *Knowledge* is the greatest) with intent to enrich others so easily, as if they stood every where with their Pockets spread, and ready to be pickt: nor can we read of any Father, who so far and secretly adopted his Son to a Book of his own writing, as that his Son might be thought Author of that written Wit, as much as his Father was Author of him: Nor of any Husband that to his darling Wife would so far surrender his VVifdom, as that in publick he could endure to let her use his Dictates, as if she would have others think her wiser then himself. By this remembrance of that usual parsimony in owners of Wit, towards such as would make use of their plenty, I lament the fortune of others, and may wish the Reader to congratulate mine; for I have found Friends as ready as Books to regulate my conceptions, or make them more correct, easie, and apparent. But though I am become so wise, by knowing my self, as to believe, the thoughts of divers transcend the best which I have written; yet I have admitted from no man any change of my Design, nor very seldom of my sense: For I resolv'd to have this Poem subsist and continue throughout with the same complexion and spirit; though it appear but like a plain Family, of a neighbourly alliance, who marry into the same moderate quality and garbe, and are fearful of introducing strangers of greater ranke, lest the shining presence of such, might seem to upbraid, and put all about them out of countenance.

And now, Sir, that the Reader may (whom Writers are fain to court, draw in, and keep with artifice, so thy men grow of Books) believe me worthy of him, I cannot forbear to thank you in publick, for examining, correcting, and allowing this Poem in parcels ere it arriv'd at the contexture: by which you have perform'd the just degrees of proceeding with Poets; who during the gayety and wantonness of the Muse, are but as children to Philosophers (though of some Giant race) whose first thoughts (wilde, and roaming farr off) must be brought home, watch'd, and interrogated, and after they are made more regular, be encouraged and praised for doing well, that they may delight in aiming at Perfection. By such a Method the Muse is taught to become Mistress of her own, and others strength: and who is he so learned (how proud soever with being cherish'd in the bosome of Fame) that can hope, when through the several ways of Science, he seeks Nature in her hidden walks) to make his Journey short, unless he call you to be his Guide? and who so guided can suspect his safety, even when he travails through the Enemy's Countrey? for such is the vast field of Learning, where the Learned (though not numerous enough to be an Army) lie as small Parties, maliciously in ambush, to destroy all new Men that look into their Quarters. And from such, you, and those you lead, are secure; because you move not by common Mapps, but have painfully made your own Prospect; and travail now like the Sun, not to inform your self, but enlighten the world.

And likewise, when by the strict survey and Government that hath been had over this Poem, I shall think to govern the Reader (who though he be noble, may perhaps judge of supreme Power like a very Commoner, and rather approve authority, when it is in many, then in one) I must acquaint him, that you had not alone the trouble of establishing and destroying; but enjoy'd your intervals and ease by Two Colleagues; Two that are worthy to follow you into the Closets of Princes; if the knowledge of Men past, (of whom Books are the remaining minds) or of the present (of whom Conversation is the usefull and lawful Spy) may make up such greatness, as is fit for great Courts: or if the rays that proceed from Poetry, be not a little too strong for the sight of modern Princes; who now are too seldom taught in their youth, like Eagles to fortifie their eyes by often soaring near the Sun. And though this be here but my testimony, it is too late for any of you to disclaim it; for since you have made it valid by giving yours of GONDIBERT under your hands, you must be content to be us'd by me, as Princes are by their preferr'd Subjects; who in the very act of taking honor, return it to the Giver; as benefits receiv'd by the Creature, manifest the power, and redound to the Glory of the Creator.

I am now, Sir, (to your great comfort, that have been thus ill, and long diverted) arriv'd at my last consideration, which is to satisfie those who may inquire why I have taken so much paines to become an Author? Or why any man staves so long sweating at Invention, when most Readers have so imperfect Stomacks, as they either devour Books with over hasty Digestion, or grow to loath them from a sur-

fect.

set. And why I more especially made my task an Heroick Poem? I shall involve the two first Questions in one; as submitting to be concern'd amongst the generality of Writers; whose Enemies being many, and now mine, we must joyn forces to oppose them.

Men are chiefly provok'd to the toyl of compiling Books, by love of Fame, and often by officiousness of Conscience, but seldom with expectation of Riches: for those that spend time in writing to instruct others, may find leasure to inform themselves, how mean the provisions are which busie and studious minds can make for their own sedentary bodies: And Learned men (to whom the rest of the world are but Infants) have the same foolish affection in nourishing others minds, as Pellicans in feeding their young; which is, at the expence of the very subsistence of Life. 'Tis then apparent they proceed by the instigation of Fame, or Conscience; and I believe many are perswaded by the first (of which I am One) and some are commanded by the second. Nor is the desire of Fame so vain as divers have rigidly imagin'd; Fame being (when belonging to the Living) that which is more gravely call'd, a steddly and necessary reputation; and without it, hereditary Power, or acquir'd greatness can never quietly govern the World. 'Tis of the dead a musick glory, in which God, the author of excellent goodness, vouchsafes to take a continual share; For the remember'd vertues of great men are chiefly such of his works (mention'd by King *David*) as perpetually praise him: and the good fame of the Dead prevails by example much more then the reputation of the Living; because the latter is alwayes suspected by our Envy, but the other is cheerfully allow'd, and religiously admir'd: for Admiration (whose Eyes are ever weak) stands still, and at gaze upon great things acted fur off; but when they are neer, walks slightly away as from familiar objects. Fame is to our Sons a solid Inheritance, and not unuseful to remote Posterity; and to our Reason 'tis the first, though but a little taste of Eternity.

Those that write by the command of Conscience (thinking themselves able to instruct others, and consequently oblig'd to it) grow commonly the most voluminous; because the pressures of Conscience are so incessant, that she is never satisfy'd with doing enough: for such as be newly made the Captives of God (many appearing so to themselves, when they first begin to weare the Fetters of Conscience) are like common slaves, when newly taken; who terrify'd with a fancy of the severity of absolute Masters, abuse their diligence out of fear, and do ill, rather then appear idle. And this may be the cause why Libraries are more then double lin'd with Spiritual Books, or Tracts of Morality; the latter being the Spiritual Counsels of *Lay-men*; and the newest of such great Volums (being usually but transcriptions or translations) differ so much from the Ancients, as later dayes from those of old, which difference is no more then an alteration of names by removing the *Ethnicks* to make way for the *Saints*. These are the effects of their labours, who are provok'd to become Authors, meerly out of Conscience; and Conscience we may again averre to be often so unskilful and timorous, that it seldom gives a wise and steddly account of God; but grows jealous of him as of an Adversary, and is after melancholy visions like a fearfull Scout, after he hath ill survey'd the Enemy, who then makes incongruous, long, and terrible Tales,

Having confess'd that the desire of Fame made me a Writer; I must declare, why in my riper age I chose to gain it more especially by an Heroical Poem; and the Heroick being by most allow'd to be the most beautiful of Poems, I shall not need to decide the quarrels of Poets about the Degrees of Excellence in Poesy: But 'tis not amiss ere I avow the usefulness of the Science in general (which was the cause of my undertaking) to remember the value it had from the greatest and most worthy spirits in all Ages: for I will not abstain (though it may give me the reputation but of common reading) to mention, that *Pisistratus*, (though a Tyrant) liv'd with the praise, and dy'd with the blessing of all *Greece*, for gathering the scatter'd limbs of *Homer's* Works into a Body; and that great *Alexander* by publicly conversing with it, attain'd the universall opinion of Wit; the fame of such inward Forces conducing as much to his Conquests, as his Armies abroad: That the *Athenian* Prisoners were thought worthy of life and liberty for singing the Tragedies of *Enripides*: That *Thebes* was sav'd from destruction by the Victors reverence to the memory of *Pindar*: That the elder *Scipio*, (who govern'd all the civill world) lay continually in the bosome of *Ennius*: That the great *Numantin* and *Latin* (no less renown'd) were openly proud when the *Romans* believ'd they assist *Terence* in his Comedies: That *Augustus* (to whom the mysteries of universall Empire were more familiar, then domestick Dominion to Modern Kings) made *Virgil* the partner of his joyes, and would have divided his business with *Horace*: And that *Lucan* was the fear and envy of *Nero*. If we approach nearer our own times, we may add the triumphal Entry which

which the Papacy gave to *Petrarch*; and how much *Tasso* is still the glory and delight of *Italy*.

But as in this hasty Muster of Poets and lifting their confederates, I shall by omitting many, deprive them of that which is due from Fame; so I may now by the opinion of some Divines (whom notwithstanding I will reverence in all their distinct Habits and Fashions of the mind) be held partiall, and too bold, by adding to the first number (though I range them upon holy ground, and aside) *Moses, David, and Solomon*, for their Songs, Psalms, and Anthems; the Second being the acknowledg'd Favorite of God; whom he had gain'd by excellent Praises in sacred Poesy. And I fear (since Poesy is the clearest light by which they find the soul who seek it) that Poets have in their fluent kindness diverted from the right use, and spent too much of that spiritual talent in the honor of mortall Princes: for divine Praise (when in the high perfection, as in Poets, and only in them) is so much the uttermost and whole of Religious worship, that all other parts of Devotion serve but to make it up.

89.

Praise, is Devotion fit for mighty Mindes;
The differing World's agreeing Sacrifice;
Where Heaven divided, Faiths united findes:
But Pray'r in various discord upward flies.

Gondibert, lib.
2. Canto
6.

90.

For Pray'r the Ocean is, where diversly
Men steer their course. each to a severall Coast;
Where all our Intr'ests so discordant be,
That half beg Windes by which the rest are lost.

91.

By Penitence when we our selves forsake,
'Tis but in wise design on pious Heaven;
In Praise We nobly give what God may take,
And are without a Beggars blush forgiven.

92.

Its utmost force, like Powder's, is unknown;
And though weak Kings excess of Praise may fear,
Yet when tis here, like Powder dangerous grown,
Heaven's Vault receives what would the Palace tear.

After this contemplation, how acceptable the voice of Poesy hath been to God, we may (by descending from Heaven to Earth) consider how usefull it is to Men; and among Men, Divines are the chief, because ordain'd to temper the rage of humane power by spirituall menaces, as by sudden and strange threatnings madness is frighted into Reason; and they are sent hither as Liegers from God, to conserve in stedfast motion the slippery joynts of Government; and to perswade an amity in divided Nations: therefore to Divines I first address my self; and presume to ask them, why, ever since their dominion was first allow'd, at the great change of Religions, (though ours more then any inculcates obedience, as an easie Medicine to cool the impatient and raging world into a quiet rest) mankind hath been more unruly then before? it being visible that Empire decreas'd with the increase of Christianity; and that one weak Prince did anciently suffice to govern many strong Nations: but now one little Province is too hard for their own wife King; and a small Republick hath Seventy years maintain'd their revolt to the disquiet of many Monarchs. Or if Divines reply, we cannot expect the good effects of their Office, because their spiritual Dominion is not allow'd as absolute, then it may be ask'd them more severely, Why 'tis not allow'd? for where ever there hath been great degrees of power (which have been often and long in the Church) it discovers (though worldly vicissitude be objected as an excuse) that the managers of such power, since they endeavour'd not to enlarge it, believ'd the increase unrighteous; or were in acting, or contriving that endeavour, either negligent or weak: For Power, like the hasty Vine, climbs up apace to the Supporter; but if not skillfully attended and dress'd, in stead of spreading and bearing fruit, grows high and naked; and then (like empty title) being soon useles to others, becomes neglected, and unable to support it self.

But if Divines have fail'd in governing Princes (that is, of being intirely believ'd by them) yet they might have obliquely rul'd them, in ruling the People; by whom of late,

late, Princes have been govern'd; and they might probably rule the People, because the heads of the Church (where ever Christianity is preach'd) are Tetrarchs of Time; of which they command the fourth Division; for to no less the Sabbaths, and Dayes of Saints amount; and during those daies of spiritual triumph, Pulpits are Thrones; and the people oblig'd to open their Eares, and let in the ordinances and commands of Preachers; who likewise are not without some little Regency throughout the rest of the Year; for then they may converse with the Laity; from whom they have commonly such respect (and respect soon opens the door to perswasion) as shews their Congregations not deaf in those holy seasons, when speaking predominates.

But notwithstanding these advantages, the pulpit hath little prevail'd; for the world is in all Regions revers'd, or shaken by disobedience; an Engine with which the great Angels (for such were the Devils, and had faculties much more sublim'd than Men) believ'd they could disorder Heaven. And it is not want of capacity in the lower Auditory that makes Doctrines so unsuccessful; for the people are not simple, since the Gentry (even of strongest education) lack sufficient defence against them, and are hourly surpriz'd in (their common Ambushes) their shops: For on sacred Dayes they walk gravely and sadly from Temples, as if they had newly bury'd their sinful Fathers; at night sleep as if they never needed forgiveness; and rise with the next Sun, to lie in wait for the Noble, and the Studious. And though these quiet Counsers are amongst the People, esteem'd their stiddy Men; yet they Honour the courage, and more active parts of such disobedient Spirits, as disdainning thus tamely to deceive, attempt bravely to rob the State; and the State they believe (though the Helme were held by Apostles) would alwayes consist of such Arch-robbers, as who ever strips them, but waves the tedious satisfaction which the Lasy expect from Laws, and comes a shorter way to his own.

Thus unapt for obedience (in the condition of Beasts whose appetite is Liberty, and their Liberty a license of Lust) the People have often been, since a long and notorious power hath continu'd with Divines; whom though with reverence we accuse for mistaken lenity; yet are we not so cruel to expect they should behave themselves to Sinners like fierce *Phineas*, or Preach with their Swords drawn, to kill all they cannot perswade: But our meaning is to shew how much their Christian meekness hath deceiv'd them in taunting this wilde monster the people; and a little rebuke them for neglecting the assistance of Poets; and for upbraiding the Ethnicks, because the poets mannag'd their Religion; as if Religion could walk more prosperously abroad, then when Morality (respectfully, and bare-headed as her Usher) prepares the way: it being no lesse true, that during the dominion of Poesy, a willing peacefull obedience to Superiors becalm'd the world; then that obedience like the marriage yoke, though a restraint more needful and advantageous then liberty; and hath the same reward of pleasant quietness, which it anciently had, when *Adam*, till his disobedience, enjoy'd Paradise. Such are the effects of sacred Poesy, which charmes the People with harmonious precepts; and whose aid Divines should not disdain, since their Lord (the Saviour of the World) vouchsaf'd to deliver his Doctrine in Parabolical Fictions.

Those that be of next importance are Leaders of Armies; and such I measure not by the suffrages of the People, who give them respect as Indians worship the evil Spirit, rather for fear of harm, then for affection; but esteem them as the painfull Protectors and enlargers of Empire; by whom it actively moves; and such active motion of Empire is as necessary as the motion of the Sea, where all things would putrifie, and infect one another, if the Element were quiet: so is it with mens mindes on shore, when that Element of greatness and honor, *Empire*, stands still; of which the largeness is like life as needfull, as the vastness of the Sea; for God ordain'd not huge Empires proportionable to the Bodies, but to the Mindes of Men; and the Mindes of Men are more monstrous, and require more space for agitation and the hunting of others, then the Bodies of Whales. But he that believes men such moderate Sheep, as that many are peacefully contain'd in a narrow Fold, may be better inform'd in *America*, where little Kings never enjoy a harmless neighbourhood, unless protected defensively amongst themselves, by an Emperor that hath wide possessions, and priority over them, (as in some few places) but when restrain'd in narrow dominion, where no body commands and hinders their nature, they quarrel like Cocks in a Pitt; and the Sun in a dayes travail there, sees more Battails (but not of consequence, because their Kings though many, are little) then in *Europe* in a year.

To Leaders of Armies, as to very necessary Men (whose Office requires the uttermost aids of art, and Nature, and rescues the sword of Justice, when 'tis wrested from supreme Power by Commotion) I now address myself and must put them in minde (though not upbraidingly) how much their Mighty Predecessors were anciently oblig'd to Poets; whose Songs (recording the praises of Conduct and Valour) were esteem'd the chiefe rewards of Victory; And since Nature hath made us prone to Imitation (by which we equal the

the best or the worst) how much those Images of Action prevail upon our mindes, which are delightfully drawn by Poets? For the greatest of the Grecian Captains have confess'd, that their Counsels have been made wise, and their courages warm by *Homer*; and since Praise is a pleasure which God hath invited, and with which he often vouchsaf'd to be pleas'd when it was sent him by his own Poet; why is it not lawfull for vertuous men to be cherish'd, and magnify'd with hearing their vigilance, Valour, and good Fortune (the latter being more the immediate gift of Heaven, because the effect of an unknown Cause) commended and made eternal in Poesy? But perhaps the art of praising Armies into great and instant action, by singing their former deeds (an Art with which the Ancients made *Empire* so large) is too subtle for modern *Leaders*; who as they cannot reach the heights of Poesy, must be content with a narrow space of Dominion: and narrow Dominion breeds evil, peevish, and vexatious mindes, and a National self-opinion, like simple Jewish arrogance; and the Jews were extraordinary proud in a very little Country: For men in contracted governments are but a kind of Prisoners; and Prisoners by long restraint grow wicked, malicious to all abroad, and foolish esteemers of themselves; as if they had wrong in not enjoying every thing which they can only see out of Windows.

Our last application is to *Statesmen*, and Makers of Lawes; who may be reasonably reduc'd to one; since the second differ no more from the first, then Judges (the Copies of *Law-makers*) differ from their Originals: For Judges, like all bold interpreters, by often altering the Text, make it quite new; and *Statesmen* (who differ not from *Law-makers* in the act, but in the manner of doing) make new Lawes presumptuously without the consent of the People; but *Legislators* more civilly seem to whistle to the Beast, and stoak him into the Yoke: and in the Yoke of State, the People (with too much pampering) grow soon unruly and draw awry; Yet *Statesmen* and *Judges* (whose business is Governing, and the thing to be govern'd is the People) have amongst us (we being more proud and mistaken then any other famous Nation) look'd gravely upon Poetry, and with a negligence that betray'd a Northerly ignorance; as if they believ'd they could perform their work without it. But Poets (who with wise diligence study the People, and have in all ages by an insensible influence govern'd their manners) may justly smile when they perceive that *Divines*, *Leaders of Armies*, *Statesmen*, and *Judges*, think *Religion*, the *Sword*, or (which is unwritten *Law*, and a secret Confederacy of Chiefs) *Policy*, or *Law* (which is written, but seldom rightly read) can give without the help of the *Muses*, a long and quiet satisfaction in Government: For *Religion* is to the wicked and faithless (who are many) a jurisdiction, against which they readily rebell; because it rules severely, yet promiseth no worldly recompence for obedience; obedience being by every humane Power invited, with assurances of visible advantage. The good (who are but few) need not the Power of *Religion* to make them better, the power of *Religion* proceeding from her threatnings, which though mean weapons, are fitly us'd, since she hath none but base Enemies. We may observe too, that all Vertuous men are so taken up with the rewards of Heaven, that they live as if out of the World; and no Government receives assistance from any man meerly as he is good; but as that goodness is active in temporal things.

The *Sword* is in the hand of *Justice* no guard to Government, but then when *Justice* hath an Army for her own defence; and Armies, if they were not pervertible by Faction, yet are to Common-wealths like Kings Physitians to poor Patients; who buy the cure of their disorder'd bodies at so high a rate, that they may be said to change their Sickness for Famine. *Policy* (I mean of the Living, not of the Dead; the one being the last rules or designs governing the Instant; the other those Laws that began *Empire*) is as mortal as *Statesmen* themselves: whose incessant labors make that Hectick Feaver of the minde, which insensibly dispatches the Body: and when We trace *Statesmen* through all the Histories of Courts, we find their Inventions so unnecessary to those that succeed at the Helme, or so much envy'd as they scarce last in authority till the Inventors are buried: and change of designs in *Statesmen* (their designs being the weapons by which States are defended) grows as destructive to Government, as a continual change of various weapons is to Armies; which must receive with ruine any sudden assault, when want of practise makes unactiveness. We cannot urge that the Ambition of *Statesmen* (who are obnoxious to the people) doth much disorder Government; because the Peoples anger, by a perpetual coming in of new Oppressors is so diverted in considering those whom their Eyes but lately left, as they have not time enough to rise for the Publick: and evil successors to power are in the troubled stream of State like succeeding Tides in Rivers, where the Mudd of the former is hidden by the filth of the last.

Laws, if very antient, grow as doubtful and difficult as Letters on bury'd Marble, which only Antiquaries read; but if not Old, they want that reverence which is therefore paid to the virtues of Ancestors, because their crimes come not to our remembrance; and yet

great Men must be long dead whose ills are forgotten. If *Laws* be New they must be made either by very Angels, or by Men that have some vices; and those being seen make their Vertues suspected; for the People no more esteem able Men, whose defects they know, (though but errors incident to Humanity) then an Enemy values a strong Army having experience of their Errors. And new Laws are held but the projects of necessitous Power, new Nets spread to intangle us; the Old being accounted too many, since most are believ'd to be made for Forfeitures: and such letting of blood (though intended by Law-makers for our health) is to the People alwayes out of Season: for those that love life with too much Passion (and Money is the life-blood of the People) ever fear a Consumption. But be Law-makers as able as Nature or Experience (which is the best Art) can make them; yet, though I will not yield the Wicked to be wiser then the Vertuous, I may say, offences are, too hard for the Laws, as some Beasts are too wylie for their Hunters; and that Vice overgrows Vertue, as much as Weeds grow faster then Medicinable Herbs: or rather that Sin, like the fruitful slime of *Nilus*, doth increas: into so many various shaps of Serpents (whose walks and retreats are winding and unknown) that even *Justice*, (the painfull pursuer of Mischief) is become weary, and amaz'd.

After these Meditations, methinks Government resembles a Ship, where though *Divines*, *Leaders of Armies*, *States-men*, and *Judges* are the trusted Pilots; yet it moves by the means of winds, as uncertain as the breath of Opinion; and is laden with the People; a Freight much loofser, and more dangerous then any other living stowage; being as troublesome in fair weather, as Horses in a Storm. And how can these Pilots stedily maintain their course to the Land of Peace and Plenty, since they are often divided at the Helm? For *Divines* (when they consider great *Chiefs*) suppose Armies to be sent from God for a temporary Plague, not for continual Jurisdiction; and that Gods extreme punishments (of which Armies be the most violent) are ordain'd to have no more lastingness, then the extremes in Nature. They think (when they consider *States-men*) Policy hath nothing of the Dove, and being all Serpent, is more dangerous, then the danger it pretends to prevent: and that out-witting (by falsehood and corruption) adverse States, or the People (though the People be often the greater Enemy, and more perilous, some being nearest) is but giving reputation to Sin, and that to maintain the Publick by Politique evils, is a base prostitution of Religion, and the prostitution of Religion is that unpardonable Whoredom which so much anger'd the Prophets. They think *Law* nothing but the Bible forcibly usurp'd by covetous Lawyers, and disguis'd in a Paraphrase more obscure then the Text; and that 'tis only want of just reverence to Religion, which doth expose us to the charges and vexations of *Law*.

The *Leaders of Armies* accuse *Divines* for unwisely raising the War of the World by opposite Doctrine, and for being more indiscreet in thinking to appease it by perswasion; forgetting that the dispatching ending of War is blows; and that the naturall region for Disputes, when Nations are engag'd (though by Religion) is the Field of Battail, not Schools and Academies; which they believe (by their restless controversies) less civill then Camps; as intestine Quarrel is held more barbarous then foreign War. They think *States-men* to them (unless dignify'd with military Office) but mean Spys, that like *African Foxes* (who attend on *Lions*, ranging before and about for their valiant prey) shrink back till the danger be subdu'd, and then with insatiate hunger come in for a share: Yet sometimes with the Eye of Envy (which enlarges objects like a multiplying glass) they behold these *States-men*, and think them immense as *Whales*; the motion of whose vast bodies can in a peacefull calm trouble the Ocean till it boil; After a little hasty wonder, they consider them again with disdain of their low constraints at Court; where they must Patiently endure the little follies of such small Favorites as wait even near the wisest Thrones, so fantastically weak seem Monarchs in the sickness of Care (a Fever in the head) when for the humorous pleasure of Diversity, they descend from purple Beds, and seek their ease upon the ground. These great *Leaders* say also, that *Law* moves slowly as with fetter'd feet, and is too tedious in redress of wrongs; whilst in Armies *Justice* seems to ride post, and overtakes Offenders ere the contagion of crimes can infect others: and though in Courts and Cities great men fence often with her, and with a forcive sleight put by her sword; yet when she retires to *Camps*, she is in a posture not only to punish the offences of particular Greatness, but of injurious Nations.

States-men look on *Divines* as men whose long solitude and Meditations on Heaven hath made them Strangers upon Earth: and 'tis acquaintance with the World, and knowledge of Man that makes abilities of Ruling: for though it may be said that a sufficient belief of Doctrine would beget obedience (which is the uttermost design of governing) yet since diversity of Doctrine doth distract all Auditors, and makes them doubtfully dispose their obedience (even towards spiritual powers, on which many would have the temporal depend:) therefore *States-men* think themselves more fit to manage *Empire*, then

then *Divines*; whose usefulness consists in persuasion; and persuasion is the last medicine (being the most desperate) which *States-men* apply to the distemper of the People: for their distemper is madness, and madness is best cur'd with terror and force. They think that *Leaders of Armies* are to great Empire, as great Rivers to the Continent; which make an easie access of such benefits as the Metropolis (the seat of Power) would else at vast distances with difficulty reach: yet often like proud Rivers when they swell, they destroy more by once overflowing their borders at home, then they have in long time acquir'd from abroad: They are to little Empire like the Sea to low Islands; by nature a defence from Forreigners, but by accident when they rage, a deluge to their own land. And at all seasons *States-men* believe them more dangerous to Government then themselves: for the popularity of *States-men* is not so frequent as that of *Generals*; or if by rare sufficiency of Art it be gain'd; yet the force of crowds in Cities, compar'd to the validity of men of Armes, and discipline, would appear like the great number of Sheep to a few Wolves, rather a cause of Comfort then of Terror. They think that chief *Ministers of Law* by unskillfull integrity, or love of popularity (which shewes the Minde, as meanly born as bred) so earnestly pursue the protection of the Peoples right, that they neglect the publick Interest; and though the Peoples right, and publick Interest be the same, yet usually by the People, the *Ministers of Law* mean private men, and by the other the State; and so the State and the People are divided, as we may say a man is divided within himself, when reason and Passion dispute about consequent actions; and if we were call'd to assist at such intestine war, we must side with Reason, according to our duty, by the Law of Nature; and Natures Law, though not written in Stone (as was the Law of Religion) hath taken deep impression in the Heart of Man, which is harder then Marble of *Mount-Sinai*.

Chief *Ministers of Law*, think *Divines* in Government should like the *Penal Statutes*, be choicely, and but seldom us'd; for as those Statutes are rigorously inquisitive after venial faults, (punishing our very manners and weak constitution, as well as insolent appetite; so *Divines* (that are made vehement with contemplating the dignity of the Offended, (which is God) more then the frailty of the Offender) govern as if men could be made Angels, ere they come to Heaven.

Great *Ministers of Law* think likewise that *Leaders of Armies* are like ill Physicians; onely fit for desperate cures, whose boldness calls in the assistance of Fortune, during the fears and troubles of Art; Yet the health they give to a distemper'd State is not more accidental then the preservation of it is uncertain; because they often grow vain with success, and encourage a restor'd State to such hazards, as shew like irregularity of life in other recover'd bodies; such as the cautious and ancient gravity of Law dissuaded: For Law (whose temperate design is safety) rather prevents by constancy of Medicine (like a continu'd Diet) diseases in the body-politick, then depends after a permitted Sickness upon the chance of recovery. They think *States-men* strive to be as much Judges of Law as themselves, being chief *Ministers of Law*, are Judges of the People; and that even good *States-men* pervert the Law more then evil Judges: For Law was anciently meant a defensive Armor, and the people took it as from the Magazin of Justice, to keep them safe from each others violence; but *States-men* use it as offensive Armes, with which in forraging to get relief for Supreme Power, they often wound the Publick.

Thus we have first observ'd the Four chief aids of Government, (*Religion, Armes, Policy and Law*) defectively apply'd, and then we have found them weak by an emulous war amongst themselves: it follows next, we should introduce to strengthen those principal aids (still making the people our direct object) some collateral help; which I will safely presume to consist in Poetry,

We have observ'd that the People since the latter time of Christian Religion, are more unquiet then in former Ages; so disobedient and fierce, as if they would shake off the ancient imputation of being Beasts, by shewing their Masters they know their own strength: and we shall not erre by supposing that this conjunction of fourfold Power hath fail'd in the effects of authority, by a mis-application; for it hath rather endeavour'd to prevail upon their bodies, then their mindes; forgetting that the martiall art of constraining is the best; which assaults the weaker part; and the weakest part of the People is their mindes; for want of that which is the mindes only strength, *Education*; but their Bodies are strong by continual labour, for Labour is the Education of the Body. Yet when I mention the misapplication of force, I should have said, they have not only fail'd by that, but by a main error; Because the subject on which they should work is the Minde; and the Minde can never be constrain'd, though it may be gain'd by persuasion: And since Persuasion is the principal instrument which can bring to fashion the brittle and mishapen Mettal of the Minde, none are so fit aids to this important work as Poets; whose art is more then any, enabled with a voluntary, and cheerful assistance of Nature, and whose operations are as resillless, secret, easie and suble, as is the influence of Planets.

I must not forget (least I be prevented by the vigilance of the Reader) that I have profess'd not to represent the beauty of Vertue in my Poem, with hope to perswade common men; and I have said that *Divines* have fail'd in discharging their share of Government, by depending upon the effects of perswasion; and that States-men in managing the People, rely not upon the perswasion of Divines, but upon force. In my despair of reducing the mindes of Common men, I have not confess any weakness of Poesy in the general Science, but rather infer'd the particular strength of the Heroick; which hath a force that over-matches the infancy of such mindes as are not enabled by degrees of Education; but there are lesser forces in other kindes of Poesy, by which they may train and prepare their understandings; and Princes and Nobles being reform'd and made Angelicall by the Heroick, will be predominant lights, which the people cannot chuse but use for direction; as Glowworms take in, and keep the Suns beams till they shine, and make day to themselves.

In saying that *Divines* have vainly hop'd to continue the peace of Government by perswasion, I have imply'd such perswasions as are accompany'd with threatnings, and seconded by force; which are the perswasions of Pulpits; where is presented to the obstinate, Hell after Death; and the civil Magistrate during life constrains such obedience as the Church doth ordain. But the Perswasions of Poesy, in stead of Menaces, are Harmorious and delightful insinuations, and never any constraint; unless the ravishment of Reason may be call'd Force. And such Force, (contrary to that which *Divines, Commanders, States-men* and *Lawyers* use) begets such obedience as is never weary or griev'd.

In declaring that *States men* think not the State wholly secure by such manners as are bred from the perswasions of *Divines*, but more willingly make Government rely upon military force, I have neither concluded that Poets are unprofitable, nor that *States-men* think so; for the Wisdom of Poets, would first make the Images of Vertue so amiable, that her beholders should not be able to look off (rather gently, and delightfully infusing, then inculcating Precepts) and then when the minde is conquer'd, like a willing bride, Force should so behave it self, as noble Husbands use their power; that is, by letting their Wives see the Dignity and prerogative of our Sex (which is the Husbands harmles Conquest of Peace) continually maintain'd to hinder Disobedience, rather then rigorously impose Duty: But to such an easie Government, neither the People (which are subjects to Kings and States) nor Wives which are subject to Husbands) can peacefully yield, unless they are first conquer'd by Vertue; and the Conquests of Vertue be never easie, but where her forces are commanded by Poets.

It may be objected that the education of the Peoples mindes (from whence Vertuous manners are deriv'd) by the severall kindes of Poesy (of which the *Dramatick* hath been in all Ages very successful) is opposit to the receiv'd opinion, that the People ought to be continu'd in ignorance; a Maxime sounding like the little subtilty of one that is a States-man only by Birth or Beard, and merits not his place by much thinking: For Ignorance is rude, censorious, jealous, obblinate, and proud; these being exactly the ingredients of which Disobedience is made, and Obedience proceeds from ample consideration; of which knowledge consists; and knowledge will soon put into one Scale the weight of oppression, and in the other, the heavy burden which Disobedience layes on us in the effects of civil War: and then even Tyranny will seem much lighter, when the hand of supreme Power binds up our Load, and layes it artfully on us, then Disobedience (the Parent of Confusion) when we all load one another; in which every one irregularly increases his fellowes burden, to lessen his own.

Others may object that Poesie on our Stage, or the Heroick in Musick (for so the latter was anciently us'd) is prejudicial to a State; as begetting Levity, and giving the People too great a diversion by pleasure and mirth. To these (if they be worthy of satisfaction) I reply; That whoever in Government endeavours to make the People serious and grave, which are attributes that may become the Peoples *Representatives*, but not the People) doth practise a new way to enlarge the State, by making every Subject a *States-man*: and he that means to govern so mournfully (as it were, without any Musick in his Dominion) must lay but light burdens on his Subjects; or else he wants the ordinary wisdom of those, who to their Beasts that are much loaden, whistle all the day to encourage their Travail. For that supreme power which expects a firm obedience in those, who are not us'd to rejoycing, but live sadly, as if they were still preparing for the funeral of Peace, hath little skill in contriving the lastingness of Government, which is the principal work of Art; And less hath that Power consider'd Nature; as if such new austerity did seem to tax, even her, for want of gravity, in bringing in the Spring so merrily with a Musical variety of Birds; And such sullen power doth forget that Battails (the most solemn and serious business of Death) are begun with Trumpets and Fifes; and anciently were continu'd with more diversity of Musick. And that the Grecian Laws (Laws being the wisest endeavor of humane Councils, for the ease of life) were long before

before the dayes of *Lycurgus* (to make them more pleasant to memory) published in Verse: And that the wise *Athenians* (dividing into Three parts the publique Revenue) expended one in Plays and Showes, to divert the People from meeting to consult of their Rulers merit, and the defects of Government: And that the *Romans* had not so long continu'd their Empire, but for the same diversions, at a vaster charge.

Again, it may be objected, That the Precepts of Christian Religion are sufficient towards our regulation, by appointment of Manners; and towards the ease of Life, by imposing obedience; so that the Moral assistance of Poesy, is but vainly intruded. To this I may answer, that as no man should suspect the sufficiency of Religion by its insufficiency, so if the insufficiency be confess'd, we shall as little disparage Religion, by bringing in more aids when 'tis in action, then a General dishonours himself by endeavouring with more of his own Forces to make sure an attempt that hath a while miscarry'd: For Poesy, which (like contracted *Essences* seems the utmost strength and activity of Nature) is as all good Arts, subservient to Religion; all marching under the same Banner, though of less discipline and esteem. And as Poesy is the best Expofitor of Nature (Nature being mysterious to such as use not to consider) so Nature is the best interpreter of God; and more cannot be said of Religion. And when the Judges of Religion (which are the Chiefs of the Church) neglect the help of Moralists in Reforming the People (and Poets are of all Moralists the most useful) they give a sentence against the Law of Nature: For Nature performs all things by correspondent aids and harmony. And tis injurious not to think Poets the most useful moralists; for as Poesy is adorn'd and sublim'd by Mulick, which makes it more pleasant and acceptable; so Morality is sweetened and made more amiable by Poesy. And the Austerity of some Divines may be the cause why Religion hath not more prevail'd upon the manners of Men: for great Doctors should rather comply with things that please (as the wise Apostle did with Ceremonies) then lose a Profelyte. And even *Honour* (taught by moral Philosophers, but more delightfully infus'd by Poets) will appear (notwithstanding the sad severity of some latter Divines) an unsafe Guide towards Piety; for it is as wary and nice as *Conscience*, though more cheerful and courageous. And however *Honour* be more pleasing to flesh and blood, because in this World it finds applause; yet 'tis not so mercenary as Piety: for Piety (being of all her expectations inwardly assur'd) expects a reward in Heaven; to which all earthly payments compar'd, are but Shaddows, and Sand.

And it appears that Poesy hath for its natural prevailings over the Understandings of Men (sometimes making her conquests with easie plainness, like native country Beauty) been very successful in the most grave, and important occasions that the necessities of States or mankind have produc'd. For it may be said that *Demosthenes* sav'd the *Athenians* by the Fable or Parable of the Doggs and Wolves, in answer to King *Philip's* Proposition; And that *Messenius Agrippa* sav'd the Senate, if not *Rome*, by that of the Belly, and the Hands: and that even our Saviour was pleas'd (as the most prevalent way of Doctrine) wholly to use such kinde of Parables in his converting, or saving of Souls; it being written, *Without a Parable spake he not to them.* And had not the learned Apostle thought the wisdom of Poets worthy his remembrance, and instructive, not only to Heathens, but to Christians, he had not cited *Epimenides* to the *Cretans*, as well as *Aratus* to the *Athenians*.

I cannot also be ignorant that divers (whose conscientious Melancholy amazes and discourages others Devotion) will accuse Poets as the admirers of Beauty; and Inventors, or Provokers of that which by way of aspersion they call *Love*. But such, in their first accusation seem to look carelessly and unthankfully upon the wonderful works of God; or else through low education, or age, become incompetent Judges of what is the chief of his works upon Earth. And Poets, when they praise Beauty, are at least as lawfully thankful to God, as when they praise Seas, Woods, Rivers, or any other parts that make up a prospect of the World. Nor can it be imagin'd but that Poets in praising them, praise wholly the Maker; and so in praising beauty: For that Woman who believes she is prais'd when her beauty is commended, may as well suppose that Poets think she created her self: And he that praises the inward beauty of Women, which is their Virtue, doth more perform his duty then before: for our envious silence in not approving, and so encouraging what is good, is the cause that vice is more in fashion and countenance then Virtue. But when Poets praise that which is not Beauty, or the minde which is not vertuous, they erre through their mistake, or by flattery; and flattery is a crime so much more prosperous in others who are Companions to greatness, that it may be held in Poets rather Kindness then Design.

They who accuse Poets as provokers of Love, are Enemies to Nature; and all affronts to Nature are offences to God, as insolencies to all subordinate officers of the Crown are rudeness to the King. Love (in the most obnoxious interpretation) is Nature's Preparative to her greatest work, which is the making of Life. And since the severest Divines of these latter times have not been aham'd publicly to command and define

fine the most secret duty, and entertainments of Love in the Married; why should not Poets civilly endeavor to make a Friendship between the Guests before they meet, by teaching them to dignifie each other with the utmost of estimation. And Marriage in Mankind were as rude and unprepar'd as the hasty elections of other Creatures, but for acquaintance, and conversation before it; and that must be an acquaintance of Mindes, not of Bodies; and of the Mind, Poesie is the most natural and delightful Interpreter.

When neither Religion (which is our art towards God) nor Nature (which is Gods first Law to Man, though by Man least study'd) nor when Reason (which is Nature, and made art by experience) can by the enemies of Poesie be sufficiently urged against it, then some (whose frowardness will not let them quit an evil cause) plead written Authority. And though such authority be a Weapon, which even in the War of Religion, distress'd disputers take up, as their last shift; yet here we would protest against it, but that we find it makes a false defence, and leaves the Enemy more open. This authority (which is but single too) is from *Plato*; and him some have maliciously quoted; as if in his feign'd Commonwealth he had banish'd all Poets, but *Plato* says nothing against Poets in general; and in his particular quarrel (which is to *Homer* and *Hesiod*) only condemns such errors as we mentioned in the beginning of this Preface, when we look'd upon the Ancients. An those errors consist in their abasing Religion, by representing the Gods in evil proportion, and their Heroes with as unequal Characters; and so brought Vices into fashion, by intermixing them with the virtues of great persons. Yet even during this Divine anger of *Plato*, he concludes not against Poesie, but the Poems then most in request: for these be the words of his Law: *If any Man (having ability to imitate what he pleases) imitate in his Poems both good and evil, let him be reverenc'd, as a sacred, admirable, and pleasant Person, but be it likewise known, he must have no place in our Commonwealth.* And yet before his banishment he allows him, the honor of a Diadem, and sweet Odours to anoint his Head: And afterwards says. *Let us make use of more profitable, though more severe, and less pleasant Poets, who can imitate that which is for the honor and benefit of the Commonwealth.* But those who make use of this just indignation of *Plato* to the unjust scandal of Poesie, have the common craft of False Witnesses, enlarging every circumstance, when it may hurt, and concealing all things that may defend him they oppose. For they will not remember how much the Scholler of *Plato* (who like an absolute Monarch over Arts, hath almost silenced his Master throughout the Schools of Europe) labors to make Poesie universally current, by giving Laws to the Science: Nor will they take notice, in what dignity it continu'd, whilst the *Greeks* kept their Dominion, or Language; and how much the *Romans* cherish'd even the publick repetition of Verses: Nor will they vouchsafe to observe (though *Juvenal* takes care to record it) how gladly all *Rome* (during that exercise) ran to the voice of *Statius*.

Thus having taken measure (though hastily) of the extent of those great Professions that in Government contribute to the necessities, ease, and lawful pleasures of Men; and finding Poesie as useful now (as the Ancients found it towards perfection and happiness; I will, Sir, (unless with these two Books you return me a discouragement) cheerfully proceed; and though a little time would make way for the third, and make it fit for the Press, I am resolv'd rather to hazard the inconvenience which expectation breeds, (for divers with no ill satisfaction have had a taste of *Gondibert*) then endure that violent envy which assaults all Writers whilst they live; though their Papers be but fill'd with very negligent and ordinary thoughts; and therefore I delay the publication of any part of the Poem, till I can send it you from *America*; whither I now speedily prepare; having the folly to hope, that when I am in another World (though not in the common sense of dying) I shall find my Readers (even the Poets of the present Age) as temperate, and benigne, as we are all to the Dead, whose remote excellence cannot hinder our reputation. And now, Sir, to end with the Allegory which I have so long continu'd, I shall, (after all my busie vanity in shewing and describing my new Building) with great quietness, being almost as weary as your self, bring you to the Back-dore, that you may make no review but in my absence; and steal hastily from you, as one who is asham'd of all the trouble you have receiv'd from;

S I R,

Your most humble, and most affectionate Servant

From the Louvre in Paris
January 2. 1650.

WILL. D'AVENANT.

THE ANSWER OF M^r HOBBS

TO
S^r WILLIAM D'AVENANT'S
PREFACE

Before GONDIBERT.

SIR,



*F*to commend your Poem, I should only say (in general Terms) that in the choice of your Argument, the disposition of the parts, the maintenance of the Characters of your Persons, the dignity and vigor of your expression, you have performed all the parts of various experience, ready memory, clear judgement, swift and well govern'd fancy, though it were enough for the truth, it were too little for the weight and credit of my testimony. For I lie open to two exceptions, one of an incompetent, the other of a corrupted Witness. Incompetent, because I am not a Poet; and corrupted with the Honor done me by your Preface. The former obliges me to say something (by the way) of the nature and differences of Poësie.

As Philosophers have divided the Universe (their subject) into three Regions, Celestial, Aerial, and Terrestrial; so the Poets (whose work it is by imitating humane life, in delightful and measur'd lines, to avert men from vice, and incline them to virtuous and honourable actions) have lodged themselves in the three Regions of mankind, Court, City and Country, correspondent in some proportion, to those three Regions of the World. For there is in Princes, and men of conspicuous power (anciently called Heroes) a lustre and influence upon the rest of men, resembling that of the Heavens; and an insincereness, inconstancy, and troublesome humor of those that dwell in populous Cities, like the mobility, blustering, and impurity of the Air; and a plainness, and (though dull) yet a nutritive faculty in rural people, that endures a comparison with the Earth they labor.

From hence have proceeded three sorts of Poësie, Heroique, Scornmatick, and Pastoral. Every one of these is distinguished again in the manner of Representation, which sometimes is Narrative, wherein the Poet himself relateth, and sometimes Dramaticque, as when the persons are every one adorned and brought upon the Theater, to speak and act their own parts. There is therefore neither more nor less than six sorts of Poësie. For the Heroique Poem narrative (such as is yours) is called an Epique Poem. The Heroique Poem Dramatique, is Tragedy. The Scornmatique Narrative is Satyre;
Dram-

Dramatique is Comedy. The Pastoral narrative is called simply Pastoral (anciently *Beucolique*) the same *Dramatique*, Pastoral Comedy. The Figure therefore of an *Epique Poem*, and of a Tragedy, ought to be the same, for they differ no more but in that they are pronounced by one or many Persons. Which I insert to justify the figure of yours, consisting of five books divided into Songs, or Cantoes, as five Acts divided into Scenes has ever been the approved figure of a Tragedy.

They that take for Poesie whatsoever is writ in Verse, will think this Division imperfect, and call in Sonets, Epigrams, Eclogues, and the like pieces (which are but Essayes, and parts of an entire Poem) and reckon Empedocles, and Lucretius (natural Philosophers) for Poets, and the moral precepts of Phocylides Theognis, and the Quatraines of Pybrach, and the History of Lucan, and others of that kind amongst Poems; bestowing on such Writers for honor, the Name of Poets, rather then of Historians or Philosophers. But the subject of a Poem is the manners of men, not natural causes; manners presented, not dictated; and manners feigned (as the name of Poesie imports) not found in men. They that give entrance to Fictions writ in Prose, err not so much, but they err: For Prose requireth delightfulness, not onely of Fiction, but of stile; in which if Prose contend which Verse it is with disadvantage and (as it were) on foot against the strength and wings of Pegasus.

For Verse amongst the Greeks was appropriated anciently to the service of their Gods, and was the Holy stile; the stile of the Oracles; the stile of the Laws; and the stile of men that publickly recommended to their Gods, the vomes and thanks of the people; which was done in their holy Songs called Hymnes; and the Composers of them were called Prophets and Priests before the name of Poet was known. When afterwards the majesty of that stile was observed, the Poets chose it as best becoming their high invention. And for the Antiquity of Verse, it is greater then the Antiquity of Letters. For it is certain, Cadmus was the first that (from Phœnicia, a Countrey that neighboureth Judea) brought the use of Letters into Greece. But the service of the Gods, and the Laws (which by measured sounds were easily committed to the memory) had been long time in use, before the arrival of Cadamus there.

There is besides the grace of stile, another cause why the antient Poets chose to write in measured language, which is this. Their Poems were made at first with intention to have them sung as well *Epique*, as *Dramatique* (which custom hath been long time laid aside, but began to be revived in part, of late years in Italy) and could not be made commensurable to the Voyce or Instruments, in Prose; the ways and motions whereof are so uncertain and undistinguished, (like the way and motion of a Ship in the Sea) as not onely to discompose the best Composers, but also to disappoint some times the most attentive Reader, and put him to hunt counter for the sense. It was therefore necessary for Poets in those times, to write in Verse.

The verse which the Greeks and Latines (considering the nature of their own Languages) found by experience most grave, and for an *Epique Poem* most decent, was their Hexameter; a Verse limited, not onely in the length of the line, but also in the quantity of the syllables. Instead of which we use the line of ten syllables, recompencing the neglect of their quantity, with the diligence of Rime. And this measure is so proper for an Heroique Poem, as without some loss of gravity and dignity, it was never changed. A longer is not far from ill Prose, and a shorter, is a kind of whisking (you know) like the unlacing, rather then the singing of a Muse. In an Epigram or a Sonnet, a man may vary his measures, and seek glory from a needless difficulty, as he that contriv'd Verses into the formes of an Organ, a Hatchet, an Egg, an Altar, and a pair of Wings; but in so great and noble a work as

is an Epique Poem, for a man to obstruct his own way with unprofitable difficulties, is great imprudence. So likewise to chose a needless and difficult correspondence of Rime, is but a difficult toy, and forces a man sometimes for the stopping of a chinck, to say somewhat he did never think; I cannot therefore but very much approve your Stanza, wherein the syllables in every Verse are ten, and the Rime Alternate.

For the choyce of your Subject, you have sufficiently justified your self in your Preface. But because I have observed in Virgil, that the honor done to Æneas and his companions, has so bright a reflexion upon Augustus Cæsar, and other great Romans of that time, as a man may suspect him not constantly possessed with the noble spirit of those his Heroes, and believe you are not acquainted with any great man of the Race of Gondibert, I add to your justification the purity of your purpose, in having no other motive of your labour, but to adorn virtue, and procure her Lovers; then which there cannot be a worthier design, and more becoming noble Poësie.

In that you make so small account of the example of almost all the approved Poets, antient and modern, who thought fit in the beginning, and sometimes also in the progress of their Poems, to invoke a Muse, or some other Deity, that should dictate to them, or assist them in their Writings, they that take not the laws of Art, from any reason of their own, but from the fashion of precedent times, will perhaps accuse your singularity. For my part, I neither subscribe to their accusation, nor yet condemn that heathen custom, otherwise then as necessary to their false Religion. For their Poets were their Divines; had the name of Prophets, exercised amongst the people a kinde of spiritual Authority; would be thought to speak by a divine spirit; have their works which they writ in Verse (the divine stile) pass for the word of God, and not of man; and to be hearkened to with reverence. Do not our Divines (excepting the stile) do the same, and by us that are of the same Religion cannot justly be reprehended for it? besides, in the use of the spiritual calling of Divines, there is danger sometimes to be feared, from want of skill, such as is reported of witchful Conjurors, that mistaking the rites and ceremonious points of their art, call up such spirits, as they cannot at their pleasure allay again; by whom storms are raised, that overthrow buildings, and are the cause of miserable wrecks at Sea. Unskilful Divines do oftentimes the like, for when they call unseasonably for Zeal, there appears a spirit of Cruelty; and by the like error instead of Truth they raise Discord; instead of Wisdom, Fraud; instead of Reformation, Tumult; and Controversie instead of Religion. Whereas in the Heathen Poets, at least in those whose works have lasted to the time we are in, there are none of those indiscretions to be found, that tended to subversion, or disturbance of the Common-wealths wherein they lived. But why a Christian should think it an ornament to his Poem; either to prophane the true God, or invoke a false one, I can imagine no cause, but a reasonless imitation of Custom, of a foolish custom; by which a man enabled to speak wisely from the principles of nature, and his own meditation, loves rather to be thought to speak by inspiration, like a Bagpipe.

Time and Education begets Experience; Experience begets Memory; Memory begets Judgement and Fancy; Judgement begets the strength and structures, and Fancy begets the ornaments of a Poem. The Ancients therefore fabled not absurdly, in making memory the Mother of the Muses. For Memory is the World (though not really, yet so as in a looking glass) in which the Judgement, the severer Sister buseth her self in a grave and rigid examination of all the parts of Nature, and in registering by Letters, their order, causes, uses, differences, and resemblances; Whereby the Fancy, when any work of

Art is to be performed, findes her Materials at hand and prepared for use, and needs no more then a swift motion over them, that what she wants, and is there to be had, may not lie too long unespied. So that when she seemeth to flye from one Indies to the other, and from Heaven to Earth, and to penetrate into the hardest matter, and obscurest places, into the future, and into her self, and all this in a point of time, the voyage is not very great, her self being all she seeks; and her wonderful celerity, consisteth not so much in motion, as in copious Imagery discreetly ordered, and perfectly registred in the memory; which most men under the name of Philosophy have a glimpse of, and is pretended to by many that grossly mistaking her embrace contention in her place. But so far forth as the fancy of Man, has traced the ways of true Philosophy, so far it hath produced very marvellous effects to the benefit of mankind. All that is beautiful or defensible in building, or marvellous in Engines and Instruments of motion; whatsoever commodity men receive from the observations of the Heavens, from the description of the Earth, from the account of time, from walking on the Seas; and whatsoever distinguisheth the civility of Europe, from the Barbarity of the American savages, is the workmanship of Fancy but guided by the Precepts of true Philosophy. But where these Precepts fail, as they have hitherto failed in the doctrine of Moral vertue, there the Architect (Fancy) must take the Philosophers part upon her self. He therefore that undertakes an Heroick Poem (which is to exhibit a venerable and amiable Image of Heroick vertue) must not only be the Poet, to place and connect, but also the Philosopher, to furnish and square his matter; that is, to make both Body and Soul, colour and shadow of his Poem out of his own Store: Which, how well you have performed I am now considering.

Observing how few the Persons be you introduce in the beginning, and how in the course of the actions of these (the number increasing) after several confusions, they run all at last into the two principal streams of your Poem, Gondibert and Oswald, methinks the Fable is not much unlike the Theater. For so, from several and far distant Sources, do the lesser Brooks of Lombardy, flowing into one another, fall all at last into the two main Rivers, the Po and the Adice. It hath the same resemblance also with a mans veins, which proceeding from different parts, after the like concurrence, insert themselves at last into the two principal veins of the Body. But when I considered that also the actions of Men, which singly are inconsiderable, after many conjunctures, grow at last either into one great protecting power, or into two destroying factions, I could not but approve the structure of your Poem, which ought to be no other then such as an imitation of humane life requireth.

In the Streams themselves I find nothing but sealed Valor, clean Honor, calm Counsel, learned Diversion, and pure Love; save only a torrent or two of Ambition, which (though a fault) has somewhat Heroick in it, and therefore must have place in an Heroick Poem. To shew the Reader in what place he shall find every excellent Picture of vertue you have drawn, is too long. And to shew him one, is to prejudice the rest; yet I cannot forbear to point him to the Description of Love in the person of Birtha, in the seventh Canto of the second Book. There has nothing been said of that Subject neither by the Ancient nor Modern Poets comparable to it. Poets are Painters: I would fain see another Painter draw so true, perfect and natural a Love to the Life, and make use of nothing but pure Lines, without the help of any the least uncomely shadow, as you have done. But let it be read as a piece by it self, for in the almost equal height of the whole, the eminence of parts is lost.

There

There are some that are not pleased with fiction, unless it be bold; not only to exceed the Work, but also the possibility of Nature: they would have impetrable Armors, Incharmed Castles, invulnerable bodies, Iron Men, flying Horses, and a thousand other such things, which are easily feigned by them that dare. Against such I defend you (without assenting to those that condemn either Homer or Virgil) by dissenting only from those that think the Beauty of a Poem consisteth in the exorbitancy of the fiction. For as truth is the bound of Historical, so the Resemblance of truth is the utmost limit of Poetical Liberty. In old time amongst the Heathen such strange fictions, and Metamorphoses, were not so remote from the Articles of their Faith, as they are now from ours, and therefore were not so unpleasant. Beyond the actual works of Nature a Poet may now go; but beyond the conceived possibility of Nature never. I can allow a Geographer to make in the Sea, a Fish or a Ship, which by the scale of his Mapp would be two or three hundred mile long, and think it done for ornament, because it is done without the precincts of his undertaking; but when he paints an Elephant so, I presently apprehend it as ignorance, and a plain confession of Terra incognita.

As the description of Great Men and Great Actions is the constant designe of a Poet; so the descriptions of worthy circumstances are necessary accessions to a Poem, and being well performed are the Jewels and most precious ornaments of Poesy. Such in Virgil are the Funeral games of Anchises, The duel of Æneas and Turnus, &c. and such in yours are The Hunting, The Battaille, The City Morning, The Funeral, The House of Astragon, The Library, and the Temples, equal to his, or those of Homer whom he imitated.

There remains now no more to be considered but the Expression, in which consisteth the countenance and colour of a beautiful Muse; and is given her by the Poet out of his own provision, or is borrowed from others. That which he hath of his own, is nothing but experience and knowledge of Nature, and specially humane nature; and is the true, and natural Colour. But that which is taken out of Books (the ordinary boxes of Counterfeit Complexion) shews well or ill, as it hath more or less resemblance with the natural, and are not to be used (without examination) unadvisedly. For in him that professes the imitation of Nature (as all Poets do) what greater fault can there be, then to bewray an ignorance of Nature in his Poem; especially having a liberty allowed him, if he meet with any thing he cannot master, to leave it out?

That which giveth a Poem the true and natural Colour consisteth in two things, which are; To know well, that is, to have images of nature in the memory distinct and clear; and To know much. A signe of the first is perspicuity, property, and decency, which delight all sorts of Men, either by instructing the ignorant, or soothing the learned in their knowledge. A sign of the latter is novelty of expression, and pleaseth by excitation of the minde; for novelty causeth admiration, and admiration curiosity, which is a delightful appetite of knowledge.

There be so many words in use at this day in the English Tongue, that, though of magnifiqu sound, yet (like the windy blisters of a troubled water) have no sense at all; and so many others that lose their meaning, by being ill coupled, that it is a hard matter to avoid them; for having been obtruded upon youth in the Schools (by such as make it, I think, their business there (as 'tis expressed by the best Poet.)

With termes to charm the weak, and pose the wise,
they grow up with them, and gaining reputation with the ignorant, are not easily shaken off.

To this palpable darkness, I may also add the ambitious obscurity of expressing more then is perfectly conceived; or perfect conception in fewer words

then it requires. Which Expressions, though they have had the honour to be called strong lines, are indeed no better then Riddles, and not onely to the Reader, but also (after a little time) to the Writer himself dark and troublesome.

To the property of Expression I referr, that clearness of memory, by which a Poet when he hath once introduced any person whatsoever, speaking in his Poem, maintaineth in him to the end the same character he gave him in the beginning. The variation whereof, is a change of pace, that argues the Poet tired.

Of the Indecencies of an Heroick Poem, the most remarkable are those that shew disproportion either between the persons and their actions, or between the manners of the Poet and the Poem. Of the first kinde, is the uncomeliness of representing in great persons the inhumane vice of Cruelty, or the sordid vice of Lust and Drunkenness. To such parts as those the Ancient approved Poets thought it fit to suborn, not the persons of men, but of monsters and beastly Giants, such as Polyphemus, Cacus, and the Centaures. For it is supposed a Muse, when she is invoked to sing a Song of that nature, should maidenly advise the Poet, to set such persons to sing their own vices upon the Stage; for it is not so unseemly in a Tragedy. Of the same kinde it is to represent scurrility, or any action or language that moveth much laughter. The delight of an Epique Poem consisteth not in mirth, but admiration. Mirth and Laughter is proper to Comedy and Satyre. Great persons that have their mindes employed on great designs, have not leasure enough to laugh, and are pleased with the contemplation of their own power and vertues, so as they need not the infirmities and vices of other men to recommend themselves to their own favour by comparison, as all men do when they laugh. Of the second kind, where the disproportion is between the Poet, and the Persons of his Poem, one is in the Dialect of the Inferior sort of People, which is alwayes different from the language of the Court. Another is to derive the Illustration of any thing, from such Metaphors or Comparisons as cannot come into Mens thoughts, but by mean conversation, and experience of humble or evil Arts, which the Person of an Epique Poem cannot be thought acquainted with.

From Knowing much, proceedeth the admirable variety and novelty of Metaphors and Similitudes, which are not possible to be lighted on, in the compass of a narrow knowledge. And the want whereof compelleth a Writer to expressions that are either defac'd by time, or sullied with vulgar or long use. For the Phrases of Poesy, as the airs of Musick with often hearing become insipid, the Reader having no more sense of their force, then our Flesh is sensible of the bones that sustain it. As the sense we have of bodies, consisteth in change and variety of impression, so also does the sense of language in the variety and changeable use of words. I mean not in the affectation of words newly brought home from travail, but in new (and with all significant) translation to our purposes, of those that be already received; and in far fetcht (but withall, apt, instructive and comly) similitudes.

Having thus (I hope) avoided the first Exception, against the incompetency of my Judgment. I am but little moved with the second, which is of being bribed by the honour you have done me, by attributing in your Preface somewhat to my Judgment. For I have used your Judgment no less in many things of mine, which coming to light will thereby appear the better. And so you have your bribe again.

Having thus made way for the admision of my Testimony, I give it briefly thus; I never yet saw Poem, that had so much shape of Art, health of Morality, and vigour and beauty of Expression as this of yours. And but for the clamour of the multitude, that hide their Envy of the present, under a Reverence

of Antiquity, I should say further, that it would last as long as either the *Æneid*, or *Iliad*, but for one Disadvantage; and the Disadvantage is this: The languages of the Greeks and Romans (by their Colonies and Conquests) have put off flesh and blood, and are become immutable, which none of the modern tongues are like to be. I honour Antiquity, but that which is commonly called old time, is young time. The glory of Antiquity is due, not to the Dead, but to the Aged.

And now, whilst I think on't, give me leave with a short discord to sweeten the Harmony of the approaching close. I have nothing to object against your Poem; but dissent onely from something in your Preface, sounding to the prejudice of Age. 'Tis commonly said, that old Age is a return to childhood: Which methinks you insist on so long, as if you desired it should be believed. That's the note I mean to shake a little. That saying, meant onely of the weakness of body, was wrested to the weakness of minde, by froward children, weary of the controulment of their Parents, Masters, and other admonitors. Secondly, the dotage and childishness they ascribe to Age, is never the effect of Time, but sometimes of the excesses of youth, and not a returning to, but a continual stay with childhood. For they that wanting the curiosity of furnishing their memories with the rarities of Nature in their youth, and pass their time in making provision onely for their ease, and sensual delight, are children still, at what years soever; as they that coming into a populous City, never going out of their Inn, are strangers still, how long soever they have been there. Thirdly, there is no reason for any man to think himself wiser to day then yesterday, which does not equally convince he shall be wiser to morrow then to day.

Fourthly, you will be forced to change your opinion hereafter when you are old; and in the mean time you discredit all I have said before in your commendation, because I am old already. But no more of this.

I believe (Sir) you have seen a curious kind of perspective, where, he that looks through a short hollow Pipe, upon a Picture containing divers figures, sees none of those that are there painted, but some one person made up of their parts, conveyed to the eye by the artificial cutting of a glasse. I find in my imagination an effect not unlike it from your Poem. The vertues you distribute there amongst so many Noble Persons, represent (in the reading) the image but of one mans vertue to my fancy, which is your own; and that so deeply imprinted, as to stay for ever there, and govern all the rest of my thoughts, and affections in the way of honouring and serving you, to the utmost of my power, that am,

(SIR,)

Your most humble and obedient Servant,

Paris Jan. 10. 1652.

THOMAS HOBBS.



T O

S^r WILL. D'AVENANT,

Upon his Two first BOOKS of

GONDIBERT,

Finish'd before his Voyage to *AMERICA*,

THus the wise Nightingale that leaves her home,
 Her native Wood, when Storms and Winter come,
 Pursuing constantly the chearfull Spring,
 To forraign Groves does her old Musick bring :

The drooping Hebrews banish'd Harps unstrung
 At Babilon, upon the Willowes hung;
 Yours sounds aloud, and tells us you excell
 No less in Courage, then in Singing well;
 Whilst unconcern'd you let your Country know,
 They have improv'ish'd themselves, not you;
 Who with the Muses help can mock those Fates
 Which threaten Kingdomes, and disorder States.

So Ovid when from Cæsar's rage he fled,
 The Roman Muse to Pontus with him led;
 Where he so sung, that We through Pity's Glas,
 See Nero milder then Augustus was.
 Hereafter such in thy behalf shall be,
 Th' indulgent censure of Posterity.

To banish those who with such art can sing,
 Is a rude Crime which its own Curse does bring:
 Ages to come shall ne'r know how they fought,
 Nor how to love their present youth be taught.
 This to thy self. Now to thy matchless Book,
 Wherein those few that can with Judgment look,
 May find old Love in pure fresh language told,
 Like new stamp'd Coin made out of Angel-gold.
 Such truth in Love as th' antique World did know,
 In such a stile as Courts may boast of now.

Which

*Which no bold tales of Gods or Monsters swell,
But humane Passions, such as with us dwell.
Man is thy theame, his Vertue or his rage.
Drawn to the life in each elaborate Page.
Mars nor Bellona are not named here ;
But such a Gondibert as both might fear.
Venus had here, and Hebe been out-shin'd
By thy bright Birtha, and thy Rhodalind.
Such is thy happy skill, and such the odds
Betwixt thy Worthies and the Grecian Gods.
Whose Deity's in vain had here come down,
Where Mortall Beauty wears the Soveraign Crown ;
Such as of flesh compos'd, by flesh and blood
(Though not resisted) may be understood.*

ED. WALLER.

TO
 Sir WILLIAM D'AVENANT,
 Upon his Two first Books of GONDIBERT, Finish'd
 before his Voyage to America.

Methinks Heroick Poësie till now,
 Like some fantastique Fairy-land did show;
 Gods, Devils, Nymphs, Witches, and Giants race,
 And all but Man, in Mans best Work had place.

Thou like some worthy Knight, with sacred Arms
 Dost drive the Monsters thence, and end the Charms:
 Instead of these, dost Men and Manners plant,
 The things which that rich soyl did chiefly want.
 But even thy Mortals do their Gods excell,
 Taught by thy Muse to Fight and Love so well.

By fatal hands whilst present Empires fall,
 Thine from the grave past Monarchies recall.
 So much more thanks from humane kind does merit
 The Poets Fury, then the Zelots Spirit.

And from the grave thou mak'st this Empire rise,
 Not like some dreadful Ghost t'affright our Eyes;
 But with more beauty and triumphant state,
 Then when it crown'd at proud Verona sat.
 So will our God re-build Mans perish'd frame,
 And raise him up much better, yet the same:
 So God-like Poets do past things rehearse,
 Not change, but heighten Nature with their Verse.

With shame me thinks great Italy must see
 Her Conqu'rors call'd to life again by thee;
 Call'd by such powerful Arts, that ancient Rome
 May blush no less to see her Wit o'recome.
 Some Men their Fancies like their Faith derive;
 And count all ill but that which Rome does give;
 The marks of Old and Catholick would finde;
 To the same Chair would Truth and Fiction binde.
 Thon in these beaten paths disdain'st to tread,
 And scorn'st to Live by robbing of the Dead.
 Since Time doth all things change, thou think'st not fit
 This latter Age should see all new but Wit.
 Thy Fancy, like a Flame, her way does make;
 And leaves bright tracks for following Pens to take.
 Sure 'twas this noble boldness of the Muse
 Did thy desire to seek new Worlds infuse;
 And ne'r did Heaven so much a Voyage bless,
 If thou canst Plant but there with like success.

AB. COWLEY:

GONDIBERT.

THE FIRST BOOK.

Canto the First.

The ARGUMENT.

*Old Aribert's great race, and greater mind
Is sung, with the renown of Rhodalind.
Prince Oswald is compar'd to Gondibert,
And justly each distinguish'd by desert:
Whose Armies are in Fam's fair Field drawn forth,
To shew by discipline their Leaders worth.*

1.

OF all the Lombards, by their Trophies known,
Who fought Fame soon, and had her favor long,
King Aribert best seem'd to fill the Throne;
And bred most business for Heroick Song.

2.

From early Childhoods promising estate,
Up to performing Manhood, till he grew
To sayling Age, he Agent was to Fate,
And did to Nations Peace or War renew.

3.

War was his study'd Art; war, which the bad
Condemn, because even then it does them awe,
When with their number lin'd, and purple clad,
And to the good more needful is than Law.

4.

To conquer Tumult, Nature's sudain force,
War, Arts deliberate strength, was first devis'd;
Cruel to those whose rage has no remorse,
Least civil pow'r should be by Throngs surpris'd.

5.

The feeble Law rescues but doubtfully
From the Oppressors single Arme our right;
Till to its pow'r the wise war's help apply;
Which soberly does Man's loose rage unite.

6.

Yet since on all War never needful was,
Wife Aribert did keep the People sure
By Laws from little dangers; for the Laws
Them from themselves, and not from pow'r secure.

7.

Else Conquerors, by making Laws, o'recome
 Their own gain'd pow'r, and leave mens fury free;
 Who growing deaf to pow'r, the Laws grow dumb;
 Since none can plead where all may Judges bee.

8.

Prais'd was this King for war, the Laws broad shield;
 And for acknowledg'd Laws, the art of Peace;
 Happy in all which Heav'n to Kings does yield,
 But a successor when his cares shall cease.

9.

For no male Pledge, to give a lasting name,
 Sprung from his bed, yet Heaven to him allow'd
 One of the gentler sex, whose Story Fame
 Has made my Song, to make the *Lombards* proud.

10.

Recorded *Rhodolind*! whose high renown
 Who mis in Books, not luckily have read;
 Or vex'd by living beauties of their own
 Have shunn'd the wise Records of Lovers dead.

11.

Her Fathers prosp'rous Palace was the Sphear
 Where she to all with Heav'nly order mov'd;
 Made rigid vertue so benigne appear
 That 'twas without Religion's help belov'd.

12.

Her lookslike Empire shew'd, great above pride;
 Since pride ill counterfeits excessive height;
 But Nature publish'd what she fain would hide;
 Who for her deeds, not beauty, lov'd the light.

13.

To make her lowly minde appearance lefs,
 She us'd some outward greatness for disguise;
 Esteem'd as pride the Cloystr'al lowliness,
 And thought them proud who even the proud despise.

14.

Her Father (in the winter of his age)
 Was like that stormy season froward grown:
 Whom so her youthful presence did assuage,
 That he her sweetness tasted as his own.

15.

The pow'r that with his stooping age declin'd,
 In her transplanted, by remove increas'd;
 Which doubly back in homage she resign'd;
 Till pow'r's decay, the Thrones worst sickness, ceas'd.

16.

Oppressors big with pride, when she appear'd
 Blush'd, and believ'd their greatness counterfeit;
 The lowly thought they them in vain had fear'd;
 Found vertue harmless, and nought else so great,

17.

Her minde (scarce to her feeble sex a kinn)
 Did as her birth, her right to Empire show;
 Seem'd careless outward when imploy'd within;
 Her speech, like lovers watch'd, was kind and low.

18.

She shew'd that her soft sex contains strong mindes,
Such as evap'rates through the courser Male,
As through course stone Elixer passage findes,
Which scarce through finer Christal can exhale.

19.

Her beauty (not her own but Nature's pride)
Should I describe; from ev'ry Lovers eye
All Beauties this original must hide,
Or like scorn'd Copies be themselves laid by;

20.

Be by their Poets shunn'd, whom beauty feeds;
Who beauty like hyrd witnesses protect,
Officiously averring more then needs,
And make us so the needful truth suspect.

21.

And since fond Lovers (who disciples bee
To Poets) think in their own loves they find
More beauty then yet Time did ever see,
Time's Curtain I will draw o're *Rhodolind*.

22.

Least shewing her, each sees how much he errs,
Doubt since their own have less, that they have none;
Believe their Poets perjur'd Flatterers,
And then all Modern Maids would be undone.

23.

In Pity thus, her beauty's just renown
I wave for publick Peace, and will declare
To whom the King design'd her with his Crown;
Which is his last and most unquiet care.

24.

If in alllyance he does greatness prise,
His Minde grown Weary, need not travail farre;
If greatness be compos'd of Victories,
He has at home many that Victors are.

25.

Many whom blest success did often grace
In Fields, where they have seeds of Empire sown;
And hope to make, since born of princely race,
Even her (the harvest of those toyls) their own.

26.

And of those Victors Two are chiefly fam'd,
To whom the rest their proudest hopes resign;
Though young, were in their Fathers batails nam'd,
And both are of the *Lombards* Royal Line.

27.

Oswald the great, and greater *Gondibert*!
Both from succesfull conqu'ring Fathers sprung;
Whom both examples made of Warr's high art,
And farr out-wrought their patterns being young.

28.

Yet for full fame (as *Trine* Fame's Judge reports)
Much to Duke *Gondibert* Prince *Oswald* yields;
Was less in mighty misteries of Courts,
In peaceful Cities, and in fighting Fields.

29.

In Court Prince *Oswald* costly was and gay,
 Finer then near vain Kings their Fav'rites are;
 Outshin'd bright Fav'rites on their Nuptial day;
 Yet were his Eyes dark with ambitious care.

30.

Duke *Gondibert* was still more gravely clad,
 But yet his looks familiar were and clear;
 As if with ill to others never sad,
 Nor tow'rds himself could others practice fear.

31.

The Prince, could Porpoise-like in Tempests play,
 And in Court storms on shipwrack'd Greatness feed;
 Not frighted with their fate when cast away,
 But to their glorious hazards durst succeed.

32.

The Duke would lasting calmes to Courts assure,
 As pleasant Gardens we defend from windes;
 For he who bus'ness would from Storms procure,
 Soon his affairs above his mannage findes.

33.

Oswald in Throngs the abject People fought
 With humble looks; who still too late will know
 They are Ambition's Quarry, and soon caught
 When the aspiring Eagle stoops so low.

34.

The Duke did these by steady Vertue gain;
 Which they in action more then precept taht;
 Deeds shew the Good, and those who goodness feign
 By such even through their vizards are out-fact.

35.

Oswald in war was worthily renown'd;
 Though gay in Courts, courfly in Camps could live;
 Judg'd danger soon, and first was in it found;
 Could toyl to gain what he with ease did give.

36.

Yet toyls and dangers through ambition lov'd;
 Which does in war the name of Vertue own;
 But quits that name when from the war remov'd,
 As Rivers theirs when from their Channels gon.

37.

The Duke (as restless as his fame in warre)
 With martial toyl could *Oswald* weary make;
 And calmly do what he with rage did dare,
 And give so much as he might deign to take.

38.

Him as their Founder Cities did adore;
 The Court he knew to steer in storms of State;
 In Fields a Battle lost he could restore,
 And after force the Victors to their Fate.

39.

In Camps now chiefly liv'd, where he did aime
 At graver glory then Ambition breeds;
 Designs that yet this story must not name,
 Which with our *Lombard* Authors pace proceeds.

40.
The King adopts this Duke in secret thought
To wed the Nations wealth, his onely child,
Whom *Oswald* as reward of merit fought,
With Hope, Ambition's common Baite, beguild.

41.
This as his souls chief secret was unknowne,
Least *Oswald* that his proudest Army led
Should force possession ere his hopes were gone,
Who could not rest but in the royal bed.

42.
The Duke discern'd not that the King design'd
To chuse him Heir of all his victories;
Nor guess'd that for his love fair *Rhodolind*
Made sleep of late a stranger to her Eies.

43.
Yet sadly it is sung that she in shades
Mildly as mourning Doves love's sorrows felt;
Whilst in her secret tears her freshness fades
As Roses silently in Lymbecks melt.

44.
But who could know her love, whose jealous shame
Deny'd her Eyes the knowledge of her glafs;
Who blushing thought Nature her self too blame
By whom Men guess of Maids more then the face.

45.
Yet judge not that this Duke (though from his sight
With Maids first fears she did her passion hide)
Did need lov's flame for his directing light,
But rather wants Ambition for his Guide.

46.
Love's fire he carry'd, but no more in view
Then vital heat which kept his heart still warm;
This Maids in *Oswald* as love's Beacon knew;
The publick flame to bid them flye from harm.

47.
Yet since this Duke could love, we may admire
Why love ne'r rais'd his thoughts to *Rodalind*;
But those forget that earthly flames aspire,
Whilst Heav'nly beames, which purer are, descende.

48.
As yet to none could he peculiar prove,
But like an universal Influence
(For such and so sufficient was his love)
To all the Sex he did his heart dispence.

49.
But *Oswald* never knew love's ancient Laws,
The awe that Beauty does in lovers breed,
Those short breath'd fears and paleness it does cause
When in a doubtful Brow their doom they read.

50.
Not *Rhodolind* (whom then all Men as one
Did celebrate, as with confed'rate Eyes)
Could he effect but shining in her Throne;
Blindly a Throne did more then beauty prise.

51.

He by his Sister did his hopes prefer;
 A beauteous pleader, who victorious was
 O're *Rhodolind*, and could subdue her Ear
 In all requests but this unpleasant cause.

52.

Gartha, whose bolder beauty was in strength
 And fulness plac'd, but such as all must like;
 Her spreading stature tallness was, not length,
 And whilst sharpe beauties peirce, hers seem'd to strike.

53.

Such goodly presence ancient Poets grace,
 Whose songs the worlds first manliness declare;
 To Princes Beds teach carefulness of Race;
 Which now store Courts, that us'd to store the warre.

54.

Such was the Palace of her Minde, a Prince
 Who proudly there, and still unquiet lives;
 And sleep (domestick ev'ry where) from thence,
 To make Ambition room, unwisely drives.

55.

Of manly force was this her watchful mind,
 And fit in Empire to direct and sway;
 If she the temper had of *Rhodolind*.
 Who knew that Gold is current with allay.

56.

As Kings (oft slaves to others hopes and skill)
 Are urg'd to war to load their slaves with spoiles;
 So *Oswald* was push'd up Ambition's hill,
 And so some urg'd the Duke to martial toyles.

57.

And these who for their own great cause so high
 Would lift their Lords Two prosp'rous Armies are,
 Return'd from far to fruitful *Lombardy*,
 And paid with rest, the best reward of warre.

58.

The old neer *Brescia* lay, scarce warm'd with Tents;
 For though from danger safe, yet Armies then
 Their posture kept 'gainst warring Elements,
 And hardness learn'd against more warring Men.

59.

Neer *Bergamo* encamp'd the younger were,
 Whom to the Franks distress the Duke had led;
 The other *Oswald*'s lucky Ensigns bear,
 Which lately stood when proud *Ovenna* fled.

60.

These that attend Duke *Gondibert*'s renown
 Were Youth whom from his Fathers Campe he chose.
 And them betimes transplanted to his own;
 Where each the Planters care and judgment shows.

61.

All hardy Youth, from valiant Fathers sprung;
 Whom perfect honor he so highly taught,
 That th' Aged fetch'd examples from the young,
 And hid the vain experience which they brought.

62.

They danger met diverted less with fears
Then now the dead would be if here again,
After they know the price brave dying bears;
And by their sinless rest find life was vain.

63.

Temp'rate in what does needy life preserve,
As those whose Bodies wait upon their Mindes;
Chaste as those Mindes which not their Bodies serve;
Ready as Pilots wak'd with suddain Windes.

64.

Speechless in diligence, as if they were
Nightly to close surprise and Ambush bred;
Their wounds yet smarting merciful they are,
And soon from victory to pity led.

65.

When a great Captive they in fight had ta'ne,
(Whom in a Filial duty some fair Maid
Visits, and would by tears his freedom gain)
How soon his Victors were her Captives made!

66.

For though the Duke taught rigid Discipline,
He let them beauty thus at distance know;
As Priests discover some more Sacred Shrine,
Which none must touch, yet all may to it bow.

67.

When thus as Sutors mourning Virgins pass
Through their clean Camp, themselves in form they draw,
That they with Martial reverence may grace
Beauty, the Stranger, which they seldom saw.

68.

They vail'd their Ensignes as it by did move,
Whilst inward (as from Native Conscience) all
Worshipp'd the Poets Darling Godhead, Love,
Which grave Philosophers did Nature call.

69.

Nor there could Maids of Captives Syres dispaire,
But made all Captives by their beauty free;
Beauty and Valor native Jewels are,
And as each others only price agree.

70.

Such was the Duke's young Camp by *Bergamo*,
But these near *Brescia* whom fierce *Oswald* led,
Their Science to his famous Father owe,
And have his Son (though now their Leader) bred.

71.

This rev'rend Army was for age renown'd;
Which long through frequent dangers follow'd Time;
Their many Trophies gain'd with many a wound,
And Fame's last Hill, did with first vigour climbe.

72.

But here the learned *Lombard* whom I trace
My forward Pen by flower Method stays;
Least I should them (less heeding time and place
Then common Poets) out of season praise.

Think

73.

Think onely then (couldst thou both Camps discern)
 That these would seem grave Authors of the war,
 Met civilly to teach who e're will learn,
 And those their young and civil Students are.

74.

But painful vertue of the war ne'r pays
 It self with consciousness of being good,
 Though Cloyster'd vertue may believe even praise
 A fallary which there should be withstood.

75.

For many here (whose vertue's active heat
 Concurs not with cold vertue which does dwell
 In lasie Cells) are vertuous to be great,
 And as in pains so would in pow'r excell.

76.

And *Oswald's* Faction urg'd him to aspire
 That by his height they higher might ascend;
 The Dukes to glorious Thrones access desire,
 But at more awful distance did attend.

77.

The Royal *Rhodolind* is now the Prize
 By which these Camps would make their merit known;
 And think their General's but their Deputies
 Who must for them by Proxy wed the Crown.

78.

From forreign Fields (with toying conquest tyr'd,
 And groaning under spoiles) come home to rest;
 There now they are with emulation fyr'd,
 And for that pow'r they should obey, contest.

79.

Ah how perverse and froward is Mankinde!
 Faction in Courts does us to rage excite;
 The Rich in Cities we litigious find,
 And in the Field th' Ambitious make us fight:

80.

And fatally (as if even soules were made
 Of warring Elements as Bodies are)
 Our Reason our Religion does invade,
 Till from the Schools to Camps it carry war.

Canto the Second.

The ARGUMENT.

*The hunting which did yearly celebrate
The Lombards glory, and the Vandales Fate.
The Hunters prais'd; how true to love they are,
How calm in Peace, and Tempest-like in warre.
The Stag is by the num'rous Chace subdu'd,
And strait his Hunters are as hard pursu'd.*

1.

Small are the seeds Fate does unheeded sow
Of slight beginnings to important ends;
Whilst wonder (which does best our reverence show
To Heav'n) all Reason's sight in gazing spends.

2.

For from a Dayes brief pleasure did proceed
(A day grown black in *Lombard* Histories)
Such lasting griefs as thou shalt weep to read,
Though even thine own sad love had drain'd thine Eyes.

3.

In a fair Forrest neer *Verona's* Plain,
Fresh as if Nature's Youth chose there a shade,
The Duke with many Lovers in his Train,
(Loyal, and young) a solemn hunting made.

4.

Much was his Train enlarg'd by their resort
Who much his Grandfire lov'd, and hither came
To celebrate this Day with annual sport,
On which by battel here he earn'd his Fame.

5.

And many of these noble Hunters bore
Command amongst the Youth at *Bergamo*;
Whose Fathers gather'd here the wreaths they wore,
When in this Forrest they interr'd the Foe.

6.

Count *Hurgonil*, a Youth of high descent,
Was list'd here, and in the story great;
He follow'd Honor, when tow'rd's Death it went;
Fierce in a charge but temp'rate in retreat.

7.

His wondrous beauty which the world approv'd
He blushing hid, and now no more would own
(Since he the Duke's unequal'd Sister lov'd)
Then an old wreath when newly overthrown.

F

And

8.

And she, *Orna* the shy! Did seem in life
 So bashful too to have her beauty shown,
 As I may doubt her shade with Fame at strife,
 That in these vicious times would make it known

9.

Not less in publick voice was *Arnold* here;
 He that on *Tuscan* Tombs his Trophys rais'd;
 And now love's pow'r so willingly did bear,
 That even his arbitrary reign he prais'd.

10.

Laura, the Duke's fair Neice intrall'd his heart;
 Who was in Court the publick morning Glas;
 Where those who would reduce Nature to art,
 Practis'd by dress the conquests of the Face.

11.

And here was *Hugo* whom Duke *Gondibert*
 For stout and stedfast kindness did approve;
 Of stature small, but was all over heart,
 And though unhappy all that heart was love.

12.

In gentle sonnets he for *Laura* pin'd;
 Soft as the murmures of a weeping spring;
 Which ruthles she did as those murmures mind:
 So ere their death sick Swans' unheeded sing.

13.

Yet whilst the *Arnold* favour'd, he so griev'd
 As loyall Subjects quietly bemone
 Their Yoke, but raise no warr to be reliev'd,
 Nor through the envy'd Fav'rite wound the Throne.

14.

Young *Goltio* next these Rivals we may name;
 Whose manhood dawn'd early as Summer light;
 As sure and soon did his fair day proclaime;
 And was no less the joy of publick fight.

15.

If Love's just pow'r he did not early see,
 Some small excuse we may his error give;
 Since few (though learn'd) know yet blest Love to be
 That secret vitall heat by which we live:

16.

But such it is; and though we may be thought
 To have in Childhood life, ere Love we know,
 Yet life is useles till by reason taught,
 And Love and Reason up together grow.

17.

Nor more, the Old shew they out-live their Love,
 If when their Love's decay'd, some signes they give
 Of life, because we see them pain'd and move,
 Then Snakes, long cut, by torment shew they live.

18.

If we call living, Life, when Love is gone,
 We then to Souls (Gods coyne) vain rev'rence pay;
 Since Reason (which is Love, and his best known
 And currant Image) Age has worne away.

19.

And I that Love and Reason thus unite,
May, if I old Philosophers controule,
Confirm the new by some new Poets light;
Who finding Love, thinks he has found the Soule.

20.

From *Golto*, to whom Love yet tasteless seem'd,
We to ripe *Tybalt* are by order led;
Tybalt, who Love and Valor both esteem'd,
And he alike from eithers wounds had bled.

21.

Publique his valor was, but not his love,
One fill'd the world, the other he contain'd;
Yet quietly alike in both did move,
Of that ne'r boasted, nor of this complain'd.

22.

With these (whose special names Verse shall preserve)
Many to this recorded hunting came;
Whose worth authentick mention did deserve,
But from Time's deluge few are sav'd by Fame.

23.

Now like a Giant Lover rose the Sun
From th'Ocean Queen, fine in his fires and great;
Seem'd all the Morne for shew, for strength at Noone;
As if last Night she had not quench'd his heate!

24.

And the Sun's Servants who his rising waite,
His Pensioners (for so all Lovers are,
And all maintain'd by him at a high rate
With daily fire) now for the Chace prepare.

25.

All were like Hunters clad in cheerfull green,
Young Natures Livery, and each at strife
Who most adorn'd in favours should be seen,
Wrought kindly by the Lady of his life.

26.

These Martiall Favours on their Waists they weare,
On which (for now they Conquest celebrate)
In an imbroider'd History appeare
Like life, the vanquish'd in their feares and fate.

27.

And on these Belts (wrought with their Ladys care)
Hung Semyters of *Akons* trusty steele;
Goodly to see, and he who durst compare
Those Ladies Eies, might soon their temper feele.

28.

Cheer'd as the Woods (where new wak'd Quires they meet)
Are all; and now dispose their choice Relays
Of Horse and Hounds, each like each other fleet;
Which best when with themselves compar'd we praise;

29.

To them old Forrest Spys, the Harborers
VVith hast approach, wet as still weeping Night,
Or Deer that mourn their growth of head with tears,
VVhen the defenceless weight does hinder flight.

30.
And Doggs, such whose cold secrecy was mient
By Nature for surprize, on these attend;
Wife temp'rate Lime-Hounds that proclaim no scent;
Nor Harb'ring will their Mouths in boasting spend.

31.
Yet vainlier farr then Traytors boast their prise
(On which their vehemence vast rates does lay,
Since in that worth their treasons credit lies)
These Harb'ers praise that which they now betray:

32.
Boast they have lodg'd a Stag, that all the Race
Out-runs of *Croton* Horse, or *Regian* Hounds;
A Stag made long, since Royall in the Chace,
If Kings can honor give by giving wounds.

33.
For *Aribert* had pierc't him at a Bay,
Yet scap'd he by the vigour of his Head;
And many a Summer since has wonn the day,
And often left his *Regian* Foll'wers dead.

34.
His spacious Beame (that even the Rights out-grew)
From *Antlar* to his *Troch* had all allow'd
By which his age the aged Wood-men knew;
Who more then he were of that beauty proud.

35.
Now each Relay a sev'ral Station findes,
Ere the triumphant Train the Coppes surrounds;
Relayes of Horse, long breath'd as winter windes,
And their deep Cannon Mouth'd experienc'd Hounds.)

36.
The Huntsmen (busily concern'd in shew
As if the world were by this Beast undone,
And they against him hir'd as Nature's Foe)
In haste uncouple, and their Hounds outrun.

37.
Now winde they a Recheat, the rous'd Dear's knell;
And through the Forrest all the Beasts are aw'd;
Alarm'd by Eccho, Nature's Sentinel,
Which shews that Murd'rous Man is come abroad.

38.
Tyranique Man! Thy subjects Enemy!
And more through wantonness then need or hate;
From whom the winged to their Coverts flie;
And to their Dennes even those that lay in waite.

39.
So this (the most successfull of his kinde,
Whose Foreheads force oft his Opposers prest;
Whose swiftnes left Persuers shafts behinde)
Is now of all the Forrest most distrest!

40.
The Heard deny him shelter, as if taught
To know their safety is to yield him lost;
Which shews they want not the results of thought,
But speech, by which we ours for reason boast.

41.

We blush to see our politicks in Beasts,
 Who many fav'd by this one Sacrifice;
 And since through blood they follow interests,
 Like us when cruel should be counted wise.

42.

His Rivals that his fury us'd to fear
 For his lov'd Female, now his faintness Shun;
 But were his season hot, and she but neer,
 (O mighty Love!) his Hunters were undone.

43.

From thence, well blown, he comes to the Relây;
 Where Man's fam'd reason proves but Cowardise,
 And only serves him meanly to betray;
 Even for the flying, Man, in ambush lies.

44.

But now, as his last remedy to live,
 (For ev'ry shift for life kind Nature makes,
 Since life the utmost is which she can give)
 Coole *Adice* from the swoln Bank he takes.

45.

But this fresh Bath the Doggs will make him leave;
 Whom he sure nos'd as fasting Tygers found;
 Their scent no North-east winde could ere deceive,
 Which drives the ayre, nor Flocks that foyl the Ground.

46.

Swift here the Flyers and Persuers seeme;
 The frighted Fish swim from their *Adice*,
 The Doggs pursue the Deer, he the fleet streame,
 And that hafts too to th' *Adriatick* Sea.

47.

Refresh'd thus in this fleeting Element,
 He up the stedfast Shore did boldly rise;
 And soon escap'd their view, but not their scent;
 That faithful Guide which even conducts their Eyes.

48.

This frail relief was like short gales of breath
 Which oft at Sea a long dead calme prepare;
 Or like our Curtains drawn at point of death,
 When all our Lungs are spent, to give us ayre,

49.

For on the Shore the Hunters him attend;
 And whilst the Chace grew warm as is the day
 (Which now from the hot *Zenith* does descend)
 He is imbos'd, and weary'd to a Bay.

50.

The Jewel, Life, he must surrender here;
 Which the world's Mist'ris, Nature, does not give,
 But like drop'd Favours suffers us to weare,
 Such as by which pleas'd Lovers think they live.

51.

Yet life he so esteems, that he allows
 It all defence his force and rage can make;
 And to the eager Dogs such fury shows
 As their last blood some unreveng'd forsake.

But

52.

But now the Monarch Murderer comes in,
 Destructive Man ! whom Nature would not arme,
 As when in madneſs miſchief is foreſeen
 We leave it weaponleſs for fear of harme.

53.

For the defenceleſs made him that he might
 Leſs readily offend ; but Art Armes all,
 From ſingle ſtrife makes us in Numbers fight ;
 And by ſuch art this Royall Stagge did fall.

54.

He weeps till grief does even his Murd'ers pierce ;
 Grief which ſo nobly through his anger ſtrove,
 That it deſerv'd the dignity of verſe,
 And had it words as humanly would move.

55.

Thrice from the ground his vanquiſh'd Head he rear'd,
 And with laſt looks his Forreſt walks did view ;
 Where Sixty Summers he had rul'd the Heatd,
 And where ſharp *Dittany* now vainly grew :

56.

Whoſe hoary Leaves no more his wounds ſhall heale ;
 For with a Sigh (a blaſt of all his breath)
 That viewleſs thing call'd Life, did from him ſteale ;
 And with their Bugle Hornes they winde his death.

57.

Then with their annuall wanton ſacrifice
 (Taught by old Cuſtome, whoſe decrees are vain,
 And we like hum'rous Antiquaries priſe
 Age though deform'd) they haſten to the Plain.

58.

Thence homeward bend as weſtward as the Sun ;
 Where *Gondibert's* Allys proud Feaſts prepare,
 That day to honor which his Grandfire won ;
 Though Feaſts the Eves to Fun'ralls often are.

59.

One from the Forreſt now approach'd their ſight,
 Who them did ſwiftly on the Spurr purſue ;
 One there ſtill reſident as Day and Night,
 And known as th' eldeſt Oke which in it grew.

60.

Who with his utmoſt breath, advancing cries
 (And ſuch a vehemence no Art could feigne)
 Away, happy the Man that ſaſteſt flies ;
 Flie famous Duke, flie with thy noble Train !

61.

The Duke reply'd, though with thy fears diſguiſ'd,
 Thou do'ſt my Syres old Rangers Image beare,
 And for thy kindneſs ſhalt not be deſpiſ'd ;
 Though Counſels are but weak which come from fear.

62.

Were Dangers here, great as thy love can ſhape ;
 (And love with fear can danger multiply)
 Yet when by flight, thou bidſt us meanly ſcape,
 Bid Trees take wings, and rooted Foreſts flie.

Then

63.

Then said the Ranger, you are bravely lost;
 (And like high anger his complexion rose)
 As little know I fear, as how to boast;
 But shall attend you through your many Foes.

64.

See where in ambush mighty *Oswald* lay;
 And see, from yonder Lawne he moves apace,
 VVith Launces arm'd to intercept thy way,
 Now thy sure Steeds are weary'd with the Chace.

65.

His purple Banners you may there behold,
 Which (proudly spread) the fatall Raven beares;
 And full five hundred I by Ranke have told,
 Who in their guilded Helmes his Colours weare.

66.

The Duke this falling storme does now discern;
 Bids little *Hugo* fly! but 'tis to view
 The Foe, and timely their first count'nance learne,
 Whilst firme he in a square his Hunters drew.

67.

And *Hugo* soon (light as his Coursers Heeles)
 Was in their Faces troublesome as winde;
 And like to it (so wingedly He wheeles)
 No one could catch, what all with trouble finde:

68.

But ev'ry where the Leaders and the Led
 He temp'rately observ'd, with a slow sight;
 Judg'd by their looks how hopes and feares were fed,
 And by their order their success in fight.

69.

Their Number ('mounting to the Rangers guesse)
 In Three Divisions ev'nly was dispos'd;
 And that their Enemies might judge it lesse,
 It seem'd one Grosse with all the Spaces clos'd.

70.

The Vann fierce *Oswald* led, where *Paradine*
 And Manly *Dargonet* (both of his blood)
 Outshin'd the Noone, and their Mindes stock within
 Promis'd to make that outward glory good.

71.

The next, bold, but unlucky *Hubert* led;
 Brother to *Oswald*, and no less ally'd
 To the ambitions which his Soul did wed;
 Lowly without, but lin'd with Costly pride.

72.

Most to himself his valor fatall was,
 Whose glories oft to others dreadfull were;
 So Comets (though suppos'd Destruction's cause)
 But waste themselves to make their Gazers feare:

73.

And though his valor seldom did succeed,
 His speech was such as could in Storms perswade;
 Sweet as the Hopes on which starv'd Lovers feed,
 Breath'd in the whispers of a yielding Maide.

74.

The Bloody *Eorgio* did conduct the Rere;
 VVhom sullen *Vaseo* heedfully attends;
 To all but to themselves they cruel were,
 And to themselves chiefly by mischief Friends.

75.

Warr, the worlds Art, Nature to them became;
 In Camps begot, born, and in anger bred;
 The living vex'd till Death, and then their Fame;
 Because even Fame some life is to the Dead.

76.

Cities (wise States-men's Folds for civil sheep)
 They sack'd, as painful Sheerers of the wise;
 For they like careful VVolves would lose their sleep,
 VVhen others prosperous toyls might be their prize.

77.

Hugo amongst these Troops spy'd many more
 Who had, as brave Destroyers, got renown;
 And many forward wounds in boast they wore;
 Which if not well reveng'd, had ne'r been shown.

78.

Such the bold Leaders of these Launceers were,
 Which of the *Brescian Veterans* did consist;
 Whose practis'd age might charge of Armies bear,
 And claim some rank in Fame's eternal List.

79.

Back to his Duke the dext'rous *Hugo* flies;
 What he observ'd he cheerfully declares;
 VVith noble pride did what he lik'd despise;
 For wounds he threatned whilst he prais'd their skarrs.

80.

Lord *Arnold* cry'd, vain is the Bugle Horn,
 VVhere Trumpets Men to Manly work invite!
 That distant summons seems to say in scorn,
 VVe Hunters may be hunted hard ere night.

81.

Those Beasts are hunted hard that hard can fly,
 Reply'd aloud the noble *Hirgonil*;
 But we not us'd to flight, know best to die;
 And those who know to die, know how to kill.

82.

Victors through number never gain'd applause;
 If they exceed our count in Armes and Men,
 It is not just to think that odds, because
 One Lover equals any other Ten.

Canto the Third.

The ARGUMENT.

*The Ambush is become an interview;
And the Surpriser proves to honor true;
For what had first, ere words his fury spent,
Been murder, now, is but brave killing ment.
A duel form'd where Princes Seconds are,
And urg'd by Honor each to kill his share.*

I.

THe Duke observ'd (whilst late in his firm Square)
Whether their front did change whom *Oswald* led;
That thence he shifts off figure might prepare
Divide, or make more depth, or loosely spread.

2.

Though in their posture close, the Prince might guess
The Duke's to his not much in number yield;
And they were leading Youth who would possess
This Ground in Graves, rather than quit the Field.

3.

Thus (timely certain of a standing Foe)
His form'd Divisions yet reveal'd no space
Through haste to charge; but as they nearer grow,
They more divide, and move with slower pace.

4.

On these the Duke attends with watchful Eye;
Shap'd all his Forces to their Triple strength;
And that their Launces might pass harmless by,
Widens his Ranks, and gave his Files more length.

5.

At distance *Oswald* does him sharply view,
Whom but in Fame he met till this sad hour;
But his fair fame, Vertue's known Image, knew;
Vertue exalts the Owner more than pow'r.

6.

In Fields far sever'd both had reap'd renown;
And now his envie does to surfeit feed
On what he wish'd his Eies had never known;
For he begins to check his purpos'd deed.

7.

And though Ambition did his rage renew;
Yet much he griev'd (mov'd with the Youthful Train
That Plants which so much promis'd as they grew,
Should in the bud be ere performance slain.

G

With

8.

With these remorseful thoughts, he a fair space
 Advanc'd alone, Then did his Troops Command
 To halt; the Duke th' example did embrace,
 And gives like order by his lifted hand.

9.

Then when in easie reach of eithers voice
 Thus *Oswald* spake... I wish (brave *Gondibert*)
 Those wrongs which make the now my angers choice,
 Like my last fate were hidden from my heart.

10.

But since great Glory does allow small rest,
 And bids us jealousy to honour wake,
 Why at alarms given not even at my brest,
 Should I not arm, but think my Scouts mistake;

11.

'Tis lowd in Camps, in Cities, and in Court,
 (Where the important part of Mankind meets)
 That my adoption is thy Faction's sport,
 Scorn'd by hoarse Rymers in *Verena* Streets.

12.

Who is renown'd enough but you or I
 (And think not when you visit Fame, she less
 Will welcome you for my known Companie)
 To hope for Empire at our Kings decease?

13.

The Crown he with his Daughter has design'd;
 His favor (which to me does frozen prove)
 Grows warm to you as th'eies of *Rhodolind*,
 And she gives sacred Empire with her love.

14.

Whilst you usurp thus, and my claime deride,
 If you admire the vengeance I intend,
 I more shall wonder where you got the pride
 To think me one you safely may offend.

15.

Nor judg it strange I have this Ambush laid;
 Since you (my Rival) wrong'd me by surprise;
 Whose darker vigilance my love betray'd;
 And so your ill example made we wise.

16.

But in the Schoole of glory we are taught;
 That greatness and success should measure deeds;
 Then not my great revenge nor your great fault,
 Can be accus'd when eithers act succeeds.

17.

Opinions stamp does vertue currant make;
 But such small Money (though the Peoples Gold
 With which they trade) great Dealers skorne to take,
 And we are greater then one world can hold.

18.

Now *Oswald* paws'd, as if he curious were
 Ere this his Foe (the People's Favorite) dy'd,
 To know him as with Eies so with his Eare;
 And to his speech thus *Gondibert* reply'd:

19.

Successful Prince ! since I was never taught
To court a Threatning Foe, I will not pay
For all the Trophys you from war have brought
One single wreath, though all these woods were Bay !

20.

Nor would I by a total silence yield
My honour ta'ne, though I were Pris'ner made;
Least you should think we may be justly kill'd,
And sacred justice by mistake invade.

21.

You might perceive (had not a distant warre
Hindred our Breasts the use of being known)
My small ambition hardly worth your care;
Unless by it you would correct your owne.

22.

The King's objected love is but your dreame,
As false as that I strive for *Rhodolind*
As valor's hyre; these sickly visions seeme
Which in Ambitions Feaver vex your minde.

23.

Nor wonder if I vouch, that 'tis not brave
To seek war's hire, though war we still pursue;
Nor censure this a proud excuse, to save
These who no safety know, but to subdue.

24.

Your misbelief my hireless valour scorns;
But your hir'd valour were your faith reclaim'd,
(For faith reclaim'd to highest vertue turns)
Will be of bravest salary asham'd.

25.

Onely with fame valor of old was hir'd;
And love was so suffic'd with it's own taste,
That those intemp'rate seem'd, who more desir'd
For love's reward, then that it self should last.

26.

If love, or lust of Empire bred your pain,
Take what my prudent hope hath still declin'd,
And my weak vertue never could sustain,
The Crown, which is the worst of *Rhodolind*.

27.

'Tis she who taught you to encrease renown,
By sowing Honor's field with noble deeds;
Which yields no harvest when 'tis over-grown
With wilde Ambition, the most rank of weeds.

28.

Go reconcile the windes faln out at sea
With these tame precepts, (*Oswald* did replie)
But since thou dost bequeath thy hopes to me,
Know Legacies are vain till Givers die.

29.

And here his rage ascended to his Eyes
From his close Brest, which hid till then the flame;
And like stirr'd fire in sparkles upward flies;
Rage which the Duke thus practis'd to reclaim.

30.
 Though you design'd our ruine by surprize,
 Though much in useful Armes you us exceed,
 And in your number some advantage lies,
 Yet you may finde you such advantage need.

31.
 If I am vallew'd as th'impediment
 Which hinders your adoption to the Crown;
 Let your revenge only on me be spent;
 And hazard not my Party, nor your own.

32.
 Ambition else would up to Godhead grow,
 When so profanely we our anger prise,
 That to appease it we the blood allow
 Of whole offencelesse Herds for sacrifice.

33.
Ofwald (who Honor's publick pattern was,
 Till vain ambition led his heart aside)
 More temp'rate grew in mannage of his cause,
 And thus to noble *Gondibert* reply'd.

34.
 I wish it were not needful to be great;
 That Heav'ns unenvy'd pow'r might Men so awe
 As we should need no Armies for defeat,
 Nor for protection be at charge of Law.

35.
 But more then Heav'ns, Men, Man's authoritie
 (Though envy'd) use, because more understood;
 For, but for that, Life's Utenfils would be,
 In Markets, as in Camps the price of blood.

36.
 Since the Worlds safety we in greatness finde,
 And pow'r divided is from greatness gone,
 Save we the world, though to our selves unkinde,
 By both indang'ring to establish one.

37.
 Not these, who kindle with my wrongs their rage,
 Nor those bold Youth who warmly you attend,
 Our distant Camps by action shall ingage;
 But we our own great cause will singly end.

38.
 Back to your noble Hunters strait retire,
 And I to those who would those Hunters chase;
 Let us perswade their fury to expire,
 And give obediently our anger place.

39.
 Like unconcern'd Spectators let them stand,
 And be by sacred vow to distance bound;
 Whilst their lov'd Leaders by our strict command,
 Only as witnesses, approach this ground.

40.
 Where with no more defensive Armes then was
 By Nature ment us, who ordain'd Men Friends,
 We will on foot determine our great cause;
 On which the *Lombards* doubtful peace depends

41.

The Duke at this did bow, and soon obay,
 Confess'd his honor he transcendent findes,
 Said he their persons might a meaner way
 With ods have aw'd, but this subdues their Mindes.

42.

Now wing'd with Hope they to their Troops return,
Oswald his old Grave *Brescians* makes retire,
 Least if too neer, though like slow Match they burn,
 The Duke's rash Youth like Powder might take fire.

43.

First with their noble Chiefs they treat aside,
 Plead it humanity to bleed alone,
 And term it needless cruelty and pride
 With others Sacrifice to grace their owne.

44.

Then to the Troopes gave their resolv'd command
 Not to assist, through anger nor remorse;
 Who seem'd more willing patiently to stand,
 Because each side presum'd their Champion's force.

45.

Now neer that ground ordain'd by them and Fate
 To be the last where one or both must tread,
 Their chosen Judges they appoint to waite;
 Who thither were like griev'd Spectators led.

46.

These from the distant Troops far sever'd are;
 And neer their Chiefs divided Stations take;
 Who strait uncloath, and for such deeds prepare,
 By which strip'd Soules their fleshy Robes forsake.

47.

But *Hubert* now advanc'd, and cry'd aloud
 I will not trust uncertain Destinie,
 Which may obscurely kill me in a Crowd,
 That here have pow'r in publick view to die.

48.

Oswald my Brother is! If any dare
 Think *Gondibert's* great name more Kingly sounds,
 Let him alight, and he shall leave the care
 Of chusing Monarchs, to attend his wounds!

49.

This *Hurgonill* receiv'd with greedy Ear,
 Told him his summons boldly did expresse,
 That he had little judgement whom to fear,
 And in the choice of Kings his skill was less,

50.

With equal haste they then alight and met,
 Where both their Chiefs in preparation stood;
 Whilst *Paradine* and furious *Dargonet*
 Cry'd out, we are of *Oswald's* Princely blood.

51.

Are there not yet two more so fond of fame,
 So true to *Gondibert*, or Love's commands;
 As to esteem it an unpleasant shame
 With idle Eies to look on busie hands?

52.

Such haste makes Beauty when it youth forsakes,
 And day from Travellers when it does set,
 As *Arnold* to proud *Paradine* now makes,
 And little *Hugo* to tall *Dargonet*.

53.

The bloody *Borgio*, who with anguish stay'd,
 And check'd his rage, till these of *Oswald's* Race,
 By wish'd example their brave Challenge made,
 Now like his curb'd Steed foaming, shifts his place.

54.

And thus (with haste and choller hoarse) he spake;
 Who e're amongst you thinks we destin'd are
 To serve that King your Courty Camp shall make,
 Fally he loves, nor is his Lady faire!

55.

This scarce could urge the temp'rate *Tybalt's* fire,
 Who said, when Fate shall *Aribert* remove,
 As ill then wilt thou judge who should aspire,
 As who is fair, that art too rude to love.

56.

But scarce had this reply reach'd *Borgio's* Eare,
 When *Golto* louder cry'd, what ere he be
 Dares think her foul who hath a Lover here,
 Though Love I never knew, shall now know me!

57.

Grave *Tybalt*, who had laid an early'r claime
 To this defiance, much distemper'd grows,
 And *Golto's* forward youth would sharply blame,
 But that old *Vasco* thus did interpose.

58.

That Boy who makes such haste to meet his fate,
 And fears he may (as if he knew it good)
 Through others pride of danger come too late,
 Shall read it strait ill written in his blood.

59.

Let Empire fall, when we must Monarchs choose,
 By what unpractis'd Childhood shall approve;
 And in tame peace let us our Manhood loose,
 When Boyes yet wet with milk discourse of Love.

60.

As bashful Maids blush, as if justly blam'd,
 When forc'd to suffer some indecent Tongue,
 So *Golto* blush'd (whom *Vasco* made ashamed)
 As if he could offend by being young.

61.

But instantly offended bashfulness
 Does to a brave and beauteous anger turn;
 Which he in younger flames did so express,
 That scarce old *Vasco's* Embers seem'd to burn.

62.

The Princes knew in this new kindled rage,
 Opinion might (have like unlucky winde
 State right to make it spread) their Troops engage;
 And therefore *Oswald* thus proclaim'd his minde.

63.

Seem we already dead, that to our words
(As to the last requests men dying make)
Your love but Mourners short respect affords,
And ere interr'd you our commands forsake?

64.

We chose you Judges of your needful strife,
Such whom the world (grown faithless) might esteem
As weighty witnesses of parting life,
But you are those we dying must condemn.

65.

Are we become such worthless sacrifice,
As cannot to the *Lombards* Heav'n atone,
Unless your added blood make up the price,
As if you thought it worthier than our own?

66.

Our Fame which should survive, before us dy!
And let (since in our presence disobay'd)
Renown of pow'r, like that of beauty fly
From knowledge, rather than be known decay'd!

67.

This when with rev'rence heard, it would have made
Old Armies melt, to mark at what a rate
They spent their Hearts and Eies, kindly afraid
To be omitted in their Gen'ral's fate.

68.

Hubert (whose Princely qualitie more frees
Him then the rest, from all command, unless
He find it such as with his will agrees)
Did nobly thus his firm resolve express.

69.

All greatness bred in blood be now abas'd!
Instinct, the inward Image, which is wrought
And given with Life, be like thaw'd wax defac'd!
Though that bred better honor then is taught;

70.

And may impressions of the common ill
Which from street Parents the most low derives,
Blot all my minds fair book if I stand still
Whilst *Oswald* singly for the Publick strives:

71.

A Brothers love all that obedience stays,
Which *Oswald* else might as my Leader claime;
Whom as my love, my honour disobays;
And bids me serve our greater Leader, Fame.

72.

With gentle looks *Oswald* to *Hubert* bowes,
And said, I then must yield that *Hubert* shall
(Since from the same bright Sun our lustre grows)
Rise with my Morne, and with my Ev'ning fall!

73.

Bold *Paradine* and *Dargonet* reviv'd
Their Suit, and cry'd, we are *Astolpho's* sons!
Who from your highest spring his blood deriv'd,
Though now it down in lower Channels runs.

74.

Such lucky seasons to attain renown,
 We must not lose, who are to you ally'd;
 Others usurp, who would your dangers own,
 And what our duty is, in them is pride.

75.

Then as his last Decree thus *Oswald* spake;
 You that vouchsafe to glory in my blood,
 Shall share my dooms which for your merits sake,
 Fate, were it bad, would alter into good.

76.

If any others disobedient rage,
 Shall with uncivil love intrude his aid,
 And by degrees our distant Troops engage,
 Be it his Curse still to be disobay'd!

77.

War's Orders may he by the slow convey
 To such as only shall dispute them long;
 An ill peace make, when none will him obey,
 And be for that, when old, judg'd by the young;

78.

This said, he calmly bid the Duke provide
 Such of his blood, as with those chosen Three
 (Whilst their adoption they on foot decide)
 May in brave life or death fit Partners be.

79.

Though here (reply'd the Duke) I find not now.
 Such as my blood with their alliance grace,
 Yet Three I see, to whom your stock may bow,
 If Love may be esteem'd of Heav'nly Race.

80.

And much to me these are by love ally'd;
 Then *Hugo*, *Arnold*, and the Count drew neeres;
 Count *Hurgonill* woo'd *Orna* for his Bride,
 The other two in *Laura* Rivals were.

81.

But *Tybalt* cry'd (as swiftly as his voice
 Approach'd the Duke) forgive me mighty Chief,
 If justly I envy thy noble choice,
 And disobey thee in wrong'd Love's relief.

82.

If rev'renc'd love be sacred Mystry deem'd,
 And mystry's when hid to value grow,
 Why am I less for hidden love esteem'd?
 To unknown Godhead, wife Religious bow.

83.

A Maid of thy high lineage much I love,
 And hide her name till I can merit boast,
 But shall I here (where I my worth improve)
 For prising her above my self, be lost?

84.

The Duke's firm bosome kindly seem'd to melt
 At *Tybalt's* grief, that he omitted was;
 Who lately had Love's secret conquest felt,
 And hop'd for publick triumph in this cause.

Then

85.

Then he decreed, *Hugo* (though chose before
 To share in this great work) should equally
 With *Tybalt* be expos'd to Fortune's pow'r,
 And by drawn Lots their wish'd election try.

86.

Hugo his dreaded Lord with chearfull awe
 Us'd to obey, and with implicit love;
 But now he must for certain honor draw
 Uncertain Lots, seems heavily to move.

87.

And here they trembling reach'd at Honor so,
 As if they gath'ring Flow'rs a Snake discern'd;
 Yet fear'd Love only whose rewards then grow
 To Lovers sweetest, when with danger earn'd.

88.

From this brave fear, least they should danger scape,
 Was little *Hugo* eas'd, and when he drew
 The Champion's lot, his joy enlarg'd his shape,
 And with his lifted minde he taller grew.

89.

But *Tybalt* stoop'd beneath his sorrows weight;
Goltio and him kindly the Duke imbrac'd;
 Then to their station sent; and *Oswald* straight
 His so injoyn'd, and with like kindness grac'd.

90.

When cruel *Borgio* does from *Tybalt* part,
Vasco from *Goltio*, many a look they cast
 Backward in fullen message from the heart,
 And through their eyes their threatening anger wait.

Canto the Fourth.

The ARGUMENT.

*The Duel where all rules of artful strife,
To rescue or indanger Darling-life,
Are by reserves of strength and courage shown;
For killing was long since a Science grown.
Th' event by which the Troops engaged are,
As private rage too often turns to warr.*

1.

BY what bold passion am I rudely led,
Like Fame's too curious and officious Spie,
Where I these Rolls in her dark Closet read,
Where Worthies wrapp'd in Time's disguises lie?

2.

Why should we now their shady Curtains draw,
Who by a wise retirement hence are freed,
And gon to Lands exempt from Nature's Law,
Where Love no more can mourn, nor valor bleed?

3.

Why to this stormy world from their long rest,
Are these recall'd to be again displeas'd,
Where during Nature's reign we are oppress'd,
Till we by Death's high priviledge are eas'd?

4.

Is it to boast that Verfe has Chymick pow'r,
And that its rage (which is productive heat)
Can these revive, as Chymists raise a Flow'r,
Whose scatter'd parts their Glafs presents compleat?

5.

Though in these Worthies gon, valor and love
Dift chaffly as in sacred Temples meet,
Such reviv'd Patterns us no more improve,
Then Flow'rs so rais'd by Chymists make us sweet,

6.

Yet when the souls disease we desperate finde,
Poets the old renown'd Physitians are,
Who for the sickly habits of the mind,
Examples as the ancient cure prepare.

7.

And bravely then Physitians honor gain,
When to the World diseases cureless seem,
And they (in Science valiant) ne'r refrain
Art's war with Nature, till they life redeem.

But.

8.

But Poets their accustom'd task have long
 Forborn, (who for Examples did disperse
 The *Heroes* vertues in Heroick Song)
 *And now think vertue sick, past cure of verse.

9.

Yet to this desp'rate cure I will proceed,
 Such patterns shew as shall not fail to move;
 Shall teach the valiant patience when they bleed,
 And haples Lovers constancy in Love.

10.

Now Honor's chance, the Duke with *Oswald* takes,
 The Count his great Stake, Life, to *Hubert* sets;
 Whilst his to *Paradin's*, Lord *Arnold* stakes,
 And little *Hugo* throwes at *Dargonets*.

11.

These Four on equall ground those Four oppose;
 Who wants in strength, supplies it with his skill;
 So valiant that they make no haste to close;
 They not apace, but handsomly would kill.

12.

And as they more each others courage found,
 Each did their force more civilly expresse,
 To make so manly and so fair a wound,
 As loyal Ladies might be proud to dress.

13.

But vain, though wond'rous, seems the short event
 Of what with pomp and Noise we long prepare:
 One hour of battail oft that force hath spent
 Which Kings whole lives have gather'd for a war.

14.

As Rivers to their ruine hasty be,
 So life (still earnest, loud, and swift) runs post
 To the vast Gulf of Death, as they to Sea,
 And vainly travailes to be quickly lost.

15.

And now the Fates (who punctually take care
 We not escape their sentence at our birth)
 Writ *Arnold* down where those inroled are
 Who must in Youth abruptly leave the Earth.

16.

Him *Paradine* into the Brow had pierc't;
 From whence his blood so overflow'd his Eyes,
 He grew too blinde to watch and guard his brest,
 Where wounded twice, to Death's cold Court he flies.

17.

And Love (by which Life's name does value find,
 As Altars even subsist by ornament)
 Is now as to the Owner quite resign'd,
 And in a sigh to his dear *Laura* sent.

18.

Yet Fates so civil were in cruelty
 As not to yield that he who conquer'd all
 The *Tuscan* Vale, should unattended dy,
 They therefore doom that *Dargonet* must fall.

19.

Whom little *Hugo* dext'rouſly did vex
 VWith many wounds in unexpected place,
 VWhich yet not kill, but killingly perplex;
 Becauſe he held their number a diſgrace.

20.

For *Dargonet* in force did much exceed
 The moſt of men, in valor equalld all;
 And was aſham'd thus diverſly to bleed,
 As if he ſtood where ſhowers of Arrows fall.

21.

At once he ventures his remaining ſtrength
 To *Hugo's* nimble ſkill, who did deſire
 To draw this little war out into length,
 By motions quick as Heav'n's fantaſtick fire!

22.

This fury now is grown too high to laſt
 In *Dargonet*; who does diſorder all
 The ſtrengths of temp'rance by unruly haſte,
 Then down at *Hugo's* feet does breathleſs fall.

23.

When with his own Storm ſunk, his Foe did ſpie
 Lord *Arnold* dead, and *Paradine* prepare
 To help Prince *Oſwald* to that victory,
 Of which the Duke had yet an equal ſhare.

24.

Vain Conqueror (ſaid *Hugo* then) returne!
 In ſtead of Laurel which the Victor weares,
 Go gather *Cypreſs* for thy Brother's Urne,
 And learn of me to water it with Tears.

25.

Thy Brother loſt his life attempting mine;
 Which cannot for Lord *Arnold's* loſs ſuffice:
 I muſt revenge (unlucky *Paradine*)
 The blood his death will draw from *Laura's* Eyes.

26.

We Rivals were in *Laura*, but though ſhe
 My griefs derided, his with ſighs approv'd;
 Yet I (in Love's exact integrity)
 Muſt take thy life for killing him She lov'd.

27.

Theſe quick alike, and artfully as fierce,
 At one ſad inſtant give and take that wound,
 Which does through both their vital Cloſets pierce;
 Where Life's ſmall Lord does warmly ſit enthron'd.

28.

And then they fell, and now neer upper Heaven,
 Heav'n's better part of them is hov'ring ſtill,
 To watch what end is to their Princes given,
 And to brave *Hubert*, and to *Hurgonil*.

29.

In progreſs thus to their eternal home,
 Some method is obſerv'd by Deſtiny,
 Which at their Princes ſetting out did doom,
 Theſe as their leading Harbingers to die.

30.

And fatal *Hubert* we must next attend,
Whom *Hurgonil* had brought to such distress,
That though Life's stock he did not fully spend,
His glory that maintain'd it is grown less.

31.

Long had they strove, who first should be destroy'd;
And wounds (the Marks of Manhood) gave and took,
Which though like honor'd Age, we would avoid,
Yet make us when possess'd for rev'rence look.

32.

O Honor! Frail as Life thy Fellow Flower!
Cherish'd and watch'd, and hum'rously esteem'd,
Then worn for short adornments of an hour;
And is when lost no more then life redeem'd.

33.

This fatal *Hubert* findes, if honor be
As much in Princes lost, when it grows less,
As when it dies in men of next degree:
Princes are only Princes by excess.

34.

For having twice with his firm Opposite
Exchang'd a wound, yet none that reach'd at life,
The adverse sword his Arms best sinew hit,
Which holds that strength, which should maintain their strife.

35.

When thus his dear defence had left his Hand,
Thy life (said *Hurgonil*) rejoyce to wear
As *Orna's* favour, and at her command,
Who taught the mercy I will practise here.

36.

To which defenceless *Hubert* did reply,
My life (a worthless Blank) I so despise,
Since Fortune laid it in her Lottery,
That I'me asham'd thou draw'st it as a Prize.

37.

His grief made noble *Hurgonill* to melt,
Who mourn'd in this a Warrior's various fate;
For though a Victor now, he timely felt
That change which pains us most by coming late.

38.

But *Orna* (ever present in his thought)
Prompts him to know, with what success for fame
And Empire, *Gondibert* and *Oswald* fought;
Whilst *Hubert* seeks out death, and shrinks from shame.

39.

Valor, and all that practise turns to art,
A like the Princes had and understood;
For *Oswald* now is cool as *Gondibert*;
Such temper he has got by losing blood.

40.

Calmly their temper did their art obey;
Their stretch'd Arms regular in motion prove;
And force with as unseen a stealth convey,
As noiseless Houres by hands of Dials move.

41.
By this new temper *Hurgonill* believ'd
That *Oswald's* elder vertues might prevail;
To think his own help needful much he griev'd;
But yet prepar'd it left the Duke should fail.

42.
Small wounds they had; where as in Casements late
Disorder'd Life; who seem'd to look about,
And fain would be abroad, but that a Gate
She wants so wide, at once to fall out.

43.
When *Gondibert* saw *Hurgonill* draw near,
And doubly arm'd at conquer'd *Hubert's* cost,
He then, who never fear'd, began to fear
Left by his help his honor should be lost,

44.
Retire said he; for if thou hop'st to win
My sisters love, by aiding in this strife;
May Heav'n (to make her think they love a sin)
Eclipse that beauty which did give it life.

45.
Count *Hurgonill* did doubtfully retire,
Fain would assist, yet durst not disobey;
The Duke would rather instantly expire,
Then hazard Honor by so mean a way.

46.
Alike did *Oswald* for dispatch prepare;
And cries since *Hubert* knew not to subdue;
Glory farewell, that art the Soldiers care!
More lov'd then Woman, less then Woman true!

47.
And now they strive with all their sudden force
To storm Life's Cittadel, each others Brest;
At which could Heav'n's chief Eye have felt remorse,
It would have wink'd, or hast'ned to the West.

48.
But sure the Heav'nly Movers little care
Whither our motion here be false or true;
For we proceed, whilst they are regular,
As if we Dice for all our actions threw.

49.
We seem surrender'd to indiff'rent Chance;
Even Death's great work looks like fantastick play;
That Sword which oft did *Oswald's* fame advance
In publick war, fails in a private fray.

50.
For when (because he ebbs of blood did feel)
He levell'd all his strength at *Gondibert*,
It clash'd and broke against the adverse steel,
Which travell'd onward till it reach'd his heart.

51.
Now he that like a stedfast statue stood
In many Battails register'd by Fame;
Does fall depriv'd of language as of blood;
Whilst high the Hunters send their Victor's name.

52.

Some shout aloud, and others winde the Horn!
They mix the Cities with the Field's applause;
Which *Borgio* soon interprets as their scorn,
And will revenge it ere he mourn the cause.

53.

This the cold Evening warm'd of *Vasco's* age;
He shin'd like scorching Noon in *Borgio's* looks;
Who kindled all about him with his rage;
And worse the triumph then the Conquest Brooks:

54.

The Troops (astonish'd with their Leaders fate)
The horror first with silence entertain;
With loud impatience then for *Borgio* waite,
And next with one confusion all complain.

55.

Whom thus he urg'd! Prince *Oswald* did command
We should remove far from the Combat's list;
And there like unconcern'd Spectators stand;
Justly restrain'd to hinder or assist.

56.

This (Patient Friends!) we dully have obey'd;
A temp'rance which he never taught before;
But though alive he could forbid our aid,
Yet dead, he leaves revenge within our pow'r.

Canto the Fifth.

The ARGUMENT.

*The Battail in exact though little shape;
Where none by flight, and few by fortune scape;
Where even the vanquish'd so themselves behave,
The Victors mourn for all they could not save:
And fear (so soon is Fortune's fulness wayn'd)
To lose in one, all that by all they gain'd:*

I.

NOW *Hubert's* Page assists his wounded Lord
To mount that Steed, he scarce had force to guide;
And wept to see his hand without that sword
Which was so oft in dreadfull Battails try'd.

2.

Those who with *Borgio* saw his want of blood,
Cry'd out, If of thy strength enough remain,
Though not to charge, to make thy conduct good;
Lead us, to add their living to our slain.

3.

Hubert reply'd, now you may justly boast,
You Sons of war, that *Oswald* was your Sire;
Who got in you the honor I have lost;
And taught those deeds our Ladies songs admire.

4.

But he (war's Ancestor, who gave it birth
The Father of those fights we *Lombards* fought)
Lies there imbracing but his length of Earth,
Who for your use the world's vast Empire fought,

5.

And cold as he lies noble *Dargonet*,
And *Paradine*, who wore the Victors Crown;
Both swift to charge, and slow in a retreat;
Brothers in blood, and Rivals in renown.

6.

This said, their Trumpets sound *Revenge's* praise;
The Hunters Horns (the terror of the wood)
Reply'd so meanly, they could scarcely raise
Echo so loud as might be understood.

7.

The Duke (his fit of fury being spent,
Which onely wounds and opposition bred)
Does weep o'er the brave *Oswald*, and lament
That he so great in life, is nothing dead.

But

8.

But cry'd, when he the speechless Rivals spy'd,
O worth above the ancient price of Love!
Loft are the living, for with these love dy'd;
Or if immortal fled with them above.

9.

In these we the intrinsic vallue know
By which first Lovers did love currant deem;
But Love's false Coyners will allay it now,
Till men suspect what next they must contemn.

10.

Not less young *Hurgomil* repents their chance,
Though no fit time to practice his remorse,
For now he cries (finding the Foe advance)
Let Death give way to life! to horse! to horse!

11.

This sorrow is too soft for deeds behinde;
Which I (a mortal Lover) would sustain;
So I could make your sister wisely kinde,
And praise me living, not lament me slain.

12.

Swift as *Armenians* in the Panthers chace
They fly to reach where now their Hunters are;
Who fought out danger with too bold apace,
Till thus the Duke did them allow'd prepare.

13.

Impatient Friends, stand that your strength may last!
Burn not in blaze, rage that should warm you long!
I wish to Foes the weakneses of haste,
To you such slowness as may keep you strong.

14.

Not their scorns force should your fix'd patience move;
Though scorn does more then bonds free mindes provoke
Their flashy rage shall harmless lightning prove,
Which but fore-runs our Thunder's fatal stroke.

15.

For when their fury's spent, how weak they are
With the dull weight of antick *Vandall* Arms?
Their work but short, and little is in war,
Whom rage within, and Armor outward warms.

16.

When you have us'd those arts your patience yields,
Try to avoid their cowed Launces force
By dext'rous practice of *Croatian* Fields,
Which turns to lazy Elephants their Horse.

17.

When false retreat shall scatter you in flight,
As if you back to Elements were fled;
And no less faith can you again unite,
Then recollects from Elements the dead,

18.

Make Chacers seem by your swift Rallies, slow;
Whilst they your swifter change of figures fear,
Like that in Batails which t'amuse the Foe
My Grandfire taught, as war's Philosopher.

19.

Think now your valor enters on the Stage,
 Think Fame th' Eternal *Chorus* to declare
 Your mighty mindes to each succeeding age,
 And that your Ladyes the Spectators are.

20.

This utter'd was with such a haughty grace,
 That ev'ry heart it empty'd, and did raise
 Life's chiefeft blood in valor to the Face,
 Which made such beauty as the Foe did praise.

21.

Yet 'twas Ambition's praise, which but approves
 Those whom through envy it would fain subdue;
 Likes others honor, but her own so loves,
 She thinks all others Trophys are her due.

22.

For *Hubert* now (though void of strength as feare)
 Advanc'd the first Division fast and farre;
 Bold *Borgio* with the next attends his Reare,
 The Third was left to *Vasco's* stedy care.

23.

The Duke still watch'd when each Divisions space
 Grew wide, that he might his more open spread;
 His own brave conduct did the foremost grace,
 The next the Count, the Third true *Tybal* led.

24.

A forward fashion he did wear awhile,
 As if the Charge he would, with fury meet;
 That he their forward fury might beguile,
 And urge them past redemption by retreat.

25.

But when with Launces couch'd they ready were,
 And their thick Front (which added Files inlarge)
 With their ply'd spurs kept time in a Carere,
 Those soon were vanished whom they meant to charge:

26.

The Duke by flight, his Manhood thus and force
 Reserv'd, and to his skill made valor yield,
 Did seem to bluff, that he must lead his Horse
 To lose a little ground to gain the Field.

27.

Yet soon he ralleys and revives the warre;
Hubert pursues the Rear of *Hurgonil*;
 And *Borgio's* Rear with Chace so loos'ned are,
 That them the Count does with close order kill.

28.

And that which was erewhile the Duke's firm Van,
 Before old *Vasco's* Front vouchsafe to fly,
 Till with their subtle Rallys they began
 In small Divisions hidden strength to try;

29.

Then cursing *Borgio* cry'd, whence comes his skill,
 Who men so scatter'd can so firmly mix?
 The living Metal, held so volatile
 By the dull world, this Chymick Lord can fix!

30.

He prefs'd where *Hurgonill* his fury spends,
As if he now in *Orna's* presence fought;
And with respect his brave approach attends,
To give him all the dangers which he fought,

31.

So bloody was th'event of this new strife,
That we may here applauded valor blame;
Which oft too easily abandons Life,
Whilst Death's the Parent made of noble Fame.

32.

For many now (belov'd by both) forsake
In their pursuit of flying Fame, their breath;
And through the world their valor currant make,
By giving it the ancient stamp of Death.

33.

Young *Hurgonil's* renowned self had bought
Honor of *Borgio* at no less a rate,
Had not the Duke dispatch'd with those he fought,
And found his aid must fly or come too late.

34.

For he advancing saw (which him much griev'd)
That in the fairest Region of the Face,
He two wide wounds from *Borgio* had receiv'd;
His beautyes blemish, but his valor's grace.

35.

Now cry'd the Duke, strive timely for renown!
Thy Age will kiss those wounds thy youth may loath;
Be not dismay'd to think thy beauty gone;
My Sister's thine, who has enough for both.

36.

Then soon the Youth, Death as an honor gave
To one that strove to rescue *Borgio's* life;
Yet *Borgio* had dispatch'd him to his grave,
Had *Gondibert* stood neutral in the Strife:

37.

Who with his Sword (disdaining now to stay
And see the blood he lov'd so rudely spilt);
Pierc't a bold *Lombard* who would stop his way;
Even till his heart did beat against his Hilt.

38.

Timely old *Vasco* came to *Borgio's* aid;
Whose long experienc'd Arme wrought sure and fast;
His rising oppositions level laid,
And miss'd no execution by his haste.

39.

And timely where the bleeding Count now fought,
And where the Duke with Number was oppress'd,
Resistless *Tybalt* came, who *Borgio* fought,
But here with many *Borgio's* did contest.

40.

As Tydes that from their sev'ral Channels haste,
Assemble rudely in th' *Ubean* Bay,
And meeting there to indistinction waste,
Strive to proceed, and force each others stay:

41.

So here the valiant who with swift force come,
 With as resistless valor are engag'd;
 Are hid in anger's undistinguish'd Fume,
 And make less way by meeting so intrag'd!

42.

But room for *Goltso* now! Whose valor's fire,
 Like light'ning, did unlikely passage make;
 Whose swift effects like Light'nings they admire,
 And even the harms it wrought with reverence take.

43.

Vasco he seeks, who had his Youth disdain'd;
 And in that search he with irrever'nd rage,
 Revengefully, from younger Foes abstain'd,
 And deadly grew where he encounter'd Age.

44.

And *Vasco* now had felt his *Gothick* steel,
 But that Duke *Gondibert* (through Helm and Head)
 Gave the last stroke which *Vasco* ere shall feel,
 And sent him down an honour to the dead.

45.

Here *Borgio* too had faln, but bravely then
 The Count so much reveng'd the wounds he gave,
 As *Gondibert* (the Prop of falling Men)
 Such sinking greatness could not chuse but save.

46.

When *Vasco* was remov'd, the Count declin'd
 His bashful Eies; the Duke thought sodain shame
 (From sense of luckless wounds) possess'd his mind;
 Which thus he did reform, and gently blame.

47.

Now thy complexion lasting is, and good!
 As when the Sun sets red, his Morning Eies
 In glory wake, so now thou setst in blood,
 Thy parting beauty will in honor rise.

48.

These scars thou need'st not from my Sister hide;
 For as our Father, in brave batail lost,
 She first did name with sorrow, then with pride,
 Thy beauty's loss she'l mourn and after boast.

49.

Mine are but Lov's false wounds (said *Hurgonil*)
 To what you *Vasco* gave; for I must grieve
 My strength of honor could not *Vasco* kill,
 That honor lost, yet I have strength to live.

50.

But now behold vex'd *Hubert*, who in all
 This Batail was by ready conduct known,
 And though unarm'd, and his spent force so small
 He could to none bring death, yet fought his own:

51.

And ev'ry where, where Rallies made a Grosse
 He charg'd; and now with last reserves he try'd
 His too slow fate from *Gondibert* to force,
 Where he was Victor and where *Vasco* dy'd.

52.

The Duke (in Honor's School exactly bred)
Would not that this defenceless Prince should be
Involv'd with those, whom he to dying led,
Therefore ordain'd him still from slaughter free.

53.

And now his pow'r did gently make him know,
That he must keep his life, and quit the cause;
More Pris'ner to himself then to his Foe,
For life within himself in Prison was.

54.

His fierce Assistants did not quit the Field,
Till forward marks declar'd they fairly fought;
And then they all with fullen slowness yield;
Vex'd they have found what vain Revenge had fought.

55.

In the renown'd destruction of this day,
Four Hundred Leaders were by valor's pride
Led to blest shades, by an uncertain way,
Where lowliness is held the surest Guide.

56.

And twice the Tierce of these consists of those
Who for Prince *Oswald's* love of Empire bled;
The Duke does thus with thanks and praise dispose
Both of the worthy living, and the dead.

57.

Binde all your wounds, and shed not that brave life,
Which did in all by great demeanor pass,
(Teaching your Foes a wiser choice of strife)
Deserve a Lease of Nature that may last.

58.

Love warm'd you with those sparks which kindled me;
And form'd *Idea's* in each Lovers thought
Of the distress of some beloved she,
Who then inspir'd and prais'd you whilst you fought.

59.

You nobly prompt my passion to desire,
That the rude Crowd who Lovers softness scorn,
Might in fair field meet those who love admire,
To try which side must after Batail mourn.

60.

O that those rights which should the good advance,
And justly are to painful valor due,
(Howe're misplac'd by the swift hand of Chance)
Were from that Crowd defended by those few!

61.

With this great spectacle we should refresh
Those Chiefs, who (though preferr'd by being dead)
Would kindly wish to fight again in flesh;
So all that lov'd, by *Hurgonil* were led.

62.

This gracious mention from so great a Lord,
Bow'd *Hurgonill* with dutious homage down,
Where at his feet he lay'd his rescu'd Sword;
Which he accepts, but he returns his own.

63.

By this and thine, said gentle *Gondibert*,
 In all distress of various Courts and warre,
 We interpled and bind each others heart,
 To strive who shall possess griefs greatest share.

64.

Now to *Verona* haste, and timely bring
 Thy wounds unto my tender sister's care,
 This Days sad story to our dreaded King,
 And watch what vengeance *Oswald's* Friends prepare.

65.

Brave *Arnold*, and his Rival strait remove;
 Where *Laura* shall bestrew their hallow'd Ground;
 Protectors both, and Ornaments of Love;
 This said, his Eies outwep'd his widest wound.

66.

Tell her now these (Love's faithful Saints) are gon,
 The beauty they ador'd; she ought to hide;
 For vainly will Love's Miracles be shown,
 Since Lovers faith with these brave Rivals dy'd.

67.

Say little *Hugo* never more shall mourn
 In noble Numbers; her unkind disdain;
 Who now not seeing beauty, feels no scorn;
 And wanting pleasure, is exempt from pain.

68.

When she with Flowres Lord *Arnold's* Grave shall strew,
 And hears why *Hugo's* life was thrown away,
 She on that Rival's Hearse will drop a few;
 Which merits all that *April* gives to *May*.

69.

Let us forsake for safety of our Eies,
 Our other loss; which I will strait inter
 And raise a Trophy where each Body lies;
 Vain marks, how those alive the Dead prefer!

70.

If my full Breast, my wounds that empty be,
 And this Days toil (by which my strength is gon)
 Forbid me not, I *Bergamo* will see
 Ere it beholds the next succeeding Sun.

71.

Thither convey thy soul's confid'rate thought,
 How in this cause the Court and Camp's inclin'd;
 What *Oswald's* Faction with the King has wrought,
 And how his loss prevails with *Rhodolind*.

72.

The Count and *Tyalt* take their lowly leaves;
 Their slain they sadly with consuming hearts;
 Bear tow'rs *Verona*, whilst the Duke perceives
 Prince *Hubert's* grief, and thus his tears diverts.

73.

Afflicted Prince! in an unpleasant how'r
 You and your living (by blinde valor led)
 Are Captives made to such an easie pow'r,
 Shall you as little vex, as Death your dead.

74.

The Dead can n're by living help return
From that darke Land, which life could ne'r disclose;
But these alive (for whom the Victors mourn)
To thee I give, thee to thine own dispose.

75.

Be not with Honor's gilded Baits beguild;
Nor think Ambition wise, because 'tis brave;
For though we like it, as a forward Child,
'Tis so unsound, her Cradle is her grave.

76.

Study the mighty *Oswald* vainly gone!
Fierce *Paradise*, and *Dagonet* the stout!
Whose Threds by destiny were slowly spunne,
And by Ambition rashly ravell'd out.

77.

But *Hubert's* grief no precept could reform;
For great grief councill'd, does to anger grow;
And he provided now a future Storm,
Which did with black revenge o'rcast his Brow.

78.

Borgio and he from this dire Region haste;
Shame makes them fightless to themselves and dumb;
Their thoughts fly swift as Time from what is past;
And would like him demolish all to come.

79.

Strait they inter th' inferior of their slain;
Their nobler Tragick load their grief attends
Tow'rds *Brescia*, where the Camp they hope to gain;
Then force the Court by faction of their Friends.

80.

To *Bergamo* the gentle Duke does turn
With his surviving Lovers, who in kinde
Remembrance every step look back and mourn
Their fellow Lovers Death has stay'd behinde.

81.

Some lost their quiet Rivals, some their dear
Love's Brother, who their hopes with help approv'd;
Some such joy'd Friends, as even to morrow were
To take from *Hymen* those they dearest lov'd.

82.

But now to *Gondibert* they forward look,
Whose wounds, ere he could waste Three Leagues of way,
So wast him, that his speech him quite forfook;
And Nature calls for Art to make life stay.

83.

His Friends in torment least they should forsake
Delightful him, for whom alone they live;
Urge Heav'n uncivilly for calling back
So soon such worth, it does so seldom give.

Canto the Sixth.

The ARGUMENT.

*The Victor is (when with his wounds subdu'd)
By such deform'd and dismal Troops pursu'd,
That he thinks Death, then which they uglier seem,
No ill expedient to escape from them.
But Ulfín guides him to sage Astragon,
By the last Raies of the descending Sun.*

1.

Scarce on their Duke their fears kind fit was spent,
When strait a thick arm'd Squadron clouds their sight;
Which cast so dark a shade, as if it ment
Without the Sun's slow leave, to bring in night.

2.

This threatenng Squadron did consist of Horse,
And by old *Ulfín* they were bravely led,
Whose mind was sound, nor wants his Body force,
Though many Winters Snow had cool'd his Head.

3.

The sad remainder who with *Hubert* went,
Did miss his reach, when they to *Brescia* turn'd,
And now (as if his haste destruction ment)
He chac'd these who the Duke's spent valor mourn'd.

4.

Whose posture being loose, their number few,
His Scouts grow scornful as they forward come;
He makes his Squadron halt, and neer he drew;
Then asks aloud, what are you, and for whom?

5.

The noble *Goltso* (whose great deeds to day
Prevented Manhood in his early youth)
Believ'd him *Oswald's* Friend, yet scorn'd the way
To shelter life, behind abandon'd Truth.

6.

For he to *Ulfín* boldly thus reply'd;
This second Ambush findes us here in vain;
We have no treasure left that we would hide,
Since *Gondibert* is reckon'd with the slain.

7.

Duke *Gondibert* we vouch to be our Lord,
To whose high vertue's Sov'raignty we bow;
Oswald sunk low, as death, beneath his Sword,
Though him superior Fate will vanquish now.

8.

Scarce empty Eagles stooping to their Prey,
 Could be more swift then *Ulsin* to alight,
 And come where *Condibert* expiring lay;
 Now pleasing those whom he did newly fright.

9.

For scarce that rev'rence which a Monarch draws,
 Who seldome will be seen, though often fought;
 Who spends his carefull age in making Laws,
 To rule those lands for which in youth he fought;

10.

Nor that respect which People pay those Kings,
 Whose peace makes rich, whom civil war made wise,
 Can equall this which aged *Ulsin* brings
 The gentle Duke, to whom he prostrate lies.

11.

His Eyes (not us'd to tears) bathe every wound;
 Which he salutes as things he chiefly lov'd;
 And when expence of spirits he had found,
 To gain him air, his Mourners he remov'd.

12.

Make way, said he, and give experience room;
 The Confident of age, though Youth's scorn'd guide;
 My wounds, though past, out-number yours to come,
 You can but hope the knowledge I have try'd.

13.

His Hilts round Pommel he did then unskrew,
 And thence (which he from ancient Precept wore)
 In a small Christall he a Cordial drew,
 That weary life could to her walks restore.

14.

This care (amazing all it does delight)
 His ruines, which so reverend appear,
 With wonder not so much surprize their sight,
 As a strange object now his Troops draw near.

15.

In whom such death and want of limbs they finde,
 As each were lately call'd out of his Tombe,
 And left some members hastily behinde;
 Or came when born abortive from the Wombe.

16.

Yet this defect of Legs, or Arms, or Hands,
 Did wondring valor not disturb, but please;
 To see what divers weapons each commands
 With arts hard shifts, till custome gave them ease.

17.

But the uncomely absence of an Eye,
 And larger wants, which ev'ry visage mourn'd,
 (Where black did over-vail, or ill supply)
 Was that which wonder into horror turn'd.

18.

And *Ulsin* might be thought (when the rude wind
 Lifting their Curtains, left their ruines bare)
 A formal Antiquary, fondly kind
 To Statues, which he now drew out to aire.

K

The

19.

The Duke (whose absent knowledge was call'd back
By Cordials pow'r) his wonder did increafe
So much, that he agen did knowledge lack,
Till thus old *Ulfir* made his wonder cease.

20.

Auspicious Prince! recorded be this day,
And sung by Priests of each ensuing age;
On which thou maist receive, and I may pay
Some debts of duty, as thy Grandfires Page.

21.

That mighty Chief I serv'd in youth's first strength,
Who our short Scepter meant to stretch so far,
Till Eastern Kings might grieve theirs wanted length,
Whose Maps scarce teach where all their Subjects are.

22.

Full many stormy Winters we have seen,
When mighty valor's heat was all our fire;
Else we in stupid Frosts had fetter'd been,
By which soft sinews are congeal'd to wire.

23.

And many scorching Summers we have felt,
Where Death relieves all whom the Sword invades;
And kindly thence (where we should toying melt)
Leads us to rest beneath eternal shades.

24.

For aid of action he obedience taught,
And silent patience for afflictions cure;
He prais'd my courage when I boldly fought,
But said they conquer most, that most endure.

25.

The toyls of diligence as much approv'd
As Valor's self, or th' Arts her practise gaines;
The care of Men, more then of glory lov'd;
Success rewarded, and succesles paines.

26.

To joyful Victors quenching water sent,
Delightful wine to their lamenting slaves;
For Feasts have more brave lives then famine spent,
And Temp'rance more then Trench or Armor saves.

27.

Valor his Mistris, Caution was his Friend;
Both to their diff'rent seasons he appli'd;
The first he lov'd, on th' other did depend;
The first made worth uneasie by her pride.

28.

He to submit devotion more was giv'n
After a battel gain'd, then ere 'twas fought;
As if it nobler were to thank high Heav'n
For favours past, then bow for bounty sought.

29.

And thus through smarting heat, and aking cold,
Till Heav'n's perpetual Traveller, had more
Then Thirty journeys through the *Zodiack* told,
I serv'd thy Grandfire, whom I now adore.

30.

For Heav'n in his too ripe and weary age,
Call'd him where peacefully he rules a Star;
Free'd from low Ele'ments continu'd rage,
Which last like Monarchs pow'r by needful war.

31.

Strait thy lamented Father did succeed
To his high place, by *Aribert's* consent,
Our Ensignes through remoter Lands to lead:
Him too I follow'd till he upward went.

32.

Till that black day on which the *Hunns* may boast
Their own defeate, and we our conquest hide;
For though we gain'd, and they the battel lost,
Yet then thy brave victorious Father dy'd.

33.

And I am stay'd unwillingly behind;
Not caught with wealth, Life's most intangling snare;
Though both my Masters were in giving kinde,
As joyful Victors after Battel are.

34.

Whilst thus this aged Leader does expresse
His and their Story whom this bounty feeds,
His Hands the Duke's worst order'd wounds undress
And gently binde; then strait he thus proceeds.

35.

West from those Hills till you *Cremona* reach,
With an unmingled right I gather rent;
By their great Gift who did such precepts teach
In giving, as their wealth is ne'r misspent.

36.

For as their plenteous pity fills my thought,
So their example was not read in vain;
A Thousand, who for them in battel fought,
And now distress'd with Maimes, I entertain:

37.

Not giving like to those, whose gifts though scant
Pain them as if they gave with gowty hand;
Such vex themselves, and ease not others want;
But we alike enjoy, a like command.

38.

Most spacioufly we dwell, where we possess
All sinless pleasures Nature did ordain;
And who that all may have, yet will have less,
Wiser then Nature, thinks her kindness vain:

39.

A sad resolve, which is a wise-mans vow,
From Citties noise, and Courts unpitty'd care
Did so divorce me, it would scarce allow
I ere should take one League of distant ayre.

40.

But that Alarms from each adjacent part
Which borders my abode, disturb'd my rest,
With dreadful newes that gracious *Gondibert*
By *Oswald's* Faction was in fight oppress'd.

41.

Then it had given your wonder cause to last,
 To see the vex'd mistakes this summons wrought
 In all my Maim'd Domesticks, by their haste;
 For some tie on the Limbs which others sought.

42.

Just such mistakes audacious *Ethnicks* say
 Will happen, where the Righteous busie are,
 Through glad and earnest hast in the last day;
 Whilst others slowly to their doom prepare.

43.

And this had Anger, anger noise had bred,
 And Noise, the Enemy of useful Thought,
 Had them to more mistakes then blindness led,
 But that our awfull Camps had silence taught.

44.

Silence did mem'ry, Mem'ry order make;
 Order to each did his mist wood restore;
 For some, who once were stedfast Foot, mistake,
 And snatch those limbs which only Horsemen wore.

45.

Like swift Pursuers on *Arabian* Horse,
 These with their needfull Instruments of hold
 (Which give their strange adapted weapons force)
 I mounted strait; Five Hundred fully told.

46.

These from the *Lombards* highly have deserv'd,
 In Conquests where thy Father did command;
 Whom they for Science and affection serv'd;
 And lost their Limbs to gain our Scepter Land.

47.

Which yet are noble though unsightly signes,
 That each in active courage much abounds;
 And many a widow'd Mother now repines,
 They cannot shew the Men who gave those wounds.

48.

For dearly did the *Huns* for honor pay.
 When they deform'd them in a fatall fight;
 Since though they strongly struggled for the day,
 Yet all they got, was everlasting Night.

49.

And *oswald's* Friends, were they not timely gone
 (Though all the Faction in one Army were)
 Should mourn this act against their Gen'ral's son;
 Who was to Soldiers more then Triumph dear.

50.

For these to Conquest us'd, Retreats dislike;
 Thy beauty want, to others Beauty's cost;
 VVith envious rage still at the Face they strike;
 And punish Youth, for what in youth they lost.

51.

Thus, though the Duke's amazement be remov'd,
 It now returns, gladly on him to gaze;
 VVho feeds those Fighters whom his Father lov'd;
 A gratitude would Vertue's self amaze.

52.

Thou art, said he (then melted whilst he spake)
So ripe in what high Heav'n does dearly love,
That Heav'ns remorse for Earth we should mistake,
To think it will forbear thee long above.

53.

As if thy sent for Soul already were
Upon her Wings, so much I give thee gon;
And wish thee left in some successor here,
That might receive the kindness thou hast shown.

54.

Old *Ulsin* now (but meltingly as he)
T'inherit him, gives the Jewell of his sight;
For strait, with Fatherly authority,
He bids his son, young *Ulsinor*, alight !

55.

Take him (said he) whose duty I release;
In whom all Heav'ns rewards included are,
For all my Justice in corrupted peace,
And for my mercy in revengefull warr.

56.

The fruit Heav'n sent me by my loyall wife,
In age, the gloomy Eve of endless night;
Which eas'd in me the pain of latter life,
And frustrates death, by fresh succession's sight.

57.

The Duke with passion did this Youth embrace;
Then lucky *Goltso* he call'd forth in view;
Who was this day in Fortune's special grace,
For though no blood he lost, yet much he drew.

58.

Him he with *Ulsinor* does strait unite;
Bids neither strive the other to precede,
Unless when danger doth them both invite,
But be, even in nice Rivalship agreed.

59.

Bids both their Breasts be eithers open book,
Where nought is writ too hard for sudden Eyes;
But thought's plain Text grows easie by a look:
Study breeds doubts, where reading should suffice.

60.

But these to joyn, Nature no Councel needs;
Whom Sympathy, her secret Priest, does wed;
Much fam'd will be their loves, and Martial Deeds;
Which fill all Books that are of *Lombards* read.

61.

With gracious Eyes, and Body lowly bent,
The Duke his Fathers rev'rend Troops salutes;
To *Bergamo* he holds his first intent;
Which to oppose, old *Ulsin* thus disputes.

62.

Thou seest (my Prince) the faint decays of Light;
How hastily the Sun's hot Steeds begin
To mend their pace, as if their longing fight
Had newly spy'd their usuall Western Inn:

63.

Too farr is pleasant *Bergamo* from hence,
 Since day has reach'd so neer his journeys end;
 Dayes strength and yours are at their last expence;
 Do not whilst both are wasting, both misspend.

64.

You and your wounded must with Nature strive,
 Till all (whose few houres sway to day excels
 Their elder Foes long reign in Camps) arrive
 Where *Astragon* the wise and wealthy dwells.

65.

Rich is that Lord, and rich in Learnings wealth;
 Art flies his test, he all Art's test endures;
 Our Cities send their sick to him for health,
 Our Camps the wounded for their certain cures.

66.

Though cautious Nature, check'd by Destiny,
 Has many secrets she would ne'r impart;
 This fam'd Philosopher is Nature's Spie,
 And hireless gives th' intelligence to Art.

67.

The Duke with vertue (antiquated now)
 Did rev'rence Councel, and to Age did bend;
 His first Course altars, and does this allow;
 Then *Ulsin* as their Guide they all attend.

68.

Soon they the Pallace reach'd of *Astragon*;
 Which had its beauty hid by envious Night;
 Whose Cypress Curtain drawn before the Sun,
 Seem'd to performe the Obsequies of light.

69.

Yet lights last Rayes were not intirely spent;
 For they discern'd their passage through a Gate,
 Whose height and space shew'd ancient ornament;
 And Ancients there in careful Office sate.

70.

Who by their Weights and Measures did record
 Such num'rous Burthens as were thither brought
 From distant Regions, to their learned Lord;
 On which his Chymicks and Distillers wrought.

71.

But now their common business they refrain,
 When they observe a quiet fullness
 And bloody marks in such a civil Train;
 Which shew'd at once their worth and their distress.

72.

The voice of *Ulsin* they with gladness knew,
 VVhom to this house long neighbourhood inder'd;
 Approaching Torches perfected their view,
 And taught the way till *Astragon* appear'd.

73.

VVho soon did *Ulsin* cheerfully imbrace;
 The visits cause by whispers he receiv'd;
 VVhich first he hop'd was meant him as a grace,
 But being known with manly silence griev'd.

And

74.

And then with gestures full of grave respect,
The Duke he to his own Apartment led;
To each distinct retirements did direct,
And all the wounded he ordain'd to Bed.

75.

Then thin digestive food he did provide,
More to enable fleeting strength to stay;
To wounds well search'd he cleansing wines apply'd,
And so prepar'd his rip'ning Balsoms way.

76.

Balm of the Warriour's herbe, *Hypericon*!
To Warriour's as in use, in form decreed;
For through the leaves transparent wounds are shown;
And rudely touch'd, the Golden Flower does bleed.

77.

For sleep they juice of pale *Nymphaea* took,
Which grows (to shew that it for sleep is good)
Near sleep's abode in the soft murm'ring Brook:
This cools, the yellow Flower restrains the Blood:

78.

And now the weary World's great Med'cin, Sleep,
This learned Host dispenc'd to ev'ry Guest;
Which shuts those wounds where injur'd Lovers weep,
And flies Oppressors to relieve th' Opprest.

79.

It loves the Cotage, and from Court abstains,
It stills the Sea-man though the storm be high;
Frees the griev'd Captive in his closest Chains,
Stops wants loud Mouth, and blinds the treach'rous Spie!

80.

Kind Sleep, Nights welcome Officer, does cease
All whom this House contains till day return;
And me, Grief's Chronicler, does gently ease,
Who have behind so great a task to mourn.

The End of the First Book

GONDIBERT.

THE SECOND BOOK.

Canto the First.

The ARGUMENT.

*Verona by the Poet's Pencil drawn;
Where Hurgonil did meet the early dawn;
Her wealth shown by each Dwellers early'r care;
Which sown by others peace, she reap'd by warr.
The slain, whose life her safety was and pride,
Are now in death their Fun'ral Rites deny'd.*

1.

NEer to his Evening Region was the Sun,
When *Hurgonil* with his lamented Load,
And faithful *Tybalt* their sad march begun
To Fair *Verona*, where the Court abroad.

2.

They slowly rode till Night's dominion ceast;
When Infant Morn (her scarce wak'd beames display'd)
With a scant face peep'd shylye through the East,
And seem'd as yet of the black world afraid.

3.

But by increase of swift expansive light,
The lost Horizon was apparent grown,
And many Tow'rs salute at once their sight;
The distant glories of a Royal Town.

4.

Verona, sprung from noble *Vera's* name;
Whom careless Time (still scatt'ring old Records
Where they are loosely gather'd up by Fame)
Proclaimes the chief of ancient *Tuscan* Lords.

5.

Verona borders on that fatal Plaine,
VVhose barren thirst was quench'd with valiant blood,
When the rough *Cymbrians* by fierce *Marius* slain,
Left Hills of Bodies where their Ensignes stood.

6.

So safely proud this Town did now appear;
As if it but immortal Dwellers lack'd;
As if *Theodorick* had ne'r been there,
Nor *Attila* her wealth and beauty sack'd.

Here

7.

Here *Hurgonill* might follow with his Eye
(As with deep streame it through the City pass't)
The fruitfull and the frighted *Adice*,
Which thence from Noise and Nets to sea does haste.

8.

And on her peopled Bank they might behold
The Toyles of conquest paid with workes of pride;
The Pallace of King *Agilulf* the old,
Or Monument, for ere 'twas built he dy'd.

9.

To it that Temple joynes, whose lofty Head
The prospect of a swelling Hill commands;
In whose coole wombe the City springs are bred:
On *Dorique* Pillers this tall Temple stands.

10.

This to sooth Heav'n the bloody *Clephas* built;
As if Heav'n's King so soft and easie were,
So meanly hous'd in Heav'n, and kind to guilt,
That he would be a Tyrants Tenant here.

11.

And now they might arrest their wandring sight
With that which makes all other Objects lost;
Makes *Lombard* greatness flat to *Roman* height,
And Modern Builders blush, that else would boast;

12.

An Amphytheater which was controll'd
Unheeded conquests of advancing Age,
Windes which have made the trembling World look old,
And the fierce Tempests of the *Gothick* rage.

13.

This great *Flaminius* did in youth erect,
Where Cities sat to see whole Armies play
Death's serious part: but this we may neglect
To mark the busines which begins with day.

14.

As Day new op'ning fills the *Hemisphear*,
And all at once; so quickly ev'ry street
Does by an instant op'ning full appear,
When from their Dwellings busy Dwellers meet.

15.

From wider Gates Oppressors fall there;
Here creeps th' afflicted through a narrow Dore;
Groans under wrongs he has not strength to bear,
Yet seeks for wealth to injure others more.

16.

And here the early Lawyer mends his pace;
For whom the earlier Client waited long;
Here greedy Creditors their Debtors chace,
Who scape by herding in th' indebted Throng.

17.

Th' advent'rous Merchant whom a Storm did wake,
(His Ships on *Adriatick* Billowes tost)
Does hope of Eastern windes from Steeples take,
And hastens there a Carrier to the Coast.

L

Here

18.

Here through a secret Posterne issues out
 The skar'd Adult'rer, who out-slept his time;
 Day, and the Husbands Spie alike does doubt,
 And with a half hid face would hide his crime.

19.

There from sick mirth neglected Feasters reel,
 Who cares of want in Wine's false *Lethe* steep.
 There anxious empty Gamsters homeward steal,
 And fear to wake, ere they begin to sleep.

20.

Here stooping Lab'rs slowly moving are;
 Beasts to the Rich, whose strength grows rude with ease;
 And would usurp; did not their Rulers care,
 With toile and tax their furious strength appease.

21.

There th' Aged walk, whose needles carefulness
 Infects them past the Mindes best Med'cin, sleep;
 There some to Temples early vows address,
 And for th' ore busie world most wisely weep.

22.

To this vast Inn, where Tydes of strangers flow,
 The Morn and *Hurgonil* together came;
 The Morn, whose Dewy wings appear'd but slow,
 When Men the motion mark'd of swifter Fame.

23.

For Fame (whose journeys are through wayes unknown,
 Traceless and swift, and changing as the Winde)
 The Morne and *Hurgonil* had much out-gone,
 Whilst Truth mov'd patiently within behinde.

24.

For some the Combat (to a Battel grown)
 Did apprehend in such prodigious shape,
 As if their living to the Dead were gone,
 And only Fame did by her Wings escape.

25.]

Some said this hunting falsely was design'd,
 That by pretence both Factions might prepare
 Their Armies to contest for *Rhodolind*;
 The Crown's chief Jewel, and Reward of Warre,

26.

And some report (so farr they range from Truth
 Who for intelligence must follow Fame)
 That then from *Bergamo* th'incamped Youth,
 With *Gondibert*, to this dire hunting came.

27.

And some, that *Oswald* had enlarg'd his Traine
 With the old Troopes by his bold Father led;
 And that of these the nobler half were slain;
 The rest were to their Camp at *Brescia* fled.

28.

And as dire Thunder rowling o're Heaven's vault,
 By murmur threatens, ere it kills alloud;
 So was this fatall newes in whisper brought,
 Which menac'd, ere it struck the list'ning Croud.

29.

But Rumor soon to high extreames does move;
 For first it *Oswald* nam'd with dreadful voice,
 Then said that Death had widow'd Truth and Love,
 By making *Gondibert* the second choice.

30.

And to all hearts so dear was *Gondibert*,
 So much did Pity, *Oswald's* Valor prize,
 That strait their early bus'ness they desert,
 And fix on wounded *Hurgonil* their Eyes.

31.

Him when by perfect day they sadly knew,
 Through hidden wounds, whose blood his beauty stain'd,
 Even from the Temples, Angels soon withdrew;
 So sawcely th' afflicted there complain'd.

32.

The People strait united clamor gave,
 Shriek'd loud like Sea-men split on a strange Coast;
 As if those Pow'rs were deaf who should them save,
 And Pray'rs no louder then the windes were lost.

33.

Now, with impatience urg'd, he does declare
 Whom he so mournfully in Fun'ral brought;
 The publick losses of a private Warr,
 Who living, love, and dying, valor taught.

34.

For he does *Hugo* and *Arnoldo* name;
 To these (said he) *Verona* Cradles gave,
 And since in forraign Fields they rais'd her Fame,
 They challenge here, though much too soon, a Grave:

35.

Bring sprinklings, Lamps, and th' Altar's precious breath;
 All Rites which Priests have prudently devis'd;
 Who gratefully a rev'rence teach to death;
 Because they most by dying men are pris'd.

36.

But though our loss we justly may complain;
 Though even by Priests Authority we grieve;
 Yet Heav'n's first bounty, Life, let none disdain,
 Since *Gondibert*, our chief Delight, does live.

37.

This heard, as Sea-men near a Shore unknown,
 Who their North Guide lose in a Stormy night,
 His absence with distracted silence moan,
 And loudly wellcome his return to sight:

38.

So when their great Conductor seem'd to be
 Retir'd to endless shades amongst the slain,
 With silent grief they seem'd as dead as he,
 But with new life wellcom'd his life again.

39.

And now that cold remainder Valor left
 Of these whom Love had lost, and Fate forfook;
 The Two that were of all but Fame bereft,
 From *Hurgonil* the weeping People took.

40.

Whilst of them both sad *Hurgonil* takes leave,
 Till th' universal meeting Faith provides
 The Day when all shall publicly receive
 Those Bodies, Death does not destroy, but Hides.

41.

Then to his Palace he retires by stealth;
 His wounds from his lov'd Mistress to conceal;
 On whose dear joys so much depends his health,
 The wounds her Tears should touch would never heal.

42.

To the chief Temple strait the People bear
 The valiant Rivals, who for love were slain;
 Whom all the peacefull Priests behold with fear,
 And griev'd such Guests they durst not entertain.

43.

For soon the Prior of their Brotherhood
 (Who long serv'd Heav'n with praise, the world with prayer)
 Cry'd out, this holy House is shut to blood,
 To all that die in combat or despair.

44.

These by their bloody marks in Combat di'd;
 Through anger, the disease of Beasts untam'd;
 Whose wrath is hunger, but in Men 'tis pride,
 Yet theirs is cruelty, ours courage nam'd.

45.

Here the neglected Lord of peace does live;
 Who taught the wrangling world the rules of love;
 Should we his dwelling to the wrathfull give,
 Our Sainted Dead would rise, and he remove.

46.

Well by his precepts may we punish strife;
 Whose pity knew that Famine, Plague, and Time,
 Are Enemies enough to humane life;
 None need o'er-charge Death's Quiver with a crime.

47.

To unfrequented Fields bear then your slain;
 Where neither Dirge nor Requiem shall be giv'n;
 To those who by usurp'd Revenge disdain
 To take from Men, neglects they put on Heav'n.

48.

But now the People's passions run too farr;
 Their untaught love, artless extremes does wed;
 Of times they like the past, and since they are
 Opprest still by the living, love the Dead:

49.

And now resolve these Rivals shall not lose
 The Rites of Sprinkling, Incense, Lights, and Song:
 Then, as the voice of all their Minds, they chuse
 An Orator, of rude, but ready Tongue:

50.

Who at the Temple Gate thus pleads aloud!
 VVe know, though Priests are Pensioners of Heav'n,
 Your Flock which yields best rent, is this dull Croud;
 The learn'd examine why their Fleece is giv'n.

Though

51.

Though by the Rich first shorn, to you they bear
A second tribute, and by zeal support
Temples, which Kings for glory raise, and where
The Rich for fame, the Learn'd as Spies resort.

52.

Temples are yours, not God's lov'd Palaces;
Where Off'rings make not his, but your own Feasts;
Where you most wisely live, because at ease,
And entertain your Founders as your Guests:

53.

With ease you take, what we provide with care;
And we (who your Legation must maintain)
Find all your Tribe in the Commission are;
And none but Heav'n could send so large a Traia.

54.

But being all Ambassadors from thence,
The growing charge will soon exceed our rent,
Unless you please to treat at his expence
VVho sent you; not at ours, where you are sent:

55.

The ancient Laws liv'd in the Peoples voice;
Rites you from Custom, not from Canon draw;
They are but fashions of a graver choice,
VVhich yield to Laws, and now our voice is Law.

56.

This *Tybalt* heard with sorrow and disdain,
(VVho here with *Hurgonil* a Mourner came)
And strait the peaceful Fathers strives to gain,
And thus the Peoples Orator reclaim.

57.

Most usefull Fathers! some trace secret things
Even to his Closet, who is hid in Heav'n;
Vainly as *Nilus* to his hidden springs,
And not enjoy, but censure what is given.

58.

You with such temper their intemp'rance bear,
To shew your solid science does rely
So on it self, as you no trial feare;
For Arts are weak that are of Scepticks shy.

59.

Though in your Office humane safety lies,
Which op'ns that Hell the vicious vulgar feare,
Yet never can the People Priesthood prise;
As if from Heav'n your daily errands were.

60.

Not that your message, Truth, they disesteem,
Or think it comes from any other way,
But that they Taxes hate, and Truth does seem
Brought as a Tax, when they the Bringers pay.

61.

Thus we to Beasts fall from our noble kinde,
Making our Pastur'd Bodies all our care;
Allowing no subsistence to the Minde;
For Truth we grudge her as a costly fare.

62.

But if they fear (since daily you renew
Disputes) your Oracles are doubtfull still.
As those of old; yet more reward is due
To paines, where so uneasie is the skill.

63.

Or if no skill they think it, but suppose
'Tis Faith (and Faith ne'r thinks Heav'n's height too high)
Yet Faiths so sev'ral be, that few are those
Can chuse right wings when they to Heav'n would fly.

64.

Or if they think, Faith humane help transcends,
And to your science is so strict a bound
As Death to Valor is, where daring ends;
And none are farthest in that Progress found;

65.

Yet in our walk to our last home design'd,
'Tis safe by all the study'd Guides to goe;
Least we in death, too late, the knowledge find
Of what in life 'twas possible to know.

66.

Your splendid Pomp, by which your Pow'r indures
Though costly, costs much less then Camps or Laws;
And more then both, Religion us secures;
Since Hell (your Prison) more then dying awes.

67.

Forthough the plain Judge, Conscience, makes no shewe,
But silently to her dark Session comes,
Not as red Law does to arraignment goe,
Or Warr to Execution with loud Drums;

68.

Though she on Hills sets not her *Gibbets* high,
Where frightful Law sets hers; nor bloody seems
Like Warr in Colours spread, yet secretly
She does her work, and many Men condemns.

69.

Chokes in the seed, what Law till ripe ne'r sees;
What Law would punish, Conscience can prevent;
And so the world from many Mischiefs frees;
Known by her Cures, as Law by punishment.

70.

The weaker sighted ever look too nigh;
But their disputes have made your Charter good;
As doubted Tenures, which long pleadings trie,
Authentick grow by being much withstood.

71.

These Chiefs, for whom we holy Rites desire,
By well fought Fields begot this Citties peace;
Oft with their blood have quench'd intestine fire;
And oft our Famines chang'd into excess.

72.

Their Rites let not the people be deny'd,
Though by untutor'd kindness rudely sought;
Nor think they have in private Combate dy'd,
Where *Gondibert* and mighty *Oswald* fought:

73.

Both Princes of the *Lombards* royal blood ;
For whom full Thrice Three Hunder'd number'd are,
Whose anger strove to make their anger good :
Number gives strife th' authentick name of War.

74.

This said, Warrs cause these Priests no more debate ;
They knew, Warr's Justice none could ere decide ;
At that more specious name they open strait,
And sacred Rites of fun'ral they provide.

75.

How vain is Custom, and how guilty Pow'r ?
Slaughter is lawful made by the excess ;
Earth's partial Laws, just Heav'n must needs abhor,
Which greater crimes allow, and damn the less.

G A N T O

Canto the Second.

The ARGUMENT.

*Fame's progress through Verona, when she brings
Ill news enlarg'd, as her extended wings.
The Combat's cause shakes Aribert's great mind;
And the effect more conquers Rhodalind.
Meek Orna's fears, proud Gartha's bold disdain;
And Laura kindly dying for the slain.*

1.

TO Streets (the People's Region) early Fame
First brought this grief, which all more tragick make;
And next, to the triumphant Court she came,
Where prosp'rous Pow'r sleeps long, though Sutors wake;

2.

But yet the early King (from Childhood bred
To dangers, toys, and courser wants of ware)
Rose up to rule; and left soft Love in bed,
Could conquer Lands and Love, but stoopt to care.

3.

Care, that in Cloysters only seales her Eyes,
Which Youth thinks folly, Age as wisdom owns;
Fooles by not knowing her, out-live the wife;
She visits Cities, but she dwells in Thrones.

4.

Care, which King *Aribert* with Conquest gain'd,
And is more sure to him then Realms intail'd;
Wak'd him to know why Rumor thus complain'd,
Or who in battel bled, or who prevail'd?

5.

Young *Hurgonil* (who does his wounds conceal,
Yet knew it did his dutious care import
That some just witness should his cause reveal)
Sent *Tybalt* to appease, and tast the Court.

6.

To that proud Palace which once low did lie
In *Parian* Quarries, now on *Columnes* stands;
Ionique Props that bear their Arches high,
With ample treasure rais'd by *Tuscan* Hands.

7.

So vast of height, to which such space did fit
As if it were o're-syz'd for Modern Men;
The ancient Giants might inhabit it;
And there walk free as windes that pass unseen.

8.

The *Monarch's* wealth this shew'd in all the parts;
But his strong numerous Guards denote him wise;
Who on the weather of his Peoples hearts,
For a short Course, not voyages, relies.

9.

Through many Guards (all watchful, calm, and bold)
Tybalt did pass the first magnifick Square;
And through ascents does enter to behold,
Where the States Head and Eies assembled are.

10.

There sat the King, on whose confid'rate Brow
Sixty experienc'd Sommers he discern'd,
Which made him ripe, and all of Conduct know
That from success is own'd, from losses learn'd.

11.

Neer him the Empire's strict Surveyors fate;
Whose universal sight no object lose;
Who see not crimes too soon, nor worth too late;
Finde dangers feed, and choake it ere it grows.

12.

He wealth not birth preferr'd to Councils place;
For Council is for use, not ornament;
Soules are alike, of rich and ancient race;
Though Bodies claim distinctions by descent.

13.

Here boyling Youth, nor frozen Age can sit:
It would in Subjects scorne of ruling Breed,
If that great work should such small ayds admit,
And make them hope that they no Rulers need.

14.

Nature too oft by birthright does prefer
Less perfect Monarchs to an anxious Throne;
Yet more then her, Courts by weak Councilers err,
In adding Cyphers where she made but one.

15.

To this wise King, sage *Tybalt* did relate
The Combats cause, with truth's severe extent
Reveales that fire which kind'd *Oswald's* hate;
For which such precious valor was misspent.

16.

Gives *Gondibert* a just record of praise;
First how unwilling, then how bold in fight;
And crownes the Conquer'd with the Victor's Baies,
When Manhood bids him do their valor right;

17.

At last he counts the wounded and the slaine;
And how Prince *Hubert* and the Duke retir'd;
From nothing brave or great he did refrain,
But his own deeds, which doing were admir'd.

18.

This *Arribert* with outward patience heares,
Though wounded by the cause for which they fought;
With mod'rate joy the death of *Oswald* beares;
Yet justly to extremes it inward wrought.

19.

Tybal he now with peaceful lookes discharg'd;
 And then his thoughts (imprison'd in his breast)
 He strait by liberty of Tongue enlarg'd;
 Which thus unto his Councel he addrest.

20.

With what a difference Nature's pallat tast
 The sweetest draught which Art provides her, Pow'r:
 Since Pow'r, Pride's Wine, but high in relish lasts
 Whilst fuming new, for time does turn it fowre?

21.

Yet Pow'r Earth's tempting Fruit, Heav'n first did plant,
 From Man's first Serpent safe, Ambition's reach;
 Else *Eden* could not serve Ambition's want;
 Whom no command can rule, nor counsel teach.

22.

Pow'r is that luscious wine, which does the bold,
 The wise, and noble most intoxicate;
 Adds time to Youth, and takes it from the old;
 Yet I by surfeit this Elixer hate.

23.

I curse those Wars that make my glory last;
 For which the *Tuscan* Widows curse me more;
 The barren Fields where I in Arms did fast,
 That I might surfeit on luxurious pow'r.

24.

Thou *Hermegild*, who art for valor Crown'd,
 For honor trusted, and for wisdom heard;
 And you whom Councel has no less renown'd,
 Observe how vertue against peace has err'd.

25.

Still I have fought, as if in Beauty's fight,
 Out-suffer'd patience, bred in Captives Breasts;
 Taught fasts, till Bodys like our Souls grew light;
 Outwatch'd the jealous, and outlabour'd Beasts.

26.

These were my merits, my reward is Pow'r;
 An outward Trifle, bought with inward peace;
 Got in an Age, and rifled in an how'r;
 When Feav'rish love, the People's Fit, shall cease.

27.

For did not pow'r on their fraile love depend,
 Prince *Oswald* had not treated with that love;
 Whose glory did in hasty darknes end;
 A sparke which vanish'd, as it upward strove.

28.

By scorne of dangers and of ease, he fought
 The *Lombards* hearts, my *Rhodalind*, and Crowne;
 And much his youth had by his practice wrought,
 Had *Gondibert* not levell'd his renowne:

29.

Had *Gondibert* not staid the Peoples Eies
 (Whose vertue slept twixt *Oswald* and their fight)
 Who knows but *Rhodalind* had bin his Prise,
 Or war must have secur'd Paternal right

30.

Sad and uneasie is a long kept Throne ;
 Not that the People think long pow'r unjust ;
 But that for change, they wish best Monarchs gone ;
 Fond change, the Peoples soon repented lust !

31.

I did advance (though with some jealous paine)
 A forward vertue to my subjects love ;
 Least one less temp'rate should their favour gaine ;
 Whom their unstudy'd choice would more approve.

32.

To thee sage *Hermegild* my self I leave,
 My fame and pow'r : Thee action cannot waste ;
 Caution retard, nor promptitude deceave ;
 Slowness belate, nor Hope drive on too faste.

33.

Think *Hubert* Heir to *Oswald's* bold pretence ;
 To whom the Camp at *Brescia* is inclin'd ;
 The Duke at *Bergamo* will seek defence ;
 And these are seeds of war for *Rhodolind*.

34.

This said, his Councel he dismiss'd ; who spy'd
 A growing rage, which he would fain conceal ;
 They durst but nicely search, what he would hide ;
 Least they inflame the wound that else might heal.

35.

They haste to sev'ral Cares ; some to allay
 Court's hecick Feaver, Faction (which does raign
 Where Luxury, the Syre of Want, does sway)
 Some to appease th' Alliance of the slain.

36.

But Order now bids us again persue
 Th' unweary'd Motion of unhappy Fame ;
 From Fields to Streets, from Streets to Court she flew ;
 Where first she to the Kings Apartment came.

37.

Thence through the Palace she her wings did air ;
 And as her Wings, her Tongue too never ceas'd ;
 Like restless Swallows in an Evening fair :
 At last does on a peaceful dwelling rest.

38.

Where Sleep does yet that gentle Sex possesse,
 Who ne'r should more of Care's rude wakings know,
 But what may help sad Lovers to succeffe ;
 Or imp loves wings when they are found too slow.

39.

There Lovers seek the Royal *Rhodolind* ;
 Whose secret breft was sick for *Gondibert* ;
 And *Orna*, who had more in publick pin'd
 For *Hurgonil*, the Monarch of her heart.

40.

And there the killing *Laura* did reside ;
 She of whose Eies the *Lombard* Youth Complain ;
 Yet often she for noble *Arnold* di'd ;
 And knew not now, her Murderer was slain.

M 2

Nor

41.

Nor *Hugo*, who was all with love indu'd;
 Whom still with teares the *Lombard* Ladies name;
 Esteeming Modern Lovers false, and rude,
 And Poets falsen when they sing their fame.

42.

These Beauties (who could soften Tyrant Kings)
 Sleep now conceal'd within their Curtains shade;
 Till rudely Fame, by shaking lowd her wings,
 Disturb'd their Eies, and their wak'd hearts dismay'd.

43.

They heard in parcels by imperfect sound,
 A Tale too dismal to be understood;
 That all their Lovers lay in hallow'd ground;
 Temples their Bodies hid, the Fields their blood.

44.

That this dire Morn to sad *Verona* brought
 The Duke and *Oswald*, of lov'd life depriv'd;
 And that of all who their fierce batail fought,
 Onely the mangled *Hurgonil* surviv'd.

45.

This Tale, Fame's course, officious Friends convey'd,
 (Which are attendant Slaves, and Palace Grooms)
 Who by the Lover of some busie Mayd,
 From outward Courts sent it to inward Rooms.

46.

Such horror brought, where love had onely us'd,
 Did yet breed more amazement then belief;
 Whilst *Orna* now, and *Laura* fly confus'd,
 To *Rhodolind*, Truth's Altar, for relief.

47.

There with disorder'd voices they compare,
 And then derive what each has loosely learn'd;
 Each hope applies, where others most despair;
 As doubting all but where her self's concern'd.

48.

This weeping conference had not lasted long,
 When *Tybal*, free from *Aribert*'s commands,
 Scapes the assembling Court's inquiring Throng,
 And enters here; where first he doubtful stands.

49.

For *Pitty*, when he ruin'd *Laura* spi'de,
 Bids his discretion artfully complain;
 And shew far off, what Truth not long can hide:
 Death at a distance seen, may ease fears pain.

50.

Their business now he can no more forbear;
 For who on their urg'd patience can prevail,
 Whose expectation is provok'd with fear?
 He therefore thus their patience did assail.

51.

Kinde Heav'n that gave you vertue, give you peace;
 Delightful as your Beauties, be your Mindes;
 Still may your Lovers your renown increase,
 Though he who honor seeks, first danger findes!

52.

Still may your beauty bear that ancient rate,
When beauty was chaste Honors Merchandise;
When Valor was chief Factor in Love's State;
Danger, Love's stamp, and Beautie's currant price.

53.

Renown'd be *Oswald*, who in high belief
Of *Rhodolind*, her love with danger fought;
In Love's Records be *Gondibert* the chief,
Who for her right, not for his own has fought.

54.

Though these for mighty mindes deserve Fame's voice;
Yet *Orna* needs must boast of *Hurgonil*;
Whose dangers well have justifi'd her choice,
And might alone Fame's publick Trumpet fill.

55.

Enlarg'd be Honor's Throne, that *Arnold* there
And *Hugo* may for ever sit and rest,
Free from their Valor's toyle, and *Laura's* feare;
Which more then wounds disorder'd eithers Breast.

56.

This said, he paws'd; findes each distrusts his art;
For Hope and Doubt came and return'd apace,
In chang'd Complexion from th' uncertain heart,
Like frighted Scowtes for Tidings to the Face.

57.

His Eye seem'd most imploy'd on *Rhodolind*;
Whose love above her bashful caution sways;
For naming *Gondibert*, he soon did finde,
Her secret Soul shew'd pleasure at his praise.

58.

Yet when she found her comforts did not last,
And that as Oracles, the future taught,
He hid Truth's Face, and darkened what was past;
Thus Truth through all her mourning Vailes she fought,

59.

Why in these Ladies do you lengthen paine,
By giving them Grief's common med'cin, doubt?
Ease those with death whose Lovers now are slaine;
Life's fire a Feaver is, when Love's is out.

60.

Yet think not that my cares peculiar are;
Perhaps I from religious pitty learn'd,
In Vertu's publick los to take some share;
For there, all but the vicious are concern'd.

61.

Your prudence, Royal Maid (he strait replies)
More then your birth, may claim the *Lombards* Crown
Whoe're in conquest of your favor dies;
For short lifes los shall find a long renowne.

62.

Then happy *Oswald* who is sure to gaine,
Even by Ambition that undoes the wise;
Great was th' attempt for which he's nobly slaine;
And gets him praise, though he has mist the prise.

But

63.

But happier *Gondibert*, who does survive
 To begg your Mercy, that he thus hath dar'd
 To own that cause, for which the world might strive;
 And conqu'ring, takes his wounds for his reward.

64.

Be *Hurgonit* long distant from his Grave,
 Whose life was so important in this cause;
 Who for each wound he took, a wider gave,
 And lives t' enjoy the pleasure of applause.

65.

To say, how *Hugo* and Lord *Arnold* strove
 For victorie, and mention their event,
 Were to provide such fun'ral rites for Love,
 As Death would be close Mourner, and repent.

66.

Now *Laura's* blood back to her liver fled;
 True Beautie's Mint: For by her Heart, Love's Throne.
 Beautie's call'd in, like Coyn when Kings are dead;
 As if not currant now her Lover's gone.

67.

And like her beauty, she had darkened life,
 But that with sprinckled water they restore
 (By sodain cold, with sodain heat at strife);
 Her spirits to those walks they us'd before.

68.

She *Arnold* calls, then lost that name againe;
 Which *Rhodolind*, and *Orna's* teares bemone,
 Who carefully would her spent strength sustaine,
 Though Hope has scarcely yet brought back their owne:

69.

Now they her Temples chas'd, and strait prepare
 Hot Eastern Fumes to reach her Brains cool'd fences;
 With Wine's fierce spirits these extracted are,
 Which warme but slowly, though of swift expence.

70.

Yet now again she breath'd Lord *Arnold's* name;
 VVhich her apt Tongue through custome best exprest;
 Then to stay Life, that so unwilling came,
 VVith Cordial Epithems they bath'd her breast.

71.

Th' attendant Maids, by *Tybalt's* ready ayde,
 To stop her Mourners teares, convey her now
 VVhere she may ease in her own Curtain's shade
 Her weary heart, and grief more Tongue allow.

72.

No sooner thus was pity'd *Laura* gon,
 But *Oswald's* sister, *Gartha* the renown'd!
 Enters, as if the VVorld were overthrown,
 Or in the teares of the afflicted drown'd.

73.

Unconquer'd as her beauty was her minde;
 VVhich wanted not a spark of *Oswald's* fire;
 Ambition lov'd, but ne'r to Love was kinde;
 Vex'd Thrones did more then quiet shades desire:

Her

74.

Her Garments now in loose neglect she wore,
As suted to her wilde dissevel'd haire;
Men in her shape might Natur's work adore,
Yet ask, why Art's nice dress was absent there?

75.

But soon they found what made this change appear;
For meeting Truth, which slowly follows Fame,
Rage would not give her leasure for a Teare
To quench (ere thus she spake) her passion's flame:

76.

Blasted be all your beauties *Rhodolind*,
Till you a shame, and terror be to light;
Unwing'd be Love, and slow as he is blind,
Who with your Looks poyson'd my Brothers fight!

77.

Low and neglected be your Father's Throne,
Which like your beauty, *Oswald* did o're-rate;
Let luckless war take Lands from his light Crown,
Till those high cares he want that gave it weight!

78.

Let Pow'r's consumption be his long disease,
Heav'n's vexing Curb, which makes wild Monarchs tame
And be he forc'd in froward age to please
His Favour's Monster, who devours his Fame.

79.

May you soon fee! (though secret in your love,
As if your love were Sin) the publick scorn!
May *Gondibert*, who is your glory, move
Your pittie, when none else but you shall mourn!

80.

To the dark Inne (where weary Valor, free
From thankless dangers rests) brave *Oswald's* gone!
But *Hubert* may, though vanquish'd, live to see
Your Victor with his Victory undone!

81.

This said, she mounts (with a tempestuous Brow)
The Charriot her *Calabrian* Courfers drew;
Lifted by Slaves, (who still about her bow)
As if with wings of swift revenge she flew.

82.

To *Brescia's* Camp her course she had design'd;
And bids her Char'ioteer drive swiftly on,
As if his steeds were dieted with winde!
Slow seems their speed whose thoughts before them run.

83.

The pav'd Streets kindle with her Chariot wheels!
The Omen of war's fire, the City spies,
Which with those sparks struck by her courfers heels,
Shine not so much as rage does in her Eies.

84.

Those that observ'd her anger, grief, and haste,
VVith a dejected melancholy mourn;
She seem'd their Cities Genius as she pass'd,
Who by their Sins expell'd, would ne'r return.

85.

The gentle Ladies, she has left in tears,
 Who no example need nor cause to melt;
 For soon even grief's Alarms, our foremost fears;
 Kill those whose pain by Love's quick fence is felt.

86.

And *Rhodolind* her fatal love does blame,
 Because she finds it now by *Gartha* spy'd;
 And does lament Love's fire, which bathful shame
 Cannot reveal, nor her discretion hide.

87.

She would not have it waft, nor publick grow;
 But last conceal'd like that in *Tullia's* Urne;
 Or that which prosp'rous *Chymists* nicely show;
 Which as it thrives, must more in private burn.

88.

Yet strait (grown valiant with her Victors fate)
 She would have *Hymen* hold his Torches high;
 And Love's fire pris'd, as Vestals theirs did rate;
 Which none durst quench, though free to ev'ry Eie.

89.

Resolves her love whilst this new valor lasts,
 Shall undisguis'd her Father's fight endure;
 And *Orna* now to her dear Lover hastes;
 Whose outward wounds stay for her inward cure.

90.

But here a wonder may arrest our thought,
 Why *Tybalt* (of his usual pitty void)
 To such sought Eares these direful sorrows brought,
 Since to the King he onely was imploy'd?

91.

But these are Riddles of misterious Love!
Tybalt in private long for *Laura* pin'd;
 And try'd how *Arnold* would her passion move
 In death, who living ever fill'd her minde?

92.

And by this trial how she *Arnold* us'd,
 He wisely ment to urge or stay his heart;
 But much by Love the Cautious are abus'd,
 Who his wilde Riddles would reduce to Art.

Canto the Third.

The ARGUMENT.

*Dead Oswald to his Camp by Hubert brought ;
The Camp from pity, are to fury wrought ;
Yet finde, when Gartha's looks does them surprize,
Their forward Hands diverted by their Eyes :
Till with her voice new urg'd, they deeds persue
Which even Revenge would, had it Eyes, eschew.*

1.

When from the fatal Forrest Hubert rod
To *Brescia* he and *Borgio* bent their way ;
That their though dead, yet much important Load,
They might with horror to the Camp convey.

2.

Revenge, impatient *Hubert* proudly sought !
Revenge, which even when just the wise deride ;
For on past wrongs we spend our time and thought,
Which scarce against the future can provide.

3.

But Fame before him came where those are bred
Who to her dismal Tales, faint credit give ;
Who could not think their mighty *Oswald* dead,
Whilst they unconquer'd, and unwounded live.

4.

Nor could Fame hope to make this Camp her Seate ;
Her Tales, the talking, idle, fearful, heare ;
But these are silent as in stolne retreat,
Busie as life, and like the Dead past feare.

5.

Neer *Mela's* flowry Banke this Army lay ;
Which *Oswald's* Syre, and *Oswald* oft had led
Against the *Vandales* King ; and twice the day
They gain'd, whilst he from them and Empire fled.

6.

From Youth expos'd, like Cattle in the Field ;
And not taught warmth, as City Infants are ;
But colds and fasts, to kill or to be kill'd ;
Like th' Elements their birth began with Warre.

7.

So Rev'rend now, and strong in age appeare,
As if maintain'd by more then humane breath ;
So grave, as if the Councillors they were,
Not Executioners of Tyrant Death.

N

With

8.

With silence (order's help, and marke of care)
 They chide that noise which heedless youth affect;
 Still course for use, for health they cleanly weare,
 And save in well fix'd Armes, all niceness chek'd.

9.

They thought, those that unarm'd expos'd fraile life,
 But naked Nature valiantly betrai'd;
 Who was though naked, safe, till pride made strife;
 But made defence must use, now danger's made.

10.

And those who toyle of Armor cannot byde,
 Lose Natur's force, which these in custom finde;
 And make (since strength's but Nature hourly try'd)
 The Body weak by softness of the Minde.

11.

They seem'd so calme, and with their age so grave,
 So just and civil in their killing trade,
 As if all life were crime but what they save;
 Or Murder were by method lawful made.

12.

Yet now that Manhood which those Victors makes
 (So weak is Man, where most he may be proud)
 Pity, the tender'st of affections, shakes,
 And they become from order, loose, and lowd.

13.

For when they saw the Brother of their Chief
 Led to their Camp by a defeated Trainee,
 They soon to late scorn'd Rumor gave belief,
 And then by Hubert's wounds thought *Oswald* flaine:

14.

But when disguis'd in death they *Oswald* saw,
 In a slow Charriot brought, with fun'ral pace;
 Themselves in an united Croud they draw;
 And give to grief one universal Face.

15.

Wonder (which growes unactive by excessse)
 A while did their unruly passion stay;
 The object lasting, made their wonder lesse,
 Which fled to give their grief and anger way.

16.

Yet first their grief (which Manhood should restraine)
 They vent in womens sighs, with teares allay'd;
 As if those women taught them to complaine
 Who by their Swords are weeping Widows made:

17.

As Icy Rockes which frost together binde,
 Stand silent, till as silently they melt,
 But when they meet in Currents unconfin'd,
 Swell, and grow loud, as if they freedom felt;

18.

So these, unmov'd before, melt quietly
 In their first grief, till grief (when tears meet tears,
 And sighs meet sighs from ev'ry Breast and Eie)
 Unruly grows, and danger's visage bears.

When

19.

When hastily they heard by whose dire hand
 Their Gen'ral fell, they think it cold to pause
 Till anger may be guided by command;
 And vain to ask of cureless Death the cause.

20.

Somewould to *Bergamo* their Ensignes bear,
 Against those Youth which *Gondibert* had led;
 Whom they in sacrifice would offer there,
 T' appease the living, and revenge the dead.

21.

And some (to shew their rage more eminent)
 Would to *Verona* march, and there do deeds
 Should make the shining Court in blacks lament,
 And weep whilst the Victorious Faction bleeds.

22.

Hubert (who saw Revenge advance so faste,
 Whilst Prudence, slower pac'd, was left behinde)
 Would keep their anger bent, yet slack their haste;
 Because the rash fall oftner then the blinde.

23.

He first their melting pitty kindly prais'd,
 Which water'd Anger's forge, and urg'd their fire;
 That like to Meteors lasts by being rais'd,
 But when it first does sink, does strait expire.

24.

Commends their anger, yet that flame he prays
 May keep the temperate Chymicks equal heat;
 That they in fury might not need allays,
 Nor charge so rashly as to want retreat.

25.

Begs they this dismal night would there remain,
 And make the hopeful Morn their Guide; whilst Grief
 (Which high Revenge, as tameness should disdain)
 Sleep shall conceal, and give his wounds relief.

26.

He *Vasco*, *Paradine* and *Dargonet*,
 With *Oswald*, to the red *Pavilion* sent;
 (Death's equal Pris'ners now for Nature's debt)
 And then retires with *Borgio* to his Tent.

27.

This is the night the *Brescians* so bemoan'd;
 Who left their beds, and on their walls appear'd;
 As if th' oppressed World in Earthquakes groan'd,
 Or that some ruin'd Nation's sighs they heard;

28.

Admir'd what in that Camp such griefs could raise,
 Where serious Death so oft had been abus'd,
 When ev'n their sportive Fencers Monthly Plays
 Profan'd that shape, which States for terror us'd.

29.

Yet this lowd mourning will no wonder breed,
 When we with life lay *Oswald's* errors by,
 And use him as the Living use the Dead;
 Who first allow men vertue when they dy.

30.

Still lib'ral of his life, of wealth as free ;
 By which he chief in fighting Crowds became ;
 Who must their Leaders Valors often see ;
 And follow them for bounty more then fame.

31.

This gen'ral mourning was to lowdnefs rais'd,
 By shewing Gifts he gave, and wounds he took ;
 They chid at last his life which they had prais'd,
 Because such vertue it so soon forlook.

32.

Now Night, by Grief neglected, hastes away !
 And they the Morne's officious Usher spy,
 The close Attendant on the Lord of Day ;
 Who shewsthe warmer of the World is nigh.

33.

And now the Drums, the Camps low Thunder, make
 War's thick united noise from ev'ry Guard ;
 Though they *Reveillees* scorn, whom grief does wake,
 Who think, sleep Nature's curse, not toyls reward.

34.

All night proud *Borgio* (chief in *Hubert's* trust)
 With haughty hopes, the Camp does waking keep :
 Ambition is more vigilant then Lust,
 And in hope's feaver is too hot to sleep.

35.

Now Day, and *Hubert* haste to publick view ;
 His wounds (unlucky more then dangerous)
 Are so refresh'd, that he the Army drew
 To a wide Grosse, and urg'd their Anger thus.

36.

Friends to my Father ! in whose wounds I see
 The envy'd Merit whence his triumphs came ;
 And Fathers to my Brother, and to me ;
 For onely you adopted us to Fame !

37.

Forgive me that I there have feebly fought,
 Where *Oswald* in your cause did nobly strive ;
 Whence of his blood these veines so much have brought,
 As makes me blush that I am still alive !

38.

Your valiant Youth is gone, whom you have bred
 From milkie Childhood to the years of blood !
 By whom you joy'd so often to be led,
 Where firme as now your Trophys, then you stood !

39.

Gon is he now, who still with low regard
 Bow'd to your age, your wounds as beauty kist ;
 Knew Age was of your temp'rance the reward ;
 And Courts in beauty by your skarrs subsist.

40.

Yet was he not for mean pretensions slaine,
 Who for your inter'it not his own has fought ;
 Vex'd that the Empire which your wounds did gaine,
 Was by a young unwounded Army fought !

41.

For *Gondibert* (to whom the Court must bow,
Now War is with your Fav'rite overthrowne)
Will by his Camp of Boys at *Bergamo*,
VVed her, who to your Valor owes the Crowne.

42.

Blame not your Chief for his ambitious fire;
VVho was but temp'rate, when he understood
He might the Empire in your right require;
A scant reward for your exhausted blood.

43.

Thus *Hubert* spake; but now so fierce they grow,
That *Borgio* strove to quench whom *Hubert* warm'd;
To *Bergamo*, they cry'd, to *Bergamo*!
And as they soon were vex'd, as soon are arm'd.

44.

For to distinct and spacious Tents they hie,
VVhere quick as Vests of *Persia* shifted are,
Their Arms (which there in cleanly order lie)
They take from moving VVardrobes of the warre.

45.

Arm'd soon as *Porquepines*! as if like those,
Their very rage them with defence supplies;
As borne with it, and must have winged Foes
That stoop from Heav'n to harme them by surprise.

46.

VVith Ensignes now display'd, their Force they draw
To hasty order, and begin to move;
But are amus'd by something that they saw,
VVhich look'd like all that ere they heard of love.

47.

Unusual to their Camp such objects were,
Yet this no ill effect from wonder wrought;
For it appeas'd them by approaching neer,
And satisf'd their Eies in all they fought.

48.

And this was *Gartha* in her Chariot drawn;
Who through the swarthy Region of the Night
Drove from the Court; and as a second dawn
Breaks on them, like the Mornes Reserve of Light.

49.

Through all the Camp she moves with Fun'ral pace,
And still bowes meekly down to all she saw;
Her grief gave speaking beauty to her Face;
Which lowly look'd, that it might pitty draw.

50.

VVhen by her Slaves, her name they understood,
Her Lines of feature heedfully they view;
In her complexion track their Gen'ral's blood,
And find her more, then what by fame they knew.

51.

They humbly her to that Pavilion guide,
VVhere *Hubert* his bold Chiefs with fury fir'd;
But his ambition, when he *Gartha* spy'd
(To give his sorrow place) a while retir'd.

VVith

52.

With his respectful help she does descend ;
 Where they , with dear imbraces mingle Tears,
 But now her Male Revenge would grief suspend ;
 Revenge , through Grief, too feminine appears.

53.

But when her dear Allies, dead *Paradine* ,
 And *Dargonet* she saw ; that Manlineffe
 Which her weak Sex assum'd, she does decline ;
 As bred too soft , to mannage griefs excesse.

54.

Then soon return'd, as loath to shew her Eies
 No more of *Oswald* then she must forsake ;
 But sorrow's moisture, heat of anger dries ;
 And mounted in her Chariot, thus she spake :

55.

If you are those of whom I oft have heard
 My Father boast, and that have *Oswald* bred ;
 Ah, where is now that rage our Tyrant fear'd ;
 Whose Darling is alive, though yours be dead ?

56.

The Court shines out at *Rhodolind*'s commands,
 To me (your drooping Flowre) no beam can spare ;
 Where *Oswald*'s name, new planted by your hands,
 Withers, as if it lost the Planters care.

57.

From *Rhodolind* I thus disorder'd flie ;
 Least she should say, thy Fate unpity'd comes !
 Goe sing, where now thy Fathers Fighters lie,
 Thy Brothers requiem, to their conqu'ring Drums !

58.

The happy Fields by those brave Warriors fought,
 (Which from the Dictates of thy aged Syre,
Oswald in high Victorious Numbers wrot)
 Thou shalt no more sign to thy silenc'd Lyre !

59.

Such scorns, pow'r on unlucky vertue throws,
 When Courts with prosp'rous vices wanton are ;
 Who your Authentick age despise for those,
 VVho are to you but Infants of the warre.

60.

Thus though she spake, her looks did more perswade ;
 Like vertuous anger did her colour rise,
 As if th' injurious world it would invade,
 VVhilst tears of rage not pitty drown her Eies.

61.

The Sun did thus to threatned Nature show
 His anger red, whilst guilt look'd pale in all ;
 VVhen Clouds of Floods did hang about his Brow,
 And then shrunk back to let that anger fall.

62.

And so she turn'd her Face, not as to grieve
 At ruine, but to lifence what she rais'd ;
 VVhilst they (like common Throngs) all Tongues believe
 VVhen Courts are tax'd, but none when they are prais'd.

63.

Like Commets, Courts afflict the vulgar Eie ;
And when they largest in their glory blaze ,
People through ignorance think plagues are nie,
And till they waste with mourning wonder gaze.

64.

These scorn the Courts dissertion of their age ;
The active, ease impos'd, like pain endure ;
For though calm rest does Age's pains assuage,
Yet few the sickness own to get the cure.

65.

To Heav'n they lift their looks! whose Sun ne'r saw
Rage so agreed, as now he does behold ;
Their shining swords all at an instant draw ,
And bad him judge next day if they were old !

66.

And of *Verona* wish'd him take his leave ;
Which ere his third return they will destroy,
Till none shall guess by ruines where to grieve,
No more then *Phrygians* where to weep for *Troy*.

67.

Thus *Bergamo* is soon forgot, whilst all
Alowd, *Verona* cry ! *Verona* must
(That reach'd the Clouds) low as her Quarries fall !
The Court they'll bury in the Cities dust.

CANTO

Canto the Fourth.

The ARGUMENT.

*At Oswald's Camp arrives wife Hermegild ;
Whose presence does a new diversion yield ;
In Council he reveals his secret Breast ;
Would mingle Love with Empires interest :
From rash revenge, to peace the Camp invites,
Who Oswald's Fun'ral grace with Roman Rites.*

1.

IN this distemper whilst the humors strive
T' assemble, they again diverted are ;
For tow'rd's their Trenches Twenty Chariots drive,
Swiftly as *Syrians* when they charge in warre.

2.

They *Hermegild* with Court attendants spy'd ;
Whose haste to *Hubert* does advice intend ;
To warn him that just Fate can ne'r provide
For rash beginnings a succesful end.

3.

But fate for *Hermegild* provided well ;
This Story else (which him the wife does call)
Would here his private ruine sadly tell,
I hastning to prevent the publick Fall.

4.

His noble blood obscurely had been shed,
His undistinguish'd Limbs scatter'd unknown,
As is the dust of Victors long since dead,
Which here and there, by every wind is blown.

5.

Such was their rage when on *Verona's* way
(With his rich Trayn) they saw from Court he came ;
Till some did their impetuous fury stay ;
And gave his life protection for his fame,

6.

Told them his valor had been long allow'd ;
That much the *Lombard's* to his conduct ow ;
And this preserv'd him, for the very Crowd
Felt honor here, and did to va'lor bow,

7.

Vain Wrath ! Deform'd, unquiet Child of Pride !
Which in a few the People madness call ;
But when by number they grew dignify'd,
What's rage in some is liberty in all.

Through

8.

Through dangers of this lawless liberty,
He like Authentick pow'r does boldly pass;
And with a quiet and experienc'd eye,
Through Death's foul Vizard, does despise his face.

9.

At *Hubert's* Tent he lights, where *Hubert* now
With *Gartha* of this Torrent does advise;
Which he believes does at the highest flow,
And must like Tides, sink when it cannot rise.

10.

When *Hermegild* he saw, he did disperse
Those cares assembled in his looks, and strove
(Though to his Master, and the Court perverse)
To shew him all the civil signes of Love.

11.

For him in stormy war he glorious knew;
Nor in calm Councils was he less renown'd;
And held him now to *Oswald's* Faction true,
As by his love, the world's first Tenure, bound.

12.

For he (thou wasted in the ebb of blood,
When Man's Meridian tow'rs his Evening turns)
Makes against Nature's Law, Love's Charter good,
And as in raging Youth for *Gartha* burnes.

13.

Who did his fate not only disapprove,
Because the summer of his life was past;
And the fresh blown; but that even highest love
Grows tasteless to Ambition's higher taste,

14.

Yet now in such a great and single cause,
With nice Ambition, nicer Love complies;
And she (since to revenge he usefull was)
Perswades his hope with Rhet'rique of her Eyes.

15.

A close division of the Tent they strait
By outward Guards secure from all resort;
Then *Hermegild* does thus the cause relate,
Which to the Camp dispatch'd him from the Court.

16.

Important Prince! who justly dost succeed
To *Oswald's* hopes, and all my loyal aide;
Vertue as much in all thy wounds does bleed,
As love in me, since wounded by that Maide.

17.

Long have I say'd through Times vexatious sea;
And first set out with all that Youth is worth;
The *Tropicks* pass'd of bloods hot bravery,
With all the Sailes, gay Flags, and Streamers forth!

18.

But as in hotter voyages, Ships most
Weare out their trim, yet then they chiefly gain
By inward stowage, what is outward lost;
So men, decays of youth, repaire in brain.

19.

If I experience boast when youth decays,
Such vanity may *Gartha's* pity move,
Since so I seek your service by self praise,
Rather then seem unusefull where I love.

20.

And never will I (though by Time supply'd
With such discretion as does Man improve)
To shew discretion, wiser Nature hide,
By seeming now asham'd to say I Love.

21.

For love his pow'r has in gray Senates shown,
Where he, as to green Courts, does freely come;
And though loud youth, his visits makes more known,
With graver Age he's privately at home.

22.

Scarce *Greece*, or greater *Rome* a Victor shoves,
Whom more Victorious Love did not subdue;
Then blame not me who am so weak to those;
Whil'st *Gartha* all exceeds, that ere they knew.

23.

Hope (Love's first food) I ne'r till now did know;
Which Love, as yet but temperately devours;
And claimes not love for love, since *Gartha* so
For *Autumn* Leaves, should barter Summer Flowers.

24.

I dare not vainly wish her to be kinde,
Till for her love, my Arts and Pow'r bestow
The Crown on thee, adorn'd with *Rhodolind*;
Which yet for *Gartha* is a price too low.

25.

This said, he paws'd; and now the hec'tick heate
Of *Oswald's* blood, doubled their Pulses pace;
Which high, as if they would be heard, did beate,
And hot Ambition shin'd in eithers face.

26.

For *Hermegild* they knew could much outdoe
His words, and did possess great *Aribert*,
Not in the Courts cheap Glasse of outward shewe,
But by a study'd Tenure of the heart.

27.

Whil'st this try'd truth does make their wishes sure,
Hubert on *Gartha* looks, with suing Eyes
For *Hermegild*; whose love she will endure,
And made Ambition yield what Youth denies.

28.

Yet in this bargain of her self, she knows
Not how to treat; but all her chief desires,
Bids *Hubert*, as the Twins of his, dispose
To glory and revenge; and then retires.

29.

But with such blushes *Hermegild* she leaves,
As the unclouded Evening's Face adorn;
Nor much he for her parting glory grieves,
Since such an Evening bodes a happy Morn

30.

Now *Hermegild* by vows does *Hubert* binde,
(Vows by their fate in *Lombard* Story known)
He *Gariba* makes the price of *Rhodolind*,
And *Aribert* his Tenant to the Crown.

31.

He bids him now the Armies rage allay;
By rage (said he) only they Masters are
Of those they chuse, when temp'rate, to obey:
Against themselves th' impatient chiefly warre.

32.

We are the Peoples Pilots, they our winds;
To change by Nature prone; but Art Laveers,
And rules them till they rise with Stormy Mindes;
Then Art with danger against Nature Steers.

33.

Where calms have first amus'd, Storms most prevail;
Close first with Calms the Courts suspicious Eyes;
That whilst with all their trim, they sleeping sail,
A sudden Gust may wrack them by surprize.

34.

Your Army will (though high in all esteem
That ever rev'renc'd Age to Action gave)
But a small Party to *Verona* seem;
Which yearly to such Numbers yields a Grave.

35.

Nor is our vaste Metropolis, like those
Tame Towns, which peace has soft'ned into fears;
But Death deform'd in all his Dangers knows;
Dangers, which he like frightful Vizards wears.

36.

From many Camps, who forraign winters felt,
Verona has her conqu'ring Dwellers ta'ne;
In War's great Trade, with richest Nations delt;
And did their Gold and Fame with Iron gain.

37.

Yet to the mighty *Aribert* it bowes;
A King out-doing all the *Lombard* Line!
Whose Court (in Iron clad) by courtness showes
A growing pow'r, which fades when Courts grow fine.

38.

Scorn not the Youthful Camp at *Bergamo*;
For they are Victors, though in years but young;
The War does them, they it by action know,
And have obedient Minds, in Bodies strong.

39.

Be slow, and stay for aides, which haste forsakes!
For though Occasion still does Sloth out-goe,
The rash, who run from help, she ne'r o'er-rakes,
Whose haste thinks Time, the Post of Nature, slow.

40.

This is a cause which our Ambition fills;
A cause, in which our strength we should not waste,
In vain like Giants, who did heave at Hills;
'Tis too unwildly for the force of haste.

41.

A cause for graver Minds that learned are
 In mistick Man; a cause which we must gain
 By surer methods then depend on Warre;
 And respite valor, to imploy the Brain.

42.

In the King's Scale your merits are too light;
 Who with the Duke, weighs his own partial heart;
 Make then the gift of Empire publick right,
 And get in *Rhodolind* the Peoples part.

43.

But this rough Tide, the meeting Multitude,
 If we oppose, we make our voyage long;
 Yet when we with it row, it is subdu'd;
 And we are wise, when Men in vain are strong.

44.

Then to the People sue, but hide your force;
 For they believe the strong are still unjust;
 Never to armed Sutors yield remorse;
 And where they see the pow'r, the right distrust.

45.

Affault their pity as their weakest part;
 Which the first Plaintiff never failes to move;
 They search but in the face to finde the heart;
 And grief in Princes, more then triumph love.

46.

And to prepare their pity, *Gartha* now
 Should in her sorrows height with me return;
 For since their Eyes at all distresses flow,
 How will they at afflicted beauty mourn?

47.

Much such a pledge of Peace will with the King
 (Urg'd by my int'rest here) my pow'r improves;
 And much my power will to your int'rest bring,
 If from the watchful Court you hide my Love.

48.

If *Gartha* deignes to love, our love must grow
 Unseen, like *Mandrakes* wedded under ground;
 That I (still seeming unconcern'd) may know
 The King's new depths, which length of trust may sound!

49.

Thus *Hermegild* his study'd thoughts declar'd;
 Whilst *Hubert* (who believ'd, discover'd love
 A solid Pledge for hidden faith) prepar'd
 To stay the Camp, so furious to remove.

50.

And now their rage (by correspondence spread)
Borgio allays, that else like sparks of fire
 (Which drops at first might drowne) by matter fed,
 At last to quench the flame may seas require.

51.

As with the Sun they rose in wrath, their wrath
 So with his heat increas'd; but now he hastes
 Down Heav'ns steep Hill, to his *Atlantick* Bath;
 Where he refreshes till his Feaver wastes.

52.

With his (by *Borgio's* help) their heat declin'd;
So soon lov'd Eloquence does Throngs subdue;
The common Mistress to each private Minde;
Painted and drefs'd to all, to no Man true.

53.

To Court his *Gartha*, *Hermegild* attends;
And with old Lovers vaine poetick Eyes,
Markes how her beauty, when the Sun descends,
His pitt'y'd Evening poverty supplies.

54.

The Army now to Neighb'ring *Brescia* bear,
With dismal pomp, the slain: In hallow'd ground
They *Paradine*, and *Dargonet* interr;
And *Vasco* much in painful war renoun'd.

55.

To *Oswald* (whose illustrious *Roman* minde
Shin'd out in life, though now in dying hid)
Hubert these *Roman* fun'ral rites assign'd;
Which yet the World's last law had not forbid.

56.

Thrice is his Body clean by bathing made;
And when with Victor's Oyle anointed o're,
'Tis in the Pallace Gate devoutly layd'e,
Clad in that Vest which he in Battel wore.

57.

Whilst seven succeeding Suns pass sadly by,
The Palace seems all hid in Cypress Boughs;
From ancient Lore, of Man's mortality
The Type, for where 'tis lopp'd it never grows.

58.

The publick fun'ral voice, till these expire,
Cries out; here Greatness, tir'd with honor, rests!
Come see what Bodies are, when Souls retire;
And visit death, ere you become his Guests!

59.

Now on a Purple Bed the Corps they raise;
Whilst Trumpets summon all the common Quire
In tune to mourn him, and disperse his praise;
And then move slowly tow'rs the Fun'ral fire!

60.

They beare before him Spoiles they gain'd in warre;
And his great Ancestors in Sculpture wrought;
And now arrive, where *Hubert* does declare
How oft and well, he for the *Lombards* fought.

61.

Here, in an Altar's form, a Pile is made
Of Unctious Firr, and Sleepers fatal Ewe;
On which the Body is by Mourners laid,
Who their sweet Gummies (their last kind Tribute threw.)

62.

Hubert his Arme, westward, averfly stretch'd;
Whilst to the hopefull East his Eyes were turn'd;
And with a hallow'd Torch the Pyle he reach'd;
Which seen, they all with utmost clamor mourn'd.

Whilst

63.

Whilſt the full Flame aſpires, *oſwald* (they cry)
Farewell ! we follow ſwiftly as the Houres !
For with Time's wings, tow'rds Death, even Cripples flie !
This ſaid, the hungry Flame its food devoures.

64.

Now Priſts with Wine the Aſhes quench, and hide
The Rev'renc'd Reliques in a Marble Urne.
The old diſmiſſive *Illicet* is cry'd
By the Town voice, and all to Feaſts returne.

65.

Thus Urnes may Bodies ſhew; but the fled Minde
The Learn'd ſeek vainly; for whoſe queſt we pay,
With ſuch ſucceſs as couſen'd Shepheards finde,
Who ſeek to Wizards when their Cattel ſtray.

CANTO

Canto the Fifth.

The ARGUMENT.

*The House of Astragon; where in distress
Of Nature, Gondibert for Art's redress
Was by old Ulfen brought: where Art's hard strife,
In studying Nature for the aid of Life,
Is by full wealth and conduct easie made;
And Truth much visited, though in her shade.*

1.

From *Brescia* swiftly o're the bord'ring Plain,
Return we to the House of *Astragon*;
Where *Gondibert*, and his successfull Train,
Kindly lament the Victory they won.

2.

But though I Fame's great Book shall open now,
Expect a while, till she that *Decad* reads,
Which does this Dukes eternal Story show,
And aged *Ulfen* cites for special deeds.

3.

Where Friendship is renown'd in *Ulfenore*;
Where th' ancient musick of delightful verse,
Does it no less in *Goltbo's* Breast adore,
And th'union of their equal hearts rehearse.

4.

These weary Victors the descending Sun
Led hither, where swift Night did them surprise;
And where, for valiant toiles, wise *Astragon*,
With sweet rewards of sleep, did fill their Eyes.

5.

When to the needy World Day did appear,
And freely op'd her Treasury of light,
His House (where Art and Nature Tennants were)
The pleasure grew, and bus'ness of their fight.

6.

Where *Ulfen* (who an old Domestick seems,
And rules as Master in the Owners Breast)
Leads *Goltbo* to admire what he esteems;
And thus, what he had long observ'd, exprest.

7.

Here Art by such a diligence is serv'd,
As does th' unwearied Planets imitate;
Whose motion (life of Nature) has preserv'd
The world, which God vouchsaf'd but to create,

Those

8.

Those heights, which else Dwarf Life could never reach,
 Here, by the wings of diligence they climb;
 Truth (skar'd with Terms from canting Schools) they teach;
 And buy it with their best sav'd Treasure, Time,

9.

Here all Men seem Recov'ers of time past;
 As busie as intentive *Emmets* are;
 As alarm'd Armies that intrench in haste,
 Or Cities, whom unlook'd-for sieges skare.

10.

Much it delights the wise Observers Eye,
 That all these toiles direct to severall skills;
 Some from the Mine to the hot Furnace hie,
 And some from flowry Fields to weeping Stills;

11.

The first to hopefull *Chymicks* matter bring,
 Where Med'cine they extract for instant cure;
 These bear the sweeter burthens of the Spring;
 Whose vertues (longer known) though slow, are sure.

12.

See there wet *Divers* from *Fossone* sent!
 Who of the Seas deep Dwellers knowledge give;
 Which (more unquiet then their Element)
 By hungry war, upon each other live.

13.

Pearl to their Lord, and Cordial Coral these
 Present; which must in sharpest liquids melt;
 He with *Nigella* cures that dull disease,
 They get, who long with stupid Fish have dwelt.

14.

Others through Quarries dig, deeply below
 Where Defart Rivers, cold, and private run;
 Where Bodies conservation best they know,
 And Mines long growth, and how their veines begun.

15.

He shewes them now Tow'rs of prodigious height,
 Where Natures Friends, Philosophers remain
 To censure Meteors in their cause and flight.
 And watch the Wind's authority on Rain.

16.

Others with Optick Tubes the Moons scant face
 (Vaste Tubes, which like long Cedars mounted lie)
 Attract through Glasses to so near a space,
 As if they came not to survey, but prie.

17.

Nine hasty Centuries are now fulfill'd,
 Since Opticks first were known to *Astragon*;
 By whom the Moderns are become so skill'd,
 They dream of seeing to the Maker's Throne.

18.

And wisely *Astragon*, thus busie grew,
 To seek the Stars remote societies;
 And judge the walks of th' old, by finding new;
 For Nature's law, in correspondence lies.

19.

Man's pride (grown to Religion) he abates,
By moving our lov'd Earth; which we think fix'd;
Think all to it, and it to none relates;
With others motion scorn to have it mix'd;

20.

As if 'twere great and stately to stand still
Whilst other Orbes dance on; or else think all
Those vaste bright Globes (to shew God's needles skill)
Were made but to attend our little Ball.

21.

Now near a sever'd Building they discern'd
(Which seem'd, as in a pleasant shade, retir'd)
A Throng, by whose glad diligence they learn'd,
They came from Toyles which their own choice desir'd

22.

This they approach, and as they enter it
Their Eyes were stay'd, by reading o'er the Gate,
Great Nature's Office, in large letters writ;
And next, they mark'd who there in office sate.

23.

Old busie Men, yet much for wisdom fam'd;
Hasty to know, though not by haste beguil'd;
These fitly, Nature's Registers were nam'd;
The Throng were their Intelligencers stil'd:

24.

Who stop by snares, and by their chace o'rtake
All hidden Beasts the closer Forrest yields;
All that by secret sence their rescue make,
Or trust their force, or swiftness in the Fields.

25.

And of this Throng, some their employment have
In fleeting Rivers, some fix'd Lakes beset;
Where Nature's self, by shifts, can nothing save
From trifling Angles, or the swal'wing Net.

26.

Some, in the spacious Ayre, their Prey o'rtake,
Cous'ning, with hunger, Falcons of their wings;
Whilst all their patient observations make,
Which each to Nature's Office duely brings.

27.

And there of ev'ry Fish, and Foule, and Beast,
The wiles these learned Registers record,
Courage, and feares, their motion and their rest;
Which they prepare for their more learned Lord.

28.

From hence to Nature's Nursery they goe;
Where seems to grow all that in Eden grew;
And more (if Art her mingled species show)
Then th' Hebrew King, Nature's Historian, knew.

29.

Impatient Simplers climbe for Blossomes here;
When Dewes (Heav'n's secret milk) in unseen show'rs
First feed the early Childhood of the year;
And in ripe Summer, stoop for Hearbs and Flow'rs.

30.

In Autumn, Seeds and Berries they provide;
Where Nature a remaining force preserves;
In Winter digg for Roots, where she does hide
That stock, which if consum'd, the next Spring sterves.

31.

From hence (fresh Nature's flourishing Estate!)
They to her wither'd Receptacle come;
Where she appears the loathsome Slave of Fate;
For here her various Dead possess the Room.

32.

This dismall Gall'ry, lofty, long, and wide;
Was hung with *skeletons* of ev'ry kinde;
Humane, and all that learned humane pride
Thinks made t' obey Man's high immortal Minde.

33.

Yet on that Wall hangs he too, who so thought;
And she dry'd by him, whom that He obey'd;
By her an *El'phant* that with Heards had fought,
Of which the smallest Beast made her afraid.

34.

Next it, a Whale is high in Cables ty'd,
Whose strength might Herds of Elephants controul;
Then all, (in payres of ev'ry kinde) they spy'd
Which Death's wrack leaves, of Fishes, Beasts, and Fowl.

35.

These *Astragon* (to watch with curious Eye
The diffrent Tenements of living breath)
Collects, with what far Travailers supply;
And this was call'd, *The Cabinet of Death*.

36.

Which some the *Monument of Bodies*, name;
The Arke, which saves from Graves all dying kindes;
This to a structure led, long known to Fame,
And call'd, *The Monument of banish'd Bindees*.

37.

Where, when they thought they saw in well fought Books,
Th' assembled soules of all that Men held wise,
It bred such awfull rev'rence in their looks,
As if they saw the bury'd writers rise.

38.

Such heaps of written thoughts (Gold of the Dead,
Which Time does still disperse, but not devour)
Made them presume all was from Deluge free'd,
Which long-liv'd-Authors writ ere *Noah's* Show'r.

39.

They saw *Egyptian* Roles, which vastly great,
Did like faln Pillars lie, and did display
The tale of Natures life, from her first heat,
Till by the Flood o'er-cool'd, she felt decay.

40.

And large as these (for Pens were Pencils then)
Others that *Egypt's* chiefest Science show'd;
Whose River forc'd Geometry on Men,
Which did distinguish what the *Nyle* o're-flow'd.

41.

Near them, in Piles, *Chaldean* Cous'ners lie;
Who the hid bus'ness of the Stars relate;
Who make a Trade of worship'd Propheſie;
And ſeem to pick the Cabinet of Fate.

42.

There *Perſian Magi* ſtand, for wiſdom praiſ'd;
Long ſince wiſe Stateſmen, now *Magicians* thought;
Altars and Arts are ſoon to fiction rais'd,
And both would have, that miracles are wrought.

43.

In a dark Text, theſe States-men left their Mindes;
For well they knew, that Monarch's Miſtery
(Like that of Priests) but little reverence findes,
VVhen they the Curtain ope to ev'ry Eye.

44.

Behinde this Throng, the talking *Greeks* had place;
VVho Nature turn to Art, and Truth diſguiſe,
As ſkill does native beauty oft deface;
With *Termes* they charm the weak, and poſe the wiſe.

45.

Now they the *Hebrew, Greek, and Roman* ſpie;
Who for the Peoples eaſe, yoak'd them with Law;
Whom elſe, ungovern'd luſts would drive awry;
And each his own way frowardly would draw.

46.

In little Tomes theſe grave fiſt Lawyers lie,
In Volumes their Interpreters below;
Who fiſt made Law an Art, then Miſterie;
So cleereſt ſprings, when troubled, cloudy grow.

47.

But here, the Souls chief Book did all precede;
Our Map tow'rds Heav'n; to common Crowds deny'd;
Who proudly aim to teach, ere they can read;
And all muſt ſtray, where each will be a Guide.

48.

About this ſacred little Book did ſtand
Unweildly Volumes, and in number great;
And long it was ſince any Readers hand
Had reach'd them from their unfrequented Seat.

49.

For a deep Duſt (which Time does ſoftly ſhed,
Where only Time does come) their Covers beare;
On which, grave Spyders, ſtreets of Webbs had ſpread;
Subtle, and flight, as the grave Writers were.

50.

In theſe, Heav'n's holy Fire does vainly burn;
Nor warms, nor lights, but is in Sparkles ſpent;
VVhere froward Authors, with diſputes, have torn
The Garment ſeamleſs as the Firmament.

51.

Theſe are the old *Polemicks*, long ſince read,
And ſhut by *Aſtragon*; who thought it juſt,
They, like the Authors (Truth's Tormentors) dead,
Should lie unviſited, and loſt in duſt.

52.

Here the *Arabian's* Gospel open lay,
 (Men injure Truth, who Fiction nicely hide)
 Where they the *Monk's* audacious stealths survey,
 From the World's first, and greater second Guide.

53.

The Curious much perus'd this, then, new Book;
 As if some secret wayes to Heav'n it taught;
 For straying from the old, men newer look,
 And prise the found, not finding those they sought.

54.

We, in Tradition (Heav'n's dark Mapp) descrie
 Heav'n worse, then ancient Mapps farr *India* show;
 Therefore in new, we search where Heav'n does lie;
 The Mind's sought Ophir, which we long to know.

55.

Or as a Planter, though good Land he spies,
 Seeks new, and when no more so good he findes,
 Doubly esteems the first; so Truth men prise;
 Truth, the discov'ry made by trav'ling Mindes.

56.

And this false Book, till truly understood
 By *Astragon*, was openly display'd;
 As counterfeit; false Princes, rather shou'd
 Be shewn abroad, then in close Prison lay'd.

57.

Now to the old *Philosophers* they come;
 Who follow'd Nature with such just despaire,
 As some do Kings farr off; and when at home,
 Like Courtiers, boast, that they deep secrets share.

58.

Near them are grave dull *Moralists*, who give
 Counsell to such, as still in publick dwell;
 At sea, in Courts, in Camps, and Citties live;
 And scorn experience from th' unpractis'd Cell.

59.

Esoy with these stands high, and they below;
 His pleasant wisdome mocks their gravity;
 Who Vertue like a tedious Matron show,
 He dresses Nature to invite the Eye.

60.

High skill their *Ethicks* seemes, whilst he stoops down
 To make the People wise; their learned pride
 Makes all obscure, that Men may prise the Gown;
 With ease he teaches, what with pain they hide.

61.

And next (as if their bus'ness rul'd Mankinde)
Historians stand, bigg as their living looks;
 Who thought, swift Time they could in fetters binde;
 Till his Confessions they had ta'ne in Books:

62.

But Time oft scap'd them in the shades of Night;
 And was in Princes Closets oft conceal'd,
 And hid in Battels smoke; so what they Write
 Of Courts and Camps, is oft by gueses reveal'd,

63.

Near these, *Physitians* stood ; who but reprove
Like life a Judge, whom greater pow'r does awe ;
And cannot an Almighty pardon give ;
So much yields Subject Art to Nature's Law.

64.

And not weak Art, but Nature we upbraid,
When our frail essence proudly we take ill ;
Think we are robb'd, when first we are decay'd,
And those were murder'd whom her law did kill.

65.

Now they refresh, after this long survey,
With pleasant *Poets*, who the Soul sublime ;
Fame's *Heraulds*, in whose Triumphs they make way ;
And place all those whom Honor helps to climb.

66.

And he who seem'd to lead this ravish'd Race,
Was Heav'n's lov'd *Laureat*, that in *Jewry* writ ;
Whose Harp approach'd Gods Ear, though none his Face
Durst see, and first made inspiration, wit.

67.

And his Attendants, such blest *Poets* are,
As make unblemish'd Love, Courts best delight ;
And sing the prosperous Battels of just warre ;
By these the loving, Love, and valiant, fight.

68.

O hireless Science! and of all alone
The Liberal! Meanly the rest each State
In pension treats, but this depends on none ;
Whose worth they rev'rendly forbear to rate.

Canto the Sixth.

THE ARGUMENT.

*How Astragon to Heav'n his duty pays
In Pray'r, and Penitence, but most in Praise:
To these he sev'ral Temples dedicates;
And Ulfen their distinguish'd use relates.
Religion's Rites, seem here, in Reasons sway;
Though Reason must Religion's Laws obey.*

1.

THe noble Youths (reclaim'd by what they saw)
Would here unquiet war, as pride, forsake;
And study quiet Nature's pleasant Law;
Which Schools, through pride, by Art uneasy make

2.

But now a sudden Shout their thoughts diverts!
So cheerfull, general, and loud it was,
As pass'd through all their Ears, and fill'd their Hearts;
Which lik'd the joy, before they knew the cause.

3.

This *Ulfen*, by his long Domestick skill
Does thus explain. The Wife I here observe,
Are wife tow'rds God; in whose great service still,
More then in that of Kings, themselves they serve.

4.

He who this Building's Builder did create,
Has an Apartment here Triangular;
Where *Astragon*, Three Fanes did dedicate,
To dayes of *Praise*, of *Penitence*, and *Pray'r*.

5.

To these, from different motives, all proceed;
For when discov'ries they on Nature gain,
They praise high Heav'n which makes their work succeed,
But when it fails, in Penitence complain.

6.

If after *Praise*, new blessings are not giv'n,
Nor mourning *Penitence* can ills repair,
Like practis'd Beggars, they solicit Heav'n,
And will prevail by violence of *Pray'r*.

7.

The Temple built for *Pray'r*, can neither boast
The Builder's curious Art, nor does declare,
By choice Materials he intended cost;
To shew, that nought should need to tempt to *Pray'r*.

8.

No Bells are here ! Unhing'd are all the Gates !
 Since craving in distress is naturall,
 All lies so op'e that none for entrance waites ;
 And those whom Faith invites, can need no call.

9.

The Great have by distinction here no name ;
 For all so cover'd come, in grave disguise,
 (To shew none come for decency or fame)
 That all are strangers to each others Eyes.

10.

But *Penitence* appears unnaturall ;
 For we repent what Nature did perswade ;
 And we lamenting Man's continu'd fall,
 Accuse what Nature necessary made.

11.

Since the requir'd extream of *Penitence*
 Seems so severe, this Temple was design'd,
 Solemn and strange without, to catch the sense,
 And dismal shew'd within, to awe the mind.

12.

Of sad black Marble was the outward Frame,
 (A Mourning Monument to distant sight)
 But by the largeness when you near it came,
 It seem'd the Palace of Eternal Night.

13.

Black beauty (which black *Meroens* had prais'd
 Above their own) sadly adorn'd each part ;
 In Stone, from *Nyle's* hard Quarries, slowly rais'd,
 And slowly'er polish'd by *Numidian* Art.

14.

Hither a loud Bells tole, rather commands,
 Then seems t'invite the persecuted Eare ;
 A summons Nature hardly understands ;
 For few, and slow are those who enter here,

15.

Within, a dismall Majesty they find !
 All gloomy, great, all silent does appear !
 As *Chaos* was, ere th' Elements were design'd ;
 Man's evil fate seems hid and fashion'd here.

16.

Here all the Ornament is rev'rend black ;
 Here, the check'd Sun his universal Face
 Stops bashfully, and will no entrance make ;
 As if he spy'd Night naked through the Glass.

17.

Black Curtains hide the Glass ; whilst from on high
 A winking Lamp, still threatens all the Room ;
 As if the lazy flame just now would die :
 Such will the Sun's last light appear at Doom !

18.

This Lamp was all, that here inform'd all Eyes ;
 And by reflex, did on a Picture gain
 Some few false Beames, that then from *Sodome* rise ;
 Where Pencils feigne the fire which Heav'n did rain.

This

19.

This on another Tablet did reflect,
 Where twice was drawn the am'rous *Magdaline*;
 Whilst beauty was her care, then her neglect;
 And brightest through her Tears she seem'd to shine.

20.

Near her, seem'd crucifi'd, that lucky Thief
 (In Heav'n's dark Lot'ry prosp'rous, more then wife)
 Who groap'd at last, by chance, for Heav'n's relief,
 And Throngs undoes with Hope, by one drawn Prize.

21.

In many Figures by reflex were sent,
 Through this black Vault (instructive to the minde)
 That early, and this tardy Penitent;
 For with *Obsidian* stone 'twas chiefly lin'd,

22.

The Seats were made of *Ethiopian* Wood,
 The polish'd Ebony, but thinly fill'd;
 For none this place by nature understood;
 And practise, when unpleasant, makes few skill'd.

23.

Yet these, whom Heav'n's misterious choice fetch'd in,
 Quickly attain Devotion's utmost scope;
 For having softly mourn'd away their sin,
 They grow so certain, as to need no Hope.

24.

At a low Door they enter, but depart
 Through a large Gate, and to fair Fields proceed;
 Where *Astragon* makes Nature last by Art,
 And such long Summers shews, as ask no seed.

25.

Whilst *Ulfen* this black Temple thus exprest
 To these kind Youths, whom equal soul endeers;
 (*Goltho*, and *Ulfimore*, in friendship blest)
 A second gen'ral shout salutes their Eares.

26.

To the glad House of Praise this shout does call!
 To Pray'r (said he) no Summons us invites,
 Because distress does thither summon all;
 As the loud tole to Penitence excites.

27.

But since, dull Men, to gratitude are slow;
 And joy'd consent of Hearts is high Heav'n's choice;
 To this of Praise, shouts summon us to goe;
 Of Hearts assembled, the unfeigned Voice.

28.

And since, wise *Astragon*, with due applause,
 Kinde Heav'n, for his success, on Nature payes;
 This day, Victorious Art, has giv'n him cause,
 Much to augment Heav'n's lov'd reward of praise.

29.

For this effectuall day his Art reveal'd,
 What has so oft Made Nature's spies to pine,
 The Loadstones mistick use, so long conceal'd
 In close alliance with the courser Mine.

And

30.
And this, in sleepy Vision, he was bid
To Register in Characters unknown;
Which Heav'n will have from Navigators hid,
Till *Saturne's* walk be Twenty Circuits growin.

31.
For as Religion (in the warm East bred)
And Arts (which next to it most needfull were)
From Vices sprung from their corruption, fled;
And thence vouchsaf'd a cold Plantation here;

32.
So when they here again corrupted be,
(For Man can even his Antidotes infect)
Heav'n's reserv'd World they in the West shall see;
To which this stone's hid vertue will direct.

33.
Religion then (whose Age this World upbraids,
As scorn'd deformitie) will thither steer;
Serv'd at fit distance by the Arts, her Maids;
Which grow too bold, when they attend too neer.

34.
And some, whom Traffick thither tempts, shall thence
In her exchange (though they did grudge her shrines,
And poorly banish'd her to save expence)
Bring home the Idol, Gold, from new found Mines.

35.
Till then, sad Pilots must be often lost,
Whilst from the Ocean's dreaded Face they shrink;
And seeking safety near the cous'ning Coast,
With windes surpriz'd, by Rocky ambush sink.

36.
Or if success rewards, what they endure,
The World's chief Jewel, Time, they then ingage
And forfeit (trusting long the *Cynosure*)
To bring home nought but wretched Gold, and Age.

37.
Yet when this plague of ignorance shall end;
(Dire ignorance, with which God plagues us most;
Whilst we not feeling it, him most offend)
Then lower'd Sayles no more shall tide the Coast.

38.
They with new *Tops* to *Formasts* and the *Main*,
And *Misens* new, shall the Ocean's Breast invade;
Stretch new Sayles out, as Armes to entertain
Those windes, of which their Fathers were afraid.

39.
Then (sure of either Pole) they will with pride,
In ev'ry storm, salute this constant Stone!
And scorn that Star, which ev'ry Cloud could hide;
The Seamen's spark! which soon, as seen, is gone!

40.
'Tis sung, the Ocean shall his Bonds untie,
And Earth in half a Globe be pent no more;
Typhis shall saile, till *Thule* he descry,
But a domestick step to distant Shore!

41.

This *Astragon* had read; and what the *Greek*,
 Old *Cretias*, in *Egyptian* Books had found;
 By which, his travail'd soul, new Worlds did seek,
 And div'd to find the old *Atlantis* droun'd.

42.

Grave *Ulfen* thus discours'd; and now he brings
 The Youths to view the Temple built for *Praise*;
 Where *Olive*, for th' *olimpian* Victor Springs;
Mirtle, for Love's; and for War's triumph, *Bayes*.

43.

These, as rewards of *Praise*, about it grew;
 For lib'rall praise, from an abundant Minde,
 Does even the Conqueror of Fate subdue;
 Since Heav'n's good King is Captive to the Kinde.

44.

Dark are all Thrones, to what this Temple seem'd;
 Whose Marble veins out-shin'd Heav'n's various Bow;
 And would (eclipsing all proud *Rome* esteem'd)
 To Northern Eyes, like Eastern Mornings, show.

45.

From *Paros* Isle, was brought the Milkie white;
 From *Sparta*, came the Green, which cheers the view;
 From *Araby*, the blushing *Onychite*,
 And from the *Misnian* Hills, the deeper Blew.

46.

The Arched Front did on vaste Pillars fall;
 Where all harmonious Instruments they spie
 Drawn out in Bosse, which from the *Astrigall*
 To the flat *Frise*, in apt resemblance lie.

47.

Toss'd *Cymballs* (which the fullen *Jewes* admir'd)
 Were figur'd here, with all of ancient choice
 That joy did ere invent, or breath inspir'd,
 Or flying Fingers touch'd into a voice.

48.

In Statute o're the Gate, God's Fav'rite-King
 (The Author of Celestial praise) did stand;
 His Quire (that did his sonnets set and Sing)
 In *Niches* rang'd, attended either Hand.

49.

From these, old *Greeks* sweet Musick did improve;
 The Solemn *Dorian* did in Temples charm,
 The softer *Lydian* sooth'd to Bridal Love,
 And warlike *Phrygian* did to Battel warm!

50.

They enter now, and with glad rev'rence saw
 Glory, too solid great to taste of pride;
 So sacred pleasant, as preserves an awe;
 Though jealous Priests, it neither praise nor hide,

51.

Tapers and Lamps are not admitted here;
 Those, but with shaddowes, give false beauty grace;
 And this victorious glory can appear
 Unvayl'd before the Sun's Meridian Face:

Whose

52.

Whose Eastern lustre rashly enters now;
Where it his own mean Infancy displays;
Where it does Man's chief obligation show,
In what does most adorn the House of Praise;

53.

The great Creation by bold Pencils drawn;
Where a feign'd Curtain does our Eyes forbid,
Till the Sun's Parent, Light, first seems to dawn
From quiet *Chaos*, which that Curtain hid.

54.

Then this all-rev'renc'd Sun (God's hasty Spark
Struck out of *Chaos*, when he first struck Light)
Flies to the Spheres, where first he found all dark,
And kindled there th' unkindled Lamps of Night.

55.

Then Motion, Nature's great Preservative,
Tun'd order in this World, Life's restless Inn;
Gave Tydes to Seas, and caus'd stretch'd Plants to live;
Else Plants but seeds, and Seas but Lakes had bin.

56.

But this Fourth *Fiat*, warming what was made,
(For light ne'r warm'd, till it did motion get)
The Picture fills the World with woody shade;
To shew how Nature thrives by Motion's heat.

57.

Then to those Woods the next quick *Fiat* brings
The Feather'd kinde; where merrily they fed,
As if their Hearts were lighter then their Wings;
For yet no Cage was fram'd, nor Net was spread.

58.

The same Fifth voice does Seas and Rivers Store;
Then into Rivers Brooks the Painter powres,
And Rivers into Seas; which (rich before)
Return their gifts, to both, exhal'd in Show'rs.

59.

This voice (whose swift dispatch in all it wrought,
Seems to denote the Speaker was in haste,
As if more worlds were framing in his thought)
Adds to this world one *Fiat*, as the last.

60.

Then strait an universal Herd appears;
First gazing on each other in the shade;
Wondring with levell'd Eyes, and lifted Eares,
Then play, whilst yet their Tyrant is unmade.

61.

And Man, the Painter now presents to view;
Haughty without, and busie still within;
Whom, when his Furr'd and Horned Subjects knew,
Their sport is ended, and their fears begin.

62.

But here (to cure this Tyrant's fullenness)
The Painter has a new false Curtain drawn,
Where, Beauty's hid Creation to exprefs;
From thence, harmless as light, he makes it dawn,

63.

From thence breaks lov'ly forth, the World's first Maid;
 Her Breast, Love's Cradle, where Love quiet lies;
 Nought yet had seen so foule, to grow afraid,
 Nor gay, to make it cry with longing Eyes.

64.

And thence, from stupid sleep, her Monarch steals;
 She wonders, till so vain his wonder grows,
 That it his feeble sov'raignty reveals;
 Her beauty then, his Manhood does depose.

65.

Deep into shades the Painter leads them now;
 To hide their future deeds; then stormes does raise
 O're Heav'n's smooth face, because their life does grow
 Too black a story for the House of Praise.

66.

A noble painted Vision next appears;
 Where all Heav'n's Frowns in distant prospect waste;
 And nought remains, but a short showre of Tears,
 Shed, by its pity, for Revenges past.

67.

The World's one ship, from th' old to a new World bound;
 Fraughted with Life (chief of uncertain Trades!)
 After Five Moons at drift, lies now a ground;
 Where her frail Stowage, she in haste unlades.

68.

On *Persian Caucasus* the Eight descend;
 And seem their trivial beings to deplore;
 Grieved to begin this World in th' others end;
 And to behold wrack'd Nations on the Shore,

69.

Each humbled thus, his Beasts led from aboard,
 As fellow Passengers, and Heirs to breath;
 Joynt Tennants to the World, he not their Lord;
 Such likenes have we in the Glas of Death.

70.

Yet this humility begets their joy;
 And taught, that Heav'n (which fully sin surveys)
 Was partial where it did not quite destroy;
 So made the whole World's Dirge their song of praise.

71.

This first redemption to another led;
 Kinder in deeds, and nobler in effects;
 That but a few did respite from the Dead,
 This all the Dead, from second Death protects.

72.

And know, lost Nature! this resemblance was
 Thy franke Redeemer, in Ascension shown;
 When Hell he conquer'd in thy desp'rate cause;
 Hell, which before, Man's common Grave was grown.

73.

By Pencills this was exquisitely wrought;
 Rounded in all the Curious would behold;
 Where life Came out, and Met the Painters thought;
 The Force was tender, though the strokes were bold.

74.

The holy Mourners, who this Lord of life
Ascending saw, did seem with him to rise;
So well the Painter drew their passions strife,
To follow him with Bodies, as with Eyes.

75.

This was the chief which in this Temple did
By Pencils Rhetrique, to praise perswade;
Yet to the living here, compar'd, seems hid;
Who shine all painted Glory into shade.

76.

Lord *Astragon* a Purple Mantle wore,
Where Natures story was in Colours wrought;
And though her ancient Text seem'd dark before,
'Tis in this pleasant Comment clearly taught.

77.

Such various Flowry Wreaths th' Assembly weare,
As shew'd them wisely proud of Nature's pride;
Which so adorn'd them, that the courtest here
Did seem a prosp'rous Bridegroom, or a Bride.

78.

All shew'd as fresh, and faire, and innocent,
As Virgins to their Lovers first survey;
Joy'd as the Spring, when *March* his sighs has spent,
And *April's* sweet rash Teares are dry'd by *May*.

79.

And this confed'rate joy so swell'd each Breast,
That joy would turn to pain without a vent;
Therefore their voices Heav'n's renown exprest;
Though Tongues ne'r reach, what Mindes so nobly meant.

80.

Yet Musick here, shew'd all her Art's high worth;
Whilst Virgin-Trebles, seem'd, with bathfull grace,
To call the bolder marry'd Tenor forth,
Whose Manly voice challeng'd the Giant Base.

81.

To these the swift soft Instruments reply;
Whisp'ring for help to those whom winds inspire;
Whose lowder Notes, to Neighb'ring Forrests flie,
And summon Nature's Voluntary Quire.

82.

These *Astragon*, by secret skill had taught,
To help, as if in artfull Consort bred;
Who sung, as if by chance on him they thought,
Whose care their careles merry Fathers Fed.

83.

Hither, with borrow'd strength, Duke *Gondibert*
Was brought, which now his rip'ning wounds allow;
And high Heav'n's praise in musick of the heart,
He inward sings, to pay a victor's vow.

84.

Praise, is devotion fit for mighty Minds!
The diff'ring World's agreeing Sacrifice;
Where Heav'n divided Faiths united findes,
But Pray'r in various discord upward flies.

85.

For *Pray'r* the Ocean is, where diverslie
 Men steer their Course, each to a sev'ral Coast;
 Where all our int'rests so discordant be,
 That half beg windes by which the rest are lost.

86.

By *Penitence*, when we our selves forsake,
 'Tis but in wise design on pitious Heav'n;
 In Praise we nobly give, what God may take,
 And are without a Beggars blush forgiv'n.

87.

Its utmost force, like Powder's, is unknown!
 And though weak Kings excess of Praise may fear,
 Yet when tis here, like Powder, dang'rous grown,
 Heav'n's Vault receives, what would the Palace tear.

CANTO

Canto the Seventh.

The ARGUMENT.

*The Dukes wish'd health in doubtfull wounds assur'd;
Who gets new wounds before the old are cur'd;
Nature in Birtha, Art's weak help derides;
Which strives to mend, what it at best but hides;
Shewes Nature's courser works, so hid, more course;
As Sin conceal'd, and unconfess'd, growes worse.*

I.

L Et none our Lombard Author rudely blame,
Who from the Story has thus long digrest;
But for his righteous paines, may his fair Fame
For ever travail, whilst his Ashes rest.

2.

Ill could he leave Art's Shop of Nature's Store;
Where she the hidden Soul would make more known;
Though Common faith seeks Souls, which is no more
Then long Opinion to Religion grown.

3.

A while then let this sage Historian stay
With *Astragon*, till he new wounds reveales,
And such (though now the old are worn away)
As *Balm*, nor juice of *Pyrol*, never heales.

4.

To *Astragon*, Heav'n for succession gave
One onely Pledge, and *Birtha* was her name;
Whose Mother slept, where Flow'rs grew on her Grave;
And she succeeded her in Face, and Fame.

5.

Her beauty, Princes, durst not hope to use,
Unless, like Poets, for their Morning Theam;
And her Mindes beauty they would rather chuse,
Which did the light in Beautie's Lanthorn seem.

6.

She ne'r saw Courts, yet Courts could have undone
VVith untaught looks, and an unpractis'd heart;
Her Nets, the most prepar'd, could never shun;
For Nature spread them in the scorn of Art.

7.

She never had in busie Cities bin;
Ne'r warm'd with hopes, nor ere allay'd with fears;
Not seeing punishment, could guess no Sin;
And Sin not seeing, ne'r had use of tears.

But

8.

But here her Fathers's precepts gave her skill,
Which with incessant business fill'd the Houres;
In Spring, she gather'd Blossoms for the Still,
In Autumn, Berries; and in Summer, Flowers.

9.

And as kinde Nature with calm diligence
Her own free vertue silently employs,
Whilst she, unheard, does rip'ning growth dispence,
So were her vertues busie without noise.

10.

Whilst her great Mistris, Nature, thus she tends,
The busie Household waites no less on her;
By secret Law, each to her beauty bends;
Though all her lowly Minde to that prefer.

11.

Gracious and free, she breaks upon them all
With Morning looks; and they when she does rise,
Devoutly at her dawn in homage fall,
And droop like Flowers, when Evening shuts her Eyes.

12.

The sooty *Chymist* (who his sight does waste,
Attending lesser Fires) she passing by,
Broke his lov'd Lymbick, through enamour'd haste,
And let, like common Dew, th' Elixer fly.

13.

And here the grey Philosophers resort,
Who all to her, like-crafty Courtiers, bow;
Hoping for secrets now in Nature's Court;
Which only she (her fav'rite Maid) can know.

14.

These, as the Lords of science, she respects,
And with familiar Beams their age she cheers;
Yet all those civil formes seem but neglects
To what she shewes, when *Astragon* appears.

15.

For as she once from him her being took,
She hourly takes her Law; reads with swift sight
His will, even at the op'ning of his look,
And shews, by haste, obedience her delight.

16.

She makes (when she at distance to him bowes)
His int'rest in her Mother's beauty known;
For that's th' *Original* whence her *Copy* grows;
And near *Originalls*, *Copys* are not shown.

17.

And he, with dear regard, her gifts does weare
Of Flowers, which she in mistick order ties;
And with the sacrifice of many'a teare
Salutes her loyal Mother in her Eyes.

18.

The just Historians, *Birtha* thus expresse;
And tell how by her Syres Example taught,
She serv'd the wounded Duke in Life's distress,
And his fled Spirits back by Cordials brought.

19.

Black melancholy Mists, that fed despair
 Through wounds long rage, with sprinkled *Vervin* cleer'd;
 Strew'd Leaves of *Willow* to refresh the air,
 And with rich Fumes his fullen senses cheer'd.

20.

He that had serv'd great Love with rev'rend heart,
 In these old wounds, worse wounds from him endures;
 For Love, makes *Birtha* shift with Death, his Dart,
 And she kills faster then her Father cures.

21.

Her heedless innocence as little knew
 The wounds she gave, as those from Love she took;
 And Love lifts high each secret Shaft he drew;
 Which at their Stars he first in triumph shook!

22.

Love he had lik'd, yet never lodg'd before;
 But findes him now a bold unquiet Guest;
 Who climbs to windowes, when we shut the Dore;
 And enter'd, never lets the Master rest.

23.

So strange disorder, now he pines for health,
 Makes him conceal this Reveller with shame;
 She not the Robber knows, yet feels the stealth;
 And never but in Songs had heard his name.

24.

Yet then it was, when she did smile at Hearts
 Which Country Lovers wear in bleeding Seals;
 Ask'd where his pretty Godhead found such Darts,
 As make those wounds that onely *Hymen* heals.

25.

And this, her ancient Maid, with sharp complaints
 Heard, and rebuk'd; shook her experienc'd Head;
 With teares besought her not to jest at Saints,
 Nor mock those Martyrs, Love had Captive led.

26.

Nor think the pious Poets e're would waste
 So many Teares in Ink, to make Maids mourn,
 If injur'd Lovers had in ages past
 The lucky Mirtle, more then Willow worn.

27.

This grave rebuke, Officious Memory
 Presents to *Birtha's* thought; who now believ'd
 Such sighing Songs, as tell why Lovers dy,
 And prais'd their faith, who wept, when Poets griev'd.

28.

She, full of inward questions, walks alone,
 To take her heart aside in secret Shade;
 But knocking at her Breast, it seem'd, or gone,
 Or by confed'racie was useles made;

29.

Or else some stranger did usurp its room;
 One so remote, and new in ev'ry thought,
 As his behaviour shews him not at home;
 Nor the Guide sober that him thither brought.

R

Yet

30.

Yet with this forraign Heart, she does begin
 To treat of Love, her most unstudy'd Theame;
 And like young Conscienc'd Casuists, thinks that sin,
 Which will by talk and practise lawfull seeme.

31.

With open Eares, and ever-waking Eyes,
 And flying Feet, Love's fire she from the fight
 Of all her Maids does carry, as from Spys;
 Jealous, that what burns her, might give them light.

32.

Beneath a Mirtle Covert she does spend
 In Maids weak wishes, her whole stock of thought;
 Fond Maids! who love, with Mindes fine stuff would mend,
 Which Nature purposely of Bodys wrought.

33.

She fashions him she lov'd of Angels kinde;
 Such as in holy Story were employ'd
 To the first Fathers, from th'Eternal Minde;
 And in short vision onely are enjoy'd.

34.

As Eagles then, when nearest Heav'n they flie,
 Of wild impossibles soon weary grow;
 Feeling their bodies finde no rest so high,
 And therefore perch on Earthly things below:

35.

So now she yields; him she an Angel deem'd
 Shall be a Man; the Name which Virgins fear;
 Yet the most harmles to a Maid he seem'd,
 That ever yet that fatal name did bear.

36.

Soon her opinion of his hurtless heart,
 Affection turns to faith; and then loves fire
 To Heav'n, though bashfully, she does impart;
 And to her Mother in the Heav'nly Quire.

37.

If I do love, (said she) that love (O Heav'n!)
 Your own Disciple, Nature, bred in me;
 Why should I hide the passion you have given,
 Or blush to shew effects which you decree?

38.

And you, my alter'd Mother (grown above
 Great Nature, which you read, and reverenc'd here)
 Chide not such kindness, as you once call'd Love,
 When you as mortal as my Father were.

39.

This said, her soul into her Breast retires!
 With Love's vain diligence of heart she dreams
 Her self into possession of desires,
 And trusts unanchor'd Hope in fleeting Streams.

40.

Already thinks, the Duke her own spous'd Lord,
 Cur'd, and again from bloody Battel brought;
 Where all false Lovers perish'd by his sword;
 The true to her for his protection sought.

41.

She thinks, how her imagin'd Spouse and she,
So much from Heav'n, may by her virtues gain;
That they by Time shall ne'r o'retaken be,
No more then Time himself is overta'ne.

42.

Or should he touch them as he by does pass,
Heav'n's favour may repay their Summers gone,
And he so mix their sand in a flow Glas,
That they shall live, and not as *Two*, but *One*.

43.

She thinks of *Eden*-life; and no rough winde,
In their pacifique Sea shall wrinkles make;
That still her lowliness shall keep him kinde,
Her cares keep him asleep, her voice awake.

44.

She thinks, if ever anger in him sway.
(The Youthful Warrior's most excus'd disease)
Such chance her Teares shall calm, as showres allay
The accidental rage of Windes and Seas.

45.

She thinks that Babes proceed from mingling Eyes,
Or Heav'n from Neighbourhood increase allows,
As *Palm*, and the *Mamora* fructifies;
Or they are got, by cloffe exchanging vows.

46.

But come they (as she hears) from Mothers pain,
(Which by th' unlucky first-Maids longing, proves
A lasting curse) yet that she will sustain,
So they be like this Heav'nly Man she loves.

47.

Thus to her self in day-dreams *Birtha* talks;
The Duke (whose wounds of war are healthful grown)
To cure Love's wounds, seeks *Birtha* where she walks;
Whose wandring Soul, seeks him to cure her own.

48.

Yet when her solitude he did invade,
Shame (which in Maids is unexperienc'd fear)
Taught her to wish Night's help to make more shade,
That Love (which Maids think guilt) might not appear.

49.

And she had fled him now, but that he came
So like an aw'd, and conquer'd Enemy,
That he did seem offenceless, as her shame;
As if he but advanc'd for leave to fly.

50.

First with a longing Sea-mans look he gaz'd,
Who would ken Land, when Seas would him devour;
Or like a fearfull Scout, who stands amaz'd
To view the Foe, and multiplies their pow'r.

51.

Then all the knowledge which her Father had
He dreams in her, through purer Organs wrought;
Whose Soul (since there more delicately clad)
By lesser weight, more active was in thought.

52.

And to that Soul thus spake, with trembling voice;
 The world will be (O thou, the whole world's Maid!)
 Since now tis old enough to make wise choice,
 Taught by thy minde, and by thy beauty sway'd.

53.

And I a needles part of it, unless
 You think me for the whole a Delegate,
 To treat for what they want of your excess,
 Vertue to serve the univerfal State.

54.

Nature (our first example, and our Queen,
 Whose Court this is, and you her Minion Maid)
 The World thinks now, is in her sickness seen,
 And that her noble influence is decay'd.

55.

And the Records so worn of her first Law,
 That Men, with Art's hard shifts, read what is good;
 Because your beauty many never saw,
 The Text by which your Minde is understood.

56.

And I with the apostate world should grow,
 From sov'raigne Nature, a revolted Slave,
 But that my lucky wounds brought me to know,
 How with their cure my ficker minde to save.

57.

A minde still dwelling idly in mine Eyes,
 Where it from outward pomp could ne'r abstain;
 But even in beauty, cost of Courts did prise,
 And Nature, unassisted, thought too plain.

58.

Yet by your beauty now reform'd, I finde
 All other only currant by false light;
 Or but vain Visions of a feav'rish minde;
 Too slight to stand the test of waking sight.

59.

And for my healthfull Minde (diseas'd before)
 My love I pay; a gift you may disdain,
 Since Love to you, Men give not, but restore;
 As Rivers to the Sea pay back the Rain.

60.

Yet Eastern Kings, who all by birth possess,
 Take gifts, as gifts, from vassals of the Crown;
 So think in love, your property not less,
 By my kind giving what was first your own.

61.

Lifted with Love, thus he with Lovers grace,
 And Love's wilde wonder, spake; and he was rais'd
 So much with rev'rence of this learned place,
 That still he fear'd to injure all he prais'd.

62.

And she in love unpractis'd and unread,
 (But for some hints her Mistrefs, Nature, taught)
 Had it, till now, like grief with silence fed;
 For Love and grief are nourish'd best with thought.

63.

But this cloſs Diet, Love endures not long;
He muſt in ſighs, or ſpeech, take ayre abroad;
And thus, with his Interpreter, her Tongue,
He ventures forth, though like a ſtranger aw'd.

64.

She ſaid, thoſe vertues now ſhe highly needs,
Which he ſo artfully in her does praiſe,
To check (ſince vanity on praiſes feeds)
That pride which his authentick words may raiſe.

65.

That if her Pray'rs, or care, did ought reſtore
Of abſent health, in his bemoan'd diſtreſs;
She beg'd, he would approve her duty more,
And ſo commend her feeble vertue leſs.

66.

That ſhe the payment he of love would make
Leſs underſtood, then yet the debt ſhe knew;
But coyne unknown, ſuſpitiouſly we take,
And debts, till manifeſt, are never due.

67.

With baſhfull Looks ſhe fought him to retire,
Leaſt the ſharp Ayre ſhould his new health invade;
And as ſhe ſpoke, ſhe ſaw her rev'rend Syre
Approach to ſeek her in her uſual ſhade.

68.

To whom with filial homage ſhe does bow:
The Duke did firſt at diſtant duty ſtand,
But ſoon imbrac'd his knees; whil'ſt he more low
Does bend to him, and then reach'd *Birthe's* hand.

69.

Her Face, o'recaſt with thought, does ſoon betray
Th' aſſembled ſpirits, which his Eyes detect
By her pale look, as by the Milkie way
Men firſt did the aſſembled Stars ſuſpect.

70.

Or as a Pris'ner, that in Priſon pines,
Still at the utmoſt window grieving lies;
Even ſo her Soule, imprison'd, ſadly ſhines,
As if it watch'd for freedome at her Eyes!

71.

This guides him to her Pulſe, th' Alarum Bell,
Which waits the inſurrections of deſire;
And rings ſo faſt, as if the *Cittadell*,
Her newly conquer'd Breaſt, were all on fire!

72.

Then on the Duke, he caſts a ſhort ſurvey;
Whoſe Veines, his Temples, with deep purple grace;
Then Love's diſpaire gives them a pale allay;
And ſhifts the whole complexion of his Face.

73.

Nature's wiſe Spy does onward with them walk;
And findes, each in the miſt of thinking ſtarts;
Breath'd ſhort, and ſwiftly in diſorder'd talk,
To cool, beneath Love's Torrid Zone, their hearts.

When

74.

When all these Symptomes he observ'd, he knowes
 From *Alga*, which is rooted deep in Seas;
 To the high Cedar that on Mountaines grows,
 No sov'rain herb is found for their disease.

75.

He would not Nature's eldest Law resist,
 As if wise Natures Law could be impure;
 But *Birtha* with indulgent Looks dismist,
 And means to counsel, what he cannot cure.

76.

With mourning *Gondibert* he walks apart,
 To watch his Passions force; who seems to bear
 By silent grief, Two Tyrants o're his Heart,
 Great Love, and his inferior Tyrant, Fear.

77.

But *Astragon* such kind inquiries made,
 Of all which to his Art's wise cares belong,
 As his sick silence he does now dissuade,
 And midst Lov's fears, gives courage to his Tongue.

78.

Then thus he spake with Love's humility;
 Have pitty Father! and since first so kinde,
 You would not let this worthless Body die,
 Vouchsafe more nobly to preserve my Minde!

79.

A Minde so lately lucky, as it here
 Has Vertues Mirror found, which does reflect
 Such blemishes as Custom made it weare,
 But more authentick Nature does detect.

80.

A Minde long sick of Monarchs vain disease;
 Not to be fill'd, because with glory fed;
 So busie it condemn'd even War of ease,
 And for their useles rest despis'd the Dead.

81.

But since it here has Vertue quiet found,
 It thinks (though Storms were with'd by it before)
 All sick at least at Sea, that scape undrown'd,
 Whom Glory serves as winde, to leave the shore.

82.

All Vertue is to yours but fashion now,
 Religion, Art; Internals are all gon,
 Or outward turn'd, to satisfie with show,
 Not God, but his inferiour Eye, the Sun.

83.

And yet, though vertue be as fashion sought,
 And now Religion rules by Art's prais'd skill;
 Fashion is Vertue's Mimmick, falsely taught;
 And Art, but Nature's Ape, which plays her ill.

84.

To this blest House (great Nature's Court) all Courts
 Compar'd, are but dark Closets for retreat
 Of private Mindes, Battels but Childrens sports;
 And onely simple good, is solid great.

85.

Let not the Minde, thus freed from Error's Night,
(Since you repriev'd my Body from the Grave)
Perish for being now in love with light,
But let your Vertue, Vertue's Lover save.

86.

Birtha I love; and who loves wisely so,
Steps far tow'rds all which Vertue can attain;
But if we perish, when tow'rds Heav'n we go,
Then have I learnt that Vertue is in vain.

87.

And now his Heart (extracted through his Eyes
In Love's Elixer, Tears) does soon subdue
Old *Astragon*; whose pity, though made wise
With Love's false *Essences*, likes these as true.

88.

The Duke he to a secret Bowre does lead,
Where he his Youths first Story may attend;
To guess, ere he will let his love proceed,
By such a dawning, how his day will end.

89.

For Vertue, though a rarely planted Flowre,
Was in the seed by this wise *Florist* known;
Who could foretell, even in her springing houre,
What colours she shall wear when fully blown.

C A N T O

Canto the Eighth.

The ARGUMENT.

*Birtha her first impractis'd Love bewailes,
Whilst Gondibert on Astragon prevailes,
By shewing, high Ambition is of use,
And Glory in the Good needs no excuse.
Goltho a grief to Ullinore reveales,
Whilst he a greater of his own conceales.*

1.

B*irtha* her griefs to her Apartment brought,
Where all her Maids to Heav'n were us'd to raise
Their voices, whilst their busie Fingers wrought
To deck the Altar of the House of Praise.

2.

But now she findes their Musick turn'd to care;
Their looks allay'd, like beauty overworn;
Silent and sad as with ring Fav'rites are,
Who for their sick indulgent Monarch mourn.

3.

Thula (the eldest of this silenc'd Quire)
When *Birtha* at this change astonish'd was,
With hasty whisper, begg'd her to retire;
And on her Knees, thus tells their sorrows cause.

4.

Forgive me such experience, as too soon,
Shew'd me unlucky Love; by which I guess
How Maids are by their innocence undon,
And trace those sorrows that them first oppress.

5.

Forgive such passion as to speech perswades,
And to my Tongue my observation brought;
And then forgive my Tongue, which to your Maids,
Too rashly carry'd, what Experience taught.

6.

For since I saw this wounded stranger here,
Your inward musick still untun'd has been;
You who could need no hope, have learnt to fear,
And practis'd grief, e're you did know to Sin.

7.

This being love, to *Agatha* I told;
Did on her Tongue, as on still Death rely;
But winged Love, she was too young to hold,
And, wanton-like, let it to others fly.

8.

Love, who in whisper scap'd, did publick grow ;
Which makes them now their time in silence waste ;
Makes their neglected needles move so slow ,
And through their Eies, their Hearts dissolve so faste.

9.

For oft, dire tales of Love has fill'd their Heads ;
And while they doubt you in that Tyrant's pow'r,
The Spring (they think) may visit Woods and Meads,
But scarce shall hear a Bird, or see a Flow'r.

10.

Ah how (said *Birtha*) shall I dare confesse
My griefs to thee, Love's rash, impatient Spie ;
Thou (*Thula*) who didst run to tell thy guesse,
With secrets known, wilt to confession flie.

11.

But if I love this Prince, and have in Heav'n
Made any Friends by vowes, you need not fear
He will make good the feature, Heav'n has giv'n ;
And be as harmles as his looks appear.

12.

Yet I have heard, that Men whom Maids think kinde,
Calm, as forgiven Saints, at their last Hour,
Oft provelike Seas, inrag'd by ev'ry winde,
And all to who their Bosoms trust, devour.

13.

Howe're, Heav'n knows, (the witness of the Minde)
My heart bears Men no malice, nor esteems
Young Princes of the common cruel kinde,
Nor Love so foul as it in Story seems.

14.

Yet if this Prince brought Love, what e're it be,
I must suspect, though I accuse it not ;
For since he came, my medc'nal Huswiffrie,
Confections, and my Stills, are all forgot.

15.

Blossoms in windes, *Berries* in Frosts may fall !
And *Flowers* sink down in Rain ! for I no more
Shall Maids to woods, for early gath'rings call ,
Nor haste to Gardens to prevent a showre.

16.

Then she retires ; and now a lovely shame
That she reveal'd so much, possess'd her Cheecks ;
In a dark Lanthorn she would bear Love's flame,
To hide her self, whilst she her Lover seeks.

17.

And to that Lover let our Song return :
Whose Tale so well was to her Father told,
As the Philosopher did seem to mourn
That Youth had reach'd such worth, and he so old.

18.

Yet *Birtha* was so precious in his Eies,
And her dead Mother still so neer his mind
That farther yet he thus his prudence tries,
Ere such a Pledg he to his trust resign'd.

S

Whoe're

19.

Whoe're (said he) in thy first story looks,
 Shall praise thy wife conversing with the Dead;
 For with the Dead he lives, who is with Books,
 And in the Camp (Death's moving Palace) bred.

20.

Wife Youth, in Books and Batails early findes
 What thoughtless lazy Men perceive too late;
 Books shew the utmost conquests of our Mindes,
 Batails, the best of our lov'd Bodys fate.

21.

Yet this great breeding, joynd with Kings high blood
 (Whose blood Ambition's fever over-heats)
 May spoile digestion, which would else be good,
 As stomachs are deprav'd with highest Meats.

22.

For though Books serve as Diet of the Minde;
 If Knowledg, early got, self vallew breeds,
 By false digestion it is turn'd to winde;
 And what should nourish, on the Eater feeds.

23.

Though Wars great shape best educates the sight,
 And makes small soft'ning objects less our care;
 Yet War, when urg'd for glory, more then right,
 Shews Victors but authentick Murd'ers are.

24.

And I may fear that your last Victories
 Where Glory's Toyles, and you will ill abide
 (Since with new Trophies still you fed your Eies)
 Those little objects which in Shades we hide.

25.

Could you, in Fortunes smiles, foretell her frowns,
 Our old Foes slain, you would not hunt for new;
 But Victors, after wreaths, pretend to Crowns;
 And such think *Rhodolind* their Valor's due.

26.

To this the noble *Gondibert* replies;
 Think not Ambition can my duty sway;
 I look on *Rhodolind* with Subjects Eies,
 Whom he that conquers, must in right obey.

27.

And though I humanly have heretofore
 All beauty lik'd, I never lov'd till now;
 Nor think a Crown can raise his value more,
 To whom already Heav'n does Love allow.

28.

Though, since I gave the *Hunns* their last defeat,
 I have the *Lombards* Ensignes onward led,
 Ambition kindled not this Victor's heat,
 But 'tis a warmth my Fathers prudence bred.

29.

Who cast on more then Wolvish Man his Eie,
 Man's necessary hunger judg'd, and saw
 That caus'd not his devouring Maledy;
 But like a wanton whelp he loves to gnaw.

30.

Man still is sick for pow'r, yet that disease
Nature (whose Law is temp'rance) ne'r inspires;
But 'tis a humor, which fond Man does please,
A luxury, fruition only tires.

31.

And as in persons, so in publick States,
The lust of Pow'r provokes to cruel Warre;
For wisest Senates it intoxicates,
And makes them vain, as single persons are.

32.

Men into Nations it did first divide;
Whilst place, scarce distant, gives them different stiles;
Rivers, whose breadth Inhabitants may stride,
Parts them as much as Continents, and Isles.

33.

On equal, smooth, and undistinguish'd Ground,
The lust of pow'r does liberty impair,
And limits by a Border and a Bound,
What was before as passable as Air:

34.

Whilst change of Languages oft breeds a warre,
(A change which Fashion does as oft obtrude
As womens dresse) and oft Complexions are,
And different names, no less a cause of feud.

35.

Since Men so causelessly themselves devour;
(And hast'ning still, their else too hasty Fates,
Act but continu'd Massacres for pow'r,)
My Father ment to chastise Kings, and States.

36.

To overcome the world, till but one Crown
And universal Neighbourhood he saw;
Till all were rich by that alliance grown;
And want no more should be the cause of Law.

37.

One Family the world was first design'd;
And though some fighting Kings so sever'd are,
That they must meet by help of Seas and Winde,
Yet when they fight 'tis but a civil warre.

38.

Nor could Religion's heat, if one rul'd all,
To bloody War the unconcern'd allure;
And hasten us from Earth, ere Age does call,
Who are (alas) of Heav'n so little sure.

39.

Religion, ne'r till divers Monarchys,
Taught that almighty Heav'n needs Armys ayd;
But with contentious Kings she now complies,
Who seem, for their own cause, of God's afraid.

40.

To joyn all sever'd Powr's (which is to end
The cause of War) my Father onward fought;
By War the Lombard Scepter to extend.
Till peace were forc'd, where it was slowly fought,

41.

He lost in this attempt his last dear blood ;
 And I (whom no remoteness can deterr,
 If what seems difficult, be great and good)
 Thought his Example could not make me err.

42.

No place I merit in the Book of Fame !
 Whose leaves are by the *Greeks* and *Romans* fill'd ;
 Yet I presume to boast, she knows my name,
 And she has heard to whom the *Hunns* did yield.

43.

But let not what so needfully was done,
 Though still pursu'd, make you ambition feare ;
 For could I force all Monarchys to one,
 That Universal Crown I would not weare.

44.

He who does blindly soar at *Rhodolind*,
 Mounts like feel'd Doves, still higher from his ease ;
 And in the lust of Empire he may finde,
 High Hope does better then Fruition please.

45.

The Victor's solid recompence is rest ;
 And 'tis unjust, that chiefs who pleasure shunn,
 Toying in Youth, should be in age oppress
 With greater Toyles, by ruling what they wonn.

46.

Here all reward of conquest I would finde ;
 Leave shining Thrones for *Birtha* in a shade ;
 With Nature's quiet wonders fill my minde ;
 And praise her most, because she *Birtha* made.

47.

Now *Astragon* (with joy suffic'd) perceiv'd
 How nobly Heav'n for *Birtha* did provide ;
 Oft had he for her parted Mother griev'd,
 But can this joy, less then that sorrow hide.

48.

With teares, bids *Gondibert* to Heav'n's Eie make
 All good within, as to the World he seems ;
 And in gain'd *Birtha* then from *Hymen* take
 All youth can wish, and all his age esteems.

49.

Strait to his lov'd Philosophers he hies,
 Who now at Nature's Councel busy are
 To trace new Lights, which some old Gazer spies ;
 Whilst the Duke seeks more busily his Starre,

50.

But in her search, he is by *Golto* stay'd ;
 Who in a close dark Covert foldes his Armes ;
 His Eies with thoughts grow darker then that shade,
 Such thoughts as yielding Breasts with study warmes.

51.

Fix'd to unheeded object is his Eie !
 His fences he calls in, as if t'improve
 By outward absence, inward extacie,
 Such as makes Prophets, or is made by Love.

52.

Awake (said *Gondibert*) for now in vain
Thou dream'st of Sov'raignty, and War's success;
Hope, nought has left, which Worth should wish to gain;
And all Ambition is but Hope's excess.

53.

Bid all our Worthys to unarm, and rest!
For they have nought to conquer worth their care;
I have a Father's right in *Birtha's* Breast,
And that's the peace for which the wise make warre,

54.

At this starts *Goltbo*, like some Army's Chief,
Whom untrench'd, a midnight Larum wakes;
By pause then gave disorder'd fence relief,
And this reply with kindled passion makes.

55.

What means my Prince to make so low a boast,
Whose merit may aspire to *Rhodolind*?
For who could *Birtha* miss if she were lost,
That shall by worth the others treasure find?

56.

When your high blood, and conquests shall submit
To such mean joys, in this unminded shade,
Let Courts, without Heav'n's Lamps, in darkness sit,
And War become the lowly Shepherd's Trade.

57.

Birtha, (a harmless Country Ornament!)
May be his Bride, that's born himself to serve;
But you must pay that blood your Army spent;
And wed that Empire which our wounds deserve.

58.

This brought the Duke's swift anger to his Eies;
Which his confid'rate Heart rebuk'd as false;
He *Goltbo* chid, in that he nought replies;
Leaves him, and *Birtha* seeks with Lovers haste.

59.

Now *Goltbo* mourns, yet not that *Birtha's* fair;
Or that the Duke shuns Empire for a Bride;
But that himself must joyn love to despair;
Himself who loves her, and his love must hide.

60.

He curs'd that him the wounded hither brought
From *Oswald's* Field, where though he wounds did scape
In tempting Death, and here no danger sought,
Yet here meet worse then Death in Beauty's shape.

61.

He was unus'd to love, as bred in warres;
And not till now for beauty leisure had;
Yet bore Love's load, as Youth bears other Cares;
Till new despair makes Love's old weight too sad.

62.

But *Ulsinore*, does hither aptly come,
His second Breast, in whom his griefs excess
He may ebb out, where they o'reflow at home;
Such griefs, as thus in Throngs for utterance press.

63.

Forgive me that so falsely am thy Friend !
 No more our Hearts for kindness shall contest ;
 Since mine I hourly on another spend ,
 And now imbrace thee with an empty Brest.

64.

Yet pard'ning me, you cancel Natur's fault ;
 Who walks with her first force in *Birtha's* shape ;
 And when she spreads the Net to have us caught,
 It were in youth presumption to escape.

65.

When *Birtha's* grief so comely did appear ,
 Whilst she beheld our wounded Duk's distresse ;
 Then first my alter'd Heart began to fear ,
 Least too much Love should friendship dispossesse ;

66.

But this whilst *Ulsnore* with sorrow hears ,
 Him *Golto's* busier sorrow little heeds ;
 And though he could replie in sighs and tears ,
 Yet governs both, and *Golto* thus proceeds,

67.

To Love's new dangers I have gone unarm'd ;
 I lack'd experience why to be affraid ;
 Was too unlearn'd to read whom Love had harm'd ;
 But have his will as Nature's law obey'd.

68.

Th' obedient and defencelesse, sure, no law
 Afflicts, for law is their defence, and pow'r ;
 Yet me, Loves sheep, whom rigour needs not aw,
 Wolf-Love, because defencelesse, does devour :

69.

Gives me not time to perish by degrees ,
 But with despair does me at once destroy ;
 For none who *Gondibert* a Lover sees ,
 Thinks he would love, but where he may enjoy.

70.

Birtha he loves ; and I from *Birtha* fear
 Death that in rougher Figure I despise !
 This *Ulsnore* did with distemper hear ,
 Yet with dissembled temp'rance thus replies.

71.

Ah *Golto* ! who Love's Feaver can assuage ?
 For though familiar seem that old disease ;
 Yet like Religion's fit, when People rage ,
 Few cure those evils which the Patient please.

72.

Natures Religion , Love, is still perverse ;
 And no commerce with cold discretion hath ,
 For if Discretion speak when Love is fierce ,
 'Tis wav'd by Love, as Reason is by Faith.

73.

As *Gondibert* left *Golto* when he heard
 His Saint profan'd, as if some Plague were nee ;
 So *Golto* now leaves *Ulsnore*, and fear'd
 To share such veng'ance, if he did not flee.

74.

How each at home o're-rates his miserie,
And thinks that all are musical abroad,
Unfetter'd as the Windes, whilst onely he
Of all the glad and licens'd world is aw'd?

75.

And as Cag'd Birds are by the Fowler set
To call in more, whilst those that taken be,
May think (though they are Pris'ners in the Net)
Th' incag'd, because they sing, sometimes are free.

76.

So *Golto* (who by *Ulsinore* was brought
Here where he first Love's dangers did perceive
In Beauty's Field) thinks though himself was caught,
Th' inviter safe, because not heard to grieve.

77.

But *Ulsinore* (whom Neighbourhood led here)
Impressions took before from *Birtha's* sight;
Ideas which in silence hidden were,
As Heav'n's designs before the birth of Light.

78.

This from his Father *Ulsin* he did hide,
Who, strict to Youth, would not permit the best
Reward of worth, the Bosome of a Bride,
Should be but after Vertuous toyles possess.

79.

For *Ulsinore* (in blooming honor yet)
Though he had learnt the count'nance of the Foe,
And though his courage could dull Armys whet,
The care o're Crouds, nor Conduct could not know;

80.

Nor varie Batails shapes in the Foes view;
But now in forraigne Fields meanes to improve
His early Arts, to what his Father knew,
That merit so might get him leave to love.

81.

Till then, check'd passion, shall not venture forth:
And now retires with a disorder'd Heart;
Griev'd, least his Rival should by early'r worth
Get Love's reward, ere he can gain desert.

82.

But stop we here, like those who day-light lack;
Or as misguided Travailers that rove,
Oft finde their way by going somewhat back;
So let's return, thou ill Conductor Love!

83.

Thy little wanton Godhead as my Guide
I have attended many'a winter night;
To seek whom Time for honor's sake would hide,
Since in mine age sought by a wasted light:

84.

But ere my remnant of Life's Lamp be spent,
Whilst I in Lab'rins stray amongst the Dead;
I mean to recollect the paths I went,
And judge from thence the steps I am to tread.

85.

Thy walk (though as a common Deitie
 The Croud does follow thee) misterious grows
 For *Rhodolind* may now cloſs Mourner die,
 Since *Gondibert*, too late, her ſorrow knows.

86.

Young *Hurgonil* above dear light prefers
 Calm *Orna*, who his higheſt Love outloves;
 Yet envious Clouds in *Lombard* Registers
 O'recaſt their Morn, what e're their Evening proves.

87.

For fatal *Laura*, truſty *Tybal* pines;
 For haughty *Gartha*, ſubtle *Hermegild*;
 Whiſt ſhe her beauty, youth, and birth declines;
 And as to Fate, does to Ambition yield;

88.

Great *Gondibert*, to baſhful *Birtha* bends;
 Whom ſhe adores like Vertue in a Throne;
 Whiſt *Ulfinore* and *Golto* (late vow'd Friends
 By him) are now his Rivals, and their owne.

89.

Through ways thus intricate to Lovers Urnes,
 Thou lead'ſt me Love, to ſhew thy Trophies paſt;
 Where Time (leſs cruel then thy Godhead) mournes
 In ruines which thy pride would have to laſt.

90.

Where I on *Lombard* Monuments have read
 Old Lovers names, and their fam'd Aſhes ſpy'd;
 But leſs can learn by knowing they are dead,
 And ſuch their Tombes; then how they liv'd, and dy'd.

91.

To *Paphos* flie! and leave me ſullen here!
 This Lamp ſhall light me to Records, which give
 To future Youth, ſo juſt a cauſe of feare,
 That it will Valor ſeem to dare to live!

The End of the Second Book.

GONDIBERT.

THE THIRD *BOOK.

Canto the First.

* Written
by the
Author
during
his im-
prison-
ment.

The ARGUMENT.

*The People, left by Gartha, leave to mourn;
And worship Hermegild for her return.
The wounded Hurgonil by Orna cur'd;
Their loyal loves by marriage plight assur'd.
In Laura's hasty change, Love's pow'r appears,
And Tybalt seeks the kindness which he fears.*

I.

WHen sad Verona saw in Gartha's shape
Departed Peace brought back, the Court they prais'd;
And seem'd so joy'd as Cities which escape
A siege, that by their own brave Sallies rais'd.

2.

And Hermegild, to make her triumph long,
Through all the streets his Chariot slowly drove;
Whilst she endures the kindness of the Throng,
Though rude, as was their rage, is now their love.

3.

On Hermegild (so longingly desir'd
From Hubert's Camp) with Childish Eyes they gaze;
They worship now, what late they but admir'd,
And all his Arts to mighty Magick raise.

4.

On both they such abundant Blessings throw,
As if those num'rous Priests who here reside,
(Loath to out-live this joy) assembled now
In haste to bless the Laytie ere they dyde.

5.

Thus dignify'd, and Crown'd through all the Streets
To Court they come; where them wise Aribert
Not weakly with a publick passion meets;
But in his open'd Face conceal'd his heart.

6.

With mod'rate joy he took this Pledge of Peace,
Because great joys infer to judging eyes
The minde distress'd before; and in distress,
Thrones, which are jealous Forts, think all are Spies.

T

Yet

7.

Yet, by degrees, a Soul delighted shoves
 To *Gartha*, whom he leads to *Rhodolind*;
 And soon to *Hermegild* as artless grows
 As Maids, and like successful Lovers kind.

8.

And *Rhodolind*, though bred to daily fight
 Of Courts feign'd Faces, and pretended hearts,
 (In which disguises Courts take no delight,
 But little mischiefs shun by little Arts.)

9.

She, when she *Gartha* saw, no kindness feign'd;
 But faithfully her former rage excus'd;
 For now she others sorrows entertain'd,
 As if to love, a Maid's first sorrow us'd,

10.

Yet did her first with cautious gladness meet;
 Then soon from grave respect to fondness grew;
 To kisses in their taste and odour sweet,
 As *Hybla* Honey, or *Arabian* Dew.

11.

And *Gartha* like an Eastern Monarch's Bride,
 This publick love with bashful homage took;
 For she had learn'd from *Hermegild* to hide
 A rising Heart, behind a falling Look.

12.

Thus, mask'd with meekness, she does much intreat
 A pardon for that Storm her sorrow rais'd;
 Which *Rhodolind* more sues she would forget,
 Unless to have so just a sorrow prais'd.

13.

Soon is this joy through all the Court dispers'd;
 So high they value peace, who daily are
 In Prides invasions, private faction, vers'd;
 The small, but fruitful seed of publick warre.

14.

Whilst thus sweet Peace had others joys assur'd,
Orna with hopes of sweeter Love was pleas'd;
 For of war's wounds brave *Hirgonil* was cur'd;
 And those of love, which deeper reach'd, were eas'd.

15.

In both these cures her Sov'raign help appears,
 Since as her double Patient he receiv'd
 For bloody wounds, Balm, from her precious tears,
 And bloodless wounds of love her vows reliev'd.

16.

She let no med'cinal Flow'r in quiet grow,
 No Art lie hid, nor Artist ease his thought,
 No Fane be shut, no Priest from Altars goe,
 Nor in Heav'n's Quire no Saint remain unsought,

17.

Nor more her Eyes could ease of sleep esteem
 Then sleep can the world's Eye, the Sun, conceal;
 Nor breath'd she but in vows to Heav'n, or him,
 Till Heav'n, and she, his different wounds did heal.

But

18.

But now she needs those ayds she did dispence ;
For scarce her cures were on him perfect grown,
E're shame afflicts her for that diligence,
Which Love had in her fits of pitty shown,

19.

When she (though made of cautious bashfulness)
Whilst him in wounds a smarting Feaver burn'd,
Invok'd remotest aydes to his redress,
And with a loud ungovern'd kindness mourn'd.

20.

When o're him then, whilst parting life She ru'd,
Her kisses faster (though unknown before)
Then Blossomes fall on parting Spring, she strew'd ;
Then Blossomes sweeter, and in number more.

21.

But now when from her busie Maid she knew
How wildly Grief had led her Love abroad,
Unmask'd to all, she her own Pris'ner grew ;
By shame, a Virgin's Native Conscience, aw'd.

22.

With undirected Eyes which careless rove,
With thoughts too singly to her self confin'd,
She blushing, starts at her remember'd love,
And grieves the world had Eyes, when that was blind.

23.

Sad darkness, which does other Virgins fright,
Now boldly and alone, she entertain'd ;
And shuns her Lover, like the Traytor, light,
Till he her curtains drew, and thus complain'd.

24.

Why, bashfull Maid, will you your beauty hide
Because your fairer Mind, your Love, is known ?
So Jewellers conceal with artfull pride
Their second wealth, after the best is shown.

25.

In pitty's passion you unvail'd your Minde ;
Let him not fall, whom you did help to climbe ;
Nor seem by being bashful, so unkinde
As if you think your pitty was a crime.

26.

O useles shame ! Officious bashfulness !
Vertues vain signe, which onely there appears
Where Vertue grows erroneous by excess,
And shap'es more sins, then frighted Conscience fears.

27.

Your Blushes, which to meer complexion grow,
You must as nature, not as vertue own ;
And for your open'd Love, you but blush so
As guiltles Roses blush that they are blown.

28.

As well the Morn (whose Essence Poets made,
And gave her bashful Eyes) we may believe
Does blush for what she sees through Nights thin shade,
As that you can for love discover'd grieve.

T 2

Arise !

29.

Arise! and all the Flowers of ev'ry Mead
 (Which weeping through your Stills my health restor'd)
 Bring to the Temple to adorn your Head,
 And there where you did worship, be ador'd.

30.

This with a low regard (but voice rais'd high
 By joys of Love) he spake; and not less kinde
 Was now (ent'ring with native harmony,
 Like forward spring) the blooming *Rhodolind*.

31.

Like Summer, goodly *Gartha*, fully blown;
Laura, like Autumn, with as ripe a look;
 But shew'd, by some chill griefs, her Sun was gon,
Arnold, from whom she Life's short glory took.

32.

Like Winter, *Hermegild*, yet not so gray
 And cold, but that his fashion seem'd to boast,
 That even weak Winter is allow'd some day,
 And the Ayre cleer, and healthfull in a Frost.

33.

All these, and *Tybalt* too (unless a Spy
 He be, watching who thrives in *Laura's* sight)
 Came hither, as in kinde conspiracy,
 To hasten *Orna* to her marriage plight.

34.

And now the Priests prepare for this high vow
 All Rites, that to their Lawes can add a grace;
 To which the sequent knot they not allow,
 Till a spent Morn recovers all her Face.

35.

And now the Streets like Summer Meads appear!
 For with sweet strewings Maids left Gardens bare,
 As Lovers with their sweeter Bosomes were,
 When hid unkindly by dishevel'd Haire.

36.

And *Orna* now (importun'd to possess
 Her long wish'd joys) breaks through her blushes so
 As the fair Morn breaks through her rosynefs;
 And from a like guilt did their blushes grow.

37.

She thinks her Love's high sickness now appears
 A fit so weak, as does no med'cine need;
 So soon society can cure those feares
 On which the Coward, Solitude, does feed.

38.

They with united joy blest *Hurgonil*
 And *Orna* to the sacred Temple bring;
 Whilst all the Court in triumph shew their Skill,
 As if long bred by a triumphant King.

39.

Such dayes of joy, before the marriage day,
 The *Lombards* long by custome had embrac't;
 Custom, which all, rather than Law obey,
 For Lawes by force, Customes, by pleasure last.

40.

And wisely Ancients by this needfull snare
Of gilded joys, did hide such bitterness
As most in marriage swallow with that care,
Which bashfully the wife will ne'r confesse.

41.

'Tis Statesmens musick, who States Fowlers be,
And singing Birds, to catch the wilder, set;
So bring in more to tame society;
For wedlock, to the wilde, is the States Net.

42.

And this loud joy, before the marriage Rites,
Like Battails Musick which to fights prepare,
Many to strife and sad success invites;
For marriage is too oft but civil Warr.

43.

A truth too amply known to those who read
Great *Hymen's* Roles; though he from Lovers Eyes
Hides his most Tragick stories of the Dead,
Least all, like *Goths*, should 'gainst his Temples rise.

44.

And thou (what ere thou art, who dost perchance
With a hot Reader's haste, this Song pursue)
Mayst finde, too soon, thou dost too far advance,
And with it all unread, or else untrue.

45.

For it is sung (though by a mourning voice)
That in the *Ides* before these Lovers had,
With *Hymen's* publick hand, confirm'd their choice,
A cruel practise did their peace invade.

46.

For *Hermegild*, too studiously foresaw
The Counts allyance with the Duke's high blood,
Might from the *Lombards* such affection draw,
As could by *Hubert* never be withstood.

47.

And he in haste with *Gartha* does retire,
Where thus his Breast he opens to prevent,
That *Hymen's* hallow'd Torch may not take fire,
When all these lesser lights of joy are spent.

48.

High Heaven (from whose best Lights your beauty grows,
Born high, as highest Mindes) preserve you still
From such, who then appear resistless Foes,
When they allyance joyn to Armes and Skill!

49.

Most by conjunction Planets harmfull are;
So Rivers joyning overflow the Land,
And Forces joyn'd make that destructive warre,
Which else our common conduct may withstand.

50.

Their Knees to *Hurgonil* the People bow
And worship *Orna* in her Brothers right;
They must be sever'd, or like Palms will grow,
Which planted near, out-climbe their native height.

51.

As Windes, whose violence out-does all art,
 Act all unseen; so we as secretly
 These Branches of that Cedar *Gondibert*
 Must force till his deep Root in rising dy.

52.

If we make noise whilst our deep workings last,
 Such rumour through thick Towns unheeded flies,
 As winds through woods, and we (our great work past)
 Like winds will silence Tongues, and scape from Eyes.

53.

E're this dark lesson she was clearer taught,
 His enter'd Slaves place at her rev'renc'd Feet
 A spacious Cabinet, with all things fraught,
 Which seem'd for wearing artful, rich, and sweet.

54.

With leisurely delight, she by degrees
 Lifts ev'ry Till, does ev'ry Drawer draw;
 But nought which to her Sex belongs she sees;
 And for the Male all nice adornments saw.

55.

This seem'd to breed some strangeness in her Eyes;
 Which like a wanton wonder there began;
 But strait she in the Lower Closet spies
 Th' accomplish'd drefs, and Garments of a Man.

56.

Then starting, she her Hand shrunk nicely back;
 As if she had been stung, or that she fear'd
 This Garment was the skin of that old Snake
 Which at the fatal Tree like Man appear'd.

57.

Th' ambitious Maid at scornfull distance stood;
 And bravely seem'd of Love's low vices free;
 Though vicious in her minde, not in her blood:
 Ambition is the Mindes immodestie !

58.

He knew great mindes disorder'd by mistake,
 Defend through pride, the errors they repent;
 And with a Lovers fearfulness he spake
 Thus humbly, that extremes he might prevent.

59.

How ill (delightfull Maid!) shall I deserve
 My Life's last flame, fed by your beauty's fire,
 If I shall vex your vertues, that preserve
 Others weak vertues, which would else expire.

60.

How, more then death, shall I my life despise,
 When your fear'd frowns, make me your service fear;
 When I scarce dare to say, that the disguise
 You shrink to see, you must vouchsafe to wear.

61.

So rude a Law your int'rest will impose;
 And solid int'rest must not yield to shame:
 Vain shame, which fears you should such honor lose
 As lasts but by intelligence with Fame.

62.

Number, which makes opinion Law, can turn
This shape to fashion, which you scorn to use,
Because not by your Sex as fashion worn;
And fashion is but that which Numbers chuse,

63.

If you approve what Numbers lawful think,
Be bold, for Number cancels bashfulness;
Extremes, from which a King would blushing shrink,
Unblushing Senates act as no excess.

64.

Thus he his thoughts (the picture of his minde)
By a dark Vayle to sudden sight deny'd;
That she might prise, what seem'd so hard to finde;
For Curtains promise worth in what they hide.

65.

He said her Manhood would not strange appear
In Court, where all the fashion is disguise;
Where *Masquerades* are serious all the year;
None known but strangers, nor secure but Spies.

66.

All rules he reads of living great in Courts;
Which some the Art of wise dissembling call;
For Pow'r (born to have Foes) much weight supports
By their false strength who thrust to make it fall.

67.

He bids her wear her beauty free as light;
By Eares as open be to all endeer'd;
For the unthinking Croud judge by their sight;
And seem half eas'd, when they are fully heard.

68.

He shuts her Breast even from familiar Eyes;
For he who secrets (Pow'r's chief Treasure) spends
To purchase Friendship, friendship dearly buys:
Since Pow'r seeks great Confed'rates, more then Friends.

69.

And now with Councils more particular,
He taught her how to wear tow'rdes *Rhodalind*
Her looks; which of the Minde false pictures are;
And then how *Orna* may believe her kinde.

70.

How *Laura* too may be (whose practis'd Eyes
Can more detect the shape of forward love)
By treaty caught, though not by a surpris;
Whose aid would precious to her faction prove.

71.

But here he ends his Lecture, for he spy'd
(Adorn'd, as if to grace Magnifique Feasts)
Bright *Rhodalind*, with the elected Bride;
And with the Bride, all her selected Guests.

72.

They *Gartha* in their civil pity fought;
Whom they in midst of triumphs mist, and feare
Least her full Breast (with *Huberts* sorrows fraught)
She, like a Mourner, came to empty here.

But

73.

But she, and *Hermegild*, are wilde with hast,
 As Traytors are whom Visitants surprise;
 Decyph'ring that which fearfully they cast
 In some dark place, where viler Treason lies.

74.

So open they the fatal Cabinet,
 To shut things slighter with the Consequent;
 Then soon their rally'd looks in posture set;
 And boldly with them to their triumphs went.

75.

Tybalt, who *Laura* gravely ever led,
 With ceaseless whispers laggs behinde the Train;
 Trys, since her wary Governour is dead,
 How the fair Fort he may by Treaty gain.

76.

For now unhappy *Arnold* she forsakes;
 Yet is he blest that she does various prove,
 When his spent heart for no unkindness akes;
 Since from the light as sever'd as from Love.

77.

Yet as in storms and sickness newly gon,
 Some Clouds a while, and strokes of faintness last;
 So, in her brow, so much of grief is shown,
 As shews a Tempest, or a sickness past.

78.

But him no more with such sad Eyes she seeks,
 As even at Feasts would make old Tyrants weep;
 Nor more attempts to wake him with such shrieks,
 As threatned all where Death's deaf Prisoners sleep.

79.

Hugo and him, as Leaders now she names,
 Not much as Lovers does their fame approve;
 Nor her own fate, but chance of battel blames;
 As if they dy'd for honor, not for love.

80.

This *Tybalt* saw, and findes that the turn'd Stream
 Came fairly flowing to refresh his heart;
 Yet could he not forget the kinde esteem
 She lately had of *Arnold's* high desert.

81.

Nor does it often scape his memory,
 How gravely he had vow'd, that if her Eyes,
 After such Showres of Love, were quickly drie,
 He would them more then Lamps in Tombs despise.

82.

And whilst he watch'd like an industrious Spy
 Her Sexes changes, and revolts of youth;
 He still reviv'd this vow as solemnly,
 As Senates Count'nance Laws, or Synods, Truth.

83.

But Men are frail, more Glasse then Women are!
Tybalt, who with a stay'd judicious heart
 Would love, grows vain amidst his gravest care:
 Love free by nature, scorns the Bonds of Art!

84.

Laura (whose Fort he by approach would gain)
With a weak sigh blows up his Mine, and Smiles ;
Gives fire but with her Eye ; and he is slain ;
Or treats , and with a whisper him beguiles.

85

Nor force of Arms or Arts (O Love !) endures
Thy mightyness ; and since we must discern
Diseases fully e're we study cures ;
And our own force by others weakness learn ;

86.

Let me to Courts and Camps thy Agent be,
Where all their weakness and diseases spring
From their not knowing, and not hon'ring thee
In those, who Nature in thy triumphs sing.

UCANTO

Canto the Second.

The ARGUMENT.

*Whilst BIRTHA and the Duke their joys pursue
In conqu'ring Love, Fate does them both subdue
With triumphs, which from Court young Orgo brought;
And have in Goltso greater triumphs wrought:
Whose hopes the quiet Ulfinoe does bear
With patience feign'd, and with a hidden fear.*

I.

THe prosp'rous *Gondibert* from *BIRTHA* gains
All bashful plights a Maids first bounties give;
Fast vows, which binde Love's Captives more then chains,
Yet free Love's Saints in chosen bondage live.

2.

Few were the dayes, and swiftly seem'd to waste,
Which thus he in his mindes fruition spent;
And least some envious Cloud should overcast
His Love's fair Morn, oft to his Camp he sent;

3.

To *Bergamo*, where still intrenched were
Those Youth, whom first his Father's Army bred;
Who ill the rumor of his wounds did bear,
Though he that gave them, of his own be dead.

4.

And worse those haughty threat'nings they abhor,
Which Fame from *Brescia's* ancient Fighters brought;
Vain Fame, the Peoples trusted Orator,
Whose speech (too fluent) their mistakes has wrought.

5.

Oft *Goltso* with his temp'rate Counsels went,
To quench whom Fame to dang'rous fury warm'd;
Till temp'rately his dangers they resent,
And think him safest in their patience arm'd.

6.

And safe now is his love, as love could be,
If all the World like old *Arcadia* were;
Honor the Monarch, and all Lovers free
From jealousy, as safety is from fear.

7.

And *BIRTHA's* heart does to his civil Breast
As much for ease and peace, as safety come;
For there 'tis serv'd and treated as a Guest,
But watch'd, and taught, and often chid at home.

Like

8.

Like great and good Confed'rates, whose designe
Invades not others but secures their own,
So they in just and vertuous hopes combine,
And are, like new Confed'rates, busie grown.

9.

With whisper earnest, and now grave with thought;
They walk consulting, standing they debate;
And then seek shades, where they in vaine are sought,
By servants who intrude and think they waite.

10.

In this great League, their most important care
Was to dispatch their Rites; yet so provide,
That all the Court might think them free as ayre,
When fast as faith, they were by *Hymen* ty'd.

11.

For if the King (said he) our love surprize,
His stormy rage will it rebellion call;
Who claims to chuse the Brides of his Allyes;
And in that storm our joys in blossome fall.

12.

Our love, your cautious Father onely knowes
(On whose safe prudence, Senates may depend)
And *Goltso*, who to time few reck'nings owes,
Yet can discharge all duties of a Friend.

13.

Such was his minde, and hers (more busy) shows
That bonds of love doe make her longer fast
Then *Hymen's* knot, as plain Religion does,
Longer then Rites (Religion's fashions) last.

14.

That her discretion somewhat does appeare,
Since she can Love, her minds chief beauty, hide;
Which never farther went then *Thula's* Eare,
Who had (alafs) but for that secret di'de.

15.

That she already had disguises fram'd,
And sought out Caves where she might close reside;
As being, nor unwilling nor asham'd
To live his Captive, so she die his Bride.

16.

Full of themselves, delight them onward leads,
Where in the Front was to remoter view
Exalted Hills, and neerer prostrate Meads,
With Forrests flank'd, where shade to darknes grew.

17.

Beneath that shade, Two Rivers slyly steal,
Through narrow walks, to vvider *Adice*,
Vvho swallows both, till proudly she does swell,
And hasts to shew her beauty to the Sea.

18.

And here, whilst forth he sends his ranging Eie,
Orgo he spies; who plies the spur so fast,
As if with nevves of Vict'ry he vvould flie
To leave swift Fame behinde him by his haste.

19.

If (said the Duke) because this Boy is come
 I second gladness shew, doe not suppose
 I spread my Breast to give new Comforts roome,
 That were to welcome rain where *Nylus* flows.

20.

Though the unripe appearance of a Page
 For weighty trust, may render him too weak,
 Yet this is he, who more then cautious Age,
 Or like calm Death, will bury what we speak.

21.

This, *Birthe*, is the Boy, whose skilless face
 Is safe from jealousy of oldest spies;
 In whom, by whisper, we from distant place
 May meet, or wink our meaning to his Eyes.

22.

More had he said to gain him her esteem,
 But *Orgo* enters speechless with his Speed;
 And by his looks more full of haste did seem,
 Then when his spurs provok'd his flying steed.

23.

And with his first recover'd breath he cries;
 Hail my lov'd Lord; whom Fame does value so,
 That when she swift with your successes flies,
 She fears to wrong the World in being slow.

24.

I bring you more then taste of Fortune's love,
 Yet am afraid I err, in having dar'd
 To think her favours could your gladness move;
 Who have more worth then Fortune can reward.

25.

The Duke, with smiles, forewarns his hasty Tongue;
 As loath he should proceed in telling more;
 Kindly afraid to do his kindness wrong,
 By hearing what he thought he knew before.

26.

Thy diligence (said he) is high desert;
 It does in youth supply defects of skill;
 And is of duty the most useful part;
 Yet art thou now but slow to *Hurgonil*.

27.

Who hither by the Moons imperfect light
 Came and return'd, without the help of day,
 To tell me he has *Orna's* Virgin plight,
 And that their nuptials for my presence stay.

28.

Orgo reply'd, though that a triumph be
 Where all false Lovers are, like savage Kings,
 Led Captive after Love's great Victory,
 It does but promise what your triumph brings.

29.

It was the Eve to this your Holy-day!
 And now *Verona* Mistress does appear
 Of *Lombardy*; and all the Flowers which *May*
 E're wore, does as the Countie's favours wear.

30.

The weary Eccho from the Hills makes haste;
Vex'd that the Bells still call for her replies
When they so many are, and ring so faste;
Yet oft are silenc'd by the Peoples cries :

31.

Who send to Heav'n the name of *Rhodolind*,
And then Duke *Gondibert* as high they raise,
To both with all their publick passion kinde,
If kindness shine in wishes and in praise.

32.

The King this day made your adoption known,
Proclaim'd you to the Empire next ally'd,
As heir to all his Conquests and his Crown,
For royal *Rhodolind* must be your Bride.

33.

Not all the dangers valor findes in war,
Love meets in Courts, or pride to Courts procures,
When sick with peace they hot in faction are,
Can make such fears as now the Duke endures.

34.

Nor all those fears which ev'ry Maid has found,
On whose first Guards, Love by surprises steals,
(Whose sightless Arrow makes a cureless wound)
Are like to this which doubtful *Birtha* feels.

35.

He from his looks wild wonder strives to chace;
Strives more to teach his Manhood to resist
Death in her Eyes; and then with all the grace
Of seeming pleasure, *Orgo* he dismiss.

36.

And *Orgo* being gone, low as her knees
Could fall, the fell; and soon he bends as low
With weight of heart; griev'd that no Grave he sees,
To sink, where love no more can sorrow know.

37.

Her sighs as shows lay windes, are calm'd with tears;
And parting life seems stay'd awhile to take
A civil leave, whilst her pale visage wears
A clearer Sky, and thus the weeping spake.

38.

Since such a Prince has forfeited his pow'r,
Heav'n give me leave to make my duty less,
Let me my vows, as sudden oathes abhor,
Which did my passion, not my truth express.

39.

Yet yours I would not think were counterfeit,
But rather ill and rashly understood;
For 'tis impossible I can forget
So soon, that once you fatally were good:

40.

Though cruel now as Beasts where they have pow'r;
Chusing, like them, to make the vveakest bleed;
For vveakness soon invites you to devour,
And a submission gives you ease to feed.

41.

To fighting Fields, send all your honor back,
 To Courts your dang'rous Tongue and civil shape,
 That Country Maids may Men no more mistake,
 Nor seek dark Death, that they may Love escape.

42.

Now soon to Heav'n her Soul had found the way,
 (For there it oft had been in pray'r and praise)
 But that his vows did life with loudness stay,
 And life's warm help did soon her Body raise:

43.

And now he gently leads her; for no more
 He lets th' unhallow'd Ground a false Flow're wear,
 Sweeter then Nature's Bosome ever wore;
 And now these vows sends kindly to her Ear.

44.

If (*Birtha*) I am false, think none to blame
 For thinking Truth (by which the Soul subsists)
 No farther to be found then in the name;
 Think humane kind betraid even by their Priests.

45.

Think all my Sex so vile, that you may chide
 Those Maids who to your Mothers Nuptials ran;
 And praise your Mother who so early dy'd,
 Remembring whom she marry'd was a Man.

46.

This great Court miracle you strait receive
 From *Orgo*, and your faith the whole allows;
 Why since you *Orgo's* words so soon believe
 Will you less civilly suspect my vows?

47.

My Vowes, which want the Temples seal; will binde
 (Though private kept) surer then publick Laws;
 For Laws but force the Body, but my Minde
 Your Vertue Councils, whilst your beauty draws.

48.

Thus spake he, but his mourning looks did more
 Attest his grief, and fear does hers renew;
 Now losing (were he lost) more then before,
 For then she fear'd him false, now thinks him true.

49.

As sick Physitians feldome their own Art
 Dare trust, to cure their own disease, so these
 Were to themselves quite useles when apart;
 Yet by consult, each can the other ease.

50.

But from themselves they now diverted stood;
 For *Orgo's* Newes (which need not borrow wings,
 Since *Orgo* for his Lord believ'd it good)
 To *Astragon* the joyful Household brings.

51.

But *Astragon*, with a judicious thought,
 This days glad news took in the dire portent;
 A day which mourning Nights to *Birtha* brought;
 And with that fear, in search of *Birtha* went.

52.

And here he findes her in her Lovers Eyes,
And him in hers; both more afflicted grown
At his approach; for each his sorrow spies;
Who thus would counsel theirs, and hide his own.

53.

Though much this fatall joy to anger moves;
Yet reasons aydes shall anger's force subdue;
I will not chide you for your hasty Loves,
Nor ever doubt (great Prince) that yours is true.

54.

In chiding Love, because he hasty was,
Or urging errors, which his swiftness brings,
I finde effects, but dare not tax the cause;
For Poets were inspir'd, who gave him wings.

55.

When low I digg, where desert-Rivers run,
Dive deep in Seas, through Forrests follow windes,
Or reach with Optick Tubes the ragged Moon,
My sight no cause of Love's swift motion findes.

56.

Love's fatall haste, in yours, I will not blame,
Because I know not why his Wings were giv'n;
Nor doubt him true, not knowing whence he came,
Nor *Birthe* chide, who thought you came from Heav'n.

57.

If you lay snares, we err when we escape;
Since evil practise learns Men to suspect
Where falshood is, and in your noble shape,
We should by finding it, our skill detect.

58.

Yet both your griefs I'll chide, as ignorance;
Call you unthankful; for your great griefs show
That Heav'n has never us'd you to mischance,
Yet rudely you repine to feel it now.

59.

If your contextures be so weak, and nice,
Weep that this stormy world you ever knew;
You are not in those Calmes of Paradise,
Where slender Flowers as safe as Cedars grew.

60.

This which your Youth calls grief, was frowardness
In flatter'd Infancy, and as you beare
Unkindly now amidst Youth's joys distress,
So then, unless still rock'd you froward were.

61.

Griefs conflicts gave these Haires their silver shine;
(Torne Ensignes which victorious Age adorne)
Youth is a Drefs too garish and too fine
To be in foule tempestuous weather worne.

62.

Grief's want of use does dang'rous weakness make;
But we by use of Burdens are made strong;
And in our practis'd Age can calmly take
Those sorrows, which like Feavers, vex the young.

When

63.

When you in Lov's fair Books (which Poets keep)
 Read what they hide, his Tragick History,
 You will rejoyce that half your time is sleep,
 And smile at Love when Nature bids you die.

64.

Learn then that Love's diseases common are;
 Doe not in sickness known (though new to you)
 Whilst vital heat does last, of cure dispaire:
 Love's vital heat does last, whilst Love is true.

65.

Thus spake the kinde and prudent *Astragon*:
 And much their kinde impatience he appeas'd,
 For of his griefs (which heav'ier then their own
 Were born by both) their dutious fears are eas'd.

66.

She begs, that he would pardon her distress,
 Thought that even sin which did his sorrow move;
 And then with all her Mother's lowliness
 His pardon craves for asking leave to love.

67.

The Duke who saw fair Truth so undisguis'd,
 And love in all, but love so unconcern'd,
 Pitty'd the studious world, and all despis'd,
 Who did not here unlearn, what they had learn'd.

68.

I am reform'd (said he) not that before
 I wanted love, or that my love was ill;
 But I have learnt to perfect Nature more
 By giving innocence a little skill.

69.

For 'tis some skill in innocence to bear
 With temper the distempers of our Stars;
 Not doubling griefs already come by fear
 Of more, for fears but hasten threatned Wars.

70.

But we will bravely suffer to inure
 Our strength to weights against the new are laid;
 That when 'tis known how much we can endure,
 Our sufferings may make our Foes afraid,

71.

This Comet Glory shines but in portent;
 Which from the Court does send her threatning Beams;
 And looks as if it were by malice ment
 To hasten *Oswald's* Faction to extrems.

72.

Since *Hurgonil*, who just fore-ran the Boy
 Could not instruct us, we as much may know
 Of the first light, as of these fires of joy;
 Which is, that both did out of darkness grow.

73.

Yet this the King might hide in Kingly skill,
 Wisely to make his bounty more his own:
 Kings stoop for Council, who impart their will;
 His Acts, like Heav'ns, make not their Causes known.

74.

Yet with as plain a heart as Love untaught
 In *Birtha* wears; I here to *Birtha* make
 A vow, that *Rhodolind* I never fought,
 Nor now would with her love her greatness take.

75.

Loves bonds are for her greatness made too straight;
 And me Ambition's pleasures cannot please;
 Even Priests who on the higher Altar wait;
 Think a continu'd reverence losse of ease.

76.

Let us with secrecy our love protect;
 Hiding such precious wealth from publick view;
 The proffer'd glory I will first suspect
 As false, and shun it when I finde it true.

77.

They now retire because they *Goltso* saw,
 Who hither came to watch with *Ulsinore*
 If much the Duke's woo'd Mistris did him awe;
 Since love woo'd him, and in the shape of Pow'r.

78.

But when he mark'd that he did from them move
 With sodain shynefs, he suppos'd it shame
 Of being seen in chafe of *Birtha's* love;
 As if above it grown since *Orgo* came.

79.

Goltso by nature was of Musick made,
 Cheerful as Victors warm in their success;
 He seem'd like Birds created to be glad,
 And nought but love could make him taste distress.

80.

Hope, which our cautious Age scarce entertains,
 Or as a Flatterer gives her cold respect;
 He runs to meet, invites her, and complains
 Of one hours absence as a years neglect.

81.

Hope, the world's welcom, and his standing Guest,
 Fed by the Rich, but Feasted by the Poor;
 Hope, that did come in triumph to his Breast,
 He thus presents in boast to *Ulsinore*.

82.

Well may I (Friend) auspicious Love odore,
 Seeing my mighty Rivals takes no pride
 To be with *Birtha* seen; and he before
 (Thou knowst) injoynd that I his love should hide.

83.

Nor do I break his trust when 'tis reveal'd
 To thee, since we are now so much the same;
 That when from thee, it is from me conceal'd,
 For we admit no difference but in name.

84.

But be it still from ev'ry other Ear
 Preserv'd, and strictly by our mutual vow:
 His Laws are still to my obedience dear,
 Who was my Gen'ral, though my Rival now.

85.

And well thou knowst how much mine Eies did melt,
 When our great Leader they did first perceive
 Love's Captive led; whose sorrows then I felt,
 Though now for greater of mine own I grieve.

86.

Nor do I now by love in duty err;
 For if I get what he would fain possess,
 Then he a Monarch is, and I prefer
 Him, who undoes the World in being less.

87.

When Heav'n (which hath prefer'd me to thy Best
 Where Friendship is inthron'd,) shall make it known
 That I am worth thy love, which is express'd
 By making Heav'nly *Birtha* all mine own.

88.

Then at this quiet *Eden* thou wilt call,
 And stay a while, to mark if Love's prais'd Plant
 Have after Spring a ripeness, and a Fall,
 Or never of the first abundance want.

89.

And I shall tell thee then if Poets are
 In using Beauty's Pencil false, or blinde;
 For they have *Birtha* drawn but sweet and faire;
 Stiles of her Face, the Curtain of her Minde!

90.

And thou at parting shalt her Picture weare,
 For Nature's honor, not to shew my pride;
 Try if her like the teeming World does beare,
 Then bring that Copy hither for thy Bride.

91.

And they shall love as quietly as we;
 Their Beauty's pow'r no civil War will raise;
 But flourish, and like neighb'ring Flowres agree;
 Unless they kindly quarrel in our praise.

92.

Then we for change will leave such luscious peace;
 In Camps their Favors shall our Helms adorn;
 For we can no way else our joys increase,
 But by beholding theirs at our return.

93.

Thus cloth'd in Feathers, he on Steeples walks;
 Not guessing yet, that silent *Ulsinore*,
 Had study'd her of whom he loosely talks,
 And what he likes did solidly adore.

94.

But *Ulsinore* with cold discretion aw'd
 His passion, and did grave with Love become;
 Though Youthfully he sent his Eies abroad,
 Yet kept with Manly care, his Tongue at home.

95.

These Rival's hopes, he did with patience hear;
 His count'nance not uneasy seem'd, nor strange;
 Yet meant his cares should more like Love appear,
 If in the Duke Ambition bred a change.

96.

But as the Duke shun'd them for secrecy,
So now they from approaching *Orgo* move,
Made by Discretion (Love's strict Tutor) shy,
Which is to Lovers painful as their Love.

97.

But *Orgo* they did ill suspect, whose Youth
And nature yielded Lovers no offence;
Us'd by his Lord for kindness and for truth;
Both native in him as his innocence:

98.

And here pass'd by in haste, to Court imploy'd,
That *Birtha* may no more have cause to mourn:
Full was his little Breast! and overjoy'd
That much depended on his quick return!

99.

Many like *Orgo* in their Manhoods Morn,
As Pages did the noble Duke attend;
The Sons of Chiefs, whom beauty did adorn,
And fairer Vertue did that beauty mend.

100.

These in his *Heroe's* Schools he bred (which were
In Peace his Palace, and in War his Tent)
As if Time's self had read sage Lectures there
How he would have his howres (life's Treasure) spent.

101.

No action, though to shorten dreaded warre,
Nor needful Counsels, though to lengthen Peace,
Nor Love, of which wise Nature takes such care,
Could from this useful work his cares release.

102.

But with the early Sun he rose, and taught
These Youths, by growing vertue to grow great;
Shew'd greatness is without it blindly sought,
A desp'rate charge which ends in base retreat.

103.

He taught them shame, the sodain sence of ill;
Shame, Nature's hasty Conscience, which forbids
Weak inclination ere it grows to will,
Or stays rash will, before it grows to deeds.

104.

He taught them Honor, Vertue's bashfulness;
A Fort so yeildless, that it fears to treat;
Like Pow'r, it grows to nothing, growing less;
Honor, the moral Conscience of the Great!

105.

He taught them kindness; Soul's civilitie;
In which, nor Courts, nor Citys have a part;
For theirs is fashion, this from fallhood free;
Where Love, and pleasure, know no Lust nor Art.

106.

And Love he taught; the Soul's stolne Visit made
Though froward Age watch hard; and Law forbid;
Her walks no Spie has trac'd, nor Mountain staide;
Her friendship's cause, is as the Loadstone's hid.

107.

He taught them love of Toyle ; Toyle which does keep
Obstructions from the Minde, and quench the blood ;
Ease but belongs to us like sleep , and sleep
Like *Opium*, is our Med'cine, not our Food.

108.

To Dangers us'd them ; which Death's Visards are,
More ugly then himself, and often chace
From Batail Coward-life ; but when we dare
His Visard see, we never fear his Face:

CANTO

Canto the Third.

The ARGUMENT.

*The Poet takes the Wife aside, to prove
Even them concern'd in all he writes of Love.
The dutious Orgo from the Court returns
With joys, at which again fair Birtha mourns.
The Duke with open Armes does entertain
Those Guests whom he receives with secret pain.*

1.

THou, who some Ages hence these Roles dost read
(Kept as Records by Lovers of Love's pow'r)
Thou who dost live, when I have long been dead,
And feed'st from Earth, when Earth does me devowr:

2.

Who liv'st, perhaps, amidst some Cities joys,
Where they would fall asleep with Lazy peace,
But that their triumphs make so great a noise,
And their loud Bells cannot for nuptials cease:

3.

Thou, who perhaps, proudly thy bloomy Bride
Lead'st to some Temple, where I wither'd lie;
Proudly, as if the Age's Frosts defy'd;
And that thy springing self could never die:

4.

Thou, to whom then the cheerful Quire will sing,
Whilst hallow'd Lamps, and Tapers brave the Sun
As a Lay-Light; and Bells in triumph ring,
As when from sallies the Besiegers run.

5.

That when the Priest has ended, if thine Eies
Can but a little space her Eies forbear,
To shew her where my Marble Coffin lies;
Her Virgin Garlands she will offer there:

6.

Confess, that reading me she learnt to love;
That all the good behaviour of her heart,
Even tow'rds thy self, my doctrine did improve;
Where Love by Nature is forwarn'd of Art,

7.

She will confess, that to her Maiden state
This Story shew'd such Patterns of great Life,
As though she then could those but imitate,
They an Example make her now a Wife.

And

8.

And thy life's fire could she awhile outlive
 (Which were, though lawful, neither kinde nor good)
 Then, even her sorrows would examples give;
 And shine to others through dark widowhood.

9.

And she will boast, how spite of *Cynick* Age,
 Of bus'ness, which does Pow'r uncivil make,
 Of ruder Cells, where they Love's Fire asswage
 By study'ng Death, and fear for Vertue take:

10.

And spite of Courts (where loving now is made
 An Art, as dying is in Cells) my Laws
 Did teach her how by Nature to perswade,
 And hold by vertue whom her beauty draws.

11.

Thus when by knowing me, thou know'st to whom
 Love owes his Eies, who has too long been blinde;
 Then in the Temple leave my Bodies Tomb,
 To seek this Book, the Mon'ment of my Minde.

12.

Where thou mai'st read; who with impatient Eies
 For *Orgo* on the gilded *Tarras* stay;
 Which high, and golden shews, and open lies,
 As the Morne's Window when she lets out Day.

13.

Whose height Two rising Forrests over-looks;
 And on *Pine*-tops the Eiesight downward casts;
 Where distant Rivers seem bestrided Brooks,
 Churches but Anchor'd Ships, their Steeples, Masts.

14.

Hence, by his little *Regian* Courser brought,
Orgo they spie, with diligence indu'd,
 As if he would o'ertake forerunning Thought;
 And he by many swiftly seem'd pursu'd.

15.

But his light speed left those awhile behinde;
 Whilst with rais'd Dust, their swiftnefs hid the way
 Yet *Birtha* will, too soon, by *Orgo* finde
 What she by distance lost in this surway.

16.

Orgo a precious *Casket* did present
 To his dear Lord, of *Podian Saphyr* wrought;
 For which, unknown to *Birtha*, he was sent;
 And a more precious Pledg was in it brought.

17.

Then thus proclaim'd his joy! Long may I live!
 Sent still with blessings from the Hea'nly Powers;
 And may their bountys shew what they can give;
 And full as fast as long expected Showres!

18.

Behold the King, with such a shining Traine
 As-dazles sight, yet can inform the Blind;
 But there the Rich, and Beautious shine in vaine,
 Unless they distance keep from *Rhodolind*.

19.

Methinks, they through the Middle Region come ;
 Their Chariots hid in Clouds of Dust below ,
 And o're their Heads , their Coursers scatter'd Fome
 Does seem to cover them like falling Snow.

20.

This *Birtha* heard, and she on *Orgo* cast
 A piteous look (for she no anger knew)
 But griev'd he knows not, that he brings too fast
 Such joys, as fain she faster would eschew.

21.

So *Gondibert* this Gust of glory took
 As Men whose Sayls are full, more weather take ;
 And she so gaz'd on him, as Sea-men look
 On long fought shore, when Tempests drive them back.

22.

But now these Glories more apparent be ;
 And justly all their observation claim'd ;
 Great, as in greatest Courts less Princes see,
 When entertain'd to be eclips'd, and sham'd.

23.

West from *Verona's* Road, through pleasant Meads
 Their Chariots cross, and to the Palace steer ;
 And *Aribert* this winged triumph leads ;
 Which like the Planets Progress did appear.

24.

So shin'd they, and so noiseless seem'd their speed ;
 Like *Spartans*, touching but the silken *Reynes*,
 Was all the conduct which their Coursers need ;
 And proudly to sit still, was all their pains.

25.

With *Aribert* sat royal *Rhodolind* ;
 Calm *Orna* by the Count ; by *Hermegild*
 (Silver'd with time) the Golden *Gartha* shin'd ;
 And *Tybolt's* Eies were full by *Laura* fill'd.

26.

The lesser Beauties, numberless as Stars,
 Shew'd sickly and far off, to this Noon-day ;
 And lag'd like Baggage Treasure in the Wars ;
 Or only seem'd, another *milkie way*.

27.

The Duke perceiv'd, the King design'd to make
 This visit more familiar by surprise ;
 And with Court art, he would no notice take
 Of that, which Kings are willing to disguise.

28.

But as in heedless sleep, the House shall seem
 New wak'd with this Alarm ; and *Ulsin* strait
 (Whose fame was precious in the Courts esteem)
 Must, as with casual sight, their entrance wait.

29.

To *Astragon* he doubles all his Vows ;
 To *Birtha*, through his Eies, his Heart reveal'd ;
 And by some civil jealousies he shows
 Her beauty from the Court must be conceal'd.

30.

Prays her, from Envy's danger to retire;
 The Palace war; which there can never cease
 Till Beauty's force in age or death expire:
 A War disguis'd in civil shapes of Peace,

31.

Still he the precious Pledg kept from her view;
 Who guess'd not by the *Casket* his intent;
 And was so willing not to fear him true,
 That she did fear to question what it ment.

32.

Now hafts she to be hid; and being gon,
 Her Lover thinks the Planet of the day
 So leaves the mourning World to give the Moon
 (Whose Train is mark'd but for their number) way.

33.

And entring in her Closet (which took light
 Full in the Palace Front) she findes her Maids
 Gather'd to see this gay unusual sight;
 Which Commet-like, their wondring Eies invades.

34.

Where *Thula* would by climbing highest be,
 Though ancient grown, and was in stature short;
 Yet did protest, she came not there to see,
 But to be hid from dangers of the Court.

35.

Their curious longing *Birtha* durst not blame
 (Boldness, which but to seeing did aspire)
 Since she her self, provok'd with Courts great Fame,
 Would fain a little see what all admire.

36.

Then through the Casement ventur'd so much Face
 As Kings depos'd, shew when through grates they peep,
 To see Deposers to their Crowning passe;
 But strait shrink back, and at the triumph weep.

37.

Soon so her Eies did too much glory finde;
 For ev'n the first she saw was all; for she
 No more would view since that was *Rhodolind*;
 And so much beauty could none others be.

38.

Which with her Vertue weigh'd (no less renown'd)
 Afflicts her that such worth must fatal prove;
 And be in tears of the Possessor drown'd,
 Or she depose her Lover by her Love.

39.

But *Thula* (wildly earnest in the view
 Of such gay sights as she did ne'r behold)
 Mark'd not when *Birtha* her sad Eies withdrew;
 But dreamt the World was turn'd again to Gold.

40.

Each Lady most, till more appear'd, ador'd;
 Then with rude liking prais'd them all alowd;
 Yet thought them foul and course to ev'ry Lord;
 And civilly to ev'ry Page she bow'd

41.

The objects past, out-sigh'd even those that woo;
And strait her Mistress at the Window mist;
Then finding her in grief, out-sigh'd her too;
And her fair Hands with parting passion kist:

42.

Did with a Servants usual art profess
That all she saw, was to her beauty black;
Confess'd their Maids well bred, and knew to dress,
But said those Courts are poor which painting lack.

43.

Thy praise (said *Birtha*) poyson'd is with spite;
May blisters cease on thy uncivil Tongue,
Which strives so wickedly to do me right,
By doing *Rhodolind* and *Orna* wrong.

44.

False Fame, thy Mistress, tutor'd thee amiss;
Who teaches School in streets, where Crowds resort;
Fame, false, as that their beauty painted is;
The common Country slander on the Court.

45.

With this rebuke, *Thula* takes gravely leave;
Pretends she'll better judge ere they be gon;
At least see more, though they her sight deceive;
Whilst *Birtha* findes, wilde Fear feeds best alone;

46.

Ulfen receives, and through Art's Palace guides
The King; who owns him with familiar grace;
Though Twice seven Years from first observance hides
Those Marks of valor which adorn'd his Face.

47.

Then *Astragon* with hasty homage bows:
And says, when thus his beams he does dispence
In lowly visits, like the Sun he shows
Kings made for universal influence.

48.

Him with renown the King for Science pays,
And Vertue; which Gods likest Pictures bee;
Drawn by the Soul, whose onely hire is praise;
And from such Salary not Heav'n is free.

49.

Then kindly he inquires for *Gondibert*;
When, and how far his wounds in danger were?
And does the cautious progress of his Art
Alike with wonder and with pleasure heare.

50.

Now *Gondibert* advanc'd, but with delay;
As fetter'd by his love for he would fain
Dissembled weakness might procure his stay,
Here where his Soul does as in Heav'n remain.

51.

Him, Creature like, the King did boldly use
With publick love; to have it understood
That Kings, like God, may chuse whom they will chuse;
And what they make, judge with their own Eyes good.

52.

This grace the Duke at bathful distance takes;
 And *Rhodolind* so much concern'd is grown,
 That his surprisal she her troubles makes;
 Blushing, as if his blushes were her own.

53.

Now the bright Train with *Astragon* ascend;
 Whilst *Hermegild*, with *Gartha* moves behinde;
 Whom much this gracious visit did offend;
 But thus he practis'd to appease her minde.

54.

Judge not you strangely in this visit shoue;
 As well in Courts think wise disembling new;
 Nor think the kindness strange, though to your Foe,
 Till all in Courts where they are kinde are true.

55.

Why should your closer mourning more be worn?
 Poor Priests invented Blacks for lesser cost;
 Kings for their Syres in Regal Purple mourn;
 Which shews what they have got, not what they lost.

56.

Though rough the way to Empire be, and steep,
 You look that I should level it so plain,
 As Babes might walk it barefoot in their sleep;
 But Pow'r is the reward of patient pain!

57.

This high Hill Pow'r, whose Bowels are of Gold,
 Shews neer to greedy and unpractis'd sight;
 But many grow in travail to it old,
 And have mistook the distance by the height.

58.

If those old Travailers may thither be
 Your trusted Guides, they will your haste reform;
 And give you fears of Voyages by Sea;
 Which are not often made without a storm.

59.

Yet short our Course shall prove, our passage faire,
 If in the Steerage you will quiet stand,
 And not make storms of ev'ry breath of Aires;
 But think the Helm, safe in the Pilots hand.

60.

You like some fatal King (who all Men hears
 Yet trusts intirely none) your trust mistake,
 As too much weight for one: One Pillar bears
 Weight that would make a Thousand Shoulders ache.

61.

Your Brothers storm I to a calm have turn'd;
 Who lets this gilded sacrifice proceed
 To *Hymen's* Altar, by the King adorn'd,
 As Priests give Victims Gerlonds ere they bleed.

62.

Hubert to triumph would not move so faste;
 Yet you (though but a kinde Spectator) mean
 To give his triumph Laws, and make more haste
 To see it pass, then he does to be seen.

63.

With patience lay this Tempest of your heart!
For you, ere long, this Angels form shall turn
To fatal Man's; and for that shape of Art,
Some may, as I for yours of Nature, mourn.

64.

Thus by her Love-sick Statesman she was taught;
And smil'd, with joy of wearing Manly shape;
Then smil'd, that such a smile his Heart had caught;
Whose Nets Camps break not through, nor Senates scape.

Canto the Fourth.

The ARGUMENT.

*The King to Gondibert is grown so kinde,
That he prevents the bounteous Rhodalind
In giving of her love; and Gondibert
Laments his Breast holds but a single heart;
Which Birtha grieves her beauty did subdue,
Since he undoes the world in being true.*

1.

FULL grows the Prefence now, as when all know
Some stranger Prince must be receiv'd with state;
When Courts shew those, who come to see the *show*;
And all gay Subjects like Domesticks waite.

2.

Nor *Ulsinore* nor *Goltho* absent were;
Whose hopes expect what list'ning *Birtha* (hid
In the adjoyning Closet) fears to heare;
And begs kinde Heav'n in pitty would forbid.

3.

The King (who never time nor Pow'r mis-spent
In Subjects bashfulness, whiling great deeds
Like Coward Councels, who too late consent)
Thus to his secret will aloud proceeds.

4.

If to thy Fame (brave Youth) I could add wings,
Or make her Trumpet louder by my voice,
I would (as an example drawn for Kings)
Proclaim the cause, why thou art now my choice.

5.

But this were to suspect the world asleep,
Or all our *Lombards* with their envy blinde,
Or that the *Hunns* somuch for bondage weep,
As their drown'd Eies cannot thy Trophies finde.

6.

When this is heard, none dare of what I give
Presume their equal merit might have shar'd;
And to say more, might make thy Foes believe,
Thy dang'rous worth is grown above reward.

7.

Reward even of a Crown, and such a Crown,
As by Heav'n's Model ancient Victors wore;
When they, as by their Coyn, by Laws were known;
For Laws but made more currant Victors pow'r.

8.

A Crown soon taught, by whom Pow'r first was given ;
When Victors (of Dominion cautious made
By hearing of that old revolt in Heav'n)
Kept Pow'r too high for Subjects to invade.

9.

A Crown, which ends by Armies their debate ,
Who question height of Pow'r ; who by the Law
(Till plain obedience they make intricate)
Would not the People, but their Rulers aw.

10.

To Pow'r adoption makes thy Title good ;
Preferring worth, as birth give Princes place ;
And Vertue's claim exceeds the right of Blood,
As Souls extraction does the Bodies Race.

11.

Yet for thy Bloods long walk through Princes veins,
Thou maist with any *Lombard* measure time ;
Though he his hidden house in *Illum* feigns ;
And not step short, when *Hubert's* self would climbe.

12.

And *Hubert* is of highest Victors breed ;
Whose worth I shall for distant Empire chuse ;
If he will learn, that you by Fate precede ,
And what he never had, he cannot lose.

13.

His valor shall the *Gothick* conquest keep ;
And would to Heav'n that all your mighty mindes
As soon were pleas'd, as Infants are with sleep,
And you had Musick common as the windes.

14.

That all the Year your Seasons were like Spring ;
All joy'd as Birds, and all as Lovers kinde ;
That ev'ry famous Fighter were a King ,
And each like you could have a *Rhodolind*.

15.

For she is yours, as your adoption free ;
And in that gift my remnant Life I give ;
But 'tis to you, brave Youth ! Who now are she ;
And she that Heav'n where secondly I live.

16.

And richer then that Crown (which shall be thine,
When Life's long Progres I am gone with Fame.)
Take all her love ; which scarce forbears to shine
And own thee, through her Virgin-Curtain, shame.

17.

Thus spake the King ; and *Rhodolind* appear'd
Through publish'd Love, with so much bashfulness ,
As young Kings shew, when by surprise o're-heard
Moaning to Fav'rite Eares a deep distress.

18.

For Love is a distress, and would be hid ;
Like Monarchs griefs, by which they bashful grow ;
And in that shame beholders they forbid ;
Since those blush most, who must their blushes show.

And

19.

And *Gondibert* with dying Eies did grieve
 At her vail'd love (a wound he cannot heal)
 As great Mindes mourn, who cannot then relieve
 The vertuous, when through shame they want conceal.

20.

And now cold *Birtha's* rosy looks decay;
 Who in fear's Frost had like her beauty dy'd,
 But that Attendant Hope perswades her stay
 A while, to hear her Duke; who thus reply'd.

21.

Victorious King! Abroad your Subjects are
 Like Legats safe; at home like Altars free!
 Even by your fame they conquer as by warre;
 And by your Laws safe from each other be.

22.

A King you are o're Subjects, so as wise
 And noble Husbands seem o're Loyal Wives;
 Who claim not, yet confess their liberties,
 And brag to strangers of their happy lives.

23.

To Foes a winter storm; whilst your Friends bow
 Like Summer Trees, beneath your bountys load;
 To me (next him whom your great self, with low
 And cheerful duty serves) a giving God.

24.

Since this is you, and *Rhodolind* (the Light
 By which her Sex fled Vertue finde) is yours;
 Your *Diamond*, which tests of jealous fight,
 The stroke, and fire, and *Oisels*' juice endures;

25.

Since she so precious is, I shall appear
 All counterfeit, of Art's disguises made;
 And never dare approach her Lustre neer;
 Who scarce can hold my vallew in the shade.

26.

Forgive me that I am not what I seem;
 But falsly have dissembled an excess
 Of all such vertues as you most esteem;
 But now grow good but as I ils confess.

27.

Far in Ambition's Feaver am I gone!
 Like raging Flame aspiring is my Love;
 Like Flame destructive too, and like the Sun
 Does round the world tow'rd's change of Objects move.

28.

Nor is this now through vertuous shame confess'd;
 But *Rhodolind* does force my conjur'd feare,
 As Men whom evil spirits have possess'd,
 Tell all when faintly Votaries appeare,

29.

When she will grace the Bridal Dignitie,
 It will be soon to all young Monarchs known;
 Who then by posting through the World will trie
 Who first can at her Feet present his Crown.

Then

30.

Then will *Verona* seem the Inn of Kings ;
And *Rhodolind* shall at her Palace Gate
Smile, when great Love these Royal Sutors brings ;
Who for that smile would as for Empire waite.

31.

Amongst this ruling Race the choyce may take
For warmth of Valor, coolness of the minde ,
Eies that in Empire's drowsie Calms can wake ,
In storms look out, in darkness dangers find.

32.

A Prince who more enlarges pow'r then lands ;
Whose greatness is not what his Map contains ;
But thinks that his, where he at full commands ;
Not where his Coyn does pass, but pow'r remains.

33.

Who knows that Pow'r can never be too high
When by the Good posselt ; for 'tis in them
The swelling *Nyle* ; from which though People fly,
They prosper most by rising of the stream.

34.

Thus (Princes) you should chuse ; and you will finde ;
Even he, since Men are Wolves must civilize
(As light does tame some Beasts of savage kinde)
Himself yet more, by dwelling in your Eies.

35.

Such was the Duke's reply ; whih did produce
Thoughts of a diverse shape through sev'ral Eares :
His jealous Rivals mourn at his excuse ;
But *Astragon* it cures of all his feares.

36.

Birtha his praise of *Rhodolind* bewayles ;
And now her hope a weak Physitian seems ,
For Hope, the common Comforter, prevailes
Like common Med'cines, slowly in extreams.

37.

The King (secure in offer'd Empire) takes
This forc'd excuse, as troubled bashfulness,
And a disguise which sodain passion makes ,
To hide more joy then prudence should expresse.

38.

And *Rhodolind* (who never lov'd before,
Nor could suspect his love was giv'n away)
Thought not the treasure of his Breast so poore ,
But that it might his debts of honor pay.

39.

To hasten the rewards of his desert,
The King does to *Verona* him command ;
And kindness so impos'd, not all his Art
Can now instruct his duty to withstand.

40.

Yet whilst the King does now his time dispose
In seeing wonders, in this Palace shown,
He would a parting kindness pay to those
Who of their wounds are yet not perfect grown.

And

41.

And by this fair pretence, whilst on the King
 Lord *Astragon* through all the House attends,
 Young *Orgo* does the Duke to *Birtha* bring;
 Who thus her sorrows to his bosome sends.

42.

Why should my Storm your Life's calm voyage vex?
 Destroying wholly virtue's Race in one;
 So by the first of my unlucky Sex,
 All in a single ruine were undone.

43.

Make Heav'nly *Rhodalind* your Bride! Whilst I
 Your once lov'd Maid, excuse you, since I know
 That vertuous Men forsake so willingly
 Long cherish'd life, because to Heav'n they go.

44.

Let me her servant be! A Dignity,
 Which if your pity in my fall procures;
 I still shall vallew the advancement high,
 Not as the Crown is hers, but she is yours.

45.

E're this high sorrow up to dying grew,
 The Duke the Casket op'ned, and from thence
 (Form'd like a Heart) a cheerful *Emrauld* drew;
 Cheerful, as if the lively stone had sence.

46.

The Thirti'th *Carraç* it had doubled Twice;
 Not tak'n from the *Attick* Silver Mine,
 Nor from the Brass, though such (of nobler price)
 Did on the Necks of *Parthian* Ladies shine:

47.

Nor yet of those which make the *Ethiop* proud;
 Nor taken from those Rocks where *Bactrians* climbe;
 But from the *Scythian*, and without a cloud;
 Not sick at fire, nor languishing with time.

48.

Then thus he spake! This (*Birtha*) from my Male
 Progenitors, was to the loyal she
 On whose kinde Heart they did in love prevail,
 The Nuptial Pledge, and this I give to thee!

49.

Seven Centuries have pass'd, since it from Bride
 To Bride did first succeed; and though tis known
 From ancient lore, that Gemms much vertue hide,
 And that the *Emrauld* is the Bridal Stone.

50.

Though much renown'd because it chastness loves,
 And will when worn by the neglected wife,
 Shew when her absent Lord disloyal proves,
 By faintness, and a pale decay of life;

51.

Though *Emraulds* serve as Spies to jealous Brides,
 Yet each compar'd to this does counsel keep;
 Like a false Stone, the Husbands faith-hood hides,
 Or seems born blinde, or feigns a dying sleep,

52.

With this take *Orgo*, as a better Spy ;
 Who may in all your kinder feares be sent
 To watch at Court, if I deserve to die
 By making this to fade, and you lament.

53.

Had now an artfull Pencil *Birtha* drawn
 (With grief all dark, then strait with joy all light)
 He must have fancy'd first, in early dawn,
 A sudden break of beauty out of Night.

54.

Or first he must have mark'd what paleness, Fear,
 Like nipping Frost, did to her visage bring ;
 Then think he sees, in a cold backward year,
 A Rosy Morn begin a sudden Spring.

55.

Her joys (too vaste to be contain'd in speech)
 Thus she a little spake ! Why stoop you down,
 My plighted Lord, to lowly *Birtha's* reach,
 Since *Rhodolind* would lift you to a Crown ?

56.

Or why do I, when I this plight imbrace,
 Boldly aspire to take what you have given ?
 But that your vertue has with Angels place,
 And 'tis a vertue to aspire to Heav'n.

57.

And as tow'rds Heav'n all travail on their Kne s ;
 So I tow'rds you, though Love aspire, will move ;
 And were you crown'd, what could you better please
 Then aw'd obedience led by bolder Love ?

58.

If I forget the depth from whence I rise,
 Far from your bosome banish'd be my heart ;
 Or claim a right by beauty to your Eyes ;
 Or proudly think, my chastity desert.

59.

But thus ascending from your humble Maid
 To be your plighted Bride, and then your Wife,
 Will be a debt that shall be hourly paid,
 Till Time my duty cancel with my life.

60.

And fruitfully if Heav'n ere make me bring
 Your Image to the World, you then my pride
 No more shall blame, then you can tax the Spring
 For boasting of those Flowres she cannot hide.

61.

Orgo, I so receive as I am taught
 By duty to esteem what ere you love ;
 And hope the joy he in this Jewel brought,
 Will luckyer then his former triumphs prove.

62.

For though but Twice he has approach'd my sight,
 He Twice made haste to drown me in my Tears :
 But now I am above his Planets spite,
 And as for sin beg pardon for my fears.

Z

Thus

63.

Thus spake she; and with fix'd continu'd sight,
 The Duke did all her bashful beauties view;
 Then they with kisses seal'd their sacred plight;
 Like Flowres still sweeter as they thicker grew.

64.

Yet must these pleasures feel, though innocent,
 The sickness of extremes, and cannot last;
 For Pow'r, (Love's thun'd Impediment) has sent
 To tell the Duke, his Monarch is in hast:

65.

And calls him to that triumph which he fears
 So as a Saint forgiven (whose Breast does all
 Heav'n's joys contain) wisely lov'd Pomp forbears;
 Left tempted Nature should from blessings fall.

66.

He often takes his leave, with Love's delay;
 And bids her hope, he with the King shall finde,
 By now appearing forward to obay,
 A meanes to serve him les in *Rhodalind*.

67.

She weeping to her Closet-window hies;
 Where she with teares does *Rhodalind* survey;
 As dying Men, who grieve that they have Eyes,
 When they through Curtains spy the rising day.

68.

The King has now his curious sight suffis'd
 With all lost Arts, in their revival view'd;
 Which when restor'd, our pride thinks new devis'd:
 Fashions of Mindes, call'd new when but renew'd!

69.

The busie Court prepares to move, on whom
 Their sad offended Eyes the Country caste;
 Who never see enough where Monarchs come;
 And nothing so uncivil seems as haste.

70.

As Men move slow, who know they lose their way,
 Even so the Duke tow'rds *Rhodalind* does move;
 Yet he does dutious fears, and wonder pay,
 Which are the first, and dangerous signes of Love.

71.

All his address'es much by *Goltio* were
 And *Ulfino* observ'd; who distant stand;
 Not daring to approach his presence neer;
 But shun his Eyes to scape from his command:

72.

Least to *Verona* he should both require;
 For by remaining here, both hope to light
 Their *Hymen's* Torches at his parting fire;
 And not dispaire to kindle them to night.

73.

The King his Golden Chariot now ascends;
 Which neer fair *Rhodalind* the Duke containes;
 Though to excuse that grace he lowly bends;
 But honor so refus'd, more honor gaines.

74.

And now their Chariots (ready to take wing)
Are even by weakest breath, a whisper stay'd;
And but such whisper as a Page does bring
To *Laura's* Woman from a Household Maid.

75.

But this low voice did raise in *Laura's* Eare
An Eccho, which from all redoubled soon;
Proclaiming such a Country beauty here,
As makes them look, like Ev'ning to her Noon.

76.

And *Laura* (of her own high beauty proud,
Yet not to others cruel) softly prays,
She may appear! but *Gartha*, bold, and loud,
With Eyes impatient as for conquest, stays.

77.

Though *Astragon* now owns her, and excus'd
Her pretence as a Maid but rudely taught,
Infirm in health, and not to greatness us'd;
Yet *Gartha* still calls out, to have her brought!

78.

But *Rhodolind* (in whose relenting Breast
Compassion's self might sit at School, and learn)
Knew bashful Maids with publick view distress;
And in their Glafs, themselves with fear discern;

79.

She stopt this Challenge which Court-Beauty made
To Country shape; not knowing Nature's hand
Had *Birtha* dress'd, nor that her self obey'd
In vain, whom conqu'ring *Birtha* did command.

80.

The Duke (whom vertuous kindness soon subdues)
Though him his Bonds from *Birtha* highly please,
Yet seems to think, that lucky he, who sues
To wear this royal Mayd's, will walk at ease.

81.

Of these a brief survey sad *Birtha* takes;
And *Orgo's* help directs her Eye to all;
Shews her for whom grave *Tybalt* nightly wakes;
Then at whose feet wise *Hermegild* does fall.

82.

And when calm *Orna* with the Count she saw,
Hope (who though weak, a willing Painter is,
And busily does ev'ry Pattern draw)
By that example could not work amiss.

83.

For soon she shap'd her Lord and her so kinde,
So all of love; till Fancy wrought no more
When she perceiv'd him fit with *Rhodolind*;
But froward-Painter-like the Copy tore.

84.

And now they move; and she thus robb'd, believes
(Since with such haste they bear her wealth avay)
That they at best, are but judicious Thieves,
And knowv the noble vallue of their Prey.

85.

And then she thus complain'd! Why royal Maid!
 Injurious Greatness! Did you hither come
 Where Pow'r's strong Nets of Wyre were never laid?
 But childish Love took Cradle as at home,

86.

Where can we safe our harmless blessings keep,
 Since glorious Courts our solitude invade?
 Bells which ring out, when th'unconcern'd would sleep;
 False lights to scare poor Birds in Country shade!

87.

Or if our joys their own discov'ry make,
 Envy (whose Tongue first kills whom she devours)
 Calls it our Pride; Envy, The poys'nous snake,
 Whose breath blasts Maids, as innocent as Flowres!

88.

Forgive me beautilous Greatness, if I grow
 Distemper'd with my fears, and rudely long
 To be secure; or praise your beauty so
 As to believe, that it may do me wrong!

89.

And you my plighted Lord, forgive me too,
 If since your worth and my defects I find,
 'T fear what you in justice ought to do;
 And praise your judgment when I doubt you kind.

90.

Now sudden fear o'er all her beauty wrought
 The pale appearance of a killing Frost;
 And careful *Orgo*, when she started, thought
 She had her Pledg, the precious *Emrauld*, lost.

91.

But that kinde Heart, as constant as her own,
 She did not miss; 'twas from a sudden sence,
 Least in her Lover's heart some change was grown,
 And it grew pale with that intelligence.

92.

Soon from her bosome she this *Emrauld* took:
 If now (said she) my Lord my Heart deceaves,
 This Stone will by dead paleness make me look
 Pale as the Snowy skin of Lilly Leaves,

93.

But such a cheerful green the Gemm did fling
 Where she oppos'd the Rayes, as if she had
 Been dy'd in the complexion of the Spring,
 Or were by Nymphs of *Brittain* Valleys clad.

94.

Soon she vvith earnest passion kist the Stone;
 Which ne'r till then had suffer'd an Eclipse;
 But then the Rayes retir'd, as if it shone
 In vain, so neer the Rubies of her Lips.

95.

Yet thence remov'd, vvith publick glory shines!
 She *Orgo* blest, vvho had this Relique brought;
 And kept it like those Reliques lock'd in shrines,
 By vvhich the latest Miracles vvere vvrought.

96.

For soon respect was up to rev'rence grown;
Which fear to Superstition would sublime,
But that her Father took Fear's Ladder down;
Lose steps, by which distress to Heav'n would climb.

97.

He knew, when Fear shapes Heav'nly Pow'r so just,
And terrible (parts of that shape drawn true)
It vailes Heav'n's beauty, Love; which when we trust,
Our courage honors him to whom we sue!

C A N T O

Canto the Fifth.

The ARGUMENT.

*The deep Designs of Birtha in distress;
Her Emrauld's vertue shews her Love's success,
Wife Astragon with reason cures despair;
And the Afflicted chides for partial Pray'r.
With grief the secret Rivals take their leave;
And but dark hope for hidden love receive.*

1.

TO shew the Morn her passage to the East,
Now Birtha's dawn, the Lover's Day, appears!
So soon Love beats *Revellies* in her Breast;
And like the Dewy Morn she rose in tears:

2.

So much she did her jealous dreams dislike,
Her Maids strait kindle by her light their Eyes;
Which when to hers compar'd, Poets would strike
Such sparks to light their Lamps, ere Day does rise.

3.

But O vain Jealousie! Why dost thou haste
To find those evils which too soon are brought?
Love's frantick Valor! which so rashly faste
Seeks dangers, as if none would come unfought.

4.

As often fairest Morns soon cover'd be,
So she with dark'ning thoughts is clouded now;
Looks so, as weaker Eyes small objects see,
Or studious Statesmen who contract the Brovv.

5.

Or like some thinking *Sybill* that vvould finde
The fence of mystick vvords by Angels given!
And this fair Politick bred in her minde
(Restless as Seas) a deep designe on Heav'n.

6.

To Pray'r's plain Temple she does hast unseen;
Which though not grac'd with curious cost for show,
Was nicely kept; and now must be as clean
As Tears make those who thence forgiven goe.

7.

For her own Hands (by which best Painters drew
The Hands of Innocence) will make it shine;
Pennance which newly from her terrors grew;
And was (alass!) part of her deep designe.

And

8.

And when this holy hufwifry was past,
Her vows ſhe ſends to Heav'n, which thither fly
Intire; not broken by unthinking haſt;
Like Sinners Sparks that in aſcending dy.

9.

Thence ſhe departs; but at this Temple Gate
A needy Crowd (call'd by her Summons there)
With ſuch aſſurance for her bounty waite,
As if ne'r failing Heav'n their Debtor were.

10.

To theſe ſhe ſtore of Antick Treſure gave
(For ſhe no Money knew) Medals of Gold,
Which curious *Gatherers* did in travail ſave,
And at high worth were to her Mother ſold.

11.

Figures of fighting Chiefs, born to o'rcome
Thoſe who without their leave would all deſtroy;
Chiefs, who had brought renown to *Athens*, *Rome*,
To *Carthage*, *Tyre*, and to lamented *Troy*.

12.

Such was her wealth, her Mothers Legacy;
And well ſhe knew it was of ſpecial price;
But ſhe has begg'd what Heav'n muſt not deny;
So would not make a common Sacrifice.

13.

To the black Temple ſhe her Sorrow bears;
Where ſhe outbeg'd the tardy begging Thief;
Made weeping *Magdaline* but poor in Tears,
Yet Silent as their Pictures was her Grief.

14.

Her purpoſ'd penance ſhe did here fulfil;
Thoſe Pictures drefs'd, and the ſpent Lamp reliev'd
With fragrant Oyles, dropp'd from her Silver Still;
And now for thoſe that there ſat mourning, griev'd.

15.

Thoſe Penitents, who knew her innocence,
Wonder what Parents ſin ſhe did bemoan;
And venture (though they goe unpardon'd thence)
More ſighs for her redreſs then for her own.

16.

Now jealousie no more benights her face,
Her courage beautious grows, and grief decayes;
And with ſuch joy as ſhipwrack'd Men imbrace
The Shore, ſhe haſtens to the Houſe of Praise.

17.

And there the Gemm ſhe from her boſome took,
(With which till now ſhe trembled to adviſe)
So far from pale, that *Gondibert* would look
Pale if he ſaw, how it out-ſhin'd her Eyes.

18.

Theſe Rayes ſhe to a Miracle prefers;
And luſtre that ſuch beauty ſo deſies,
Had Poets ſeen (Love's partial Jewellers,
Who count nought precious but their Miſtreſs Eyes)

They

19.

They would with grief a miracle confess!
 She enters strait to pay her gratitude;
 And could not think her beauty in distress,
 Whilst to her Love, her Lord is still subdu'd.

20.

The Altar she with Imagry array'd;
 Where Needles boldly, as a Pencil wrought,
 The story of that humble *Syrian* Maid,
 Who Pitchers bore, yet Kings to *Juda* brought.

21.

And there she of that precious Linnen spreads,
 Which in the consecrated Month is spun
 By *Lombard* Brides; for whom in empty Beds
 Their Bridegrooms sigh till the succeeding Moon.

22.

'Tis in that Moon bleach'd by her fuller Light;
 And wash'd in Suds of Amber, till it grow
 Clean as this Spredders Hands; and those were white
 As rising Lillies, or as falling Snow.

23.

The voluntary Quire of Birds she feeds,
 Which oft had here the Virgin-Consort fill'd;
 She diets them with *Aromatick* feeds;
 And quench'd their Thirst with *Rainbow-Dew* distill'd.

24.

Lord *Astragon*, whose tender care did waite
 Her progress, since her Morn so cloudy broke,
 Arrests her passage at this Temple Gate,
 And thus, he with a Father's license spoke.

25.

Why art thou now, who hast so joyful liv'd
 E're love thou knew'st, become with Love so sad?
 If thou hast lost fair Vertue, then be griev'd;
 Else shew, thou know'st her worth by being glad.

26.

Thy love's high soaring cannot be a crime;
 Nor can we if a Spinster loves a King,
 Say that her love ambitiously does climbe:
 Love seeks no honor, but does honor bring.

27.

Mounts others value, and her own lets fall!
 Kings honor is but little, till made much
 By Subjects Tongues! *Elixer-Love* turns all
 To pow'rful Gold, where it does only touch.

28.

Thou lov'st a Prince above thine own degree:
 Degree is Monarch's Art, Love, Nature's Law;
 In Love's free State all Pow'rs so Levell'd be,
 That there, affection governs more than aw.

29.

But thou dost love where *Rhodolind* does love;
 And thence thy griefs of Jealousie begin;
 A cause which does thy sorrow vainly move;
 Since 'tis thy noble fate, and not thy Sin.

30.

This Vain and voluntary Loade of grief
(For fate sent Love, thy will does sorrow bear)
Thou to the Temple carry'ft for relief;
And so to Heav'n art guided by thy fear.

31.

Wilde Fear! Which has a Common-wealth devis'd
In Heav'n's old Realm, and Saints in Senates fram'd;
Such as by which, were Beasts well civiliz'd,
They would suspect their Tamer Man, untam'd.

32.

Wilde Fear! Which has the *Indian* worship made;
Where each unletter'd Priest the Godhead draws
In such a form, as makes himself afraid;
Disguising Mercy's shape in Teeth and Claws.

33.

This false Guide Fear, which does thy Reason sway,
And turns thy valiant vertue to despair,
Has brought thee here, to offer, and to pray;
But Temples were not built for Cowards pray'r.

34.

For when by Fear thy noble Reason's led
(Reason, not Shape gives us so great degree
Above our Subjects, Beasts) then Beasts may plead
A right in Temples helps as well as we.

35.

And here, with absent Reason thou dost weep
To beg success in love; that *Rhodolind*
May lose, what she as much does beg to keep;
And may at least an equal audience find.

36.

Mark *Birtha*, this unrighteous war of prayer!
Like wrangling States, you ask a Monarchs aide
When you are weak, that you may better dare
Lay claim, to what your passion would invade.

37.

Long has th' ambitious World rudely preferr'd
Their quarrels, which they call their pray'rs, to Heav'n;
And thought that Heav'n would like themselves have err'd,
Depriving some, of what's to others given.

38.

Thence Modern Faith becomes so weak and blinde,
Thinks Heav'n in ruling other Worlds employ'd,
And is not mindful of our abject Kinde,
Because all Sutes are not by all enjoy'd.

39.

How firm was Faith, when humbly Sutes for need,
Not choice were made? then (free from all despair
As mod'rate Birds, who sing for daily Seed)
Like Birds, our Songs of Praise included prayer.

40.

Thy Hopes are by thy Rival's vertue aw'd;
Thy Rival *Rhodolind*; whose Vertue shines
On Hills, when brightest Planets are abroad;
Thine privately, like Miners Lamps, in Mines

41.

The Court (where single Patterns are disgrac'd;
Where glorious Vice, weak Eies admire;
And Vertu's plainness is by Art out fac'd)
She makes a Temple by her Vestal Fire.

42.

Though there, Vice sweetly dress'd, does tempt like bliss
Even Cautious Saints; and single Vertue seem
Fantastick, where brave Vice in fashion is;
Yet she has brought plain Vertue in esteem.

43.

Yours is a vertue of inferior rate;
Here in the dark a Pattern, where 'tis barr'd
From all your Sex that should her imitate,
And of that pomp which should her Foes reward:

44.

Retyr'd, as weak Monasticks fly from care;
Or devout Cowards steal to Forts, their Cells,
From pleasures, which the worlds chief dangers are:
Hers passes yours, as Valor fear excels.

45.

This is your Rival in your sute to Heav'n:
But Heav'n is partial if it give to you
What to her bolder Vertue should be given;
Since yours, pomps, Vertu's dangers, never knew:

46.

Your sute would have your love with love repay'd;
To which Arts conquests, when all science flowes,
Compar'd, are Students dreams; and triumphs made
By glorious Courts and Camps but painted showes.

47.

Even Arts Dictators, who give Laws to Schools,
Are but dead Heads; Statesmen, who Empire move,
But prosp'rous Spys, and Victors, fighting Fools,
When they their Trophies rank with those of Love.

48.

And when against your fears I thus declame,
(Yet make your danger more, whilst I decry
Your worth to hers) then wisely fear I blame;
For fears are hurtfull 't when attempts are high:

49.

And you should think your noble dangers less,
When most my praise does her renown prefer;
For that takes off your hasty hope's excess;
And when we little hope, we nothing fear.

50.

Now you are taught your sickness, learn your cure;
You shall to Court, and there serve *Rhodolind*;
Trie if her vertue's force you can endure
In the same Sphear, without eclipse of mind.

51.

Your Lord may there your Souls compare; for we,
Though Souls, like Stars, make not their greatness known;
May find which greater then the other be;
The Stars are measur'd by Comparison!

Your

52.

Your plighted Lord shall you ere long preferr
To neer attendance on this royal Maid;
Quit then officious Fear! The Jealous fear
They are not fearful, when to death afraid.

53.

These words he clos'd with kindness, and retir'd;
In which her quick-ey'd-Hope three blessings spy'd;
With joy of being neer her Lord, inspir'd,
With seeing Courts, and having Vertue try'd!

54.

She now with jealous questions, utter'd faste,
Fills *Orgo's* Ear, which there unmark'd are gone,
As *Throngs* through guarded Gates, when all make haste,
Not giving Warders time t' examine one.

55.

She ask'd if Fame had render'd *Rhodolind*
With favour, or in Truth's impartial shape?
If *Orna* were to humble Vertue kinde,
And beauty could from *Gartha's* envy scape?

56.

If *Laura* (whose faire Eyes those but invites,
Who to her wit ascribe the Victory)
In conquest of a speechless Maid delights?
And ere to this prompt *Orgo* could reply,

57.

She ask'd, in what consist the Charms of Court?
Whether those pleasures so resistless were
As common Country Travailers report,
And such as innocence had cause to feare?

58.

What kinde of Angels shape young Fav'rites take?
And being Angels, how they can be bad?
Or why delight so cruelly to make
Fair Country Maids, return from Court so sad?

59.

More had she ask'd (for study warm'd her brow,
With thinking how her love might prosp'rous be)
But that young *Ulsinore* approach'd her now,
And *Golibo*, warmer with designe then she.

60.

Though *Golibo's* hope (in *Indian* Feathers clad)
Was light, and gay, as if he meant to flie;
Yet he no farther then his Rival had
Advanc'd in promise, from her Tongue, or Eye.

61.

When distant, talk'd, as if he plighted were;
For hope in Love, like Cowards in the Warr,
Talks bravely till the enterprize be neer;
But then discretion dares not venture farr.

62.

He never durst approach her watchfull Eye
With studious gazing, nor with sighs her Eare;
But still seem'd frolick, like a Statesman's Spy;
As if his thoughtful bus'ness were not there.

63.

Still, Superstitious Lovers Beauty paint,
 (Thinking themselves but Devils) so divine,
 As if the thing belov'd, were all a Saint;
 And ev'ry place she enter'd, were a Shrine.

64.

And though last Night were the auspicious time
 When they resolv'd to quit their bashful fears;
 Yet soon (as to the Sun when *Eaglets* climb)
 They stoop'd, and quench'd their daring Eyes in tears.

65.

And now (for Hope, that formal *Centry*, stands
 All Winds and Shows, though where but vainly plac'd)
 They to *Verona* beg her dear commands;
 And look to be with parting kindness grac'd,

66.

Both daily journies meant, 'twixt this and Court:
 For taking leave is twice Love's sweet Repast;
 In being sweet, and then in being short;
 Like *Manna*, ready still, but cannot last.

67.

Her Favours not in lib'ral looks she gave,
 But in a kinde respectful lowliness,
 Them honor gives, yet did her honor save;
 Which gently thus, she did to both express.

68.

High Heav'n that did direct your Eyes the way
 To chuse so well, when you your friendship made,
 Still keep you joyn'd, that daring Envy may
 Fear such united Vertue to invade!

69.

In your safe Brests, the Noble *Gondibert*
 Does trust the secret Treasure of his love;
 And I (grown Conscious of my low desert)
 Would not, you should that wealth for me improve.

70.

I am a Flow'r that merit not the Spring!
 And he (the World's warm Sun!) in passing by
 Should think, when such as I leave flourishing,
 His Beams to Cedars haste, which else would die.

71.

This from his humble Maid you may declare
 To him, on whom the good of humane kinde
 Depends; and as his greatning is your care,
 So may your early love successes finde!

72.

So may that beautious She, whom eithers Heart
 For vertue and delight of life shall chuse,
 Quit in your siege the long defence of Art,
 And Nature's freedom in a treaty lose.

73.

This gave cold *Ulsinore* in Love's long Night
 Some hope of Day; as Sea-men that are run
 Far Northward finde long Winters to be light,
 And in the *Cynosure* adore the Sun.

74.

It shew'd to *Golto*, not alone like Day,
But like a wedding Noon; who now grows strong
Enough to speak; but that her beauties stay
His Eyes, whose wonder soon arrests his Tongue.

75.

Yet something he at parting seem'd to say,
In pretty Flow'rs of Love's wild Rhetorick;
Which mov'd not her, though Orators thus sway
Assemblies, which since wilde, wilde Musick like.

CANTO

Canto the Sixth.

The ARGUMENT.

*Here Ulfín reads the art to Ulfínore
Of wisely getting, and increasing Power.
The Rivals to Verona haste, and there
Young Goltho's frailty does too soon appear.
Black Dalga's fatal beauty is reveal'd;
But her descent and Story is conceal'd.*

I.

Old Ulfín parting now with Ulfínore,
His study'd thoughts, and of a grave import
Thus utter'd, as well read in ancient Lore;
When prudence kept up greatness in the Court.

2.

Heav'n guide thee, Son, through Honor's slipp'ry way;
The Hill, which wary painfulness must climb;
And often rest, to take a full survey.
Of every path, trod by Experienc'd Time.

3.

Rise glorious with thy Master's hopeful Morn!
His favour calls thee to his secret Breast;
Great *Gondibert*! to spacious Empire born;
Whose careful Head will in thy bosom rest.

4.

Be good! and then in pitty soon be great!
For vertuous men should toils to compass pow'r,
Least when the Bad possess Dominion's Seat,
We vainly weep for those whom they devour.

5.

Our virtue without pow'r, but harmless is!
The Good, who lazily are good at home,
And safely rest in doing not amiss,
Fly from the Bad, for fear of Martyrdome!

6.

Be in thy greatness easie, and thy Brow
Still clear, and comforting as breaking Light;
The Great, with business troubled, weakly bow;
Pow'r should with publick Burdens walk upright!

7.

We chearfulness, as innocence commend!
The Great, may with benigne and civil Eyes
The People wrong, yet not the wrong'd offend;
Who feel most wrong, from those who them despise!

Since

8.

Since wrongs must be, Complaints must shew the Griev'd;
 And Favorites should walk still open Ear'd;
 For of the suing Croud half are reliev'd
 With the innate delight of being heard.

9.

Thy greatness be in Armes! who else are great,
 Move but like Pageants in the People's view;
 And in foul weather make a scorn'd retreat;
 The *Greeks* their painted Gods in Armor drew!

10.

Yield not in storms of State to that dislike
 Which from the People does to Rulers grow;
 Pow'r (Fortune's Sail) should not for threatnings strike;
 In Boats bestorn'd all check at those that row.

11.

Courts little Arts condemn! dark Holes to save
 Retreated Pow'r, when fear does Friendship feign;
 Poor Theeves retire to Woods! Chiefs, great, and brave,
 Draw out their Forces to the open Plaine!

12.

Be by thy Vertue bold! when that Sun shines,
 All Art's false lights are with disgrace put out;
 Her straitness shews it self and crooked Lines;
 And her plain Text the *scepticks* dare not doubt,

13.

Revenge (weak Womens Valor, and in Men,
 The *Ruffian's* Cowardise,) keep from thy Breast!
 The factious Palace is that Serpent's Den;
 Whom Cowards there, with secret slaughter Feast.

14.

Revenge is but a braver Name for Fear,
 'Tis *Indians* furious fear, when they are fed
 With valiant Foes; whose Hearts their Teeth must tear
 Before they boldly dare believe them dead.

15.

VVhen thou giv'st death, thy Banners be display'd!
 And move not till an open Foe appears!
 Courts lurking war shews Justice is afraid;
 And no broad Sword, but a close Ponyard wears.

16.

To kill, shews Fear dares not more fears endure!
 VVhen wrong'd, destroy not with thy Foes thy fame;
 The Valiant by forgiving mischief, cure;
 And it is Heav'n's great conquest to reclame!

17.

Be by thy bounty known! for since the needs
 Of life, so rudely press the bold and wise;
 The bountious heart, all but his God exceeds;
 VVhom bounty best makes known to Mortal Eies!

18.

And to be bountiful, be rich! for those
 Fam'd *Talkers*, who in Schools did wealth despise,
 Taught doctrine, which at home would Empire lose,
 If not believ'd first by their Enemies.

And

19.

And though in ruling Ministers of State,
The People wretched poverty adore,
(Which Fools call innocence, and wise Men hate
As sloth) yet they rebell for being poore,

20.

And to be rich, be diligent ! Move on
Like Heav'n's great Movers that enrich the Earth ;
Whose Moments sloth would shew the world undone,
And make the Spring strait bury all her birth.

21.

Rich are the diligent ! who can command
Time, Nature's stock ! and could his Hour-glass fall,
Would, as for seed of Stars, stoop for the sand ;
And by incessant Labour gather all,

22.

Be kinde to Beauty ! that unlucky Shriné !
Where all Love's Thieves come bowing to their Prey ;
And honor steal ; which Beauty makes divine ;
Be thou still kinde, but never to betray !

23.

Heav'n study more in Nature, then in Schools !
Let Nature's Image never by thee pass
Like unmark'd Time ; but those unthinking Fools
Despise, who spie not Godhead through her Glass !

24.

These precepts *Ulsinore*, with dutious care,
In his Hearts Closet lock'd, his faithful Brest !
And now the Rival-Friends for Court prepare ;
And much their Youth is by their haste exprest.

25.

They yet ne'r saw *Verona* nor the Court ;
And expectation lengthens much their way ;
Since by that great Inviter urg'd, Report ;
And thither fly on Courfers of Relay,

26.

E're to his Western Mines the Sun retir'd ;
They his great Mint for all those Mines behold,
Verona, which in Towres to Heav'n aspir'd ;
Guilt doubly, for the Sun now guilt their gold.

27.

They make their Entry through the Western Gate !
A *Gothick* Arch ! Where, on an *Elephant*
Bold *Clephes* as the second Founder sate ;
Made to mock life, and onely life did want.

28.

Still strange, and divers seem their Objects now ;
And still increase, where ere their Eyes they cast ;
Of lazy Pag'ant-Greatness, moving slow,
And angry bus'ness, rushing on in haste.

29.

All strange to them, as they to all appear ;
Yet less like strangers gaz'd then those they see ;
Who this glad day the Duke's Spectators were ;
To mark how with his fame his looks agree :

30.

And guess that these are of his fighting Train,
Renown'd in Youth ; who by their wonder stay'd,
And by their own, but slowly passage gain ;
But now much more their progress is delay'd :

31.

For a black Beauty did her pride display
Through a large Window, and in Jewels shon,
As if to please the World, weeping for day,
Night had put all her Starry Jewels on.

32.

This Beauty gaz'd on both, and *Ulsinore*
Hung down his Head, but yet did lift his Eyes ;
As if he fain would see a little more :
For much, though bashful, she did beauty prise.

33.

Golto did like a blusshless Statue stare ;
Boldly her practis'd boldness did out-look ;
And even for fear she would mistrust her snare,
Was ready to cry out, that he was took !

34.

She, with a wicked Woman's prosp'rous Art,
A seeming modesty, the Window clos'd ;
Wifely delay'd his Eyes, since of his Heart
She thought, she had sufficiently dispos'd.

35.

And he thus strait complain'd ! Ah *Ulsinore*,
How vainly Glory has our Youth mislead ?
The Winde which blowes us from the happy Shore,
And drives us from the living to the Dead.

36.

To Bloody slaughters, and perhaps of those
Who might beget such beauties as this Maid ;
The Sleepy here are never wak'd with Foes ;
Nor are of ought but Ladies frowns afraid.

37.

Ere he could more lament, a little Page,
Clean, and perfum'd (one whom this Dame did breed
To guess at ills, too many for his age)
Steps swiftly to him, and arrests his Steed.

38.

With civil whisper cries, *My Lady Sir !* —
At this, *Golto* alights as swiftly post
As Posters mount ; by lingring loath to err,
As Wind-bound Men, whose sloth their first Wind lost.

39.

And when his Friend advis'd him to take care ;
He gravely, as a Man new potent grown,
Protests he shall in all his Fortunes share ;
And to the House invites him as his own.

40.

And, with a Rival's wisdom, *Ulsinore*
Does hope, since thus blinde Love leads him astray,
Where a false Saint he can so soon adore,
That to *Birtha* ne'r will finde the way.

B b

They

41.

They enter, and ascend ; and enter then
 Where *Dalga* with black Eyes does Sinners draw ;
 And with her voice holds fast repenting Men ;
 To whose warm Jett, light *Goltbo* is but Straw.

42.

Nicely as Bridegrooms, was her Chamber drest,
 Her Bed, as Brides ; and richer then a Throne ;
 And sweeter seem'd then the *Circasia's* Nest,
 Though built in Eastern Groves of *Cinamon*.

43.

The price of Princes pleasures ; who her love
 (Though but false ware) at rates so costly bought ;
 The wealth of many, but may hourly prove
 Spoils to some one by whom her self is caught.

44.

She, sway'd by sinful Beauty's destiny,
 Finds her Tyrannick pow'r must now expire ;
 Who ment to kindle *Goltbo* with her Eye,
 But to her Breast has brought the raging fire.

45.

Yet even in simple love she uses Art ;
 Though weepings are from looser Eyes but leaks,
 Yet oldest Lovers scarce would doubt her heart ;
 So well she weeps, and thus to *Goltbo* speaks.

46.

I might, if I should ask your pardon, Sir,
 Suspect that pitty which the noble feel
 When Women fail ; but since in this I err
 To all my Sex, I would to Women kneel.

47.

Yet happy were our Sex, could they excuse
 All breach of modesty, as I can mine ;
 Since 'tis from passion which a Saint might use,
 And not appear less worthy of a Shrine.

48.

For my brave Brother you resemble so
 Throughout your shape ; who late in Combate fell ;
 As you in that an inward vertue show,
 By which to me you all the World excell.

49.

All was he, which the Good as greatness see,
 Or Love can like ! in judgment match'd by none ;
 Unless it fail'd in being kind to me ;
 A crime forbid to all since he is gone.

50.

For though I send my Eyes abroad, in hope
 Amongst the streams of Men still flowing here,
 To finde (which is my passions utmost scope)
 Some one that does his noble Image beare ;

51.

Yet still I live recluse ; unless it seem
 A liberty too rude, that I in you
 His likeness at so high a rate esteem,
 As to believe your heart is kinde and true.

52.

She casts on *Ulsnore* a sudden look ;
Stares like a *Mountebank*, who had forgot
His *Viol*, and the curfed poison took
By dire mistake before his Antidote.

53.

Prays *Goltbo* that his Friend may strait forbear
Her presence; who (she said) resembled so
Her noble Brother's cruel Murderer,
As she must now expire, unless he go !

54.

Goltbo, still gravely vain, with formal Face
Bids *Ulsnore* retire; and does pretend
Almost to know her Parents, and the place,
And even to swear her Brother was his Friend.

55.

But wary *Ulsnore* (whose beautious Truth
Did never but in plainest dress behold)
Smiles, and remembers Tales, to forward Youth
In Winter Nights by Country Matrons told :

56.

Of witches Townes, where seeming Beauties dwell,
All hair, and black within, Maides that can fly !
Whose Palaces at Night, are smoky Hell,
And in their beds their slaughter'd Lovers lie.

57.

And though, the Sun now setting, he no Lights
Saw burning blew, nor steam of Sulphur smelt ;
Nor took her Two black *Meroen* Maids for Sprites ;
Yet he a secret touch of honor felt.

58.

For not the craft of Rivalship (though more
Then States, wife Rivals study interest)
Can make him leave his Friend, till he restore
Some cold discretion to his burning Breast.

59.

Though to his fears this cause now serious shows ;
Yet smiles he at his solemn loving Eye ;
For Lust in reading Beauty solemn grows
As old *Physitians* in *Anatomie*.

60.

Goltbo (said he) 'tis easie to discern
That you are grave, and think you should be so ;
Since you have bus'ness here of grave concern ;
And think that you this House and Lady know.

61.

You'll stay, and have your sleep with musick fed ;
But little think to wake with *Mandrakes* grones ;
And by a Ghost be to a Garden led
At midnight, strew'd with simple Lovers Bones :

62.

This *Goltbo* is enchantment, and so strange,
So subt'ly false, that whilst I tell it you,
I fear the spell will my opinion change,
And make me think the pleasant Vision true.

63.

Her dire black Eyes are like the *Oxes Eye*,
Which in the *Indian Ocean* Tempest brings;
Let's go! Before our Horses learn to fly,
Ere she shew cloven Feet, and they get wings!

64.

But high rebellious Love, when counsell'd, soon
As fullen as rebuk'd Ambition grows;
And *Goltio* would pursue what he should shun,
But that his happy'r fate did interpose:

65.

For at the Garden Gate, a Summons, loud
Enough, to shew authority, and haste,
Brought cares to *Dalga's* Brow; which like a Cloud
Did soon her shining beauty over-cast.

66.

Like Thieves surpris'd, whil'st they divide their Prize,
Her Maids run and return through ev'ry Room;
Still seeming doubtful where their safety lies;
All speaking with their looks, and all are dumb.

67.

She, who to dangers could more boldly wake,
With words, swift as those errands which her heart
Sends out in glances, thus to *Goltio* spake:
My Mother, Sir! Alas! You must depart!

68.

She is severe, as dying Confessors,
As jealous as unable Husbands are,
She Youth in Men, like age in Maids abhors;
And has more Spice than any civil Warre.

69.

Yet would you but submit to be conceal'd,
I have a Closet secret as my Brest,
Which is to Men, nor Day, no more reveal'd,
Then a cloffe Swallow in his Winters Nest.

70.

To this good *Goltio* did begin to yield;
But *Ulsnore* (who doubts that it may tend
To base retreat, unless they quit the Field)
Does by example govern and defend.

71.

And now his Eyes even ake with longingness,
Ready to break their Strings, to get abroad
To see this Matron, by whose sole accels
Dalga in all her furious hopes is aw'd.

72.

And as he watch'd her civil *Mercury*,
The hopeful Page; he saw him entrance give,
Not to a Matron, still prepar'd to die;
But to a Youth wholly design'd to live.

73.

He seem'd the Heir to prosperous Parents toiles;
Gay as young Kings, that woo in forraign Courts;
Or youthful Victors in their *Persian* spoiles;
He seem'd like Love and Musick made for sports.

74.

But wore his clothing loose, and wildly cast,
As Princes high with Feasting, who to wine
Are seldom us'd : shew'd warm, and more unbrac't
Then Ravishers, oppos'd in their designe.

75.

This *Ulfino* observ'd, and would not yet
In civil pitty, undeceive his Friend;
But watch'd the signes of his departing Fit;
Which quickly did in bashful silence end.

76.

To the Dukes Palace they inquir'd their way;
And as they slowly rod, a grave excuse
Griev'd *Golto* frames; vowing he made this stay
For a discov'ry of important use.

77.

If Sir, (said he) we heedlessly pass by
Great Towns, like Birds that from the Country come
But to be skar'd, and on to Forrests fly,
Let's be no travail'd Fools, but roost at home.

78.

I see (reply'd his Friend) you nothing lack
Of what is painful, curious, and discreet
In Travailers; else would you not look back
So often to observe this House, and Street :

79.

Drawing your City Mapp with Coasters care;
Not onely marking where safe Channels run,
But where the Shelves, and Rocks, and Dangers are;
To teach weak Strangers what they ought to shun.

80.

But, *Golto*, fly from Lust's experiments!
Whose heat we quench much sooner then assuage;
To quench the Furnace-Lust, stop all the vents;
For, give it any Air, the flames will rage.

F I N I S.



POSTSCRIPT

To the *READER*.



Am here arriv'd at the middle of the Third BOOK; which makes an equal half of the *POEM*; and I was now by degrees to present you (as I promis'd in the *Preface*) the several Keys of the main Building; which should convey you through such short Walks as give an easie view of the whole Frame. But 'tis high time to strike Sail, and cast Anchor (though I have run but halfe my Course) when at the Helme I am threatened with Death; who, though he can visit us but once, seems troublesome; and even in the Innocent may beget such a gravity, as diverts the Musick of Verse. And I beseech thee (if thou art so civill as to be pleas'd with what is written) not to take ill, that I run not on till my last gasp. For though I intended in this *POEM* to strip Nature naked, and clothe her again in the perfect shape of Vertue; yet even in so worthy a Designe I shall ask leave to desist, when I am interrupted by so great an experiment as Dying: and 'tis an experiment to the most experienc'd; for no Man (though his Mortifications may be much greater then mine) can say, *He has already Dy'd*.

It may be objected by some (who look not on Verse with the Eyes of the Ancients, nor with the reverence which it still preserves amongst other Nations) that I beget a *Poem* in an unseasonable time. But be not thou, *Reader*, (for thine own sake, as well as mine) a common Spectator, that can never look on great Changes but with tears in his Eyes: for if all Men would observe, That Conquest is the Wheels of the World, on which it has ever run, the Victorious would not think they have done so new, and such admirable actions, as must draw Men from the noble and beautifull Arts, to gaze wholly upon them; neither would the Conquer'd continue their wonder till it involve them in sorrow; which is then the Minde's incurable

curable Disease, when the Patient grows so fullen, as not to listen to Remedy: And *Poesie* was that Harp of *David*, which remov'd from *Saul* the Melancholy Spirit, that put him in a continual remembrance of the revolution of Empire.

I shall not think I instruct Military Men, by saying, That with *Poesie*, in *Heroick Songs*, the Wiser Ancients prepar'd their Batails; nor would I offend the austerity of such, as vex themselves with the manage of Civill Affairs, by putting them in minde, that whilst the Plays of Children are punish'd, the plays of Men, are but excus'd under the title of business.

But I will gravely tell thee (*Reader*) he who writes an *Heroick Poem*, leaves an Estate entayl'd; and he gives a greater Gift to Posterity, then to the present Age; for a publick benefit is best measured in the number of Receivers; and our Contemporaries are but few, when reckon'd with those who shall succeed.

Nor could I sit idle, and sigh with such as mourn to hear the Drum; for if this Age be not quiet enough to be taught Vertue a pleasant way, the next may be at leisure: Nor could I (like Men that have civilly slept, till they are old in dark Cities) think War a novelty: For we have all heard, that *Alexander* walk'd after the Drum, from *Macedon* into *India*; and I tell thee (*Reader*) he carry'd *Homer* in his Pocket; and that after *Augustus*, by many Batails, had chang'd the Government of the World, he and *Mecænas* often feasted very peaceably with *Horace*: And that the last wise Cardinall (whilst he was sending Armies abroad, and preparing against civil Invasions) took *Virgill* and *Tasso* aside under the *Louvre* Gallery, and at a great expence of time and Treasure, sent them forth in new Ornaments. And perhaps, if my *Poem* were not so severe a representation of Vertue (undressing Truth even out of those disguises which have been most in fashion throughout the World) it might arrive at fair entertainment, though it make now for a Harbor in a Storm.

If thou art a malicious Reader, thou wilt remember, my *Preface* boldly confess'd, That a main motive to this undertaking, was a desire of Fame; and thou maist likewise say, I may very possibly not live to enjoy it. Truly I have some Years ago consider'd, that Fame, like Time, only gets a reverence by long running; and that like a River, tis narrowest where tis bred, and broadest afarr off: but this concludes it not unprofitable; for he whose Writings divert Men from indiscretion and vice, becomes famous as he is an example to others endeavours: and exemplary Writers are Wiser then to depend

depend on the gratuities of this World ; since the kind looks and praises of the present Age, for reclaiming a few, are not mentionable with those solid rewards in Heaven, for a long and continual conversion of Posterity.

If thou (*Reader*) art one of those, who has been warm'd with Poetick Fire, I reverence thee as my Judg, and whilst others tax me with vanity, as if the *Preface* argu'd my good opinion of the Work, I appeal to thy Conscience, whether it be more then such a necessary assurance, as thou hast made to thy self in like Undertakings? For when I observe that Writers have many Enemies, such inward assurance (methinks) resembles that forward confidence in men of Armes,) which makes them to proceed in great Enterprize ; since the right examination of abilities, begins with inquiring whether we doubt our selves.

*Cowes-Castle in the Isle of
Wight, October 22.
1650.*

WILL. DAVENANT.

F I N I S.

MADAGASCAR,

With other

POEMS.

BY

S^r WILLIAM D'AVENANT.



L O N D O N,

Printed by T. N. for Henry Herringman, and
are to be sold at his Shop at the Sign of the
Anchor in the New Exchange, 1672.



IF
THESE POEMS LIVE;
MAY
THEIR MEMORIES
BY WHOM
THEY WERE CHERISHED,
ENDIM. PORTER,
H. FERMIN,
LIVE WITH THEM.



To my worthy Friend Mr. William D'avenant; upon
his Poem of Madagascar, which he writ to the
most Illustrious Prince Rupert.

I Am compell'd by your commands to write
I th' Frontis-piece of this, and sure I might
With quaint conceits, here to the World set forth
The merit of the Poem, and your worth;
Had I well fancy'd reasons to begin;
And a choyce Mould, to cast good Verses in:
But wanting these, what power (alas) have I
To write of any thing? will men rely
On my opinion? which in Verse, or Prose,
Hath just that credit, which we give to those
That sagely whisper, secrets of the Court.
Having but *Lees*, for *Essence*, from Report.
And that's the knowledge which belongs to me;
For by what's said, I guess at Poetry.
As when I hear them read strong-lines I cry:
Th'are rare, but cannot tell you rightly why:
And now I finde this quality was it,
That made some Poet cite me for a wit:
Now God forgive him for that huge mistake!
If he did know; but with what paines I make
A Verse, hee'd pittie then my wretched case;
For at the birth of each, I twist my Face,
As if I drew a Tooth; I blot, and write,
Then look as pale, as some that go to fight:
With the whole Kennel of the Alphabet,
I hunt sometimes an hour, one Rime to get:
What I approv'd of once, I streight deny,
Like an unconstant Prince, then give the lye
To my own invention, which is so poor;
As here I'de kiss your hands, and say no more;
Had I not seen a childe with Sizors cut,
A folded Paper unto which was put
More chance then skill, yet when you open it,
You'd think it had been done, by Art and Wit:
So I (perhaps) may light upon some straine,
Which may in this your good opinion gaine;
And howsoever, if it be a plot
You may be certain that in this, y'have got
A foyle to set your Jewel off, which comes
From *Madagascar*, scenting of rich gummes;
Before the which, my lay conceits will smell,
Like an abortive Chick, destroy'd i th' shell:
Yet something I must say, may it prove fit;
I'll do the best I can and this is it.
What lofty fancy was't possesst your braine,
And caus'd you soare into so high a straine!

Did all the Muses joyne, to make this piece
 Excel what we have had, from *Rome* or *Greece*?
 Or did your strive, to leave it as a Friend
 To speak your praises, when there is an end
 Of your Mortality? if you did so,
 Envy will then, scarce find you out a Foe:
 But let me tell you (Friend) the heightning came,
 From the reflection of Prince *Rupert's* name;
 Whose glorious Genius cast into your Soul,
 Divine conceits, such as are fit t'inrole
 In great *Apollo's* court, there to remain
 For future ages to transcribe again:
 For such a Poem, in so sweet a stile,
 As yet was never landed on this Ile:
 And could I speak your praises at each *Pore*,
 Twere little for the work; it merits more.

Endimion Porter.

*To my Friend William D'avenant; upon his Poem
 of Madagascar.*

WHat mighty Princes Poets are! those things
 The great ones stick at, and our very Kings
 Lay down, they venture on; and with great ease
 Discover, conquer, what, and where they please.
 Some Flegmatick Sea-Captaine, would have staid
 For mony now, or Victuals; not have waid
 Anchor without'em; Thou (*will.*) do'st not stay
 So much as for a Wind, but go'st away,
 Land'st, View'st the Country; fight'st, putt'st all to rout
 Before another cou'd be putting out!
 And now the news in Town is, *Dav'nant's* come
 From *Madagascar*, Fraught with *Laurel* home,
 And welcome (*Will*) for the first time, but prithee
 In thy next Voyage, bring the Gold too with thee.

J. Suckling.

On his other Poems.

THou hast redeemed us (*Will.*) and future times,
 Shall not account unto the Age's crimes
 Dearth of pure Wit: since the great Lord of it
 (*Donne*) parted hence, no man has ever writ
 So near him, in's own way: I would commend
 Particulars, but then, how should I end
 Without a Volume? Ev'ry Line of thine
 Would aske (to praise it right) Twenty of mine

J. Suckling.

To Will. D'avenant my Friend.

WHen I beheld, by warrant from thy Pen,
 A Prince rigging our Fleets, arming our Men,
 Conducting to remotest shores our force
 (Without a *Dido* to retard his course)
 And thence repelling in successful fight
 Th' usurping Foe (whose strength was all his right)
 By two brave Heroes, (whom we justly may
 By *Homer's Ajax* or *Achilles* lay,)
 I doubt the Author of the Tale of *Troy*,
 With him, that makes his Fugitive enjoy
 The Carthage Queen, and think thy Poem may
 Impose upon Posterity, as they
 Have done on us: What though Romances lie
 Thus blended with more faithful Historie?
 We, of th' adult'rate mixture not complaine,
 But thence more Characters of Vertue gaine:
 More pregnant Patterns of transcendent Worth,
 Then barren and insipid Truth brings forth:
 So oft the Bastard nobler fortune meets,
 Then the dull Issue of the lawful sheets,

Thomas Carew.

To my Friend, William D'avenant.

ICrowded 'mongst the first, to see the Stage
 (Inspir'd by thee) strike wonder in our Age,
 By thy bright fancie dazled; Where each Sceane
 Wrought like a charme, and forc't the Audience leane
 To th' passion of thy Pen: Thence Ladies went
 (Whose absence Lovers sigh'd for) to repent

Their

There unkinde scorne ; And Countries who by art
 Made love before , with a converted heart,
 To wed those Virgins , whom they woo'd t' abuse :
 Both rendred Hymen's pros'lits by thy Muse.

But others who were prooffe 'gainst Love, did fit
 To learn the subtile Dictates of thy Wit ;
 And as each profited, took his degree,
 Master, or Batchelor, in Comedie.

Who on the Stage, though since they venter'd not
 Yet on some Lord, or Lady, had their plot
 Of gaine, or favor : Ev'ry nimble jest
 They speak of thine, b'ing th' entrance to a Feast,
 Or nearer whisper : Most thought fit to be
 So far concluded Wits, as they knew thee.

But here the Stage thy limit was. Kings may
 Find proud ambition humbled at the Sea,
 Which bounds dominion : But the nobler flight
 Of Poesie, hath a supreamer right
 To Empire, and extends her large command
 Where ere th'invading Sea assaults the land.

Ev'n *Madagascar* (which so oft hath been
 Like a proud Virgin tempted, yet still seen
 Th' Enemy Court the Wind for flight) doth lie
 A trophie now of thy Wits Victorie :
 Nor yet disdains destruction to her state,
 Encompast with thy Laurel in her fate.

William Habington.

Mada-



Madagascar.

A

POEM,

Written to

PRINCE RUPERT.



Y Soul, this Winter, has been twice about
To shift her narrow Mansion, and look out;
To aire her yet unpractis'd wings, and trie
Where Soules are entertain'd when Bodies die :
For this intended journey was to cleare
Some subtle humane doubts, that vex her here :
And for no other cause ; how ere the Court
Believe (whose cruell wits turn all to sport)

Tw'as not to better my Philosophie
That I would mount, and travell through the Skie,
As if I went, on natures émbassie,
Whose *Legate* there, Religion termes a *Spie*.
But these sick offers to depart, they call
A weariness of Life, each *Spring*, and *Fall* :
And this believe (though well resolv'd before)
Made me so sullen, that I'll die no more
Than old *Chaldean* Prophets in their sleep;
Who still some reliques of their Soules, would keep,
As gage for the returne of what they sent,
For visions to the starry Firmament.
Thus in a Dream, I did adventure out
Just so much Soule, as Sinners giv'n to doubt
Of after usage, dare forgoe a while :
And this swift Pilot steer'd unto an Isle,
Between the Southern *Tropick* and the *Line*;
Which (noble Prince) my prophecie calls thine :
There, on a Christal Rock I sate, and saw
The empire of the Winds, new kept in awe,

By

By things so large, and weighty, as did press
 Waves to Bubbles, or what unswell'd to less:
 The Sea for shelter hastned to the shore;
 Sought harbor for it self, not what it bore:
 So well these Ships could rule; where ev'ry Saile,
 The subdu'd Winds, court with so milde a gale,
 As if the spacious Navy lay *adrift*,
 Sailes swell'd, to make them comely more than swift:
 And then I spi'd (as cause of this command)
 Thy mighty Uncles Trident in thy hand,
 By which mysterious figure I did call
 Thee chiefe, and universal Admirall!
 For well our Northern Monarch knowes, how ere
 The Sea is dully held, the proper spheare
 Wherein that Trydent swayes, yet, in his hand
 It turnes strait to a Scepter when on land:
 And soon this wise assertion prov'd a truth;
 For when thy self, with thy advent'rous Youth
 Were disimbarqu'd; strait with one lib'rall minde;
 That long-lost, scatter'd-parcell of Mankinde,
 Who from the first disorder'd throng did stray
 And then fix here, now yield unto thy sway:
 On Olive-trees, their Quivers empty hung,
 Their arrowes were unplum'd, their bowes unstrung:
 But some from farr, with jealous Opticks trace
 Lines of thy Mothers beauty in thy face:
 By which, so much thou seem'st the God of love,
 That with tumultuous haste they strait remove,
 And hide, their Magazin of Archerie;
 Left what was their defence, might now supply
 Thy Godhead, which is harmless yet, but know
 When thou shalt head a Shaft, and draw a Bow,
 Each then thou conquerst, must a Lover be;
 The worst estate of their Captivity.

What sound is that! whose concord makes a jarre?
 'Tis noise in Peace, though harmony in Warr:
 The Drum, whose doubtfull Musick doth delight
 The willing eare, and the unwilling fright.
 Had wet *Orion* chosen to lament
 His griefs at Sea, on such an Instrument;
 Perhaps the martiall Musick might incite
 The Sword-fish, Thrasher, and the Whale to fight,
 But not to dance; the Dolphin he should lack,
 Who to delight his eare, did load his back,
 And now as Thunder calls ere Stormes doe rise;
 Yet not forewarnes, 'till just they may surprize;
 Till the assembling clouds are met, to powre
 Their long provided fury in one showre;
 Even so this little thunder of the Drum,
 Foretold a danger just when it was come:
 When strait mine Eye, might ratifie mine Eare;
 And see that true, which heard, was but my feare:
 For in a firme well-order'd body stood,
 Erected Pikes, like a young leafless Wood;

And that shew'd dark, they were so close combin'd ;
 And ev'ry narrow File was double lin'd ;
 But with such nimble Ministers of fire,
 That could so quickly charge, so soon retire,
 That shot so fast ; to say it lightnied were
 No praise, unto a Gunners motion there ;
 Nor yet to say, it lightnied ev'ry where ;
 Their number thence, not swiftnes would appeare ;
 Since so incessant swift ; that in mine eye,
 Lightning seem'd slow, and might be taught to flie !
 'Tis lawfull then to say, thou didst appeare
 To wonder much, although thou couldst not feare :
 Thy knowledge (Prince) were younger then thy time,
 If not amaz'd ; to see in such a clime,
 Where Science is so new, Men so exact,
 In *Tactick* Arts, both to designe, and act.
 These from unweildy Ships (the day before)
 The weary Seas disburdened on the Shore :
 In envy of thy hopes they hither came ;
 And Envy men in warr Ambition name ;
 Ambition, Valour ; but 'tis valor's shame
 When envy feeds it more then noble Fame :
 Strait I discern'd by what their Ensigne weares,
 They are of those ambitious Wanderers ;
 Whose avaricious thoughts would teach them run,
 As long continu'd journeys as the Sun :
 And make the title of their strength, not right,
 As known, and universal as his light :
 For they believe their Monarch hath subdu'd
 Already such a spacious latitude :
 That sure, the good old Planet's bus'ness is
 Of late, only to visit what is his :
 And those faire beams, which he did think his own
 Are tribute now, and he, his subject grown ;
 Yet not impair'd in title, since they call
 Him kindly, his *Surveyour-Generall*.

Now give me Wine ! and let my fury rise,
 That what my travail'd Soul's immortall eyes
 With joy, and wonder saw, I may rehearse
 To curious Eares, in high, immortall verse !
 Two of this furious Squadron did advance ;
 Commanded to comprize the publick chance
 In their peculiar fates : Their swords they drew :
 And two, whose large renown their Nation knew,
 Two of thy party (Prince) they call'd to try
 By equall duell such a Victory,
 As gives the Victor's side a full command
 Of what possess'd by both, is neithers Land,
 And this to save the Peoples common blood ;
 By whom, although no cause is understood ;
 Yet Princes being vex'd they must take care
 To doe not what they ought, but what they dare :
 Their reason on their courage must rely,
 Though they alike the quarrel justifie,

And in their Princes kind indiff'rent eye
Are dutyous Fooles, that either kill, or die.

This safe agreement by the gen'rall voice
Was ratif'd with vowes, then straight thy choice
For the encounter (Prince) with greedy eye
I did intirely view, and both I spie
March to the List, whilst eithers cheerfull look
Fore-told glad hopes, of what they undertook.
Their lookes; where forc'd-state-clouds, nere strive to lowre,
As if sweet feature, bus'ness could make sowre:

Where solemn sadness of a new court face,
Nere meant to signifie their pow'r, or place,
You may esteem them Lovers by their haire;
The colour warnes no Lady to despaire;
And nature seem'd to prove their stature such,
As took not scantly from her, nor too much:
So tall, we can't mis-name their stature length,
Nor think't less made for comlinefs, then strength.
Their hearts are more, than what we noble call,
And still make envy weary of her Gall.

So gentle soft; their valours with more ease,
Might be betray'd to suffer than displease:
Compar'd to Lovers, Lovers were undone;
Since still the best gain by comparison.

Of these, the Godlike *Sidney* was a Type,
Whose fame still grows, and yet is ever ripe;
Like Fruits of Paradise, which nought could blast
But ignorance; for a desire to taste,

And know, produc'd no curse; but neut'rall will,
When knowledge made indiff'rent, good, and ill.

So whilst our judgment keeps unmix'd, and pure,
Our *Sidney's* full grown Fame will still indure:

Sidney, like whom these Champions strive to grace,
The silenc'd remnant of poor *Orpheus* race.

First those, whom mighty Numbers shall inspire;
Then those, whose easier art can touch his *Lyre*.

And they protect, those who with wealthier fate,
Old *Zeuxis* lucky *Penkill* imitate.

And those, who teach *Lysippus* Imag'ry;
Formes, that if once alive, would never die!

Which though no offices of life they taste,
Yet, like th' Elements (life's preservers) last!

An Art, that travailes much, deriv'd to us
From pregnant *Rome*, to *Rome* from *Ephesus*!

But whether am I fled? A Poets song,

When love directs his praise, is ever long.

The challenge was aloud, whilst ev'ry where
Men strive to shew their hopes, and hide their feare,

They now stood opposite, and neer: a while

Their Eyes encounter'd, then in scorn they smile.

Such did disguise the fury of his heart,

A safe, and temp'rate exercise of Art

Seem'd to invite those thrusts they most decline,

Receive, and then return in one true line,

As if, all *Archymedes* science were
 In duell both express'd, and better'd there.
 Each strove the others judgment to suppress :
 Stood stiffe, as if their postures were in Brasse.
 But who can keep his cold wise temper long,
 VVhen Honour warmes him, and his blood is young :
 Those subtile figures, they in judgment chose
 As guards secure, in rage they discompose:
 Now *Hazard* is the Play, *Courage* the *Maine*,
 VVhich, if it hits at first, assures the gain :
 But Honor throwes at all, and in this strife,
 VVhen Honor playes, how poor a stake is life ?
 VVhich soon (alass !) the adverse Second found :
 Made wise, by the example of a wound :
 But Gamsters wisdom ever comes too late,
 So dear 'tis bought, of that false Merchant Fate :
 For our bold Second by that wound had wone
 The treasure of his strength; whilst quite undone,
 He shrunke from this unlucky sport: but now
 More angry wrinckles on his Rivals brow
 Appear'd, than hundred Lions weare; and all
 His strength, he ventures on our Principall:
 VVho entertain'd his streame of fury so
 As Seas meet Rivers whom they force to flow :
 It is repulse makes Rivers swell, and he
 Forc'd back, got courage from our victory:
 Rivers, that Seas do teach to rage, are tost,
 And troubled for their pride, then quickly lost:
 So he was taught that anger, which he spent
 To make the others wrath more prevalent,
 For in the next assault he felt the best,
 First part of Man, (the Monarch of his brest)
 To sicken in its warme, and narrow Throne,
 His Rivals hasty Soule, to shades unknowne
 VVas newly fled, but his made greater haste,
 His feares had so much sense of sufferings paste :
 Such danger he discern'd in's Victors eye,
 VVhom he believ'd, so skill'd in victory ;
 As if his Soul should near his Body stay,
 The cruell Heavens, would teach him find a way
 To kill that too, by which, no pride (we see)
 Can make us so prophane as misery ?
 This when their Campe beheld, they strait abjure
 That pitty in their vow; which to secure
 The publick blood, ventur'd their hopes, and fame
 On Two, cause they could die, were censur'd tame ;
 And to exhort, such vex'd, and various Minds,
 VVere in a storme, to reconcile the VVinds,
 VVith whisper'd precepts of Philosophy:
 Armes, and Religion, seldome can comply.
 Their Faith they break, and in a body draw
 Their looser strength, to give the Victors law.
 Charge! charge! the Battel is begun! and now
 I saw thy Uncles anger in thy brow:

Which like Heavens fire, doth seldom force assume,
 Or kindle till 'tis fit, it should consume:
 Heavens slow, unwilling fire; that would not fall,
 Till two injurious Cities seem'd to call
 With their loud sins, and when 'twas time it must
 Destroy; although it was severely just
 To those, so much perverted in their will;
 The righteous saw the fire, yet fear'd no ill.
 So careless safe, here all the Natives were,
 Who stood, as if too innocent to feare,
 As if they knew, thy Uncle bred thy fate,
 And his just anger thou didst imitate.
 But thy proud foes, who thought the Morne did rise,
 For no chief cause, but to salute their eyes;
 Are now enform'd by Death, it may grow Night
 With them, yet others still enjoy the light:
 For strait (me thought) their perish'd Bodies lay
 To soyle the Ground, they conquer'd yesterday.
 O, Why is valour priz'd at such a rate?
 Or if a Vertue, Why so fool'd by Fate?
 That Land, achiev'd with patient toyle, and might
 Of emulous encounter in the fight,
 They must not onely yeld, when they must die,
 But dead, it for the Victor fructifie.
 And now our Drums so fill each adverse Eare,
 Their fellowes groanes, want roome to enter there;
 Like Ships near Rocks, when stormes are grown so high,
 They cannot warne each other with their cry:
 Ev'n so, not hearing what would make them flee,
 All stay'd, and sunke, for sad societie:
 Their wounds are such, the Neighb'ring Rivers need
 No Springs to make them flow, but what they bleed:
 Where Fishes wonder at their red-dy'd flood,
 And by long nourishment on humane blood,
 May grow so neer a kin to men, that he
 Who feeds on them hereafter, needs must be
 Esteem'd as true a *Caniball*, as those
 Whose luscious diet is their conquer'd Foes,
 Sure *Adam*, when himself he first did spie
 So singular, and only in his eye;
 Yet knew, all to that single self pertain'd,
 Which the Sun saw, or Elements sustain'd;
 He not believ'd, a race from him might come
 So num'rous, that to make new off-spring roome,
 Is now the best excuse of Nature, why
 Men long in growth, so easily must die.
Eden, which God did this first Prince allow,
 But as his *Privy-Garden* then, is now
 A spacious Country found; else we supplie
 With dreames, not truth, long lost Geographic:
 And each high Island then (though nere so wide)
 Was but his *Mount*, by Nature fortifi'd;
 And every Sea, wherein those Islands float,
 Most aptly then, he might have call'd his *Moat*.

Parts, and divisions were computed small,
 When rated by his measure that had all:
 And all was *Adams* when the world was new;
 Then strait that all, succeeded to a few;
 Whilst Men were in their size, not number strong;
 But since, each Couple is become a Throng:
 Which is the cause we busie ev'ry winde
 (That studious Pilots in their compass finde)
 For Lands unknown: where those who first do come
 Are not held strangers, but arrive at home;
 Yet he that next shall make his visit there,
 Is punish'd for a Spie and wanderer:
 Not that Man's nature is averse from peace;
 But all are wisely jealous of increase:
 For Eaters grow so fast, that we must drive
 Our Friends away to keep our selves alive:
 And Warr would be less needfull, if to die,
 Had been as pleasant as to multiplie.

Forgive me Prince, that this aspiring Flame
 (First kindled as a light, to shew thy fame)
 Consumes so fast, and is mis-spent so long,
 Ere my chief Vision is become my Song,
 Thy self I saw, quite tir'd with victory;
 As weary grown to kill, as they to die:
 Whilst some at last, thy mercy did enjoy
 'Cause 'twas less paines, to pardon than destroy;
 And thy compassion did thy Army please,
 In meere believe, it gave thy valour ease.

Here in a calme began thy regall sway;
 Which with such cheerfull hearts, all did obey,
 As if no Law, were juster than thy word:
 Thy Scepter still were safe, without a Sword.
 And here *Chronologers* pronounce thy stile;
 The first true Monarch of the *Golden Isle*:
 An *Isle*, so seated for predominance,
 Where Navall strength, its power can so advance,
 That it may tribute take, of what the East
 Shall ever send in traffique to the West.

He that from cursed *Mahomet* derives
 His sinfull blood: the *Sophy* too, that strives
 To prove, he keeps that very Chaire in's Throne,
 The *Macedonian Youth* last sate upon:
 And he, whose wilder pride, makes him abhor
 All but the Sun, for his Progenitor;
 Whose Mother sure, was ravish'd in a dreame,
 By some o're hot, lascivious Noon-day-beame;
 From whence, he calls himself, *The wealth of sight*,
 The *Mora's* Executor, the *Heire of Light*:
 And he, that thinks his rule extends so farr,
 He hopes, the former Three his Vassals are:
 Compar'd to him, in Warr he rates them less,
 Than *Corporalls*; than *Constables* in peace:
 And hopes the mighty *Presbiter* stands bare
 In rev'rence of his name, and will not dare

To weare (though sick) his purple *Turban* on
Within a hundred Leagues, of his bright throne.

These Mortall Gods, for traffique still disperse;
Their envy'd wealth, throughout the Universe;
In *Caracks*, built so wide, that they want roome
In narrow Seas; or in a *Junk*, whose wombe
So swells, as could our wonder be so mad,
To think that Boats, or Ships their sexes had;
Who them beheld, would simply say, sure these
Are neare their time, and big with *Pinnaces*:
Yet though so large, and populous, they all
Must tribute pay, unto thy Admirall,

Now wealth (the cause, and the reward of War)
Is greedily explor'd: some busie are
In Virgin Mines; where shining Gold they spie,
That darkens the Celestiall Chymicks eye:
I wish'd my Soul had brought my body here,
Not as a Poet, but a Pioner.

Some near the deepest shore are sent to dive;
VVhilst with their long retentive breath they strive
To root up Corall-Trees, where *Mermaids* lie,
Sighing beneath those Precious boughs, and die
For absence of their scaly Lovers lost:
In midnight stormes, about the *Indian* coast.
Some find old Oysters, that lay gaping there
For ev'ry new, fresh floud, a hundred year;
From these they rifle Pearles, whose pond'rous size
Sinks weaker divers, when they strive to rise:
So big, on Carckonets were never seen,
But where some well-trus'd-Giantess's Queen;
For though th'are Orient, and designe to deck,
Their weight would yoke a tender Ladies Neck.
Some climbe, and search the Rocks, till each have found
A *Saphyr*, *Ruby*, and a *Diamond*:
That which the *Sultan's* glistering Bride doth weare,
To these would but a Glowwormes eye appeare:
The *Tuscan* Dukes compar'd, shewes sick, and dark;
These living Stars, and his a dying spark.

And now I saw (what urg'd my wonder more)
Black Sudds of *Amber-Greece*, float to the shore:
Whilst rude dull Mariners, who hardly can
Distingish Buffe, or Hides, from Cordovan,
(Since Gloves they never weare) this Oyntment use
Not to perfume, but supple their parch'd Shooes.
Now others hasten to the Woods, and there
Such Fruits for tast and odor, ev'ry where
Are seen; that the *Merabolan* by some
Is slighted as a course sower winter plumme.
Then new temptation make them all in love
VVith wand'ring, till invited to a Grove,
They strait those filken little VVeavers spie,
That work so fast on leaves of *Mulbery*:
The *Persian* VVoime (whose weary summer toyles
So long hath been the rustling Courtiers spoiles)

Compar'd

Compar'd to these, lives ever lazily,
 And for neat spinning is a bungling Flie !
 Such hopes of wealth discern'd, 'tis hard to say
 How gladly reason did my faith obey ;
 As if that miracle would now appear,
 Which turnes a Poet to an Usurer :
 But reason soon will without faith conspire,
 To make that easie which we much desire :
 Nor, Prince, will I despaire, though all is thine,
 That *Pioners* now dig from ev'ry Mine ;
 Though all, for which on slipp'ry Rocks they strive ;
 Or gather when in Seas they breathless dive ;
 Though Poets such unlucky Prophets are,
 As still foretell more blessings than they share ;
 Yet when thy noble choice appear'd, that by
 Their Combat first prepar'd thy victory ;
Endimion, and *Arigo* ; who delight
 In Numbers, and make strong my Muses flight !
 These when I saw, my hopes could not abstaine,
 To think it likely I might twirle a Chaine
 On a judicial Bench : learn to demurre,
 And sleep out trials in a Gown of Furre :
 Then reconcile the rich, for Gold-fring'd-gloves,
 The poor for God-sake, or for Sugar-loaves !
 When I perceiv'd, that Cares on Wealth rely,
 That I was destin'd for authority,
 And early Gowts ; my Soul in a strange fright
 From this rich Isle began her hasty flight ;
 And to my halfe dead Body did returne,
 Which new inspir'd, rose cheerfull as the Morne.
 Heroick Prince, may still thy acts, and name,
 Become the wonder and discourfe of Fame ;
 May ev'ry Laurell, ev'ry Mirtle Bough,
 Be strip'd for Wreaths, t adorne, and load thy brow ;
 Triumphant Wreaths, which cause they never fade,
 Wise elder times, for Kings and Poets made :
 And I deserve a little sprig of Bay,
 To weare in *Greece* on *Homers* Holy-day ;
 Since I assume, when I thy Battels write,
 That very flame, which warm'd thee in the fight :

ELIZIUM,

ELIZIUM.

To the *Duchess of Buckingham.*

MADAM,

SO sleeps the Anchoret on his cheap bed,
 (Whose sleep wants only length to prove him dead)
 As I last night, whom the swift wings of Thought,
 Convey'd to see what our bold faith had taught;
Elizium, where restored formes nere fade
 Where growth can need no seeds, nor light a shade;
 The joyes which in our flesh, through fraile expence
 Of strength, through age, were lost t'our injur'd sense,
 We there do meet agen; and those we taste
 Anew, which though devour'd, yet ever last:
 The scatter'd treasure of the Spring, blown by
 Autumn's rude winds from our discovery;
 Lillies, and Roses; all that's faire and sweet,
 There reconcil'd to their first roots we meet;
 There, only those triumphant Lovers reign,
 Whose passions knew on earth so little stain,
 Like Angels they ne're felt what sexes meant;
 Vertue was first their nature, then intent:
 There, toying Victors safely are possess'd,
 With fervent youth, eternity, and rest;
 But they were such, who when they got the field;
 To teach the conquer'd, victorie, could yield
 Themselves again; as if true glory were
 To bring the foe to courage, not to feare:
 There are no talking *Greeks*, who their blood lost,
 Nor for the cause, but for a Theame to boast;
 As if they strove enough for Fame, that sought
 To have their Battels better told, than fought.
 There I a *Vestal's* Shadow first did spy,
 Who when alive with holy hufwifry,
 Trick'd up in Lawne, and flow'ry Wreathes (each hand
 Cleane as her thoughts) did 'fore the Altar stand:
 So busie still, strewing her Spice, and then
 Removing Coales, vexing the Fire agen,
 As if some queasie *Goddes* had profess'd,
 To taste no smoak that day, but what she dress'd:
 This holy coyle she living kept; but farre.
 More busie now, with more delightful care
 Than when she watch'd the consecrated Flame,
 Sh'attends the *shade* of gentle *Buckingham*;
 Who their unenvy'd sins, with Chaplets crown'd:
 And with wise scorn, smiles on the Prophets vround;
 He call'd it so, for though it touch'd his heart,
 His Nation feels the rancour, and the smart.

To the Lord D. L. upon his Marriage.

WE that are *Orpheus* Sons, and can inherit
By that great title, nought but's num'rous Spirit;
His broken *Harpe*, & when we're tir'd with moan
A few small Trees of *Bay* to hang it on.

We that successively can claime no more,
From such a poor unlucky Ancestor;
Must now (my Noble Lord) take thrifty care,
To know, what modern wealth the Muses share?
Or how it is dispos'd? and strait we finde
Great, pow'rful *Love*, hath bount'ously resign'd
Into your happy Armes, the Chief, and Best,
Of all that our ambitious hopes possesse:
Your noble Bride; to whose eternal Eyes,
We daily offer'd wreathes in Sacrifice:
Whose warmth gave *Laurel* growth, whose ev'ry beame,
Was first our influence, and then our theame:
Whose brest (too narrow for her heart) was still
Her reasons Throne, and prison to her will:
And since, this is your willing faith, 'tis fit
What all the kinde, and wiser Starres commit
Unto your charge, be with such eager love,
And soft endearments us'd, as well may prove,
They meant, when first they taught you how to wooe,
She should be happy, and the Muses too.
Live still, the pleasure of each other sight;
To each, a new made wonder, and delight;
Though two, yet both so much one constant minde,
That t'will be art, and mystery to finde
(Your thoughts and wishes, being still the same)
From which of eithers loving heart they came.

A Journey into Worcestershire.

THese who (if kinder Destinies shall please)
May all dye rich, though they love Wit and ease;
And I, whom some odd hum'rous Planets bid
To register the doughty acts they did,
Took horse; leaving ith'Town, ill Plays, fowre Wines
Fierce Serjeants and the plague; besides of mine
An Ethnick Taylor too, that was far worse
Than these, or what just Heaven did ever curse.
Scarce was the busie City left behind,
But from the South arose a busier Winde;
Which sent us so much raine, each man did wish,
His Hands and Legs were Finnes, his Horse a Fish,
Dull as a thick-skull'd *Justice*, drunk with Sloth;
Or *Alderman*, (far gone in Capon broth)

We all appear'd, no man gave breath to thought ;
 But like a silent Traytor in a Vault,
 Digg'd on our way ; or as we Traytors were
 T'our selves, and jealous of each others Eare :
 And as i'th Worlds great Showre, some that did spie
 (Hors'd on the Plaines) Rivers, and Seas drew nigh ;
 Spurr'd on apace ; in fear all lost their time,
 That could not reach a ground where they might climbe ;
 So we did never think us safe, until
 We had attain'd the Top o'th first high Hill :
 And now it clear'd so to my travail'd Eie,
 Looks a round yellow Dane, when he doth spie
 Neer his puissant Arme, a boule so full,
 That it may fill his Bladder, and his skull,
 As *Phoebus* at this moysture false ; who laught,
 To see such plenty for his morning draught :
 But like Chamelions Colours that decay
 But seemingly to give new colours way ;
 So our false griefs, had not themselves outworn,
 But step'd aside, to vary in returne.
 Bear witness World ! for now my tir'd Horse stood,
 As I, a Vaulter were, and he were Wood :
 As if some Student fierce, the day before
 Had spur'd his full half Crown from him, or more.
Endimion cryes away ! what make we here ?
 To draw a Map, or gather Juniper ?
 More cruel then Shrove-Prentices, when they
 (Drunk in a Brothel House) are bid to pay ;
 Or than the Bawd at Sessions, to that vilde
 Indicted Rout, which first her House untide,
 Is now the Captaine, who laughing swore ; thus,
 Each puny Poet rides his Pegasus.
 But what's the cause my Lord spurs on amaine,
 As if t'outride a Tartar, not the Raine ;
 Some such swift Tartar as might safely say,
 To an inviting friend, that tempts his stay ;
 Farewell, thou seest the Sun declin'd long since,
 And I'm to sup a Hundred miles from hence.
 My Lord (methought) as he had thought this same,
 Rod post, to eat that supper ere he came.
 And now, my Mule moves too ; but with such speed,
 As Pris'ners to a Psalme, that cannot read :
 Yet we reach'd *Wickham*, with the early night :
 Which to describe to Eares, or draw to sight ;
 For scituation, or for forme, for height,
 For strength, or magnitude, (would in good faith)
 But stale the price o'th Map, small credit be
 T'our Poem, less to our Geographie :
 Or as your riding Academicks use,
 To toyle, and vex, a long fed mutton-Muse,
 With taking the circumference of mine Host,
 Of his Wives sumitrie, were time worst lost ;
 Since nor *Tauentius*, nor *Van-dike*, have yet
 Command to draw them for the King in great,

He that to night rul'd each delight'd breast,
 Gave to the pallat of each Ear a Feast;
 With joy of pledges made our sowre wind sweet,
 And nymble as the leaping juyce of *Crete*;
 Was brave *Endimion*, whose triumphs clear,
 From cruel Tyranny, or too nice fear;
 Having wit still ready, and no huge sinne
 To cause a sadnes that might keep it in,
 Let fly at all; the shafts were keene; and when
 They mis'd to pierce, he strongly drew agen.
 But sleep, whom Constables obey, though they
 Have twenty Bills to keep him off till day:
 Sleep, whom th'high tun'd Cloth-worker, Weaver call,
 Nor Cobler shril, with Catches or his Aule,
 Knowes to resist, seal'd up our lips, and sight;
 Making us blind, and silent as the Night.
 Our other Sallies, and th'adventures we
 Achiev'd, deserve new braine, new Historie.

To Endimion Porter.

I Gave when last I was about to die;
 The Poets of this Isle a Legacie;
 Each so much wealth, as a long union brings
 T' industrious States, or Victorie to Kings:
 So much as hope's clos'd Eies, could wish to see,
 Or tall Ambition reach; I gave them thee.
 But as rich Men, who in their sickness mourne
 That they must go, and never more returne,
 To be glad Heirs unto themselves, to take
 Again, what they unwillingly forsake;
 As those bequeath, their treasure, when they dye,
 Not out of love, but sad necessity;
 So I (they thought) did cunningly resigne
 Rather then give, what could no more be mine:
 And they receiv'd thee not, from bounteous chance,
 Or me, but as their own inheritance.
 This, when I heard, I cancell'd my fond Will;
 Tempted my faith to my Physitians skil;
 To purchase health sung praises in his Ear
 More than the living of the Dead would hear,
 For though our gifts, buy care, nought justly payes
 Physitians love, but faith, their art, but praise:
 Which I observ'd; now walk, as I should see
 A death of all things, save thy memory,
 But if this yearly Vintage shall create
 New wishes in my blood, to celebrate
Endimion thee thy Muse, and thy large heart,
 Thy wisdom that hath taught the world an art
 How (not inform'd by cunning) courtship may
 Subdue the minde, and not the man betray,

If me (thy priest) our curled Youth assigne,
 To wash our Fleet-street Altars with new Wine;
 I will (since 'tis to thee a Sacrifice)
 Take care, that plenty swell not into vice,
 Left by a fiery surfeit I be led,
 Once more to grow devout in a strange bed,
 Left through kind weakness in decay of health,
 Or vanity to shew my utmost wealth;
 I should again bequeath thee when I die,
 To haughty Poets as a Legacie.

*To the Queen, entertain'd at night by the Countess of
 Anglesey.*

FAire as unshaded Light; or as the Day
 In its first birth, when all the Year was *May*;
 Sweet, as the Altars smoak, or as the new
 Unfolded Bud, sweld by the early dew;
 Smooth, as the face of waters first appear'd,
 Ere Tides began to strive, or Winds were heard:
 Kind as the willing Saints, and calmer farre,
 Than in their sleeps forgiven Hermits are:
 You that are more, then our discreter feare
 Dares praise, with such full Art, what make you here?
 Here, where the Summer is so little seen,
 That leaves (her cheapest wealth) scarce reach at green
 You come, as if the silver Planet were
 Missed a while from her much injur'd Sphere,
 And t'ease the travailes of her beames to night,
 In this small Lanthorn would contract her light.

In remembrance of Master William Shakespire.

ODE I.

BEware (delighted Poets!) when you sing
 To welcome Nature in the early Spring:
 Your num'rous Feet not tread
 The banks of *Avon*; for each Flowre
 (As it nere knew a Sun or Showre)
 Hangs there, the pensive head.

2

Each Tree, whose thick and spreading growth hath made
 Rather a Night beneath the Boughs, then shade,
 (Unwilling now to grow.)
 Looks like the Plume a Captain weares,
 Whose rifled *Falls* are steep't i'th teares
 Which from his last rage flow.

3.
The pitious River wept it self away;
Long since (Alas!) to such a swift decay;
That reach the Map, and look
If you a River there can spie:
And for a River your mock'd Eye,
Will finde a shallow Brooke.

*To the Lady Bridget Kingsmill sent with Mellons
after a report of my Death.*

MAdam, that Ghosts have walk'd; and kindly did
Convey Men heretofore to Money hid;
That they wear Chaines, which rattle 'till they make
More noyse, than injured Ale-wives at a Wake;
All this is free to faith, but *Sozomine*,
Nor th' Abbot *Tretenheim*, nor *Rhodigine*,
Nor the Jew *Tripbo*, though they all defend
Such dreams, can urge one Ghost that verses pend:
Therefore, be pleas'd to think, when these are read;
I am no Ghost, nor have been three weeks dead:
Yet Poets that so nobly vaine have been,
To want so carelessly, till want prove sin;
Through avarice of late, to th' Arches sent,
To know the chief within my Testament:
And th' Aldermen by Charter, title lay
(Cause writ 'ith City's Verge) to my new play:
So if the Proclamations, kind, nice, care,
Keep you not (Madam) from our black raw Aire,
Next Term, you'll find it own'd thus on each Wall
Writ by the Lord May'r, and acted at Guild-Hall.
But then I must be dead, which if you will
In curteous pittie feare, and suspect still,
These Mellons shall approach your pensive Eye,
Not as a Token but a Legacy.
Would they were such, as could have reach'd the sense,
To know what use they had of excellence,
Since destin'd to be yours; such as would be
(Now yours) justly ambitious of a Tree
To grow upon; scorne a dejected birth,
Course German Tiles, low Stalkes, that lace the Earth,
Such as since gladly yours, got skill, and pow'r,
To choose the strongest Sun, and weakest Showre:
Such as in Groves Cecilian Lovers eat,
To cool those wishes, that their Ladies heat.
But if the Gard'ner make (like *Adam*) all
Our humane hopes, bold, and apocryphal:
And that my Mellons prove no better than
Those lovely Pompeon's, which in Berbican,
Fencers, and Vaulters Widows please to eat,
Not as a Sallad, but cheap-filling Meat;
Think then I'm dead indeed; and that they were
Early bequeath'd, but pay'd too late i'th Year;

So the just scornes, of your lov'd wit, no more
Can hazard me, but my Executor.

To the King on Newyeares day. 1630.

ODE 1.

THe joyes of eager Youth, of Wine, and Wealth,
Of Faith untroubled, and unphysick'd Health;
Of Lovers, when their Nuptial's nie,
Of Saints forgiven when they die;

Let this Year bring

To *Charles* our King:

To *Charles*, who is th' example, and the Law,
By whom the good are taught, not kept in awe,

2.

Long proffer'd Peace, and that not compass'd by
Expensive Treaties but a Victorie;

And Victories by Fame obtain'd,

Or pray'r, and not by slaughter gain'd;

Let this Year bring

To *Charles* our King.

To *Charles*; who is th' example, and the Law,
By whom the good are taught, not kept in aw.

3.

A Session too, of such who can obey,

As they were gather'd to consult, not sway:

Who now rebel, in hope to git

Some office to reclaim their wit;

Let this Year bring

To *Charles* our King;

To *Charles*; who is th' example and the Law,
By whom the good are taught, not kept in awe.

4.

Prætors, who will the publick cause defend,
With timely gifts, not Speeches finely pend;

To make the Northern Victors Fame

No more our envy, nor our shame:

Let this Year bring

To *Charles* our King;

To *Charles*; who is th' example, and the law,
By whom the good are taught, not kept in aw.

*To the Queen, presented with a Suit, in the behalf of
F. S. directed from Orpheus Prince of Poets.*

To the Queen of Light; In favor of a young listner to his Harp.

I Sing these numbers in the shady Land,
Where Ayrie Princes dwell, which I command
Some Spirit, or some Wind, gently convey
To you, whose breath is Spring, whose Eie beames day
'Gainst your arrival here, which must be late:
(Such pow'r the pray'rs of Mortals have with Fate)
Fields I have dress'd, so rich in scent, and show;
As if your influence taught our Flow'rs to grow
Where still delighted you shall nobly move,
Not like a sad Shadow, as they above
With learned falshood most unkindly dreame
Of ev'ry Ghost; but like a beauctious Beame.
The Lilly, and the Rose; which Lovers seek,
Not on their stalkes, but on their Ladies Check;
Shall here not dare take root, nor yet the strange
And various Tulip; which so oft doth change
Her am'rous Colours to a different hew,
That yearly Men believe the Species new.
Instead of these; on ev'ry Bank I'll show
(Blith on his stemme) the nice *Adonis* grow;
Who though, in's beauties warm'th belov'd of old;
His transmutation only makes him cold;
For the amazed Goddesse now perceives,
Him scarce so fair in's Flesh, as is his Leaves.
Then proud *Narcissus*, whose rare beauty had
Far lesse excuse, and cause, to make him mad,
When in his own eyes, flourishing alive;
Than since he was, become a Vegetive.
With these, the jealous *Crocus*, and the chaste
Anemone, whose blushes ever last.

Now for a cooling Shade, what use have we
Of the delightful Lydian-Platan-Tree,
Which *Xerxes* so much lov'd? or of the Lime,
Or the tall Pine, which spreads, as it doth climbs?
Or Lovers Sicamore, or mine own Bay?
On which, since my *Euridices* sad day,
My Harpe hath silent hung? No Trees your Bowre
Shall need; the slender stalke of ev'ry flow'r,
When you arrive among us, and dispence
The lib'ral comfort of your influence,
Shall reach at Body, Rinde, and Boughs, then grow
Till't yield a shade, as well as Scent, and Show.
For your attendants here; *Tomiris* she
That taught her sex, the ways to victorie;
The Queen of *Ithica*, whose precious name
For chaste desires, is dear to us and Fame:

And

And *Artemisia* whom truths best Record,
 Declar'd a living Tombe unto her Lord,
 Shall ever wait upon your sway, and when
 The Destinies are so much vex'd with Men,
 That the just God-like Monarch of your breast,
 Is ripe, and fit to take eternal rest;
 To court his spirit here, I will not call
 The testy *Pyrrhus*, or malicious *Hannibal*;
 Nor yet the fiery Youth of *Macedon*
 Shall have the dignity t'attend his Throne:
 But mighty *Julias* who had thoughts so high
 They humble seem'd, when th' aim'd at Victorie;
 And own'd a Soule so learn'd, Truth fear'd that she
 Too naked were, near his Philosophie:
 In anger valiant; gently calme in love;
 He soar'd an Eagle, but he stoop'd a Dove!
 Know Queen of Light, he only doth appeare,
 Fit to imbrace your Royal Lover here;
 Nor think my promise is the ayrie boast
 Of a dead Greek, a thinn-light-talking-Ghost:
 It shall be well perform'd; and all I dare
 For those just toyles commend unto your care:
 Is but a Poets humble suit; who now
 With everlasting Wreaths may deck his Brow:
 Since first your Poet call'd, and by that stile
 He is my Deputy throughout your Isle.

*To the Lord B. in performance of a vow, that night
 to write to him.*

MY Lord, it hath been ask'd, why 'mongst those few
 I singled out for Fame, I chose not you
 With early speed the first? but I, that strive
 My manners should preserve my Verse alive:
 That read Men, and my self; would not permit
 The boldness of my love, should tax my wit.
 There are degrees, that to the Altar lead;
 Where ev'ry rude, dull Sinner must not tread:
 'Tis not to bring, a swift thanks-giving Tongue,
 Or Prayers made as vehement as long,
 Can privilege a zealous Votarie,
 To come, where the High Priest should only be:
 Then why should I (where some more skilful hand
 May offer Gummes, and Spice) strew Dust, and Sand?
 And this (my chief of Lords) made me designe
 Those noble flames, sprung from your nobler Wine,
 To keep my spirits warme, till I could prove
 My Numbers smooth, and mighty as my love:
 Yet such my treach'rous fate, that I this night
 (Fierce with untutor'd heat) did vow to write:

But

But happy those, who undertake no more
 Than what their stock of rage hath rul'd before !
 It is a Poet's sin, that doth excel
 In love, or wine, not to resolve how well,
 But strait how much to write, for then we think
 The vast tumultuous Sea is but our Ink ;
 The World, our Forrest too, and that we may
 Believe each Tree, that in it grows, a Bay.
 My vow now kept, I'm loth (my Lord) to do
 Wrong to your justice, and your mercy too ;
 The last if you vouchsafe, you will excuse
 A strong Religion here, though not a Muse

To Endimion Porter.

How safe (*Endimion*) had I liv'd ? how blest,
 In all the silent privacies of rest ?
 How might I lengthen sleeps, had I been wise
 Unto my self, and never seen thine Eies ?

My Verse (unenvy'd then) had learn'd to move
 A slow, meek pace ; like sober *Hymns* of love
 By some noch'd-Brownist sung, that would indear
 His holy itch, to some chaste Midwives Ear :
 The pleasure of ambition then had bin,
 To me lost in the danger, and the sinn :
 The Mirtle Sprig (that never can decay)
 I had not known, nor Wreaths of living Bay :
 Instead of these, and the wild Ivy Twine,
 (Which our wise Fathers justly did assigne,
 To him that in immortal Verse exceeds)
 My brow had worn, some homely Wreath of Weeds :
 And such low pride is safe : for though the Bay,
 Lightning, nor Winds can blast, yet Envy may.
 If hidden still from thee, I should have less
 To answer now, for glory, and excess :
 My surfeits had not reach'd the cunning yet,
 To seek an expiation from their wit :
 For more then Village Ale, and drowsie Beer,
 (Cawdles, and Broth to the dull Islander)
 I n'ere had wish'd ; now, My Man, hot, and dry,
 With fierce transcriptions of my Poesie :
 Cries, Sir, I thirst ! then strait I bid him chuse
 (As Poets Prentices did surely use
 Of Greece and Rome) some clear, cheap Brook, there stay,
 And drink at Natures charge his thirst away :
 Though Faets (More then are taught i'th' Kalender)
 Had made him weak ; this gave him strength to swear,
 And urge that after *Horace* the divine
Mæcenæ knew, his slaves drunk ever Wine :
 So whilst *Endimion* lives, he vows to pierce
 Old *Gascoine* Cask, or not transcribe a verse.

If never known to thee, missing the skill
 How to do good, I should have found my ill
 Excus'd ; th' excessive charge of Ink, an Oyle,
 Expende of quiet sleeps, and the vain toyle,
 In which the Priest of *smirna* took delight,
 (When he for knowledge chang'd his precious sight)
 Had scap'd me then, now whilst I strive to please
 With tedious Art, I loose the lust of ease.
 And when our Poets (envioussly mis-led)
 Shall find themselves out-written, and out-read ;
 'Twill urge their sorrow too, that thou didst give
 To my weak numbers, strength, and joy to live.

But O ! uneasie thoughts ! what will become
 Of me, when thou retir'st into a Tombe ?
 The cruel, and the envious then will say :
 Since now his Lord is dead ; he that did sway
 Our publick smiles, opinion, and our praise,
 Till we this childe of Poesie did raise
 To Fame, and love ; let's drown him in our Inke ;
 Where like a lost dull Plummert let him sinke
 From humane sight ; from knowledge he was borne
 Unless succcession find him in our scorne.
 Remembrance, never to repentance shoves,
 The wealth we gaine, But what we fear to lose ;
 Thou art my wealth ; and more than Light ere spy'd,
 Than Eastern Hills bring forth, or Seas can hide :
 But this when I rejoyce, my fears divine,
 I want the fate, still to preserve thee mine :
 And Kings depos'd, with they had never known
 Delight, nor sway ; which ere they toyl'd to owne.

Jeffereidos, on the Captivity of Jeffery.

Canto the First.

A Sayle ! a sayle ! cry'd they, who did consent
 Once more to break the eighth Commandement
 For a few Coles, of which by theft so well
 Th'are stor'd ; they have enow to furnish Hell
 With penal heat, though each sad Devil there
 A frozen Muscovite, or Russian were ;
 The chase grew swift, whilst an old weary Pinke,
 Not us'd to fly, and somewhat loth to sinke,
 Did yield unto the Foe, who boards her strait :
 And having rifled all her precious Freight ;
 A trembling Britaine kneels, and did beseech
 Each composition there, of Tar and Pitch,
 That they would hear him speak : 'tis not (quoth he)
 Our kind respect to wealth, or libertie,
 Begets this fear, but least blind fortune may
 Unto some fierce, unruly hand betray,

The trueſt Servant to a ſtate, that cou'd
Be giv'n a Nation out of fleſh and blood:
And he tall *Jeffery* hight! who not much us'd
To fights at Sea, and loth to be abus'd,
Reſolv'd to hide him, where they ſooner might
Diſcover him, with ſmelling than with fight.

Each Eye was now imploy'd, no man could think
Of any uncouth Nooke, or narrow Chinke,
But ſtrait they ſought him there; in holes not deep
But ſmall, where ſlender Magot's us'd to creep:
At laſt, they found him cloſe, beneath a ſpick
And almoſt ſpan-new-peuter-Candleſtick.
A crafty *Diego*, that had now command
Of Ships and Victorie, took him in hand:
Peis'd him twice, taſted his diſcourſe, at length
Believ'd, that he diſſembled wit, and ſtrength:
Quoth he, Victors, and Vanquiſhed! I bid
You all give ear, to wiſdom of *Madrid*!
This that appears to you, a walking Thumbe,
May prove, the gen'ral Spie of Chriſtendome:
Then calls for Chaines, but ſuch as fitting ſeeme
For Elephants, when manag'd in a Teeme.
Whiſt puſſant *Jefferey* 'gins to wiſh (in vaine)
He had long ſince contriv'd a truce with *Spaine*.
His Sinews faile him now: nor doth he yield
Much truſt unto his Buckler, or his Shield;
Yet threatens like a ſecond Tamberlaine,
To bring them 'fore the Queens Lord-Chamberlaine;
Be cauſe without the leave, of him, or her,
They keep her Houſhold-Servant priſoner.

Diego, that ſtudy'd wrath, more than remorſe,
Commands, that they to *Dunkirke* ſteer their courſe:
Whiſt Captive-*Jeffrey* ſhews to wiſer ſight,
Juſt like a melancholy Iſralite,
In miſt of's journey unto *Babylon*;
Melt marble hearts; that chance to think thereon!
The winds are guilty too; for now behold!
Already landed this our Brittain bold!
The people view him round; ſome take their oath
He's humane Iſſue, but not yet of growth:
And others (that more ſub'tly did confer)
Think him a ſmall, contracted Conjurer:
Then *Diego*, *Bredro*, names! *Hemſkerke*! and cries,
Hanſvan Genlick! *Derick* too! place your Thighs
On this judicial Bench, that we may ſit
T'undoe, this ſhort Embaſſadour with wit.
One ſaine would know's deſcent: Thou Pirat-Dogge
(The wrathful Captive then reply'd) not Ogge
(The Baſhan King) was my Progenitor;
Nor did I ſtrive, to fetch my Anceſtor
From *Aneck's* Sonnes, nor from the Genitals
Of wraſtling-*Cacus*, who gave many falls.

No matter for his birth, said *Diego* then ;
 Bring hither strait the Rack ! for it is Ten
 To one, this will inforce from out his Pate,
 Some secrets, that concern the English State,
 But O ! true, loyal Heart ! he'd not one word
 Reveale, that he had heard at Councel-bord.
 Some ask'd him then, his bus'ness late in *France* ;
 What Instruments lay there conceal'd t'advance
 The British cause ? when they perceiv'd his heart ;
 Was big, and whilst enforc'd, would nought impart
Diego arose, and said, Sir, I beseech you,
 Acquaint us if the Cardinal *de Richelieu*
 Intends a war in *Italy*, or no ?
 (Most noble *Jeffery* still !) he seems to know
 Nought of that point ; though divers think, when there,
 The Cardinal did whisper in his eare
 The Scheme of all his plots ; and sought to gaine
 His company along with him to *Spaine* ;
 For thither he'll march, if he can by th' way
 Sweep a few durty Nations into th' Sea.

A solemn *Monke*, that silent stood close by,
 Believ'd this little Captive ; a Church-Spie !
 Quoth he, that shrivled face, hath Schysme in it ;
 And lately ther's a learned volumne writ,
 Wherein *Ben-Jharky* and *Ben-Ezra* too,
 And *Rabin Kimky* eke, a learned Jew,
 Are cited all, it labours to make good,
 That there were Protestants before the Flood ;
 And thou its Author art ; *Jeffery* swore then,
 He never knew those Hebrew Gentlemen !
 When they perceiv'd, nor threats, nor kindness sought
 From love, could get him to discover ought ;
Diego leaves the Table, sweares by his Skarffe ;
 The thing they doubted thus, was a meer Dwarfie.
 The fleetest Izeland-Shock, they then provide :
 On which they mount him strait, and bid him ride :
 He weeps a teare or two, for's Jewells lost ;
 And does with heavy heart, to *Bruxels* post.

Canto the Second.

SO runs the nible Snail, in slimy track,
 Hast'ning with all his Tenement on's back,
 And so, on goodly Cabidge leafe, the fleet,
 Swift-Caterpillar moves with eager feet,
 As this sad Courtier now ; whose mighty Steed
 May for an easie amble, or for speed,
 Compare with gentle Bull in Yoke : But O !
 Here now begins a Canticle of woe !
 Chide cruel Fate, whose business in the Spheares,
 Wife *Jeffery* notes, is but to cause our Teares :

Their

Their rule, and pow'r (quoth he) is understood,
 More in the harm they do us, than the good :
 And this he said, because he scarce had driven
 Along that Coast, the length of Inches seven,
 But down his *Izeland* fell; some Authors say
 A burley Oake, lay there disguis'd in's way;
 Others a Rush; and from report, his steed
 Did stumble, at the splinter of a Reed;
 And some (far more authentick) say agin,
 'Twas at a haire, that drop'd some humane chin?
 But though, the Sage Historians are at strife,
 How to resolve this point, his Coursers life
 They hold lost in the fall, whilst the discreet
Jeffery was forc'd, to wander on his Feet.

Old wives, that saw the sorrows of this Spy,
 Their wither'd Lips (thinner then lids of Eye)
 Strait opened wide; and tickled with his wrongs,
 Did laugh, as if t'were lech'ry to their Lungs;
 And *Diego* too, whose grave, and solemn Brow,
 Was ever knit, grew loud, and wanton now :
 O for a Guard (quoth he) of *Switzers* here,
 To heave that Giant up! but come not near:
 For now enrag'd, he may perchance so toss us,
 As you would think, you toucht alive *Colossus*!
 This *Jeffery* heard; and it did stir his Gall,
 More than his Coursers death, or his own fall.

Sorrows that hasten to us, are but slow,
 In their departure, as the learn'd may know
 By this sad story, since new cause was given;
 For which our deep *Platonick* questions Heaven.
 O cruel Starres! (quoth he) will you still so
 Officious be, to trouble us below?

'Tis said your care doth govern us, d'ye call
 That care, to let Ambassadors thus fall?
 Nay, and permit worse dangers to ensue?
 Though all your rule, and influence be true;
 I had as leefe (since mortals thus you handle)
 Be govern'd by the influence of a Candle.
 This he had cause to say; for now behold
 A Foule of spacious wings bloody, and bold
 In his aspect; haughty in gate, and stiffe on
 His large spread Claves he stood, as any Griffon:
 Though by a kind, a Turkey; whose plot that way
 Was like a subtile Scowt to watch for prey;
 Such as is blown about by ev'ry wind:
 But here's the dire mistake; this Foule (half blinde)
 At *Jefferey* pecks, and with intent to eat
 Him up, instead of a large graine of Wheat:
Jefferey in mighty rage ne're thinks upon't,
 As th' *Turkeys* hunger, but as an affront.
 His sword he drew; a better none alive
 E're got from Spanish Foe, for Shillings Five,

And

And now the Battaile doth begin: sound high
 Your Oaten Reeds, t' encourage Victorie!
 Strike up the wrathful Tabor! and the Githern;
 The loud Jew's-trump! and Spirit-stirring-Citterne!
Jeffery the bold, as if he had o'reheard
 These Instruments of War, his Arme uprear'd,
 Then cries *St. George* for *England*! and with that word
 He mischief'd (what I pray?) nought but his sword:
 Though some report, he noch'd the Foes left wing;
 And Poets too who faithfully did sing
 This Battaile in Low-Dutch, till of a few
 Small Feathers there, which at the first charge flew
 About the field; but do not strictly know
 That they were shed by fury of that blow.
 This they affirme; the Turkey in his look
 Express'd how much, he it unkindly took
 That wanting food; our *Jeffery* would not let him,
 Enjoy a while the priviledge to eat him:
 His Tayle he spreads, jets back; then turns agen;
 And fought, as if, for th'honour of his Hen:
Jeffery retorts each stroke; and then cries, Manger
 Thy strength, I will dissekt thee like an Augure!
 But who of mortal race deserves to write
 The next encounter in this bloody fight?
 Wisely didst thou (O Poet of *Anchusin*;) :
 Stay here thy Pen, and leav thy eager Muse in;
 Envoking *Mars*, some half an houre at least,
 To help thy fury onward with the rest:
 For *Jefferey* strait was throwne; whilst *St. George* and weak,
 The cruel Foe, assaults him with his Beak,
 A Lady-Midwife now, he there by chance
 Espy'd, that came along with him from *France*:
 A heart nours'd up in War; that n're before
 This time (quoth he) could bow, now doth implore:
 Thou that deliverd'st hast so many, be
 So kinde of nature, to deliver me!
 But stay: for though the learn'd Chronologer
 Of *Dunkerke*, doth confesse him freed by her;
 The subt'ler Poets yet, whom we translate
 In all this Epick Ode, do not relate
 The manner how; and we are loth at all
 To vary from the Dutch Original.
 Deeds they report, of greater height than these;
 Wonders and truth; which if the Court-wits please,
 A little help from Nature, lesse from Art,
 May happily produce in a Third part.

For the Lady Olivia Porter; A Present upon a New-years day.

GOe! hunt the whiter Ermine! and present
 His wealthy skin, as this dayes Tribute sent
 To my *Endimion's* Love; Though she be fare
 More gently smooth, more soft than Ermines are!
 Goe! climbe that Rock! and when thou there haft found
 A Star, contracted in a Diamond,
 Give it *Endimion's* Love, whose glorious Eyes,
 Darken the starry Jewels of the Skies!
 Goe! dive into the Southern Sea! and when
 Th'ast found (to trouble the nice sight of Men)
 A swelling Pearle; and such whose single worth,
 Boast all the wonders which the Seas bring forth;
 Give it *Endimion's* Love! whose ev'ry Teare,
 Would more enrich the skilful Jeweller.
 How I command? how slowly they obey?
 The churlish *Tartar*, will not hunt to day:
 Nor will that lazy, fallow-*Indian* strive
 To climbe the Rock, nor that dull *Negro* dive.
 Thus Poets like to Kings (by trust deceiv'd)
 Give ofner what is heard of, than receiv'd.

To I. C. Robb'd by his Man Andrew:

SIR, whom I now love more, then did the good
 Saint *Martin*, that all-naked-Flesh-and bloud,
 Whose Cloake (at *Plimouth* spun) was Crab-tree wood.
 His own was Tammy sure; which made it teare
 So soon into a gift; and thou (I feare)
 Wilt beg half mine, not to bestow, but wear:
 For thy Saint-*Andrew* sought not out the way
 To keep thee warme, but make thee watch, and pray;
 That is, for his returne; about Doomes-day,
 Worfe left, than blushing *Adam*, who withdrew,
 The nakedness he fear'd, more than he knew;
 Not to a Mercers, but where Fig-leaves grew:
 Which sew'd with strings of slender weeds, cloath men
 Cheaper than Silks, that must be paid for, when
 It pleases the chief Scribe 'oth' Chamberlen.
 Though my sick Joynts, cannot accompany
 Thy Hue-on-cry; though Midnight parlies be
 Silenc'd long since, 'tween Constables, and me,
 Without their helps; or Suburb-Justices,
 (Upon whose justice now an Impost lies,
 For with the price of Beef, their Warrants rise)

I'll find this *Andrew* strait. See, where the pale
 Wretch stands : thy guiltless Robes (ne're hang'd for sales)
 He executes, on sundry Broakers Naylor.
 In stead of him (chas'd thence by his wife feare)
 Does the Mothers joy, a bold Youth appear;
 Who swaggers up to Forty Markes a year!
 Sometimes he troubles Law, at th' Inns of Court;
 Now comes to buy him Weeds of shining sort;
 And faine would have thy Cloak, but 'tis too short:
 Too short (neat Sir) was all thy rifled store;
 Which made those Brokers curse thy Stature more,
 Than thou, Friend-*Andrew*, the sad day before.
 But hark! who knocks; good truth my Muse is staid,
 By an Apothecaries Bill unpaid;
 Whose length, not strange-nam'd Drugs, makes her afraid.

*To the Earl of Portland, Lord Treasurer; on the
 Marriage of his Son.*

MY Lord, this night is yours! each wandring Star
 That was unbus'd, and irregular;
 Most gravely now, his bright Companion leads,
 To fix o're your glad roofe, their shining Heads;
 And it is said, th' exemplar King's your guest;
 And that the rich Ey'd Darling of his Breast,
 (To ripen all our joys) will there become
 The Musick, Odor, Light of ev'ry Roome!
 A mixture of two Noble bloods, in all
 Faith, and domestick nature, union call,
 No travail'd Eyes have seen, with humbler state
 Of love perform'd, where Princes celebrate.
 This when I heard; I know not what bold Starre
 My Spirits urg'd, but it was easier farre
 The torn, the injur'd *Panther*, to restraine
 In's hot pursuit, or stroke him coole againe;
 To tell the cause, why Winds do disagree,
 Divide them when in stormes they mingled be;
 Strait fix them single, where they breath'd before;
 Or fanne them with a plume, from Sea to Shore;
 Than bind my raging Temples, or resist
 The pow'r that swell'd me, as *Apollo's* Priest.
 Therefore my Robe, that on his Altar lay,
 My Virge, my Wreath, I took; and thus did pray:
 That you (my Lord) with lasting memory,
 And strength of fervent youth, may live to see,
 Your name in this blest nuptial store the Earth,
 With such a masculine, and knowing birth;
 As shall at factious Councils moderate,
 And force injurious Armies to their fate.
 Let time be fetter'd, that they never may
 Increasing others, feel themselves decay.

To you (my Lord) who with wise industrie,
 Seek Vertue out, then give it strength to be;
 Where ere you shall reside let plenty bring
 The pride, and expectations of the Spring;
 The wealth that loads inticing Autumne grow
 Within your reach; let hasty Rivers flow
 Till on your shores, they skaly Tribute pay,
 Then ebbe themselves in empty waves away;
 Let each pale Flow'r, that springeth there, have pow'r
 T' invite a Sun-beame, and command a Show'r;
 The dew that falls about you taste of Wine,
 Each abject Weed change root and be a Vine!
 But I with this prophetick plenty grow
 Already rich, and proud; cause then I know
 The Poets of this Isle, in Vineyards may
 Rejoyce, whilst others thirst in groves of Bay!
 Sir, let me not your weary patience move;
 And sinne, with too much courage of my love!
 He that in strength of wishes, next shall trie,
 T' increase your blessings with his Poetry
 May shew a fiercer Wit, and cleaner Art;
 But not a more sincere, and eager Heart.

*The Queen returning to London, after a long
 absence.*

HOW had you walk'd in Mists of Sea-coale-smoake
 Such as your ever teeming Wives would choake,
 (Falle Sons of thrift!) did not her beauties light,
 Dispel your Clouds, and quicken your dull sight?
 As when, th' illustrious Officer of Day,
 (First worshipp'd in the East) 'gins to display
 The glory of his beames; then Buds unfold
 Their chary Leafes; each dew-drown'd Marigold
 Insensibly doth stirre it self, and spread;
 Each Violet lifts up the pensive Head;
 So when the Rayes of her fair head appear,
 To warm, and guild your clouded Hemisphere,
 Those Flow'rs which in your narrow Gardens grow,
 (Narrow as Turfs, which you a lark allow
 In's wicker Cage) rejoyce upon their stalks;
 Imbellishing your sommer-inch-broad-walks:
 But she remov'd, what all your weary'd lives,
 You plant in German pots, to please your Wives,
 Shall fade; scarce in your Climate shall be seen
 Enough of Spring to make your Tanfies green.
 Nor shall your blew-Ey'd Daughters more appear
 (Though in the hopefull'st season of the Year)
 In the dark street, where *Tantlin's* Temple stands,
 With Time, and Marg'rom Posies in their hands.

We know (distrustful Bargainers!) you most
 Love sacrifice, that puts you least to cost;
 Give her your prayers then; that her looks may
 After long Nights, restore you unto Day.
 Though Ringing be some charge, and Wood grow dear,
 In troth, it will become you once a year,
 To offer Bells and Bonfires too, although
 You couzen't out in Silks, next publick Show.

To I. W. upon the death of his Mistress.

AS the great Sons of War, that are rais'd high
 With long Success and frequent Victory,
 Grow to such lazy pride; they take it ill
 Men still should put them to the paines to kill;
 And would, at each sterne beckon of the Eye,
 Have the sad Foe, vaile Plumes take leave, and dye:
 So thou; as if thy Sorrows had o'recome
 Halfe the wise world, and struck all reason dumbe;
 Cry'st, she is dead! and frown'st; because I now
 Take not my Wreath, (the Treasure of my Brow)
 Then hurle my self, and it, a Sacrifice
 In hallow'd flames, to her departed Eyes.
 Cause early Men, their Curtaines draw, and say
 Behold the Sun is risen, now 'tis day;
 Knowing thy Sun is set, thou swar'st their sight,
 Is led by bus'ness t'a mistake of Light,
 Lovers believe, if yet th' Almighty cou'd
 Doubt part of his so swift creation good;
 To ease him of another *Fiat*, they
 Can with their Mistress beames, make him a day:
 To rule the Night, each Glance (they think) will fit
 Planets to largest Spheares, if we admit
 Their silly Priests (the Poets) be but by,
 That love to sooth such faith t' idolatry.
 But how have I transgress'd, thus to declame
 'Gainst sorrow I should envy more then blame?
 For what is he, though reverently old,
 And than a Mountaine *Muscovite* more cold;
 Though he wants Wit, or Nature to desire;
 Though his hard heart be Ir'n, his heart strings Wire:
 Or what is he, though blind, and knows no good
 Of love, but by an itching faith in's blood,
 That when thy Tongue her beauty open layes
 To mental view, and her soft minde displays,
 Will think thy grief was over-pay'd, or yet
 Bate the world one Sigh, of so just a debt?
 But she is gone! Repine now, if you dare;
 Like Heav'ns unlicenc'd Fools, all punish'd are
 For Nature as for crimes; yet cannot choose
 But mourn for ev'ry excellence we loose;

Though

Though still commanded to a tame content;
 To think no good was given us, but lent:
 And a fond riddle in Philosophy,
 Perswades us too; the virtuous never dye;
 That all the ills, which we in absence find
 Concern the Eye-sight onely, not the Mind:
 But Lovers (whose wise Sences take delight
 In warm contaction, and in real sight)
 Are not with lean imagination fed,
 Or satisfi'd, with thinking on the Dead.
 'Tis fit we seek her then; but he that finds
 Her out, must enter friendship with the Winds;
 Enquire their dwelling, and uncertain walks;
 Whither they blow, from their forsaken Stalks
 Flowers that are gone, ere they are smelt? or how
 Dispose o'th sweeter Blossoms of the Bough:
 For she (the Treasures of these) is fled,
 Not having the dull leasure to be dead;
 But t' hoord this Wealth; return, and this wealth bring
 Still vary'd, and increas'd in ev'ry Spring.

To Endimion Porter.

IT is (Lord of my Muse and Heart) since last
 Thy sight inspir'd me, many ages past,
 In darkness thick as ill-met Clouds can make,
 In sleeps wherein the last Trump scarce could wake
 The guilty dead, I lay and hidden more
 Than Truth, which testy Disputants explore.
 More hid than paths of Snakes, to their deep beds,
 Or walks of Mountaine-Springs from their first Heads;
 And when my long forgotten Eies, and Mind,
 Awak'd, I thought to see the Sun declin'd
 Trough age, to'th' influence of a Star, and Men
 So small, that they might live in Wombes agen,
 But now, my strength's so giantly, that were
 The great Hill-lifters once more toying here;
 They'd choose me out, for active Back, for Bone,
 To heave at *Palion* first, and heave alone.
 Now by the softness of thy noble care,
 Reason and Light, my lov'd Companions are;
 I may too, ere this Moon be lost, refine
 My blood, and bathe my Temples with thy wine
 And then, know my *Endimion* (thou whose name
 To'th World example is, Musick to Fame)
 Ile trie if Art, and Nature, able be
 From the whole strength, and stock of Poesie,
 To pay thee my large debts, such as the poor
 In open Blushes, hidden Hearts restore.

Epitaph on I. Walker.

FNvy'd and lov'd, here lies the Prince of mirth!
 Who laugh'd at the grave bus'ness of the Earth,
 Look'd on ambitious States-men with such eyes,
 As might discern them guilty, could not wise.
 That did the noyse of War, and Battailles hear,
 As mov'd to smiling pittie, not to fear:
 Thought fighting Princes at their dying sad;
 Believ'd, both Victors, and the Conquer'd mad:
 Might have been rich, as oft as he would please,
 But ways to wealth, are not the ways to ease.
 The wit and courage of his talk, now rests,
 In their impatient keeping that steale-Jeasts;
 His Jeasts, who e're shall Father, and repeat
 Small mem'ry needs, but let's estate be great,
 Danger so season'd them, each hath Salt left,
 Will yet undo the poor for one small theft;
 The rich, that will own them, what e're they pay,
 Shall find, 'tis twice a week Star-Chamberday.

To Doctor Cademan, Physitian to the Queen.

FOr thy Victorious cares; thy ready heart;
 Thy so small tyranny to so much Art;
 For visits made to my disease
 And me, (alas) not to my Fees:
 For words so often comforting with scope
 Of learned reason not perswasive hope:
 For Med'cines so benigne, as seeme
 Cordials for Eastern Queens that teeme.
 For setting now my condemn'd body free,
 From that no God, but Devil *Mercurie*:
 For an assurance I ne'r shall
 A forfeit be to th' Admiral
 Like those in Hospitals, who dare presume
 To make French Cordage now of English Rhume;
 Or slender Ropes, on which instead
 Of Pearle, Revolted Teeth they thred;
 For limiting my Cheekes, that else had been
 Swoln like the signe; o'th Head o'th *Saracen*;
 For preservation from a long
 Concealment of my Mother-Tongue;
 Whilst speechless, fow'd in Hoods I should appear,
 An Antarminian, silenc'd Minister;
 Or some Turks poyson'd Mute so fret
 So some at mouth, make signs and spet.

Whilst

Whilst all I eat, goes down with lookes to fight
More forc'd, than Quailes t' each full-cramm'd *Isralite*

Whose angry fswollowing denotes

They lay at Flux, and had sore throats.

For these deliverances, and all the good

My new return of Sences, strength, and blood,

Shall bring, for all I mine can boast,

Whilst my *Endimion* is not lost,

By th' feeble influence of my Starre; or turns

From me, to one whose Planet cleerer burnes,

May (thou safe Lord of Arts) each spring

Ripe plenty of Diseases bring

Unto the rich; they still t'our Surgeons be

Experiments, Patients alone to thee:

Health to the Poor; least pittie shoud

(That gently stirs, and rules thy blood)

Tempt thee from wealth, to such as pay like me

A Verse; then think, they give Eternity.

To Endimion Porter, when my Comedy (call'd the Wits)
was presented at Black-Fryers.

Hear, how for want of others grief, I mourn
My sad decay, and weep, at mine own Urne!
The Hour's (that ne're want Wings, when they should fly
To hasten Death, or lead on Destinie,)

Have now fulfill'd the time, when I must come

Chain'd to the Muses Barre, to take my doom:

When ev'ry Term, some tim'rous Poet stands,

Condemn'd by whispers, e're repriev'd by hands.

I that am told conspiracies are laid,

To have my Muse, her Arts, and life betray'd,

Hope for no easie Judge; though thou wert there,

T'appease, and make their judgments less severe.

In this black day, like men from Thunders rage,

Or drowning showres, I hasten from the stage;

And with my self, some Spirit, had within

Those distant wandering Winds, that yet have bin

Unknown to th' Compass, or the Pilots skill;

Or some loose Plummit sunk so low, until

I touch where roots of Rocks deep bury'd be;

There mourn beneath the leafelefs Coral Tree.

But I am grown too tame! what need I fear,

Whilst not to passion, but thy reason clear?

Should I perceive, thy knowledge were subdu'd,

T'unkind consent with the harsh Multitude,

Then I had cause to weep; and at thy Gate

(Deny'd to enter) stand disconsolate,

Amaz'd and lost to mine own Eyes; there I

(Scarce griev'd for by my self) would winke and die,

Olivia

Olivia then, may on thy pitty call
To bury me, and give me funeral.

*In celebration of the yearly Preserver of the Games
Cotswald.*

Hear me you Men of strife! you that have bin,
Long time maintain'd by the dull Peoples sin.
At *Lyon's*, *Furnifold's*, and *Clement's* Inne!
With huge, o're-comming Mutton, Target-Cheese,
Beefe, that the queasie stomach'd Guard would please,
And limber Groats, full half a Score for Fees.
Hear you Grown'd Lackeys that on both sides plead;
Whose hollow Teeth, are stuff'd with others Bread;
Whose Tongues will live (sure) when your selves are dead.
Hear you *Alcaldos*, whose sterne faces look,
Worse than your Pris'ner's that's deny'd his Book;
Than *Pilat* painted like *Sir Edward Cook*,
Lift all that toyle for pow'r to do Men wrong,
With penfive Eare, to my prophetick Song!
Whose Magick sayes, your Triumphs hold not long.
The time is come, you on your selves shall sit;
Whilst Children finde (if they endeavour it)
Your learning, Chronicle; Clinches your Wit.
Ere you a Year are dead, your Sones shall watch,
And roare all night with Ale in house of Thatch;
And spend, 'till Swords are worn in Belts of Match.
Whilst *Dover* (that his knowledge not imploy's
T' increase his Neighbours Quarrels, but their Joyes)
Shall in his age; get Money, Girles, and Boyes!
Money at *Cotswald* Games shall early fly;
Whilst the Precise, and envious shall stand by,
And see his Min'ral Fountain never dry.
His Girles, shall dower-less wed with Heirs of birth;
His Boyes, plough *London* Widows up like earth;
Whilst *Potswald* Bards Cartol their Nuptial Mirth!
Dover (the Gentr'ys Darling) know this flame,
Is but a willing tribute to thy Fame,
Sung by a Poet, that conceals his name.

On the Death of the Lady Marquess of Winchester.

IN care, lest some advent'rous Lover may
 (T' increase his love) cast his own Stock away;
 I (that finde, th' use of grief is to grow wise)
 Forbid all traffique now, 'twixt Hearts and Eyes:
 Our remnant-love, let us discreetly save,
 Since not augment; for Love lies in the Grave.
 Lest Men; whose patience is their senses sloth,
 That onely live, t' expect the tedious growth
 Of what the following Summer slowly yields;
 Whose fair *Elizium*, is their furrow'd Fields,
 Lest these, should so much prize mortalitie;
 They ne're would reach the wit, or faith to die;
 Know Summer comes no more; to the dark bed
 Our Sun is gone; the hopeful Spring is dead.
 And least kind Poets that delight to raise
 (With their just truths, not extasie of praise)
 Beauty to Fame; should rashly overthrow
 The credit of their Songs; I let them know
 Their Theame is lost, so lost, that I have griev'd,
 They never more can praise, and be believ'd.

To Endimion Porter, upon his recovery from a long Sickness.

JUst so the Sun doth rise, as if last Night
 He cal'd to' accompt the Moon, for all the light
 She ever ow'd; now looks so full of scorn,
 And pride; as she had paid him all this Morne!
 So clear a day, timely foretels; I now
 Shall scape those Clouds, that hung upon my Brow,
 Whilst I thy sickness mourn'd; and less did sleep,
 Than faithful Widowes, that sincerely weep.
 A true presage! My hopes no sooner tell
 What they desir'd, but strait I find thee well.
 Bless'd be the Stars; whose pow'rful influence
 Our healths, by Minerals, and Herbs dispencc!
 And that's their chiefest use: who thinks that Fate
 So many Stars did purposely create.
 And them so large, meerly for show, and light;
 Concludes, it took less care of day then Night.
 Since thou art safe, those Numbers will be lost,
 Which I laid up, to mourn thee as a Ghost:
 Unless I spend them on some Tragick Tale,
 Which Lovers shall believe, and then bewaile:

Next

Next Term, prepare thee for the Theater!
 And until then, reserve thy skilful Eare;
 For I will sing imagin'd Tragedy,
 'Till Fates repent their essence is so high
 From passion rav'd, 'cause they can ne're obtaine
 To taste the griefs, which gentle Poets feigne.

*Upon the Nuptials of Charles Lord Herbert, and the
 Lady M. Villers*

Roses 'till ripe, and ready to be blown,
 Their beauty hide, whilst it is yet their owne;
 'Tis ours but in expectance, whilst th' are green;
 And bashfully they blush when first 'tis seen,
 As if to spread their beauty were a crime;
 A fault in them, not in all-ripening-Time.
 So stands (hidden with Vayles) in all her pride
 Of early flourishing, the bashful Bride!
 And 'till the Priest, with words devoutly said,
 Shall ripen her a Wife, that's yet a Maid,
 Her Vaile will never off: so modest still,
 And so express'd by Nature, not by skill,
 That sure she dress'd her looks when she did rise,
 Not in her Glasse, but in her Mother's Eyes.
 The jolly Bridegroom stands, as he had t'ane
 And led Love strongly fetter'd in a Chaine:
 Forgetting when her Vailes are laid aside,
 Himself is but a Captive to the Bride.
 The Priest now joynes their hands, and he doth find
 By misterie divine, in both one mind,
 Mix'd, and dispers'd; his spirits strait begin
 (As they were rap't) to vex, and talk within:
 His Temples sweat, whilst he stood silent by,
 Not as prepar'd to blefs, but prophesie:
 What needed more? since they must needs possess,
 All he fore-told, though he should never blefs:
 And blessing unto such as most restores,
 Or but repeats what was their Ancestors.

*Prologue to a reviv'd Play of Mr. Fletchers, call'd,
The Woman-hater.*

Ladies take't as a secret in your Eare,
In stead of homage, and kind welcome here,
I heartily could wish, you all were gone;
For if you stay, good faith, we are undone.
Alas! you now expect, the usuall wayes
Of our address, which is your Sexes praise:
But we to night, unluckily must speake,
Such things will make your Lovers Heart-strings breake,
Bely your Virtues, and your beauties staine,
With words, contriv'd long since, in your disdaine.
'Tis strange you stirr not yet; not all this while
Lift up your Fannes to hide a scornfull smile:
Whisper, or jog your Lords to steale away;
So leave us t'act, unto our selves, our Play:
Then sure, there may be hope, you can subdue,
Your patience to endure, an Act, or two:
Nay more, when you are told our Poets rage
Pursues but one example, which that age
VVherein he liv'd produc'd; and we rely
Not on the truth, but the variety.
His Muse believ'd not, what she then did write;
Her VVings, were wont to make a nobler flight;
Soard high, and to the Stars, your Sex did raise;
For which, full Twenty years, he wore the Bayes.
'Twas he reduc'd *Evadne* from her scorne,
And taught the sad *Aspasia* how to mourne;
Gave *Arethusa's* love, a glad reliefe;
And made *Panthea* elegant in grieve.
If these great Trophies of his noble Muse,
Cannot one humor 'gainst your Sex excuse
VVhich we present to night; you'll finde a way
How to make good the Libell in our Play:
So you are cruell to your selves; whilst he
(Safe in the fame of his integritie)
VVill be a Prophet, not a Poet thought;
And this fine VVeb last long, though loosely wrought.

*To Endimion Porter, passing to Court to him by Wa-
ter.*

ODE I.

THe truth and wisdom of your Compass boast
(Dull Men of th' Sea!) when you the flow'rie Coast]
Have reach'd, to which you steere;
Think then, those Clouds are shrunk again,
That swell'd, as if they hoorded Rain
For all the Yeare

H h

Think

Think then, those ruder Winds are dumbe,
 That would endeavour Storms to come ;
 And that the Rocks no more
 (As they were wont) shall hide themselves,
 To practise mischief on the Shelves
 So near the Shore.

2.
 Into the Silver Flood I lanch'd, and fraught
 My bark with Hope the Parasite of thought :
 To Court my voyage tends;
 But hope, grew sick, and made me feare,
 The Bark would split, that harbour'd there
 To trade for Friends.
 Wife Love, that sought a noble choice
 To tune my Harp, and raise my Voice,
 Forbids my Pinnacle rest,
 Till I had cur'd weak Hope again,
 By safely Anchoring within
Endimion's Brest.

3.
Endimion! who, with Numbers sweet can move
 Soules (though untun'd) to such degrees of love ;
 That men should sooner see,
 Th'inticed Needle disobey
 The tempting Adamant, than they
 His Poesie :
 And I (exalted now) ne're minde
 Their breath, who storm'd t'increase the Winde
 By which th'are overthrowne ;
 Their Stock of rage, and Lyrick Skill,
 They boast in vain ; the Poets Hill
 Is all mine own.

*Elegie on B. Haselrick, slain in's youth, in a
 Duell.*

NOw in the blind and quiet time of Night,
 So dark as if the funerall of Light
 Were celebrated here; whither with flow,
 Unwilling feet, sad Virgins do you goe ?
 Where have you left your reason, and your fear ?
 What meane those Violets that down-ward wear
 Their heads, as griev'd, since thus imploy'd they grew ?
 Lilies, searh'd by your looks, to their pale hew !
 Roses, that lost their blushes on the Bough,
 And Laurell stoln from some dead Poets Brow :
 These, and your looser Hair, shew that you come
 To scatter both, on that repenting Tombe.
 But stay ! by this moist pavement it appears,
 Some Ladies have been earli'r here with Tears

Than

Than I, or you; and we can guess no more,
 Those that succeed, by these that drop'd before;
 Than by the Dew, fall'n in a Cowslips wombe,
 Heav'n's Treasure of Shows that are to come.
 The Curtain's drawne! look there and you shall spie
 The faded God of your Idolatrie!
 Cold as the feet of Rocks, silent in shade
 As Chaos lay, before the Winds were made.
 Yet this was once the Flow'r, on whom the Day
 So smil'd, as if he never should decay:
 Soft, as the hands of Love, smooth as her brow;
 So young in shew, as if he still should grow;
 Yet perfected with all the pride of strength,
 Equall in Limbs, and square unto his length:
 And though the jealous World hath understood,
 Fates only Seal'd the first Creation good;
 This moderne worke (sterne Fates!) rose up to prove
 Your ancient skill retain'd, but not your love:
 Could you have lov'd, you had with careful fight
 Preserv'd, what you did frame with such delight.

O, let me summe his crimes, let me relate
 Them strictly as his Judge, not Advocate;
 And yet the greatest number you shall find
 Were errors of his youth, not of his mind:
 For had his jealous courage been so wise,
 As to believe it selfe, not others Eyes;
 Had he not thought his little patience tame
 In suffering quiet Men, t'enjoy a Fame;
 He might have liv'd to so great use, that I
 Had writ his Acts, and not his Elegie.
 Goe, gentlest of your Sex! should I relate
 With bolder truth, th'unkindness of his Fate,
 (Too strict, to flesh and blood) I might infuse
 A Schisme in your Religion, and my Muse:
 Yet this would be excus'd, since all we gain
 By grieve, is but the licence to complain.

To the QUEEN upon a New-years day.

YOU of the Guard make way! and you that keep
 The Presence warme, and quiet whilst you sleep
 Permit me pass! and then (if any where
 Imploy'd) you Angels that are busi't here,
 And are the strongest Guard, although unseene,
 Conduct me neere the Chamber of the Queen!
 Where with such reverence as Hermits use
 At richest Shrines, I may present my Muse:
 Awake! salute, and satisfie thy sight,
 Not with the fainting Sun's, but thine own Light!

Let this day break from thine own Silken spheare,
 This Day, the birth, and Infant of the yeare !
 Nor is there need of Purple, or of Lawne
 To vest thee in, were but thy Curtaines drawne,
 Men might securely say, that it is morne,
 Thy Garments serve to hide, not to adorne !
 Now she appeares, whilst ev'ry look, and smile,
 Dispences warmth, and beauty through our Isle:
 Whilst from their wealthiest Caskets, Princes pay
 Her gifts, as the glad tribute of this Day !
 This Day; which Time shall owe to her, not Fate;
 Because her early Eyes did it create.
 But O ! poore Poets ! Where are you ? Why bring
 You not your Goddess now an Offering?
 Who makes your Numbers Swift, when they mov'd slow,
 And when they ebb'd, her influence made them flow,
 Alas ! I know your wealth: the Laurell bough,
 Wreath'd into Circles, to adorne the Brow,
 Is all you have: But goe; these strew, and spread,
 In Sacrifice, where ever she shall tread,
 And ere this day grow old, know you shall see
 Each Leaf become a Sprig, each Sprig a Tree.

E L E G I E,

On Francis Earle of Rutland.

C All not the Winds ! nor bid the Rivers stay !
 For though the sighs, the teares they could repay
 Which injur'd Lovers, Mourners for the Dead,
 Captives, and Saints, have breath'd away, and shed ;
 Yet we should want to make our sorrow fit
 For such a cause, as now doth silence it.
Rutland! the noble, and the just ! whose name
 Already is, all History, all Fame !
 Whom like brave Ancestors in Battaile lost,
 We mention not in pitty, but in boast !
 How didst thou smile, to see the solemne sport,
 Which vexes busie greatness in the Court ?
 T'observe their Lawes of faction, place and Time,
 Their precepts how, and where, and when to climbe ?
 Their rules, to know if the sage meaning lies,
 In the deep Breast, i'th' shallow Brow, or Eyes ?
 Though Titles, and thy blood, made thee appeare,
 (Oft 'gainst thy ease) where these state-Rabbins were,
 Yet their Philosophy thou knew'st was fit,
 For thee to pitty, more then study it.
 Safely thou valu'dst Cunning, as 'thad been,
 Wisdome, long since, distemper'd into Sin:
 And knew'st, the actions of th'Ambitious are
 But as the false Alarmes in running warre,

Like

Like forlorne Scouts (that raise the coyle) they keep
 Themselves awake, to hinder others sleep :
 And all they gaine, by vex'd expence of breath ;
 Unquietness, and guilt ; is at their death,
 Wonder, and mighty noise ; whilst things that be
 Most deare and pretious to Mortalitie
 (Time, and thy Self) impatient here of stay,
 With a grave silence, seeme to steal away ;
 Depart from us unheard, and we still mourne
 In vaine (though piously) for their returne.
 Thy Bounties if I name ; Ile not admit,
 Kings when they love, or wooe, to equall it :
 It shew'd like Natur's self, when she doth bring
 All she can promise by an early Spring ;
 Or when she payes that promise where she best
 Makes Summers for Mankind ; in the rich East.
 And, as the wise Sun, silently employes
 His lib'rall Beames, and ripens without Noise ;
 As precious Dewes, doe undiscover'd fall,
 And growth insensibly doth steale on all ;
 So what he gave, conceal'd in private came,
 (As in the dark) from one that had no name ;
 Like Fayries wealth, not given to restore,
 Or if reveal'd, it visited no more.

If these live, and be read (as who shall dare
 Suspect, Truth, and thy Fame, immortall are ?)
 What need thy noble Brother, or faire She,
 That is thy self, in purest imagie ;
 Whose breath, and Eyes, the Fun'rall-Spie, and flame
 Continue still, of gentle *Buckingham* ;
 What need they send poore Pioners to grone,
 In lower Quarries for Corinthian stone ?
 To dig in Parian Hills : since statues must,
 And Monuments, turne like our selves to dust :
 Verse, to all ages can our deeds declare,
 Tombs, but a while shew where our Bodies are.

To Endimion Porter.

Would thou wert dead ! so strictly dead to me,
 That, nor my sight, nor my vex'd memorie
 Could reach thee more : so dead, that but to name
 Thou wert, might give the sawcie lie to Fame ;
 That the bold Sonnes of Honour, and the milde
 Race of Lovers (both thy disciples stil'd)
 Might ask ; who could the first example be
 To all their good ? yet none should mention thee :
 Knocking at my Brest, when this hour is come ;
 I hope, I once shall find my heart at home.

Say thou art dead; yet whisper't but to me;
 For should thy so well-spent mortalitie,
 End to the world, and that sad end be knowne;
 I might (perhaps) still live, but live alone:
 The better world would follow thee, and all
 That I should gaine, by that large Funerall.
 Would be, the wanton vanity to boast,
 What they enjoy, was from my plenty lost.

*To the Countess of Carlile, on the death of
 the Earle her Husband.*

THis Cypress folded here; in stead of Lawne,
 These Tapers winking, and these Curtaines drawne;
 What may they meane? unless to qualifie
 And check the lustre of your Eye, you'll trie

To honour darkness; and adorne the Night,
 So strive, thus with your Lord, to bury Light.
 Call back, your absent Beauties to your care;
 Though clouded, and conceal'd, we know you are
 The Morning's early'st Beame, life of the Day,
 The Even's last comfort, and her parting Ray!

But why these Teares, that give him no reliefe,
 For whom you waste the virtue of your griefe?
 Such, as might be prescrib'd the Earth, to drink
 For cure of her old Curse; Teares you would think
 Too rich to water (if ye knew their price)
 The chiefeest Plant deriv'd from Paradise.
 But O! Where is a Poets faith? how farre
 Weare mis-led? how false we Lords of Numbers are.
 Our Love, is passion, our Religion, rage!
 Since, to secure that mighty heritage
 Entail'd upon the Bay, see how I strive
 To keep the glory of your looks alive;
 And to perswade your gloomy Sorrows thence,
 As subt'ly knowing, your kind influence
 Is all the pretious stock, left us t'inspire,
 And feed the flame, of our eternall fire.

But I recant: 'Tis fit you mourne a while,
 And winke, untill you darken all this Isle;
 More fit, the Bay should wither too, and be
 Quite lost, than he should lose your obsequie:
 He that was once your Lord; who strove to get
 That Title, cause nought else could make him great,
 A Title, by which his name he did preferre
 To have a day, i'th' Poets Kalender.

His youth was gentle, and dispos'd to win,
 Had so much courtship in't, 'twas his chiefe sin;
 Yet sure, although his courtship knew the way
 To conquer Beauty; it did ne're betray.

When wife with years, these soft affairs did cease,
 He whisper'd VVar abroad, then brought home Peace;
 He was supreme Ambassador, and went
 To be that Prince, whom Leigers but present;
 And soon with easie ceremonies got,
 VVhat they did lose with care, and a deep plot:
 Chearfull his age, not tedious or severe;
 Like those, who being dull, would grave appeare;
 VVhose guilt, made them the soule of Mirth despise,
 And being fullen, hope men think them wise.

Yet he that kept his Virtues from decay,
 Had that about him needs must were away:
 The daily less'ning of our life, shewes by
 A little dying, how out-right to die:
 Observe the Morning, Noon, and Evening Sun,
 Then (Madam) you that saw his Hou'r-glass run,
 In wiser faith, will not be more oppress'd
 To see the last Sand fall, than all the rest.

*Epilogue, to LOVE and HONOR,
 A Tragicomedy.*

TRoth Gentlemen, you must vouchsafe a while
 T'excuse my Mirth; I cannot chuse but smile!
 And 'tis to think, how like a subtle Spie,
 Our Poet waits, to hear his destinie:
 Just ith' pav'd-Entry as you passe; the place
 VVhere first you mention your dislike, or grace.
 Pray whisper softly, that he may not hear;
 Or else, such words, as shall not blast his Ear.

Epilogue, to a Vacation Play at the Globe.

The Speaker enter'd with a Sword drawn.

FOr your own sakes (poor Souls!) you had not best
 Believe, my fury was so much suppress'd
 I'th'heat of the last Scene, as now you may
 Boldly, and safely too, cry down our Play!
 For if you dare but Murmure one false Note,
 Here in the House, or going to take Bote;
 By Heav'n I'll mowe you off with my long Sword;
 Yeoman, and Squire, Knight, Lady, and her Lord!
 VVith reason too; for since my whole part lies
 I'th' Play to Kill the King's chief Enemies;
 How can you scape? (be your own Judges) when
 You lay sad plots, to begger the Kings Men.

To

To the QUEEN, upon a New-yeares day.

THIS day, old Time, doth turne his Annuall Glafs,
 And shakes it, that the Year may swiftly pass:
 This day; on which the formost leading-sand
 Falls from that Glafs, shook by his hasty Hand:
 That Sand's th'exemplar Seed; by which we know
 How th'Hour's of the ensuing Year will grow.
 Awake, great Queen! for as you hide, or cleere
 Your Eyes, we shall distrust, or like the Yeare,
 Queenes set their Dials by your beauties light;
 By your Eyes learne, to make their own move right;
 Yet know, our expectation when you rise
 Is not intirely furnish'd from your Eyes;
 But wisely we provide, how to rejoyce;
 In the fruition of your Breath, and Voice:
 Your breath, which Nature the example meant,
 From whence our early Blossomes take their scent;
 Teaching our Infant-Flow'rs how to excell
 (Ere strong upon their stalks) in fragrant smell:
 Your voice, which can allure, and charme the best
 Most gawdy-feather'd Chaunter of the East,
 To dwell about your Pallace all the Spring,
 And still can make him silent whilst you sing.
 Rise then! for I have heard *Apollo* sweare,
 By that first lustre, which did fill his Spheare;
 He will not mount, but make eternall Night,
 Unless reliev'd, and cherish'd by your Sight:
 Your sight; which is his warmth, now he is old,
 His Horses weary, and his Chariot cold.

To Edward Earl of Dorset, after his Sicknesse, and
 happy Recovery.

My Lord,

I Find the Gentry so o're-joy'd i'th' Town,
 As if all Prisons (safely) were rac'd down;
 As if the Judges would no more resist
 Wrongs with the Law, but each turne Duelist;
 And not with Statutes, but with Rapiers fence,
 At *Mason's* ward to succour Innocence.
 As if some trusty Poet now had bin
 Chosen with full voice *City-Chamberlin*;
 Their Treasure-kept, and might dispose of it
 And th'Orphans Goods, as his free Muse thought fit;
 As if grave Benchers had been seen to weare
 Loud *German* Spurres, tall Feathers, and long Haire.
 Such wilde inventions, both of Men, and Lawes,
 Amaz'd my Faith, untill I knew, the cause

Was your return to health ; which did destroy
 All grieve in greater Minds , and swell their joy :
 Which made me gladly vow to dedicate
 Each Year , a solemn sacrifice to Fate ;
 Such as should please old *Esculapius* too ,
 More than dissected Cocks were wont to doe ,
 (If there be Prophecie in Wine) and then
 You shall be known to Altars , as to Men

*Written, when Collonel Goring was believ'd to be slain
 at the Siege of Breda.*

His Death lamented by *Endimion* , *Arigo*.

The SCENE the Sea.

E N D I M I O N.

HO! Pilot! change your Course! for know, we are
 Not guided by the Sea-mans usuall Starre:
 Storme-frighted-Foole! dull, wat'ry Officer?
 Dost thou our Voyage by the Compass steere?

In all the Circle of thy Card, no Winde
 Tame or unruly, thou wilt ever finde
 Can bring us where the meanest on the Coast
 Immortall is, and a renowned Ghost.

A R I G O.

Let the assembled Winds in their next Warre,
 Blow out the light of thy old guiding Staire;
 Whilst on uncertaine VVaves, thy Bark is tost,
 Untill thy Card is rent, thy Rudder lost.
 Nor Star, nor Card, though with choice VVinde you fill
 Your Sailes (subdu'd by Navigators skill:)
 Can teach the rule thy Helme, 'till 'twast tis 'ore
 Pacific Seas, to the *Elisian* Shore.

E N D I M I O N.

Who on that flow'ry Land, shall search his way,
 No mortall Pilots Compass must obey;
 Nor trust *Columbus* art, although he can
 Boast longer toyles, than he, or *Magilan*:
 Though in Sea-perills, he could talke them dumbe,
 And prove them lazy Criples; bred at home,
 By's travailes, he could make the Sun appeare,
 A young, and unexperienc'd Travailer.

A R I G O.

If thou wilt steere our course, thou must rely
 On some majestick, Epik-History;
 (The Poet's Compass) such as the blind Priest
 In fury writ, when like an Exorcist,
 His Numbers charm'd the Grecian Hoast; whose Pen,
 The Scepter was, which rul'd the Soules of Men,

Survey his mystick Card; learn to what Coast,
He did transport, each brave unbody'd Ghost,
New shifted from his flesh; that valiant Crew,
Which fierce *Achilles*, and bold *Hector* slew?

ENDIMION.

Enquire, where these are now? beneath what Shade,
In dear-bought rest, their weary Limbs are laid,
That trod on rugged wayes for Honor still
Leaves the smooth Plaine, t' ascend the rough, steep Hill.
There seek, the Macedonian Youth; who knew
No work so full of ease, as to subdue:
Who scarce believ'd his Conquests worthy fame,
Since others thought, his fortune overcame.

ARIGO.

Neer him, th' Epir of Warriour doth lie;
Lookes, as he scorn'd his immortalitie,
Because of too much rest; seems still at strife
With Fate, for loss of troubles, not of life:
Griev'd that to dye, he made such certain hast,
Since being dead, the noble Danger's past.

ENDIMION.

Neer these go seek (with Mirtle over-grown)
The Carthaginian Victor's shady Throne;
Who there with fullen thoughts, much troubled lies;
And chides the over-careful Destinies?
That these Ambitious Neighbours thither sent
So long before his birth; thus to prevent
Dishonour at their deaths; O fond surmise,
Of one, who when but mortal was so wife!
As if betimes, they hastned to a Tombe,
Lest he bring borne, they had been overcome.

ARIGO.

Neer him the wondrous Roman doth appear,
Majestick, as if made Dictator there;
Where now the Philosophick Lord, would heale
The wound he gave him for the publick Weale:
Which he more strives to hide; as sham'd his Eye
Should find, that any wound could make him die.

ENDIMION.

If thou by the wise Poets Card or starre,
Canst bring us where these faded Heroes are;
Shift all thy Sayles, to husband ev'ry Winde;
'Till by a short swift passage we may find,
Where *Sidney's* ever-blooming-Throne is spread;
For now, since one renown'd as he is dead;
(*Goring*, the still lamented, and belov'd!)
He hath enlarg'd his Bow'r, and far remov'd
His less Heroick Neighbours, that gave place
To him; the last of that soon number'd Race.

ARIGO.

Whom he must needs delight to celebrate,
Because himself, in manners and in Fate,
Was his undoubted Type, *Goring*, whose name
Though early up, will stay the last with Fame:

ENDI-

ENDIMION.

Though *Sidney* was his Type fulfill'd above
 What he foretaught, of Valor, Bounty, Love:
 Who dy'd like him, even there, where he mistook
 Betray'd by pitty then, to their defence,
 Whose poverty was all their innocence:
 And sure, if to their help a Third could come,
 Beguile by Honour, to such Martyrdome;
 Sufficient like these Two in braine, as blood;
 The world in time would think, their cause is good.

ARIGO.

Thus he forsook his glories being young:
 The Warriour is unlucky, who lives long;
 And brings his courage in suspect; for he
 That aims at honour, i'th' supreme degree,
 Permits his Valor to be over bold,
 Which then ne're keeps him safe, 'till he be old.

ENDIMION.

His Bounty like his Valor, unconfin'd;
 As if not born to Treasure, but assign'd
 The rents of lucky War; each Day to be
 Allow'd, the profits of a Victory!
 Not of poor Farmes, but of the World the Lord!
 Heir, to intestate Nations by his sword,

ARIGO.

In Valor thus, and Bounty, rais'd above
 The vulgar height, so in designs of love;
 For onely gentle love could him subdue;
 A noble crime, which shew'd his Valor true:
 It is the Souldier's test; for just so far
 He yeilds to Love, he overcomes in War.

ENDIMION.

But why *Arigo*, do we strive to raise
 The Story of our loss, with helpless praise?
 Why to this Pilot mourne, whose Eares can reach
 Nothing less loud, than Winds or Waters breach!
 Or think that he can guide us to a Coast;
 Where we may find, what all the World hath lost?

ARIGO.

About then! Helme a Lee! *Endimion*! see;
 Loose Wreaths (not of the Bay, but Cypress tree)
 Our Poet wears, and on the Shore doth mourn,
 Fearing, t' *Elizium* bound; we can't return,
 Steer back! his Verse may make those Sorrows last
 Which here, we 'mongst unhallow'd Sea-men waste.

To the Lord Cary of Lepington, upon his Translation of Malvezzi.

SO swift is thought; this Morn I took my flight,
To ruin'd Babel, and return'd to Night:
So strong, that Time, (whose course no pow'r could slack):
I have enfore'd some Forty ages back:

Tome, that great disorder and decay,
Was both begun, and consummate to Day:
My self, some strong Chaldean Mason there,
Still fore with massie Stones they made me bear:
Just now (methinks) I'me struck for some command
Mistook, in words I could not understand.
So lasting are great griefs, we still retaine
Remembrance of them, though we loose the paine:
And that Confusion did a grief comprise,
Greatest, in that it most concern'd the Wise:
For these (who best deserve the care of Fate)
The first great Curse much less did penetrate,
Which makes us labor for our food so long,
Than that which mix'd, or cancell'd ev'ry tongue:
'Cause now we toyle, and sweat for knowledge more,
Than for the Body's nourishment before.

Knowledge; ere it did practice to controule,
No Weapon was, but Diet of the Soule;
Which as her nourishments she might enjoy,
Not like controverts, others to destroy:
And this her Food (like Milk) did nourish best;
'Cause it was safe, and easie to digest:
Which Milk, that Curse on Languages turn'd sowre,
For men scarce taste what they could once devour:
Since now, we are preparing to be dead,
Ere we can half interpret what we read.

Yet he, that for our bodies took such care.
That to each Wound, there severall Med'cins are;
In nobler pitty, surely hath assign'd
A cure, for ev'ry mischief of the Mind:
So this revenge (perhaps) was but to try
Our patience first, and then our industry,
Since he ordained, that beautilous Truth should still
Be overcast, and hid from humane skill;
Sure he affects that War, which Schoolmen wage;
When to know truth, doth make their knowledge rage;
So Truth, is much more precious than our peace;
Though some fond Politicks, esteem her less:
Lazy obedience, is to them devout;
And those rebellious that dispute or doubt:
But you (my Lord) must valiantly despise
Their threats, that would keep knowledg in disguise:

And toyl with Languages to make her clear;
 Which is to a be-just Interpreter.
 And this selected peece, which you translate,
 Foretels, your studies may communicate,
 From darker Dialects of a strange Land,
 Wisdom, that here th' unlearn'd shall understand;
 What noble wonders may in time appear,
 VVhen all that's Forreign, grows domestick here?
 VVhen all the scatter'd world you reconcile,
 Unto the Speech, and Idiom of this Isle:
 How like a gen'ral Scepter rules that Pen,
 VVhich Mankind makes, one kind of Country-men?

To Henry Jarmin.

HOW wicked am I now? no Man can grow
 More wicked, till he swares I am not so:
 Since VVealth, which doth authorise men to err;
 Since Hope, (that is the lawfull't Flatterer)
 VVere never mine one hour; yet am I loth
 To have less pride, then men possess'd of both:
 Fuller of glory, than old Victors be;
 That thank themselves, not Heav'n for Victorie:
 Prouder than Kings first Mistresses, who think
 Their Eies, gazing on Stars, would make Stars winke,
 That hope, they rule not by Imperial place,
 But by some beaution Charter in the Face.
 Yet this my pride and glory, I think lost
 Unless declar'd, and heightned with a boast,
 Am I not bravely wicked then! and still
 Shall worse appear, in Nature as in will
 VVhen with my Malice (the grave VVit of Sin)
 T' excuse my self, I draw the whole VVorld in;
 Prove all in pride, in trival glory share;
 Though not so harmeles in't, as Poets are.
 VVhen Battails joyne alas! what is't doth move
 ('Gainst all Celestial harmony of Love)
 The Gallant VVarriour to assault this Foe?
 VVhose Vices, and whose Face, he ne're did know:
 VVhy would he kill? or why, for Princes fight?
 They quarrel more for glory, than for right:
 The pride then he defends, he'd punish too,
 As if more Just in him, than in the Foe.
 Th' Ambitious States-man not himself admires
 For what he hath, but what his pride desires;
 Doth inwardly confesse, he covets sway,
 Because he is too haughty to obey:
 VVho yeild to him, do not their reason please,
 But hope, their patience may procure them ease,
 How proudly glorious doth he then appear,
 VVhom ev'n the Proud, envy, the humble, fear.

The Studious (that in Books so long have sought)
 VVhat our wise Fathers did, or what they thought)
 Admit not reason to be natural,
 But forc'd, harsh, and uneasy unto all:
 VVell may be it so, when from our Soul's Eyes,
 VVith dark Schoole-Clouds, they keep it in disguise:
 They seem to know, what they are loth t' impart;
 Reason (our Nature once) is now their Art:
 They by Sophistick, useles-science, trie
 T' ingage us still, to their false industry;
 T' unite that knot, which they themselves have ty'd,
 And had been loose to all, but for their pride;
 Their pride; who rule as chief on earth, because
 They only can expound, their own hard laws,

Since thus, all that direct what others do,
 Are proud; why should not Poets be so too?
 Although not good, tis prosperous at least
 To imitate the greatest, not the best,
 Know then I must be proud! but when I tell
 The cause that makes my nourish'd glory swell,
 I shall like (lucky Pensils) have the fate
 T' exceed the Patterns which I imitate,
 This not implies, to be more proud than they,
 But bravely to be proud, a better way:
 And thus (*Arigo*) I may safely climbe,
 Rays'd with the boast, not loaden with the crime:
 Those with their glorious vices taken be,
 But I (most right'ously) am proud of thee.

To Tho. Carew.

I.

UPon my conscience whensoever thou dy'st
 (Though in the black, the mourning time of Lent)
 There will be seen, in Kings-street (where thou ly'st)
 More triumphs, than in days of Parliament.

2.

How glad, and gaudy then will Lovers be?
 For ev'ry Lover that can Verses read,
 Hath been so injur'd by thy Muse and thee,
 Ten Thousand, Thousand times, he wish'd thee dead.

3.

Not but thy Verses are as smooth and high,
 As Glory, Love, or Wine, from wit can raise;
 But now the Devil take such Destinie!
 What should commend them, turnes to their dispraise.

4.

Thy Wit's chief Vertue, is become its vice;
 For ev'ry Beauty thou hast rais'd so high,
 That now course-Faces carry such a price,
 As must undoe a Lover that should buy.

5.

Scarce any of the Sex, admits commerce;
 It shames me much to urge this in a Friend;
 But more that they should so mistake thy Verse,
 Which meant to conquer, whom it did commend.

To Doctor Duppa Dean of Christ-Church, and Tutor to the Prince. An acknowledgment for his Collection, in Honour of Ben. Johnson's Memory.

How shall I sleep to night, that am to pay,
 By a bold vow, a mighty Debt ere Day?
 Which all the Poets of this Island owe:
 Like Paines neglected, it will greater grow.
 How vainly from my single stock of Wit,
 (As small, as is my Art, to Husband it)
 I have adventur'd what they durst not do,
 With strong confed'rate Art, and Nature too.
 This Debt hereditary is, and more
 Than can be pay'd for such an Ancestor;
 Who living, all the Muses Treasure spent,
 As if they him, their Heir, not Steward meant;
 Forrests of Mirtle, he disforrested,
 That near to *Helicon* their shades did spread;
 Like Modern Lords, w'are so of Rent bereft;
 Poets, and they have nought but Titles left:
 He wasted all in wreaths, for's conqu'ring Wit;
 Which was so strong, as nought could conquer it,
 But's Judgement's force, and that more rul'd the sense
 Of what he writ, than's Fancy's vast expence,
 Of that he still was lavishly profuse;
 For joyn the remnant-wealth of ev'ry *Muse*,
 And t'will not pay the Debt we owe to thee,
 For honors done unto his Memory:
 Thus then; he brought th'Estate into decay,
 With which, this Debt, we as his Heirs should pay.
 As sullen Heirs, when wastful Fathers die,
 Their old Debts leave for their posterity
 To clear; and the remaining Akers strive
 T' enjoy, to keep them pleasant whilst alive;
 So I (alas!) were to my self unkind,
 If from that little wit, he left behind,
 I simply should so great a debt defray;
 I'll keep it to maintaine me, not to pay.
 Yet, for my soul's last quiet when I die,
 I will commend it to 'posterity:
 Although 'tis fear'd ('cause they are left so poor)
 They'll but acknowledge, what they should restore:
 However, since I now mayerne my Bayes;
 VVithout the taint of flattery in praise;

Since

Since I've the luck, to make my praises true,
 I'll let them know, to whom this Debt is due:

Due unto you, whose learning can direct
 Why Faith must trust, what reason would suspect:
 Teach Faith to rule, but with such temp'rate law,
 As Reason not destroys, yet keeps't in awe:
 Wise you; the living-Volume, which contains
 All that industrious Art, from Nature gains;
 The useful, open-Book, to all unty'd;
 That knows more, than half-Knowers seem to hide
 And with an easie cheerfulness reveal,
 What they, through want, not fullness conceal.
 That to great faithless-Wits, can truth dispence
 'Till't turne, their witty scorn, to reverence:
 Make them confess their greatest error springs,
 From curious gazing on the least of things;
 With reading Smaller prints, they spoil their sight
 Darken themselves, then rave, for want of light:
 Shew them, how full they are of subtil sin,
 When Faith's great Cable, they would nicely spin
 To Reason's slender Threads; (then falsely bold)
 When they have weakned it, cry, t'will not hold!

To him, that so victorious still doth grow,
 In knowledge, and t'inforce others to know;
 Humble in's strength; not cunning to beguile,
 Nor strong, to overcome, but reconcile:
 To Arts milde Conqueror; that is, to you,
 Our sadly mention'd Debt, is justly due:
 And now Posterity is taught to know,
 Why, and to whom, this Mighty Summe they owe,
 I safely may go sleep; for they will pay
 It all at times, although I break my Day.

To his Excellency the Lord General Monck.

O Ur fiery Sects scorn'd your triumphant night,
 When only Bonfires lent the City light.
 More proudly they like Nero did designe,
 The City's flame should make the Country shine:

And all those Bells which rung in your applause,
 They would have melted to maintain the Cause.

Alas! How little you in Action seem,
 When by their great intent we measure them:

You the Fanatick party would correct;

They rifle all rich Christians as a Sect.

To Bonfires, you their rousing Pulpits turn;

But they, instead of Tubs, would Churches burn.

How weak are you, who to advance your cause,

Call in the firm support of Church and Lawes?

Their Independant strength boldly upbraides

The old discretion of such formal Aides,

You court the City, and the Nation too,

They bravely meant to ravish whom you woo.

Their daring Chiefs, a War did undertake,

Follow'd by those, who still their Chiefs forsake.

By such as only would consult and sway,

But you chose those who fight and can obey.

By their advantages you gain'd the field,

And what they judg'd your weakness made them yield.

As in destructive War, so you no less,

Transcend them in the growing Arts of Peace.

You can converse, and in a dialect,

Where no strange dress makes us the truth suspect;

Where plainness graceful is, and free from blame,

As truths fair Nakedness is free from shame.

They write the style of Spirits, you of Men;

Yet are their Swords less powerful then your Pen.

Auspicious Leader! None shall equal thee,

Who mak'st our Nation and our Language free.

The first they fetter, not with publick Lawes,

But with their Wills, peculiar as their Cause.

Our Language with such Scripture-phrase restrain,

As makes the borrow'd holiness prophane.

And such strange crimes attempt that whilst they lack

All precedents for Plea, they wrest and rack

The good old Prophets, till they falsely draw,

From ill translated Hebrew English Law.

How soon, how boldly, and how safely too,

Have you dispatch't what not an age could do?

Yet greater work ensues, such as will try

How far three Realms may on your strength rely.

Nor can our Hope need Anchors where we find

A sudden Courage and delib'rate mind.

In doubtful Battails we may trust your Sword,
And in suspected Factions take your word.

POEM upon His Sacred Majestie's most happy
Return to His Dominions.

When from your Towns all hastned to the shore,
What *shame* could urge your peoples *blushes* more,
Than to behold their *Royal Martyr's Son*
Appeas'd, even with their grief for what was done?

So great your *Mercy* is, that you will grieve,
If your wise Senate cannot all forgive.
Nor can the Spies of Malice e're discern,
That you from Interest did this *Vertue* learn,
Great *Julius* in disguise, might act that part:
But *Nature* has in you out-done his *Art*.

Your perfect *Father* to such height did come
Of God-like pitty, near his *Martyrdom*,
That he his *Subject-Judges* did forgive,
And left it as their punishment to live.
Pitty not onely flowes from him to you,
But doubly, from your *Mother's Mercy* too:
The limits of it none could ever know,
Nor to the bounds of her compassion go;
Whose *Father* in forgiveness did transcend
The insolence of all that durst offend;
When his *Remorse* seem'd led by their *Despair*,
Beyond the sight of *Hope*, or voice of *Prayer*.
No more shall your bold *Subjects* strive to *Reign*;
And fatal *Honour* on each other gain.
Their courage, which mistook the way to *Fame*,
(And may find pitty where it meets with *shame*)
Shall, by your valor guided, far out-shine
Our Glory got in *France* and *Palestine*.

No more shall sacred *Priests* fall from their own
supported Pow'r, by shrinking from the *Throne*:
Nor in divided shapes that *Garment* tear,
Which their *Great Chief* did whole and seemless wear.
No more shall any *Antient* of our *Law*,
From old *Records* such *Modern Meaning* draw,
As made even *Lawyers* lawless, and enquire,
How justly Kings to *armed Pow'r* aspire?
The *Civil Robe* did *Swords Power* suspect,
Though onely *Armed Pow'r* can *Law* protect;
And rescue *Wealth* from *Crowds*, when *Poverty*
Treads down those *Laws* on which the *Rich* rely.
Yet *Law*, where Kings are arm'd, rescues the *Crowd*
Even from themselves, when *Plenty* makes them proud.

No more shall any of the *Noble Blood*
Too faintly stem the *People's rising Flood*.

But

But when the Wind, *Opinion* does grow loud,
 Moving like waves, the Many-headed Crowd;
 Then those *great ships* shall fast at *Anchor ride*,
 And not be hurri'd backward with the Tyde.
 The Throne's the Port to which their *Course* shall bear,
 As well at distance too as sailing near:
 Or, Anch'ring, shall for change of weather stay;
 And never lose when they can gain no way.

No more shall publick wealth on *spies* be spent,
 To hunt the Loyal and the Innocent:
 Nor *Jaylors* in contracted Prisons be
 The *Keepers* of the *Peopl's Libertie*:
 Nor *Chiefs* in *Civil Causes* toyl, and do
 The task of *Judges*, and of *Jurors* too;
 In whose *High-Courts* their *Wills* for *Laws* were known.
 And all the *Civil Pow'r* was *Martial* grown.
 How useful must the Regal Office be,
 Where both those *Pow'rs* for publick good agree?
 Where *Justice* in a Ballance weighs the Cause,
 And wears a *Sword* but to enforce the *Laws*.
 When (Mighty Monarch) your Three Nations count
 To what their gain, by gaining you, will mount;
 They justly reckon, that the least you bring
 Of Greatness is, that Blood which makes you King:
 And casting up what Satisfaction they,
 In full return of all your Vertues, pay;
 The *Product* shews, you bring in value more;
 Than those Three Realms, which they do but restore.

You bring such *Clemency*, as shews you have
 More *Pardons*, than your *God-like-Father* gave.
 Which shews a Greatness that does most incline
 To what is greatest in the *Pow'r Divine*.
 'Tis that to which all Human kind does bow,
 And tend'rest sense of obligation owe.
 For wretched Man (by ev'ry passion led,
 Born sinful, and to many errors bred)
 Has use of Mercy still, and does esteem
 Creation a less work than to Redeem.

You bring a *Judgement* deeper than the Sea:
 And as in deepest Seas we safest be,
 So in your *Judgement's* depths we may endure
 All *Empire's* suddain storms, and sleep secure.
 And as in deeper Seas we never sound,
 Or seek that Depth which never can be found,
 (Unless as *Pilots*, who for trial, near
 The Ocean's Borders, cast a *Plummet* there;
 But cease to sound when they no bottom find)
 So, whilst I try to measure your deep Mind,
 I stop even at the *Verges* of your Court,
 Knowing my *Plummet* light, and *Line* too short.

You bring, with depth of Judgment, all the height
 And fire of Thought, that can give wings to Weight.
 A Mind so swift, that in a moment's space
 Not only flies o're the *Dinrual Race*,

But

But does collect all objects of the Sun,
 And marks, what through the Globe the *Great* have done.
 You no endowment can like this possess,
 Which will preserve what *Valor* can increase.
 For *Pow'r* requires an universal Eye:
 It should like yours, see all and suddenly.
 If thus it watch not ever for the State,
 It either sees too little, or too late.

You bring such *Valour* as dares farther tread,
 Then *Love* dares follow; or *Ambition* lead.
Valour, so watchful as may safely keep
 A *Camp* untrencht, and suffer *Scouts* to sleep:
 Fit to surprise *Surprizers* early *Spys*,
 It *danger* loves, as good for exercise.
 The honor you near *Severn's* Banks obtain'd,
 Did make the victors lose by what they gain'd;
 When you reclaim'd their malice, who with shame
 Blush't that they kept your *Realms*, yet gave you fame.

You bring such charming virtues as move more
 Then all the secret gifts of bounteous *Pow'r*:
 Your kind approaches to invite access;
 Your patient Eare to troublesome *Distress*.
 Your nat'ral greatness, never artful made;
 Nor so retir'd as if you sought a shade.
 And by *reserv'dness* would mysterious seem:
 As formal men retire to get esteem.
 But you would so be visible and free,
 As *Truth* and *Valor* still would publick be.
 Those hate obscurity and would still be shown,
 They grow more lov'd as they become more known.

You bring *Religion*, which before like Fame,
 Was nothing but a *Trumpet* and a Name,
 Here most seem'd holy but in *Masquerade*;
 Most vizards wore, and in disguise were clad.
 Abroad, your firme *Religion* gain'd renown
 Through all the trials of *Comparison*.
 It will, at home, unmask *dissembling Art*;
 And what was wholly *Face* shall grow all *Heart*.

Thus shewing what you are, how quickly we
 Infer what all your *Subjects* soon will be!
 For from the *Monarchs* virtue *Subjects* take,
 Th' ingredient which does publick-virtue make.
 At his bright beam they all their *Tapers* light,
 And by his *Dial* set their motion right;

Your *Clemency* has taught us to believe
 It wise, as well as vertuous, to forgive.
 And now the most offended shall proceed
 In great forgiving till no *Laws* we need:
 For *Laws* slow progresses would quickly end,
 Could we forgive as fast as men offend.
Revenge of past offences is the cause
 Why peaceful minds consented to have *Laws*.
 Yet *Plaintiffs* and *Defendants* much mistake
 Their cure, and their diseases lasting make;

For to be reconcil'd, and to comply,
 Would prove their cheap and shortest remedy.
 The length and charge of *Laws* vex all that sue;
Laws punish many, reconcile but few.
 Intire forgiveness, thus deriv'd from you,
 Does *Clients* reconcile and *Factions* too.
 No *Faction* shall hereafter own a name;
 But their *distinctions* vanish with their *shame*.

Your careful judgment teaches us to prize
 Affliction, and to grow, by troubles, wise.
 To clear the sullen count'nance of Distress;
 And not with haste precipitate redress.
 Your judgments patience has ev'n vertue taught
 That her reward should be with patience sought.
 Tis else requir'd too boldly and too soon;
 As if she boasted that her work was done.
 We shall not boast of constant Loyalty,
 Whose Light goes out, when held by us too high.
 It is a *vertue*, but 'tis *duty* too;
 And our reward is had in having you.

Your minds swift motion (which hath often brought
 Actions, even farther past, to instant thought;
 Which in a moment does all compass run;
 And then contract all objects into one:
 And judge all Empires as the Sun might do,
 If he had life and reason too like you.)
 Has taught our feeble Thoughts to mend their pace;
 And follow though they lose you in the *Race*.
 And now your Nations shall with early Eyes,
 Watch the first Clouds e're storms of Rebels rise.
 Though *Orators* (the Peoples *Witches*) may
 Raise higher Tempests than their skill can lay;
 Making a civil and staid *Senate* rude,
 And stopless as a running multitude:
 Yet can they not to full rebellion grow;
 Not knowing how much now the People know;
 Who from your influence have attain'd the wit
 Not to proceed from *grudgings* to a *Fit*.
 Your *Valour* has our rather courage taught
 To do, not what we *dare*, but what we ought;
 Not to pretend renown from high offence;
 Nor braver *boldness* turn to *impudence*?
 Nor claim a *right* where we by force enjoy;
 Nor boast our *strength* from what we can destroy.

Your other Vertues bear *instructive* sway:
 Their fair examples we like *Laws* obey;
 Which through your Realms such Harmony disperse,
 As if *Love* rul'd, and *Laws* were writ in *Verses*.
 Whilst our *Civilities* grow so refin'd
 That now they more than former *statutes* bind,
 The *high* in pow'r, make their approaches *low*,
 To meet and lift the *humble* when they bow.
 Such *English-stiffness* freely they forsake,
 As made wise Strangers wonder and go back.

Your

Your *firm Religion* shall our *firmness* breed,
 And turn into a *Rock* our *shaken Reed*,
 A *Rock*, which like a *rowling wave* before
Flow'd with the *Flood*, and *ebb'd* with *ebb's* of *Pow'r*,
 And that *respect* which your *indulgent Eye*,
 Pays as your *blessed Fathers Legacy*.
 To *sacred Priests*, with *chearful bounty's* too,
 Does teach what we with *rev'rence* ought to do,
 And well may *Priests* (who are *Heav'n's Liegers*) be
 Nobly *defray'd* in *ev'ry Embasse*:
 They treat not for the *profit* of that *King*,
 From whose *bright Palace* they *Credentials* bring.
 But for the *Peoples benefit* to whom
 They are in *pitty* sent and *charg'd* to come,
 To these we shall with *rev'rence* *Off'rings* make;
 Which they may *justly* and with *honour* take.
 'Tis done with *some respect* when *Princes* give
Gifts to *Ambassadors*, and they receive
 Those *gifts* with *confidence*, as if they knew,
 Though they are *gifts*, yet *Custom* makes them *due*.

Too *boldly*, (*awful Monarch*) am I gone,
 Through all your *Guards*, to gaze about your *Throne*.
 Yet 'tis the use of *Greatness* to excuse,
 The *daring* progress of the *sacred Muse*:
 She taught the *Lover*, *love*; and *Warriour*, *war*;
 And is the *Guide*, when *Honour* would go far,
 The *Studious* follow, till they lose their sight,
 When to the upper *Heav'n* she makes her flight.
 She mounts above what they pretend to know,
 And leaves their *soaring Thoughts* in *depths* below.

Why nam'd I *Heav'n*, where all meet all *reliefs*,
 Where best of *joys* succeed the *worst* of *Griefs*;
 Yet naming it, must *Clouds* of *sorrow* wear,
 For that *dire cause* which brought your *Father* there?
Kings must to *Heav'n* through *shades* of *sorrow* pass,
 And taking leave of *Nature*, *Death* imbrace.
 But he, with more than a *devout intent*,
 To people soon that *Heav'n* to which he went.
 Did, dying, leave three *Nations* (when they count
 To what his *vallem*, and their *loss* will mount.
 What he did *suffer*, and what they did do)
Sorrow enough to bring them thither too.

Much was he favour'd by the *Pow'r Divine*,
 Which to encourage *Vertue* with some *signe*,
 Or likely taste of *future happiness*,
 Did let him many *blessings* here possess.
 Your *Royal Mother*, in his life, fulfill'd
 All *griefs* that *Mourning Widowhood* could yield;
 And has continu'd, since he reign'd above,
 Her care o're all the *Pledges* of their love.

You, in your *Manhoods bloome*, *express* an aw,
 Not of his *Regal* but of *Natures Law*:
 Obeying him in all, by no *designe*,
 Or force, but so as *Nature* did incline.

And with your growth your kind obedience grew ;
 Which *love*, not *precept* shew'd you was his due.
 You rev'renc'd him in *deep* afflictions more,
 Then on those *heights* where he did shine before.
 This *vertuous softness* made your people melt ;
 Who in your triumph all that kindness felt
 Which to their *Saint* your duty had exprest,
 And drew from ev'ry Eye, and ev'ry Breast,
 Such tears and sighs , as in a happy time,
 Pay'd back your *sorrows*, and excus'd their *crime*.

And your heroick *Brothers* (early grown
Fame's Favorites, and *Rivals* in *renown*)
 Did in their *Dawne* such beams of comfort give
 As they had almost made him wish to live.
 That he might see the Glory of their *Noon* :
 But ah ! *Lifes glass* he shook to make it run.
 The *mighty Martyr* gaz'd on *Heav'n's* reward :
 Then struggling *Nature* found him strait too hard
 For all her force, *Religion* watcht the strife ;
 And *Honour* call'd him back from *proffer'd Life*.

T'will not suffice (*best King*) that we have shown
 Your *Picture* , with *Two worthy's* next your *Throne* :
 But we would now of all the *Copy's* boast
 From such a great *Original* as is lost.

Two, of the gentler *Sex*, remain to grace
 The matchless number of his *Royal Race*.
 The *First*, with practis'd patience, even when young,
 Whilst various winds made storms of *Empire* long)
 Has liv'd the *great example*, and the *good*,
 Of *graceful* and of *prudent* Widow-hood.
 The *other* has fit vertue to dispence ,
 Even to a *Cloyster'd Virgin*, *innocence* ;
 And such *discretion* as might *Factions* guide ;
 And so much *beauty* as She much might hide ,
 Yet lend that *Court*, where *Lilly's* wildly grow ,
 More then their glorious *Nuptials* now can show.

Tell me, (O *Fame*!) what triumph thou wouldst *sound*?
 In all thy boasted *Flights* thou scarce hast found
 One *Theam* like mine. Ascend ! and strait disperse
 (As far as ever *Thou* wert led by *Versè* ,
 Or *Light* ere flew) my *Sou'raign's* full renown :
 Then rest thy *wings* , and lay thy *Trumpet* down.

P O E M to the Kings most Sacred Majesty.

THough Poets (Mighty King) such Priests have bin
 As *figur'd* Virtue and *disfigur'd* Sin ;
 Did in so fair a shape *Religion* draw,
 As might, like *Beauty*, both allure and awe:
 Did rigid Rules in cheerful Songs disperse ;
 Whilst all were Lai'ty but who dealt in Verse :
 Yet now of Priesthood they retain no more
 Then frequent cause Compassion to implore :
 For if there any shadow'd strokes appear,
 By which to Priests they can resemblance bear,
 It only may be said that both agree
 In willing or unwilling Povertie.

Though Poets with the Poor now reckon'd are ,
 (Whom all expose to God's peculiar care)
 Yet as the Poor by want great Gainers be ,
 When Want leads them to God for Remedie ;
 So Poets , when their Days are over-cast ,
 And from their Noon , they to the Evening haste ,
 When Age , which is their longest Winter , stays
 T' increase their shame by shewing their decays ;
 When that long Winter grows at last so keen
 That even their *Bays* cannot continue Green ,
 Yet against Frosty Age they may be arm'd :
 Poets by double Influence have bin warm'd ,
 And therefore may expect a Second Spring :
 We had our *Phæbus* , and have now our King ,
 Whose Palace to th' *Afflicted* is as free
 As Temples where they God's Domesticks be.

How happy is *Affliction* which may come
 Where *God* allows not *Merit* any room ?
 Kings fit their Gifts to those who them receive ,
 And to *Affliction* so much favor give ,
 As may not well to *Merit* be allow'd ,
 Lest those they would encourage should grow proud.
 Kings, wisely jealous, watch how *Merit* grows ,
 That they may know it ere it self it knows.

Auspicious Monarch ! here I lose my way :
 Yet as those Sea-men luckily did stray ,
 Who with *Columbus* were by Tempests blown ,
 Till they from *Wand'ers* were *Discov'ers* grown ,
 And found rich *Nature's* last Reserve , a new
 Great World ; so I by Storms am brought to you :
 By Storms of Grief , which in my barren Breast ,
 Like Winds in Desarts , with themselves contest.
 Yet 'tis not abject Grief , such as does mourn
 For want of Wealth the Body to adorn ;
 But rather Sorrow of a noble kind ,
 Which does complain for *maint'nance* of the *Mind* ;

For want of that dexterity of Thought,
Which in a moment has to Fancy brought
All scater'd Forms collected till the spie
A *single* Map of all *Diversity*;
As at an instant to the rising Sun
All Objects are compris'd and made but one,
That heat is spent which did maintain my Bays;
Spent early in your God-like Father's praise;
Who left the World more than it ever knew
Before so great and good, his *Fame* and *You*.

By many Wonders you were hither brought;
Which strangely too, by their concurrence wrought
Our whole Redemption in so short a space
As did the sloath of humane aids disgrace.
Those who did hold Success the Cast of Chance,
And *Providence* the Dream of Ignorance,
Might in these Miracles Design discern,
And from wild *Fortune's* looks *Religion* learn.

Yet when we shall contemplate *God*, from whom
Your Crown did through a Cloud of Terrors come:
When all those cares to which it must submit,
And ceremonious forms which wait on it
Are fully summ'd (Cares which to Age belong,
And forms which tire, with tedious length, the Young)
Then like the Law which *Moses* had from Heaven,
It seems to be impos'd as well as given.

You now are destin'd to more watchful care
Then Spies of Faction or the Scouts of War;
To Care which higher and more swiftly flows
Than that which from design of Conquest grows;
Such as may seem to other Monarchs new;
Care to reform those whom you might subdue.

Conquest of Realm's compar'd to that of Minds,
Shews but like mischief of outrageous Winds;
Making no use of force but to deface,
Or tear the rooted from their native place.
Who by distress at last are valiant made,
And take their turn Invaders to invade.
From Woods they march victorious back agen
To Cities, the Wall'd-Parks of Hearded-men.
Victors by conqu'ring Realms are not secure;
Nor seem of any thing, but hatred sure.
A King who conquers Minds does so improve
The Conquer'd that they still the Victor love.

How can you rest where Pow'r is still alarm'd:
Each Crowd a Faction, and each Faction arm'd?
Who fashions of Opinion love to change,
And think their own the best for being strange,
Their own if it were lasting they would hate;
Yet call it *Conscience* when 'tis *obstinate*.
When weary of a Scepter here, they flie
To seek new fashions of Authority
In foreign States, then bring Rebellion home,
And take just Punishment for Martyrdom.

The Saints of old, not struggling for defence,
 Did satisfy themselves with innocence:
 In Deaths stern Court did gracefully appear,
 And civil to their worst Tormentors were.
 But these so fullen are, as if they thought
 Saints could not Death defy unless they fought:
 As if their Church should spring not from the seed
 Of their own blood, but that which others bleed.

Though Conscience is in others secret shame
 Of doing ill, yet they in publick claim
 Not only freedom for the ills they do,
 But call for liberty to preach them too.
 They seek out God in cruel Camps, and boast
 They God have found, when they have Nature lost;
 Nature, the publick Light which is held out
 To all dim Minds who do of God-head doubt.
 She openly to all does God-head shew;
 Faith brings him, like a Secret but to few.
 Sects, who would God by private Opticks reach,
 Invent those Books by which themselves they teach;
 And whilst with Heaven they too familiar grow,
 They to the Gods on earth disdain to bow.

You safe amongst these different Sects remain,
 Where all would rule, and each a while did reign:
 And having reign'd, are apt to reckon it
 Worse than Idolatry when they submit.
 And though these Sects in Doctrine different be,
 Yet in the uses of it they agree,
 Which first they for the novelty approve,
 And after for the gainful mischief love.

What confidence but yours durst undertake
 To give them *Laws*, who dare *Religion* make?
 Whose private Conscience checks the publick Laws,
 Whilst many *Modern sects* have one *old Cause*.

That Fever, Zeal (the Peoples desperate fit)
 You cool, and without bleeding, master it:
 Dissembled Zeal (Ambition's old disguise)
 The Vizard in which Fools out-face the Wise.

You keep with prudent arts of watchful care
 Divided Sects from a conjunctive War;
 And when unfriendly Zeal from Zeal dissents,
 Look on it like the War of Elements;
 And, God-like, an harmonious World create
 Out of the various discords of your State.

Kings safest are when Zealots furious grow
 Then when their malice will no passion show:
 For Thrones should ever fear to be surpris'd;
 Not dreading Arms display'd but Foes disguis'd:
 Sects, which through zealous brav'rie not submit,
 Deal plainly but when tame they counterfeit.

When swelling Subjects are victorious grown,
 They leave, like *Nile*, where it has overflown,
 Monsters from fatness of corruption sprung,
 Which as they grow up soon to last not long,

A monsters hasty birth makes that ill shape
 From which, as soon as seen, men strive to scape,
 With sodain strangeness it does Strangers fright;
 And they as quickly chase it from their sight.
 So Sects, with monstrous impudence, may scare
 A while, those who their boldness soon out-dare.

These, when by Justice of the Laws subdu'd,
 Call their unwilling Suffrings Fortitude,
 Or Conscience, though they nothing use to bear
 But from the basest *cause* of Conscience, *fear*.
 Through hideous Monsters, by Religion bred,
 And by the choice of humane slaughters fed,
You move so boldly, that they rather seem
 To strive to scape from *You*, than *You* from them.

The truth of Resurrection is by *You*
 Confirm'd to all, and made apparent too;
 Apparent in the Church, the world's best part;
 For of the world's whole Body 'tis the Heart,
 The Church *You* have reviv'd: for well we may
 Confess it more than rescu'd from decay,
 Since having lost, by Martyrdom, the *Head*,
 The *Limbs* had all the signs of being dead.

But though, when it does flourish, Sects deride
 The Churches Ornaments as Papal pride;
 Yet why with Sects (whose *Congregations* are
 But Men well disciplin'd for *Civil War*,
 Not meek Assemblies but a sullen Crowd,
 Who out of haughty pride disdain the Proud)
 Should Calvin's froward Sect be rudely bent,
 Like Zealous *Goths*, against all Ornament?

Why do they verbal Ornaments esteem
 In Pulpits where they garnish out their Theme;
 And are in doctrine to their spir'tual Guests
 Long as in Graces which but cool their Feasts?
 VVith Flow'rs of Rhet'rick they intice the Ear,
 As if they and their Audience Poets were.
 If they in curious Tropes and Figures Preach
 (VVhich were the *Ethnick* Ornaments of Speech)
 And to our Ears provocatives allow,
 VVhy should our Eyes th' allurements want of Show?

All these *You* have forgiv'n; so much forgiv'n
 That such an *A&* ne'r pass'd unless in *Heav'n*.
 Their crimes are so much banish'd from your Mind,
 As if *You* had forgot what *A&* *You* sign'd.
 Yet who dares say *You* not remember it?
 Since *You* as much of Courage, Faith, and VVit,
 Have shewn in keeping still that *A&* in force,
 As when it first was sign'd *You* shew'd remorse.
 Thus thorowly to pardon does comprife
 The utmost goodness that in Greatness lies.

If we consider what in *God* does seem
 To be that Goodness which we most esteem;
 And which should Temples fill with his applause;
 It is, that all his Messages and Laws

And of his works, all that to us are known
 Are fashion'd for our int'rest not his own.
 So by example of his goodness, *You*
 An int'rest diff'rent from your own pursue.
 For Such your mercy is that even your Foes
 Gain by their crimes what *You* by virtue lose.

But though this does appear the utmost height
 That Mercy e're did reach at her first flight;
 Yet yours at last so high a pitch may fly
 That even the Tempters of your constancy
 (Who did the force of human reason bring
 Against your heav'nly strength of pardoning,
 And what was done did labour to undoe)
You, as your hardest task, will pardon too.

To royal Faith (preserv'd inviolate
 By native honour, not design of State)
 Conspicuous blessings, as rewards, are due,
 Which we receive, and owe them all to *You*.
 For after Twenty years in rapines spent
 (*Th'illegal Acts of Lawless Parliament*)
 In Fields we Harvests find, in Cities Wealth,
 And after War, the Sire of Sicknes, Health.
 If Nations by the plenty they obtain,
 When youthful Monarchs have begun their reign,
 May prophesie degrees of future Store,
 No Prince e're brought so much, or promis'd more.

To *You*, who still are eas'd of access,
 Suitors can need no Guide but their distress.
 And though Distress long in complaint appears,
 That length no measure with your patience bears.
You can indure a tedious narrative,
 And suffer the Afflicted to believe
 His Case is not as others cases are,
 But intricate, and very singular;
 And that it never yet at best appear'd
 Because he never has bin *fully heard*;
 And it would find redress could it be known
 To any comprehension but his own.

Some Princes that they may the rumour gain
 Of minding bus'ness, mighty bus'ness feign;
 And are lockt up, to have it then suppos'd
 They are more thoughtfull when they are inclos'd;
 But they from Concourse privately remove
 Only to shun what they pretend to love.
 Pow'r which it self does so reserv'dly keep,
 As if the being seen would make it cheap,
 Should use the proper Seasons for retreat:
 For though decrepid Age may think it meet
 To hide stale objects from the Peoples sight;
 Yet in a Thrones new glory all delight:
 All love young Princes in their flourishing,
 As all, with joy, walk out to see the Spring.

Your Countries Genius and your own agree
 To make you rule as Sovereign of the Sea.

Nature has nothing made more unconfin'd
 Than your strong Island, but your mighty Mind.
Tou love the Sea, which the unpractis'd fear;
 'Tis your own Element and proper Spheare.
 Their fear does from their thoughtless ign'rance grow,
 Your love does from your Study'd knowledge flow.
 So knowing Minds to *God* affection bear,
 Whom th' Ignorant are only apt to fear.
 Since *Tou* are prone by Nature to discern
 All that by Naval Art men strive to learn,
Tou, with peculiar Glory, will obtain
 That *Neptune's* pow'r which Poets did but feign.
 The *Neighb'ring Monarch* (wealthy and at ease)
 Will build a City all of Palaces:

A work which does the Founders wealth express,
 And that he weary is of that access:
 Why should he else his solid Treasure waste
 To make the shadow of his Mem'ry last?
 Since by that strength which he from Quarries brings,
 To make his Name out-wear all other things,
 He but provides his purpose to prevent;
 His name may perish e're the Monument:
 For many a City built for future Fame
 Has long out-liv'd the vanish Founders name.

By that tall Pyramid (which does appear
 The strongest Pile that Art did ever rear)
Egyptians now themselves like strangers pass,
 And but in vaine, ask who the *Artist* was?
 Ev'n of the *Learn'd* but few so curious seem
 As to desire to know the name of him
 For whom 'twas built: and both their aims have lost,
 One in his *Art*, the other in his *Cost*.

Great Monsters, Cities, over-grown with Pow'r,
 Do Neighb'ring Towns by hungry Trade devour.
Tou Cities build which not destructive be;
 Ships grown to Fleets are Cities of the Sea.
 And Ships by Trade each other still improve
 More fruitfully than Sexes do by love.

Ships, which to farthest distances are sent,
 Are so concern'd their number to augment,
 That they by nought but Number can dispence
 The vital heat of Trade, Intelligence.
 By pow'r of Number they themselves disperse
 For a Collection, through the Universe,
 Of all the *Freights* which ev'ry Country yields
 From *work* of Cities or from *growth* of Fields.
 They grow to be a *Squadron*, then they meet
 In a free *Road*, and make a friendly *Fleet*;
 Where patience, as her hardest trial, finds
 How much they can indure who wait on Winds.
 From thence (suppli'd at length with sev'ral Gales)
 Each to her proper *Course* does spread her Sails.

Sea-men, in loudest Storms, are not dismay'd
 When they are even oblig'd to be afraid:

For

For of what use can high confusion seem
 (When Winds and Waves strive which shall be supreme,
 And *Nature* does a frightful Vizard wear)
 Unless it be, to teach the World to fear?

Bold Pyrats, with a Frantick courage, dare
 Maintain against the World continual War;
 No Traveller is from those Robbers free
 On Natures own High-way, the common Sea:
 But though they dare all other Tempests meet,
 Yet still they fear the Thunder of your Fleet.

What Monarch would make Levies and provide
 To exercise his Valor, or his Pride,
 Against some little peremptory Town,
 Whose Bullworks and Redoubts so high are grown,
 That it does rather seem but basely hid
 By Rebels fears than proudly Fortifi'd?
 VVhen he a Town has so by Sluces drown'd,
 That 'tis by nought but tops of Steeples found,
 He may march home, and poor with triumph, boast
 That what he gain'd he cheaper might have lost:
 VVhilst other Kings, in taking Towns, displease
 Their Subjects, *Tou*, for yours, take all the Seas.

Tou to divert your cares (those ill-bred Guests
 VVhich most unruly grow in Princes Breasts
 VVhere they are oft'nest lodg'd) can lend your Eye
 To Ornament, your Ear to *Harmony*:
 So *Nature*, when she Fruit designs, thinks fit
 VVith Beautious Blossoms to proceed to it:
 And whilst she does accomplish all the Spring,
 Birds to her secret operations sing.

Kings, to the stretch of thought for ever bent,
 Have chang'd his Image whom they represent:
 VVho in Creation wrought not hard nor long:
 His work is still as easie as 'tis strong:
 As all was by his *Sodain Fiat* wrought,
 So 'tis preserv'd without his pains or thought.

From cruel bondage *Tou* the *Muses* free,
 And yet restrain the Poet's liberty;
 But so restrain him that he now does find
 'Tis but the evil Spirit which you bind.
 The *Muse* is now, by her conversion, taught
 Gladly to lose that freedom which she sought:
 How wild her flights have been untill restrain'd;
 And, by your power, how greatly has she gain'd:
 By bad *Ideas* she did *Heroe's* paint;
 But now, *Tou* of a *Muse* have form'd a *Saint*.

Men knew not what they *took* or Monarchs *gave*,
 VVhen they did *liberty* of *Subjects* crave:
 Even Poets would, like other Subjects, be
Licentious Writers had they *libertie*;
 And study all the madness of *freewill*,
 VVhich is, *old English Freedom* to do ill.

The *Theatre* (the Poets Magick-Glass
 In which the Dead in vision by us pass;

VVhere

Where what the *Great* have done we do again,
 But with less loss of time and with less pain)
 Is in the *Scene* so various now become,
 That the *Dramatick* Plots of *Greece*, and *Rome*,
 Compar'd to ours, do from their height decline,
 And shrink in all the compass of design.
 Where Poets did large Palaces intend,
 The spacious purpose narrowly did end
 In Houses, where great Monarchs had no more
 Removes than Two low Rooms upon a Floor:
 Whose *thorow lights* were so transparent made,
 That Expectation (which should be delay'd
 And kept a while from being satisfi'd)
 Saw, on a sudden, all that *Art* should hide;
 Whilst at the plain contrivance all did grieve;
 For it was there no *trespass* to *deceive*.

If we the antient *Drama* have refin'd,
 Yet no *intrigues*, like *Lab'rins*, are design'd,
 In *Counterturns* so subtle as but few,
 VVhen entred, can get forth without a Clue:
 VVhere Expectation may *intangled* be,
 But not so long, as never to *get free*:
 VVhere *Love* throughout the *Character* does last;
 And such unblemish'd love as all the chaste
 May still endure with publick confidence,
 And not at *vanquish'd Beauty* take offence;
 VVhere *Valour* we so probable express,
 That we should wrong the *Great* to make it less.

If to reform the publick Mirrour (where
 The Dead, to teach their living Race, appear)
 May to the People useful prove, even this
 (VVhich but the object of your leisure is
 To respite Care, and which successivelie
 Three of our last wise Monarchs wish'd to see,
 And in a Century could not be wrought)
You, in Three years, have to perfection brought.
 If 'tis to height of Art and Virtue grown,
 The form and matter is as much your own
 As is your Tribute with your Image coin'd:
You made the Art, the Virtue *You* enjoyn'd.

But now methinks, I hear my Pinnace hal'd!
 Which boldly in a Mist too far has sail'd;
 And I discover, through the Glasse of Fear,
 That the whole world's *High-Admirall* is near.
 Too long my wither'd Lawrel I have worn;
 The *Poet's Flag*, by *Grief's* foul weather torn:
 Grief which is taught by Reason to complain,
 That I, when all are better'd by your Reign,
 Should seem unworthy, in my faded Bays,
 To carry *Fame* a Present of your Praise.

Whoever is more happily design'd
 To bear a Present of this noble kind
 (Which Empress *Fame* to all the World will show,
 And which examin'd will more valu'd grow)

Must from the Muses his Credentials take;
 Who both the Embassy and Present make.
 And as he knows from whom he comes, so he
 Should not to Sov'raign Fame a Stranger be;
 For Fame (whose custom is to have a care
 Onely of those who her Familiars are)
 Does with a proud neglect o're Strangers flie,
 As if unworthy of her Voice or Eye,
 She seldom is acquainted with the Young,
 And weary is of those who live *too long*.

When the wise world, by correspondence, shall
 To gen'ral Council ev'ry Poet call
 For prudent choice of this Ambassadour,
 Then all that Session it will soon abhor:
 Those who in concord there and glory came,
 Shall part from thence in discord and in shame,
 The young will not agree who is too young,
 Nor th'old determine who has liv'd too long.

And as in free Assemblies each may prize
 His single worth to gen'ral prejudice;
 And in the votes of chusing, every voice
 May stop some progress in the publick choice;
 So now (where none their own defects will see,
 And each would for the whole elected be)
 Th' Election likely is to end in vain;
 All loosing that which each presum'd to gain.
 The Muses proud Ambassadour may stay
 His journey ere he does begin his way;
 And keep his great *Poetick Present* too:
 Which may prove well for Poets *Fame* and *You*.

Poets are truly poor, but onely then
 When each a *Hero* lacks for his own Pen.
 They pine when *mighty Arguments* are scant;
 And not when they that *trifle, Treasure*, want.
 As at such *dearth* they languish, so they seem
 To swell when they have got a *plentious Theme*,
 For rashly then the Muses take their flight:
 Yet as a man, o're-joy'd at sodain sight
 Of *Treasure* found, grows jealous, and through *care*
 Left others in his Prize should claim a share;
 Bears hastily from that which he did find
 Much less away than what he leaves behind.
 So, whilst thus rashly I convey to *Fame*
 Your *Virtues*, I so few of them proclaim
 That many more are left behind unprais'd,
 Than those which on this *Poem's Wings* are rais'd.

How glad will all discreeter *Poets* be,
 Because (whilst in their choice they disagree)
 They this *imperfect Present* shall prevent,
 Which darkens *You* to whom it lustre meant;
 Or rather it does quite extinguish me,
 Who looking up to *You*, do onely see
 I by a fainting Taper lose my aim,
 And, lifting it too high, put out the flame.

Fame may rejoyce when any Image wrought
Thus ill, is never to her Temple brought :
She should examine what she does receive,
And *Poets* watch the worth of what they give.
Kings rais'd to Heaven, by an unskilful Pen,
Scarce look, when made ill Gods so well as Men.

The Painter whose Spectators were at strife
Which the resemblance was, and which the life,
Deserv'd high praise when he a Face did draw;
The Face, which all suppose he often saw;
But when we mention *Homer's* high renown,
Apelles then may lay his Pencil down:
For Heav'n ne'r made but one, who, being blind,
Was fit to be a Painter of the Mind.

As justly *Poets* may with *Fame* rejoyce,
That Songs of *Worthies* set below her voice,
(Where Numbers rise not to Heroick height)
Are hindr'd from accompany'ng her flight;
So you, your self, may be content to see,
That though all *Poets* in your praise agree,
Yet all, with joynt submission, think not one
Can, at the rate your virtue has begun,
So follow you with offer'd Wreaths, as you
Do other *Hero's* for their Wreaths pursue.
Behind your Chariot *Poets* lag with shame,
As if the *Num'rous Feet* of Verse were lame.

But then 'tis time to cast my Anchor here :
Who dares bear Sail where none are fit to steer ?
Or how dare *Poets* venture at your praise ?
For though so great a Trophie none can raise
But *Poets*, yet the weight of it they fear,
As wanting strength to move what they should rear.
All *Painters* strait would lay their Pencils by,
Were they enjoyn'd to paint the *Deity*.

Hereafter of what use will *Numbers* prove,
If in that Theme we fail which most we love ?
But though this kind of *Trophy* needs excuse,
Yet even a *Poem* is of greater use
Than any other work, by which your name
We would to all succeeding Times proclaime :
And, since your name should be perpetual made,
You must vouchsafe t' accept a *Poet's* aid.
Poets still made the mighty *Hero's* known,
And drew in full proportions their Renown ;
Which *Fame* can onely, by the pow'r of *Verse*,
Ever preserve, and ev'ry where disperse.

POEMS

ON

Several Occasions,

Never before PRINTED.



L O N D O N,

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POEM

TO THE

Earl of Orrery.



Y Lord, I will hoist saile; and all the wind
My Barke can bear shall hasten me to find
A great new World: for since Philosophie
Plainly discovers any man to be
A little World, 'tis consequent that you
Must be a great, and may be reckon'd new,
If my discovery draw the Curtain more,
And make the Object wider then before:

There prospects are not seen in shadow'd Lights;
No darkness hides your depths, no Cloud your heights.
So dear is all about your radiant Minde
That Ignorance seems now through Envy blinde;
Whilst Envy grows reclaim'd, and turnes aside,
Griev'd only that her shame she cannot hide.

And yet as he, whose first discovery
Did for this world the new West-World descry,
Attain'd some glory, though he found not then
More then in misty Woods the tracks of men;
So some renown may be already due
To me, for but beginning to find you.
Unless I vaunt, and am audacious grown
When in the Poets Mapp I write you down
A new discover'd World found out by me;
As if your Mindes great Flame could hidden be
From any Eyes; a minde so eminent
As does the need of being sought prevent.

You are the great discov'ry made by all;
And it would seeme as much fantastickall
To say that you were found by me alone,
As if I boasted that I found the Sun;
Which to the publick shines, and sends the light
That shews us him, and makes us find our sight.

Besides.

Besides, as he who made discovery
Of the west-world, could not directly ply
To make those Harbours which he after found;
Who, though he westward steer'd, was no where bound;
So can I not to you, no, not by guess,
Appoint my self particular access,
Till, coasting part of you, your depths be found;
Which no Line else but length of Time can found.

And as he knew not, when he first saw Land,
The place of Silver Oare, or Golden Sand;
Nor knew to dive near Rocks where Mermaids dwell
And lock their Pearles in Cabinets of shell;
So are there several treasures of your minde,
Which none but such wise Travellers can find
As long within your Mindes vast Country stay
And get advice to perfect their survey.

And as at first, ere any dreames he told
Of his new world to any of our old,
Though he slept well, not starting then with feare
He should mistake his course, or want Mines there;
Yet he did often grieve, and doubtfull grow
That this unworthy World scarce ought to know
Even whence he would set saile, or with what winde;
Much less possess the Mountaines he should finde,
So I have tendernefs enough to doubt
Whither this world should learne to find you out:
Where many *Goths* give frighted Science chace,
All Empires covet, and would all deface.

But as he then his voyage did pursue
Proudly, for special Interest, and of few;
Or rather did that Ages ills pass by,
And would oblige some good Posterity:
So I, with pride; to my discovery move,
But of a braver world then his could prove;
Putting full Trimme, gay Flaggs, and Streamers forth;
In hope to find you out for Mindes of worth:
Which are so few, that we must add, to raise
The Count, such as shall shine in future dayes.

And as when Nine unquiet Moones he spent,
Yet never saw the Golden Continent;
But coasting near the Isles, found that a Tide
Of spacious Sea those Islands did divide;
Then say'd where *Sassa*, and where *Coco*-Trees,
Are at farr distance seated in the *Briez*;
Then came where swarmes of *Cochinella's* fly,
Whose Blood gives Monarchs Robes their purple dy:
Things yet so strange made him incline to boast
That touching at those Isles, he trod the Coast
Of the vast Land, where Natures walks are free,
Her Heards unbounded as her Shoales at Sea;
Where her digestions slacken not with cold,
For she sits warme by furnaces of Gold.

As thus a Voyage long he spent, to gain
Those Isles, which are but fragments of the Maine;

Yet blest'd his Carde, as if he had posselt
 All Natures great Reserve in the wide West;
 So I, by length of Progresse, may find
 The outward parts, or borders of your Mind;
 Your gracefull temper, soft civility;
 Formes without which Courts but in Chaos lie;
 And which the outward signes have ever been
 Of Greatness safe, and satisfy'd within;
 Which covets toyling Pow'r for others ease;
 Not as tis able to offend, but please.

The Windes are mine! and to those streams must blow
 Where your full eloquence does gently flow!
 I have a Gale shall drive me farther yet
 To reach the rising prospect of your wit.
 The *Teneriff*, ascending to the Sky,
 Lifts not so sharp a spire, nor mounts so high;
 Whose Top, farr off, does in dark Clouds appear;
 But, at approach, that and your wit grow clear.
 And yet all these, and more, and better farr
 Then these which first we meet, but countless are
 To those, which, being excellently best,
 Seeme lockt like precious Mines within your breast:
 The first, are like the Druggs, and like the Fly
 The Isles afford for Med'cine, and to dy
 Court-Colours, which must fall to triviall worth,
 Compar'd to what the Continent brings forth;
 Whose sacred Gold cures Pow'rs unpitty'd grieve;
 Giving to Sick and dying States reliefe.
 The vertues which those Island-Druggs comprise
 Are slow, and but for common maladies.
 How great is the distinction, when we find
 Those heale the Body, this does cure the Mind?
 And as in these the difference large appears,
 So 'tis in you, who all our Eyes and Eares
 Well entertain by your more obvious parts;
 Your greater and reserv'd oblige our hearts.

Yet, as he thought he saw, when he saw shore,
 All Natures fashions chang'd from what she wore
 In his own Clime; and that she did appeare
 So rich, as if her hoord of Mines were there;
 Then tackt about, and strait grew homeward bound,
 To see in Seamens Mapps, his Image crown'd;
 So I, when first your Ornaments I find,
 Presume a comprehension of your mind;
 And think that having gon thus farr, I may
 From further progress other Poets stay:
 Fixing my Pillers short like *Hercules*,
 Who faintly stopt at sight of raging Seas;
 Or knew not that he there could have a wind
 By which he might the happy Islands find.
 And then the western World His Pillers were
 But monuments of ignorance and feare.
 How vaine are those who hasty triumphs make
 When by approach they but the Out-workes take?

As if already they had got within,
 Levell'd the Fort, and fir'd the Magazin.

But why does wonder thus ascend to teach
 Heights which this grov'ling World can never reach?
 And offer vertues here, as rarities,
 Where most, even Vice, for being common, prize?

In me, it equally uncivill were
 To boast your Ornaments and Vertues here
 (Where few have any, Multitudes have none,
 And most court those who are pretenders grown)
 As in a Lover it would be to bring
 A Beauty, fresh, and promising as Spring,
 There, where her looks might an Assembly vex
 Of the most proud and wither'd of her Sex;
 Where they had Lovers too, who with false flame
 Courted their Drefs for beauty, till she came.

But 'tis some Justice to ascribe to chance
 The wrongs you must expect from Ignorance.
 None can the Moulds of their Creation chuse;
 We therefore should Mens ignorance excuse,
 When borne too low to reach at things sublime,
 'Tis rather their misfortune then their Crime.

As our renown'd Discov'rer triumph made,
 When, at returne, he did his freight unlade
 Of things so strange, that yet they had no name,
 Which from the nearest Indian Islands came,
 Though in the Continent he thought they grew,
 And Merchants wariness he little knew:
 But quickly mourn'd when he perceiv'd that none
 Esteem'd rich Merchandise of Druggs unknown;
 Then, not their want of knowledge did condemne,
 But found he fail'd, not knowing Trade nor them.

So I, if all my coasting-Cards prove true,
 May bring the nearest Rarities of you;
 Things of your outward and your hither part,
 As Limmes seeme Outworkes of the Fort your Heart.
 I may in haste, like him, vaine Trophys raise
 For that which others have not skill to praise;
 Then soon, like him, judiciously may grieve,
 Not that I bring what few will here receive,
 But thus their ignorance of you condemne,
 When I should blame my ignorance of them.

You must reverse your Perspective to see
 Most men at such a cyze as they should be
 In just esteeme, little and short, for so
 You shall contract what was but stretcht for shovv:
 And when you thus their true proportion make,
 You shall no more undoe them by mistake;
 But then, by shrinking your large minde, grow fit
 And usefull to the Stature of their wit.

For as our wise Discov'rer (having found
 How short a Line would all the Bosomes sound
 Of his wilde Traffiquers) meant when he made,
 In his next Voyage, tenders of free Trade,

With

With free Mankind to stow what such esteem;
 Things that might rather please than profit them;
 Not Silks or Cloth (where Feathers and where Shells
 Are Ornaments) but pretty Beads and Bells.
 For who for such wilde Merchants would prepare
 That which to sober men is solid ware?

So you with some wilde men may traffick here;
 Men of a graver wildness than is there;
 So solemnly and so austere mad,
 As if all *Bedlam* were in Mourning clad.
 To these your precious Lading must not come;
 But when you Trade, consider first with whom:
 For when to such your temper you dispence,
 Civilitie, or Wit, or Eloquence,
 Your Pillar-Judgment, which all weight can bear,
 And Courage, which to shame turns others fear:
 It shews as if the Muses, in distress,
 Fled from their Parents, Lords of antient *Greece*;
 To marry Goths and Vandals; or it looks
 Like Trading to *Braziel* with Grecian Books.

How can your graceful temper vallew'd be
 By those, whose Temper is Stupiditie;
 Or such a numness is as blowes will bear;
 And never can be quickn'd but by Fear.
 Their patience stops them not from doing ill
 No more then patience makes a Log lie still:
 For when they cease the exercise of rage,
 'Tis not as Reason does our wrath assuage,
 But as cold Frosts do Torrents quiet keep,
 Or Wrath is dull'd and pacifi'd by Sleep.

True Temper when provokt, does comely grow;
 And ev'n, when study'd, natural does show:
 Like that of *Socrates*, and such as yours,
 Which, in State-Tempests, gracefully endures
 The threatening Thunder of the great and Loud,
 The chol'rick, flashes of the Hot and Proud;
 Yet stands like a Reserve, in all parts clos'd,
 So far from Rout that 'tis not discompos'd:
 This is the Temper, and must be the Glass,
 Where Pow'r, to take the World, should dress her Face.
 What is Civility to those who wear
 Sterne looks, thinking 'tis grave to look severe?
 Who even in youth, carry their Wealth and place
 And Courts lov'd Monster, Bus'ness, in the Face.
 VVho all the Signs of being civil lack
 But that they walk in Cities and wear black.
 Yet think the course thick Flattery, which they
 First on themselves, then on each other lay,
 Is all that civil wife Humilitie,
 VVhich we in Palaces or Temples see:
 VVhich stills with patient Eares a restless Tongue,
 Hears the afflicted out, though ever long,
 Not grieving Sutors when constrain'd to stop
 The pleasing progress of imprudent Hope:

And with such sweet compassion meets Distress
As it seems satisf'd without redress.

This is Civility, by Nature yours:
And without Art, each crowded Pass secures,
Where Sutors long for slow dispatches stay,
And to unquiet Thrones would force their way:
Bright Thrones, the hardest Seats in Palaces;
Where weary Pow'r does never sit at ease.
Civility does those with softness gain
Whom Armies else by rigour must restrain:
Armies, whose civil strength prevents the wrongs
Attempted by unarm'd uncivil Throngs:
And thus as Pow'r does scatter'd strength collect
And Arm, that it from Throngs may Pow'r protect;
So should the People that form'd Force esteem,
Since from their own fierce rage it rescues them.

What is judicious Eloquence to those
Whose Speech not up to others reason grows,
But climbs aloft to their own passions height;
And as our Seamen make no use of sight
By any thing observ'd in wide strange Seas,
But only of the length of Voyages;
Or else, as Men in Races make no stay
To draw large Prospects of their breadth of way,
So they, in heedless Races of the Tongue,
Care not how broad their Theame is but how long.
Whilst some of their low level take wise notes,
As *Germans* do of Tales in Passage-Boats:
Which to no use, nor aime of pleasure tend
But that their length may with the Journey end.

And yet they think their Eloquence like that
By which you sodainly end long debate,
As if in ambush Reason watching lay
To charge with a Reserve and get the day.
Yours can all Turnes and Counter-turnings find
To catch Opinion. as a Ship the winde;
Which blowing cross, the Pilot backward steers,
And shifting Sayles, makes way when he Laveers.
As this is Eloquence so is it yours;
Which in the Tongues fierce war, fled Truth secures;
And when the Few would to the Many yeild
Lifts Reasons Ensignes higher in the Field.

How can your Wit please Men so formal grown
As they believe it wiser to have none?
Or (being born but to a narrow Store,
And still in haste, proudly to make it more,
By drawing Arts of Empire to their care)
Have simply lost their Native little share;
Then praise their want of it, and pitty such
As they conceive disturb'd by having much.
Like Men who having but by fits their Sent
(And misapplying Art till all be spent)

Seem Natures purpose subt'ly to disdain,
In making Smell and of the Sence complain,
As oft'ner serv'd with noysome Fumes then Sweet;
And some, that fasting Ravens would not meet.

Yet those who live contented without VVit,
Sin less then when they wear the counterfeit;
VWhen VVit in Crafts vild Stamp they currant make;
Craft, the most wretched Shape weak Man can take!
Slender, and Low; for it through Crowds would pass,
By slight, not strength, and would not cumber Place.
It hath a little Head, and fill'd with Aire;
Small Eies, so matc'd, that they are scarce a pair;
Looking with strange and with familiar show,
At once on Two whom equally they know.
Craft wears this shape, whose bosome Mischiefe lines,
VWith Stuffle as poor as VVitches low designs.
And yet they give their Craft the Name of VVit;
And weakly think that Pow'r has use of it.
Sure when so base a Metal aims to pass
For Gold, the very Blind will cry out, Brasse!
Dares shadow'd Craft assume the shape of VVit,
VWhen nought but Light can well resemble it?

VVit flies beyond the limits of that Law,
By which our Sculptors grave, or Painters draw,
And Statuaries up to Nature grow;
VWho all their strokes of Life to Poets owe.
Their Art can make no shape for Wit to wear;
It is divine and can no Image bear.
None by description can that Soul express;
Yet all must the effects of it confess:
States boast of those effects when they relate,
How they in Treaties foyl'd a duller State.
And VVarriours, shewing how they gain'd the Day,
How they drew up, and where there ambush lay:
And Lovers, telling, why a Rival fail'd,
VVhilst they but whisp'red Beauty and prevail'd.
And Cloyster'd men, when they with smiles declare
How rigidly they are confin'd from care,
And how they let the world plough troubled Seas,
VVhilst they for pennance must endure their ease.

Reason grown bold, because her strength she knows;
VWhich, when with growth enlarg'd, more active grows;
VWhich like a Ship of VVar, well ballasted,
Does with her Ballasts weight augment her speed;
Which does such quickness in her strength comprise,
That she to action does together rise
A standing Army and a running Force;
As apt to move with Canon as with Horse;
Then in small strengths divides and marches far,
Where Northern Ignorance makes Winter-war;
Yet her Retreat bravely at last secures:
Reason, like this, is Wit; and such is yours:
Whose Game is Chess, in which all chief degrees
Of Empire move, and by your hand, with ease.

Who quickly those coherent Forces spy,
 That march about, to steal a Victory;
 And whilst the Wit that guides the adverse hand
 Proceeds but slowly, or does make a stand,
 Yours in a moment ends the long debate;
 And, with one check, prevents and gives the Mate.

How can your Judgment, as profound as Seas,
 Be lik'd by those whom feares of depth displease?
 That so of deeper knowledge are affraid,
 As Women are with depths of Seas dismay'd;
 Who rather trust those Rivers where they may,
 Still see the dreaded bottom of their way:
 Whilst more experienc'd seamen Shallows shun,
 And hoyst all Sailes, where deeper Channels run,

But as the Spaniards (whom meer wind and chance
 Did Westward lead, and to wilde Thrones advance)
 Thought to walk on with Empire till they came,
 Where the declining Sun does quench his Flame,
 Till they did reach the utmost bounds of Light,
 And saw him steal into the Bed of Night:
 Then thought, they could that spacious Empire sway,
 Whilst lazily, they strecht in Arbours lay.
 Yet soon (unable grown to manage more
 Then what, with ease, grew subject to their Pow'r)
 They checkt each Pilot that would farther go,
 And seem'd suffic'd with what they first did know;
 Least yielding to know more, their knowledge might
 To others walks become a happy Light.

So when Opinion (that outrageous winde,
 Which swells and drives the Peoples sailing Minde;
 And when fantastick chance, which does it steer)
 Had brought these in, to rule wilde Empire here,
 They thought to sit at everlasting ease
 In Clouds; and there from Ayrie Palaces,
 Drop fruitful showres of Edicts over all,
 Softly as snow that does in Feathers fall;
 But as cold Snow, when it awhile is felt,
 Does heat that hand that after does it melt;
 So they, though cool at first, did quickly draw
 Forth heat, that did their Pow'r as quickly thaw.
 Then finding they lackt knowledge to discharge,
 That sway which first they purpos'd to enlarge,
 They poorly meant this Empire to contract,
 Less'ning their Stage where few were fit to act:
 Treating all those, as Strangers and as Spies,
 That boldly durst adventure to be wise:
 Proudly confining others knowledge by
 Bounds of their own confin'd capacity.

Sure they did think abundant knowledge, Vice;
 And thought, it was so held in Paradise.
 Man there was fin'd for that proud Ignorance
 Which would his thoughts to reachless heights advance.
 In this the difference does apparent grow;
 Man cannot God, nor his high secrets know:

Of him, and his wak'd Reason can but dream;
But you asleep may find out theirs and them.

Could they so young and new of judgment be
To think the glorious Robe, Authority,
Which they patcht up by many hands in haste,
Then wore all day and night, could ever last?
Wore in all Weathers, and in ev'ry Throng;
Whilst it through haste was often put on wrong;
Not us'd as onely for Solemnity,
For order shewn awhile, and then lay'd by:
But so, as some would by a careless Drefs,
Great scorn of little outward things exprefs:

So oft they wore it, that it could not more
Be seen, if at the publick Senate Dore
It had hung out, and there a Sign had bin,
Of some strange innate Pow'r that lodg'd within.
And in this Robe of Pow'r they did despise,
Gay colours which allure the Peoples Eies,
As if through fullness, or by mistake
Of Empires fashions, they had dy'd it black.

Well might we think Pow'r was in Mourning clad,
When all took care to keep the People sad;
Silenc'd their pleasant Schole, the Theatre,
(Which taught them men) not that they could not there
The sorrows of the Tragick Scene permit,
But that those sorrows were but counterfeit.
They banisht Musick too, because the sad
And thoughtful it preserv'd from being Mad:
For Madnes then was in a high esteem,
Allow'd in all, and reverenc'd in them.

Nature (which is, though dimm, the only Glafs,
Where all a little see the Godheads face
That walk with open Eies) was hardly free,
From being chid for too much levitie,
Because her feather'd Quire but vainly sing,
When she does usher in the gaudy Spring.
They thought their painted Plumes ill patterns here,
By which our Lovers vary what they weare.
Whilst all her Flowers that do our Meades adorne
Seem but her Ribbands and for fancy worne.

If Judgment could in solemn dulness lie,
(Which weaker Rulers wear for gravity)
Then those must needs transcendent judgments have,
That would instruct wise Nature to be grave.

A well establisht Judgment, such as yours
By perfect strength as certainly secures
The aimes of Pow'r as what she does possess;
And Empire ever must intend increase:
Empire, the Tyde of restless Greatnesses,
Shov'd on at Land as Rivers are from Seas;
Which at no mark can any moment stay,
But when it cannot rise must ebb away.
And as your judgment can so greatly do,
Preserve possession and enlarge it too,

So can it boldly to great works proceed,
 Without those shifts which weaker judgments need:
 In its known forces safe, as Armies are,
 Whose Fame, before the Battail, ends the War.
 Not spreading Files to cover spacious Ground,
 Whilst many Drums beat loud, and Trumpets found;
 Whilst many feigned Ensigns all the day
 Their glorious Colours to the Foe display;
 Yet basely cautious, all at night lie close,
 Arm'd and entrencht in a contracted Grose.

Haste cannot make your judgment run astray,
 Nor follow Pow'r, through shades, the nearest way.
 You walk, though far about, through open Plaines,
 Till Pow'r the high o'relooking Station gainses:
 Whose lofty Top must often cloudy show;
 For Hills, by staying Clouds, clear all below.

Your Judgment with those Arts of Thrones is mov'd
 Which whilst they heighten Pow'r, can make it lov'd:
 When publick glories, and gay Triumphs ease
 Strain'd Thought, and the diverted People please:
 Who when they see Courts thoughtful, think they fear:
 And such suspicion Empire cannot bear.
 'Tis ill when Subjects are by Pow'r dismay'd;
 Worse, when they fear that Rulers are afraid.

Should prosp'rous Courts, to make them still appear
 Solemn and serious, alwise Mourning wear?
 As if by blacks they could the credit have,
 To be believ'd misterious, stayd and grave?
 Or secret and discreet by being sad?
 VVhen Martial Courts are like the Papal clad,
 Then let the conqu'ring Troops turn Clergy too,
 Unarme, and preach subjection to the Foe:
 Let ev'ry Subject the lov'd Drama shun,
 (To which our pleasant Ancestors did run)
 And growing serious, serve seven Years the State,
 Be first their Prentice, then a Magistrate.

VVhat object can your Courage be, when shown,
 To those who have a prowder of their own?
 VVho the civility of Honour hate,
 Because they fear it is effeminate?
 They think, that sullen rudeness is a grace;
 And Conquest is less brave then to deface:
 And that deform'd Destructions are the fair
 And well proportion'd Images of VVar:
 They civil Government enough detest
 Because 'tis by that Epithet exprest:
 But with exceeding reason much abhor,
 Those that command the strengths of civil Pow'r;
 As Cannibals have cause to take it ill,
 From Men who rescue those whom they would kill;
 Men civil held when they forbid that Meat,
 VVhich better Stomacks then themselves would eat.

All that by courage daring *Rome* or *Greece*
 Have done, these have outdone by boyst'rouness:

VVhose

Whose Rage durst break (breaking the Muses hearts)
 The ancient League between all Arms and Arts.
 The Muses Regents were in *Greece* and *Rome*:
 In all the civil world they were at home.
 No Chief could think his battail highly fought
 Till won again by being higher wrought.
 And here they us'd in Palaces to dwell
 Till these rose up, and they and Empire fell.
 These, who obscure confusion love, blinde chance,
 And their great Guide, though blinder, Ignorance.

But since the most important Things (which are
 Empire and Arts) require Heav'n's special care:
 Because they still with difficulty grow,
 And are, in progress to perfection slow:
 Or else because both use to Spring and rise,
 Where still their growth is watcht by Enemies:
 Heav'n therefore hath the League and Union made,
 Which strikes at all that either would invade.
 The Muses must (where fate in Empires lies)
 With Empire fall, as they with Empire rise.

That Courage which the vain for Valor take
 (Who proudly danger seek for Glory's sake)
 Is impudence; and what they rashly do,
 Has no excuse, but that 'tis madness too.
 Yet when confin'd, it reaches Valors name;
 Which seeks fair Vertue and is met by Fame.
 It weighs the cause ere it attempts the Fact;
 And bravely dares forbear as well as act.
 It would reclaim much rather than subdue;
 And would the Chacers not the Chac'd pursue:
 Would rather hide success then seek applause:
 And though of strength secur'd, yet trusts the cause.
 And all the aid of strength it measures too,
 Not by the acts it did, or still can do;
 But passively, by what it well endures:
 This noble Valor is, and this is yours.

And this the Foe, with praises, did esteem;
 Raising your deeds when ruinous to them:
 When *Makroom* chang'd the colour of her Flood,
 And deeply blusht with stains of Rebels Blood:
 When *Corks* prowd River did her flowing stay
 And, frightened, gave the ebb of *Makroom* way:
 Which from her Stream did pale, as Christal, flow,
 But in her ebb, as red as Corral show.
 And though designs, the seed of Action, may
 In colder grounds of Courts for springing stay,
 And lie conceal'd awhile, and often waite
 The Seasons and fair weathers of the State,
 Yet in the Fields of War, Chiefs sow in haste,
 They quicken growth, and reap their Harvest fast:
 So to your ready valour Fate did add,
 More Wings then Fame after the Batail had.
 When o're the Rivers Banks you seem'd to pass
 At once to charge, to vanquish and to chase.

Your

Your Foes brought Fear, but Fear lackt VVings for speed;
 For though in former Fields she swiftly fled
 As Love advancing, or departing Light,
 Yet now she stood, and they did stay to fight:
 As if, by your ador'd Example taught,
 They seem'd to feel that valor which you brought.
 But great examples keep some excellence
 VVhich others cannot take nor they dispencc:
 As secretly, Originals expresse,
 Some touches, comings out, and boldnesses
 VVhich Copies steal but by a weaker hand,
 And credit lose, when long they near them stand.
 And though a while, to be compar'd they stay;
 Yet soon they are disgrac'd and ta'ne away,
 So all the Adverse Chiefs (whose hasty fate
 Advanc'd their Troops, your deeds to imitate)
 No longer held comparing but to yield:
 They found your valor, and they lost the Field.

VVhen Fame to watchful *Rome* your conquest brought
 (For Fame still-hovr'd o're you when you fought)
 The Conclave calmly did their VVrath disguise,
 VVhose Pow'r by patience not by threats did rise:
 But when they heard their Miter'd Chief did dy,
 Punish'd with shame for shameful cruelty,
 They blusht more at themselves then at his doome;
 VVho reap'd in *Ireland* what they sow'd in *Rome*.

Now as our great *Columbus* honor sought
 From what he left behind not what he brought:
 From Gold and radiant Stones; which he did prize
 Above his Drugs, or purple Die of Flies:
 From Hoords which lay reserv'd that they might be
 Rewards to crown his second industrie;
 So I shall patiently expect my best
 Renown from rich Reserves within your Breast:
 VVhen next I shall Imbark with a full Gale,
 Be evener ballasted and bear more Sayl;
 VVhen all the Muses (pittyng much to find,
 At Helme my weakness in my late crosse VVind)
 Shall on my Decks like Mariners appear;
 And strive to trim my Yards and help to steer.

Yet as at last he wisely jealous grew
 That some, (who well in his late Voyage knew
 The Course he bore) might shortly ply the same,
 And then like Rivals share his Hopes and Fame.
 So I with juster avarice, may fear
 Least others (watchful of the Course I steer)
 May through ambition second my address,
 Correct my Scheme, and Sayl, with more success.
 And this may be a pardon'd jealousy,
 Because it then looks out with Reasons Eye
 VVhen just despair's by known defects are mov'd,
 And merit cannot match the thing belov'd.
 But there is right to first plantation due,
 And by that Title I lay claime to you.

To him who Prophecy'd a Succesles end of the Parliament, in
the Year 1630.

FRantick and foolish too! can any curse,
Which dying Men still give thee make thee worse?
Madmen sometimes on suddain flashes hit
Of Sence, which seem remote, and sound like Wit.

But thou, most piteously, art Madd and Dull:
Thy Braines did ly in parcels in thy Skull,
Then with a fright together clung, and lay
Like Curds, but now are melted into Whay.
Froward with Age, thou seem'st more hum'rous than
A begger'd Chymist, or rich Curtizan:
Thou strik'st at publick peace, whilst thy chief care,
Has ever been to hide thy self in War.
And through defect of Courage dost present,
Thy false fear to the fearless Parliament,
Like him whose Quæries did some few distract;
Who were too wise to suffer, and too tame to act.
Keep in a Cage thy ever flying Fear;
Which Nests would build in' ev'ry open Eare;
Or find out Men whose needles care contrives,
New slender paths through narrow Perspectives;
Where jealous sight draws smallest things from far,
To make them seem much greater than they are.
These Men would from the Bosome of the State
Chafe Truth, or there distract her with debate.

Canst thou believe, who dost a Storm foretell,
That it will come because thy passions swell:
The causes of a Storm thou dost mistake,
And only blow'st to make thine own cheeks ake.
He who esteems thy Northern Prophecie,
Does but encourage Fools to learn to lie.
Sweet out thy Blood! in a hot Feaver vext,
By striving to interpret this dark Text.
Thou great Informer, canst thou hope I wou'd,
By dang'rous thee, be plainly understood;
Whom all, through all thy State disguises know;
Towards thee, Satyrick numbers must not flow,
Like Lovers Sonnets, in a soft smooth pace,
They must be rugged as thy Mistress face.
Whom with false prayes thou hast long bely'd.
I mount like *Persens* when he did bestride
The Poets prancing Horse; who ambled not,
But roughly mov'd in this Majestick Trot.

Why should this Wisard make with Prophecies,
The People fearful and their Rulers Wise?
Must all, like Ethnicks to this Divel bow?
Great Senate know, I am your Prophet now.
Since you may warm you at my Delphick flame,
Dismiss this common Messenger of Fame.
My Mistick art, with joy already findes,
The noble purpose of your mighty mindes.

You have of Monarchs wants a tender fence,
 Meaning to shorten your Lov'd Eloquence;
 And not the fulness of your Loves exprefs,
 By mourning for your Purfes emptinefs.
 When Thrones are rich, the People richer grow;
 As Rivers gain by Seas to which they flow.
 And this the People quickly would believe,
 But that their Oratours must them deceive:
 Who Pyramids of Wit by talking raife;
 Which laft as feldom as the Peoples praife.
 For though by help of ev'ry vulgar hand,
 Thefe Piles rife faft, yet they are made of Sand.

Look up! You Sons of mighty Anceftors!
 Who never boundd were by their own fhores.
 Your fighting Fathers were abroad renown'd;
 Their Kings in *France*, and diftant Jewry crown'd.
 See o're your Heads the Western Eagle fly;
 Firft towring up, then compaffing the Sky.
 Unless our Royal Falcon ftrait prepare,
 To ftruggle with him in his Native Ayre,
 He will enlarge his growth, new imp his VVings;
 And make the *Hague* an Hofpital for Kings.

*The Countefs of ANGLESEY lead Captive by the Rebels,
 at the Difforrefting of Pewfam.*

SONG.

1.

O VVhither will you lead the Fair,
 And spicy Daughter of the Morne?
 Thofe Manacles of her foft Haire,
 Princes, though free, would faine have worn.

2.

VVhat is her crime? what has fhe done?
 Did fhe, by breaking Beauty ftay,
 Or from his Courfe miflead the Sun;
 So robb'd your Harvest of a Day?

3.

Or did her voyce, divinely clear!
 (Since lately in your Forrest bred)
 Make all the Trees dance after her,
 And fo your VVoods difforrefted?

4.

Run, Run! Purfue this Cothick Rout,
 VVho rudely Love in bondage keep;
 Sure all old Lovers have the Goute,
 The young are overwatcht and fleep.

The long Vacation in London, in Verse Burlesque, or Mock-Verse.

NOW Town-Wit sayes to witty Friend;
 Transcribe apace all thou hast pend;
 For I, in Journey hold it fit,
 To cry thee up to Countrey-Wit.
 Our Mules are come! dissolve the Club!
 The word, till Term, is rub, O rub!
 Now Gamster poor, in Cloak of Stammel,
 Mounted on Steed, as slow as Cammel,
 Battuone of Crab in luckless hand,
 (Which serves for Bilboe and for Wand)
 Early In Morne does sneak from Town,
 Least Landlords wife should seise on Crown;
 On Crown which he in Pouch does keep,
 When day is done to pay for sleep;
 For he in Journey nought does eat.
 Host spies him come, cries, Sir, what Meat?
 He calls for Room, and down he lies
 Quoth Host, no Supper Sir? he cries,
 I eat no Supper, fling on Rug!
 I'm sick, d'you hear, yet bring a Jug!
 Now Damsel young that dwels in Cheap:
 For very joy begins to leap,
 Her Elbow small she oft does rub;
 Tickled with hope of Sillabub!
 For Mother (who does Gold maintain
 On Thumbe, and Keys in Silver Chaine)
 In Snow White Clout, wrapt nook of Pye,
 Fat Capons Wing, and Rabbets Thigh,
 And said to Hackney Coachman, go,
 Take Shillings six, say I, or no,
 Whither says he? Quoth she, thy Teame,
 Shall drive to place where groweth Creame.
 But Husband gray now comes so Stall,
 For Prentice notch'd he strait does call:
 Where's Dame quoth he, quoth Son of Shop;
 She's gone her Cake in Milk to Sop:
 Ho, ho! to *Islington*; enough!
 Fetch *Job* my son, and our Dog *Ruffe*!
 For there in Pond, through Mire and Muck,
 We'll cry, hay Duck, there *Ruffe*, hay Duck!
 Now *Turnbal-Dame* by starving Paunch,
 Bates Two Stone Weight in either Haunch:
 On Branne and Liver she must Dine;
 And sits at Dore instead of Signe.
 She softly says to roaring-swash;
 Who wears long Whiskers, go, fetch Cash!
 There's Gown quoth she, speak Broaker fair;
 Till Term brings up weak Countrey Heir:
 Whom *Kirtle* red will much amaze;
 Whilst Clown his Man on Signes does gaze;

In Liv'ry short, Galloome on Cape,
 With Cloak-Bag Mounting high as Nape.
 Now Man that trusts, with weary Thighs,
 Seeks Garret where small Poet lies :
 He comes to *Lane*, finds Garret shut ;
 Then not with Knuckle, but with foot
 He rudely thrusts, would enter Dores ;
 Though Poet sleeps not, yet he snores :
 Cit chafes like beast of *Libia* then ;
 Swears, he'l not come or send agen.
 From little Lump triangular
 Poor Poets sighes, are heard afar.
 Quoth he, do noble Numbers chuse
 To walk on feet ; that have no shoofe ?
 Then he does wish with fervent breath,
 And as his last request ere Death,
 Each Ode a Bond, each Madrigal,
 A Lease from Haberdashers Hall,
 Or that he had protected bin
 At Court, in List of Chamberlain ;
 For Wights near Thrones care not an Ace,
 For Woodstreet Friend that wieldeth Mace.
 Courts pay no Scores but when they List,
 And Treasurer still has Cramp in Fist ;
 Then forth he steales ; to Globe does run ;
 And smiles, and vows Four Acts are done :
Finis to bring he does protest,
 Tells ev'ry Play'r, his part is best.
 And all to get, (as Poets use)
 Some Coyne in Pouche to solace Muse.

Now Wight that acts on Stage of Bull,
 In Skullers bark does lie at *Hull* ;
 Which he for pennies two does Rig,
 All day on *Thames* to bob for Grig :
 Whilst Fencer poor does by him stand,
 In old Dung-Lighter, Hook in hand ;
 Between knees rod, with Canvas Crib,
 To girdle Tide, close under Rib ;
 Where Worms are put which must small Fish
 Betray at Night to Earthern Dish.

Now *London's* Chief, on Saddle new,
 Rides into Fare of *Bartholemew* :
 He twirles his Chain, and looketh big,
 As if to fright the Head of Pig,
 That gaping lies on greasy Stall,
 Till Female with great Belly call.

Now Alderman in field does stand,
 With foot on Trig, a Quoit in hand ;
 I'm seaven quoth he, the Game is up !
 Nothing I pay, and yet I sup.
 To Alderman, quoth Neighbour then,
 I lost but Mutton, play for Hen :
 But wealthy Blade cryes out ; at Rate
 Of Kings, should'st play ; lets go, tis late.

Now lean Attorney, that his Cheese
 Ne'r par'd, nor Verses took for Fees;
 And aged Proctor, that controules,
 The feats of Punck in Court of *Pauls*;
 Do each with solemn Oath agree,
 To meet in Fields of *Finsbury*:
 With Loynes in Canvas Bow case tyde;
 Where Arrows stick with mickle pride;
 With Hats pinn'd up, and Bow in hand,
 All day most fiercely there they stand;
 Like Ghosts of *Adam, Bell, and Clymme*:
Sol sets for fear they'l shoot at him.

Now *Spynie, Ralph, and Gregorie* small,
 And short hayr'd *Stephen, Whay-fac'd Paul*,
 (Whose times are out, Indentures torn)
 Who seaven long years did never skorne,
 To fetch up Coales for Maid to use,
 Wipe Mistresses, and Childrens Shooes)
 Do jump for joy they are made free;
 Hire meagre Steeds, to ride and see,
 Their Parents old who dwell as near,
 As Place call'd *Peake* in *Derby-shire*.
 Therè they alight, old Croanes are milde;
 Each weeps on Cragg of pretty Childe:
 They portions give, Trades up to set,
 That babes may live, serve God and cheat.

Near House of Law by *Temple-Bar*,
 Now man of Mace cares not how far,
 In Stockings Blew he marcheth on,
 With Velvet Cape his Cloack upon;
 In Girdle, Scrowles, where names of some,
 Are written down, whom touch of Thumbe,
 On Shoulder left must safe convoy,
 Anoying Wights with name of Roy.
 Poor Pris'ners friend that sees the touch,
 Cries out, aloud, I thought as much.

Now Vaulter good, and dancing Lafs,
 On Rope, and Man that cryes hey pass,
 And Tumbler young that needs but stoop,
 Lay head to heel to creep through Hoope;
 And Man in Chimney hid to dres,
 Puppit that acts our old Queen *Bess*,
 And Man that whilst the Puppits play,
 Through Nose expoundeth what they say;
 And Man that does in Chest include,
 Old *Sodom* and *Gomorrhah* lewd:
 And white Oate-eater that does dwell;
 In Stable small at Sign of *Bell*:
 That lift up hoofe to show the prancks,
 Taught by Magitian, stiled *Banks*;
 And Ape, led Captive still in Chaine,
 Till he renounce the Pope and *Spaine*.
 All these on hoof now trudge from Town,
 To cheat poor Turnep-eating Clown.

Now Man of War with Visage red,
 Growes Chollerick and sweares for Bread.
 He sendeth Note to Man of Kin,
 But man leaves word, I'm not within.
 He meets in Street with friend call'd *Will*;
 And cries old Rogue! what living still?
 But er' that Street they quite are past,
 He softly asks, what Money hast?
 Quoth friend, a Crown; he cries, dear heart!
 O base, no more, Sweet, lend me part!
 But stay my frightened Pen is fled;
 My self through fear creep under Bed;
 For just as Muse would scribble more;
 Fierce City *Dunne* did rap at Door.

EPI T A P H.

When you perceive these Stones are wet,
 Think not you see the Marble Sweet;
 It weeps for grief the day of Doom,
 (Invok'd by Saints) will shortly come;
 Then the unwilling Marble must,
 Surrender all this Saints sweet Dust.

Song.

The Winter Storms.

I.

Blow! blow! The Winds are so hoarse they cannot blow,
 Cold, cold! our Teares freeze to Hail, our Spittle to Snow!
 The Waves are all up, they swell as they run!
 Let them rise and rise,
 As high as the skies,
 And higher to walk the face of the Sun.

2.

Port, Port! the Pilot is blinde! Port at the Helm!
 Yare, yare! For one foot of shore take a whole Realm,
 Alee, or we sink! Does no man know to wind her,
 Less noyse and more room!
 We say! in a Drumme!
 Our Sayles are but Wraggs, which Light'ning turns to Tinder.

3.

Aloof, aloof! Hey, ho w those Carracks and Ships,
 Fall foul and are tumbled and driven like Chips?
 Our Boatfen, alas, a silly weak Grisle,
 For fear to catch cold,
 Lies down in the Hould,
 We all hear his Sighs, but few hear his Whistle.

Upon

Upon the Marriage of the Lady Jane Cavendish with Mr. Cheney.

I.

WHy from my thoughts sweet rest; sweeter to me,
Then young Ambition's prosp'rous Travails be,
Or Love's delicious progresses;
And is next Death the greatest ease?
VWhy from so calme a Heav'n,
Dost call me to this VWorld, all windy grown;
VWhere the light Crowd, like lightest Sand is driven,
And weighty greatness, even by them, to Air is blown?

To the Duke of Richmond, in the Year 1639.

My Lord,

THe Court does seem a Ship, where all are still,
Busie by office, or imploy'd for skill;
And active grow through stirring hope or fear:
For Courts breed stormes, and stormes are lasting there.
VWhere he that feeds a wild ambitious spirit,
And nourishes desires above his merit,
Is lost when he imagines to prevail;
Because his little ship bears too much sayl:
VVhilst cunning Statesmen (safe from envious checks)
Move carelessly, as Seamen walk on Decks;
VVearing their faces often to the VVest,
VWhen bownd and sayling to the rising East.
And in the Court, as in a Ship we find,
That in some factious sodain VVar of VVind,
The very Ballast we were poized by,
(VVeighty Discretion and Integrity,
The helps which Time and Nature best afford)
VVe for our safety, oft throw over-Board.
And, as in Ships, so when the Storm grows high
At Court, we oft on Couz'ning Hope rely;
Our Anchor in uncertain Quick-Sands cast,
VWhere wanting steady hold to make it fast,
The Anchor Hope (alas) we vainly spend,
Like men expos'd to trust a faithless friend.
Informers are the Pumps, which useful grow,
By voyding ills that secretly o'reflow;
On whose distastful mischiefs Pow'r must wink,
And still endure them active though they stink.
And, as in Ships, so in a Palace all,
Proceed by Aids that are collateral.
The way to highest Pow'r is still oblique;
VWhich when we strive to move, we, Seamen-like,
Must hand a lesser string, untill it stir
A distant Cord which does our force prefer;

Whilst Money, like the Boatsens whistle, calls,
Each helper till through haste most hazard falls.

But this great Ship, the Court, takes dasly in
Poor Traficquers who with small Stocks begin:
They Trade with Fortune, and her false VVares buy:
One of this slight neglected Crowd am I.
My little venture I saw safely stow'd:
Both VVind and Tyde serv'd outward from the Road;
But making way, and bearing ev'ry Sayle,
Proudly, as if I still could chuse my Gale;
Strait I beheld (amaz'd as with a wrack)
The sheets all rumpled and the Cordage slack;
Sure some perverse and undiscover'd hand,
Pulls an odd Rope that by oblique Command,
Doth straine another, till by secret skill,
It makes a turning or a standing still.
But you, my noble Lord, (who sit so near
The busie Helm, and wisely help to steer)
Must be my princely Pilot, and you may,
Reform the ship till she can ride her way.
If then my Voyage prosper (though I am
Now hardly grown to bear a Factors name)
Yet who dares boldly doubt that I shall be,
In time a mighty Burgher of the Sea.
My Bark may Multiply, and grow a Fleet,
And I lay yearly Customs at your Feet.

To Mr, W. M. Against Absence.

PEdler in Love! thou with the common Art,
Of Traffickers dost fly from Mart to Mart,
Thinking thy passions (false as their false Ware)
Will, if not here, vent in another Fare.

As if thy subtile threat'ning to remove,
From hence could raise the price of thy poor Love.
Thou knowst, the Deer being shot, the Hunter may,
Securely trust him though he run away;
For flying with his Wound the Arrow more,
Does gall and vex him then it did before.
Absence from her you Love (that Love being true)
Is a thin Cloud between the Sun and you;
It does not take the object from your Eye,
But rather makes you abler to descry.
Then know my wandring weake Philosopher,
You vainly take the paines to fly from her,
On whom in absence you must ever think,
For 'tis a kind of seeing when you winke.

A New-years-Gift to the Queen, in the Year 1643.

1.

MAdam, 'tis fit I now make even
My numerous accompts with Heaven,
Least all my old years crimes, if unforgiven,
Should still stand charg'd upon the new:
And, since Confession makes them less,
My greater Crimes I will confess,
Which are, my Praises writ of you.

2.

Not that 'tis likely I can be
Prophane in such a high degree,
To think those Praises are Idolatrie;
But I implore my Sorrows may
Excuse me from those torments due
For my attempts of praising you
The Poets dull and common way.

3.

First, I confess I did you wrong,
When rashly in each Lyrick Song,
I said, your Native Beauty did belong
Unto some Planet of the Night:
As if I fondly could surmise
You had such weak and needy Eyes,
As borrow'd to maintain their light.

4.

Next, I confess, with sighs and teares,
That to unknown harmonious Spheares
Or to the feather'd Eastern Quiristers
I likned you when you did sing;
Your sweetness, unto Buds and Flowers
When dews of *May* or *April* showers
Begin, or consummate the Spring.

5.

Be mercifull; and think not on
The course injustice I have done
By either dull and false comparison:
Why should we liken you to ought
We take on trust for Excellence;
Or what doth please the Peoples sence,
Or what by rather Fame is taught.

6.

With greater safety we may dare
Resemble you to what you are;
And fitly yours unto your own compare,
For when you sing, then we should say
This Musick now doth charme the Eare,
Just like that Musick we did heare
From your own voice the other day.

7.

And when you breathe, we need not bring
 So many Flowers, as in the Spring
 Would beautifie an Ethnick offering;
 To shew or simlize you more:
 It were much wiser to declare,
 This odour so perfumes the Ayre
 As that when you pass'd by before.

8.

But oh! How can I hope for rest?
 Conscience, which to anothers breast
 Comes but in visit, as a hasty Guest,
 Not only dwells but rules in me;
 As if my groanes must ever last;
 Because I said that you are chaste
 Like bathful cold *Euridice*.

9.

Sure he that in his wits distress
 Does trust a Fable to expresse
 Your worth, takes silly paines to make it less,
 Those who compare your Chastity
 Must cautious grow, and only sweare
 You are but like to what you were,
 When in your blooming Infancy.

10.

Madam, since now I have made even
 My numerous accompts with Heaven,
 I boldly may expect to be forgiven;
 For when I liken or Commend
 Each single vertue with the rest
 That strive for higher place within your Breast,
 I find your Mercy does transcend.

To the QUEEN; Entertain'd at Night. In the Year 1644.

1.

UNhapply Excellence, What make you here?
 Had you had sin enough to be afraid,
 Or we the vertue not to cause that feare,
 You had not hither come to be betray'd.

2.

But since you come, and bring so rich a store
 Of Native Ornament and Inward wealth,
 Do not expect to goe, and leave us poore;
 For we must share of both, by force or stealth.

3.

Tis not enough, though from each excellence
 You furnish us that here expecting stand:
 We must divide your vertues, and dispence
 Them, as a bounty, through this needy Land.

4.

In necessary haste, your Charity
 Shall unto great suspicious Wits be given;
 But timely, ere they breathe their last, to try
 If, without Faith, they can arrive at Heaven.

5.
Unto the Clergy, your Humility;
Till like the old Apostles they appeare,
Who serv'd, (had they not lik'd their low degree)
One that could make them greater then they were.

6.
On Judges, your compassion we bestow;
To make them, when they punish, less severe;
For poor disdain'd Invaders valiant grow
VVhen rigid Lawes make wealthy Cowards here.

7.
To Citizens, your Bounty; who believe
They for long Couz'ning dearly satisfie,
If to appease new Kings, they Pageants give,
And sweeten Heaven with Almes when they must die.

8.
Your truth, we offer to the Politick,
VVho, with new Crutches, would support the Lawes;
Excusing publick Ayds with an old Trick
Of wanting conscience to approve the cause.

9.
Your patience, now our Drums are silent grown;
VVe give to Souldiers, who in fury are,
To find the profit of their Trade is gone,
And Lawyers still grow rich by Civil VVarr.

10.
Your Chastity to all, that so we may
Safely without affronts to publick peace,
Perform the Zealots part a calmer way;
VVhilst vertue makes the high Commission cease.

11.
To seeming Statesmen we design your wit;
For wanting wit they gravely wit despise.
But when by having yours they value it,
They need no power nor wealth to make them wise.

12.
Your Beauty, to your Ladies we decree,
Yet, since each soon would quarrel for her share,
VVe only think it safe in Majesty,
And they more safe from Envy, as they are.

13.
Your bashfulness shall freely be allow'd
To Northern Suters who besiege the Throne:
For Princes look like Prisoners in that Croud,
VVhere most by impudence not worth are known.

14.
Your voice (our Musick when you speak) we give
To those who teach the Mysteries above,
That their perswasions we may soon believe;
For Doctrines thrive when we our Teachers love.

15.
Your heart, to those who swore the Covenant;
And though this Gift to them seem strange to you,
Yet such a heart as yours they only want,
To make them loving to their King and true.

16.

Now of these Vertues you have rifled been,
 And so much Ornament is sent away;
 How (Madam) do you feel your self within?
 The Sun and you can ne'r deprive
 Your selves by what you others give:
 You both keep Light by motion from decay.

17.

Think not these Vertues lost but steep aside;
 Then long you need not for their absence mourne,
 Such Guests cannot in Clayie sheds abide,
 But to their Christall-Court will soon returne.

To the QUEEN.

MAdam; so much peculiar, and alone
 Are Kings, so uncompanion'd in a Throne:
 That through the want of some equality
 (Familiar Guides, who lead them to comply)
 They may offend by being so sublime;
 As if to be a King might be a crime;
 All less then Kings no more with Kings prevaile
 Then lesser Weights with greater in a Scale:
 They are not mov'd (when weigh'd within a Throne)
 But by a greatness equall to their own.
 To cure this high obnoxious singleness
 (Yet not to make their power but danger less)
 Were Queenes ordain'd; who were in Monarchs breasts
 Tenants for life, not accidental Guests;
 So they prevaile by Nature, not by chance;
 But you (with yours) your vertue does advance;
 When you perswade him (in the Peoples cause)
 Not to esteeme his Judges more then Laws.
 In Kings (perhaps) extreame obdurateness
 Is as in Jewels hardness in excess:
 Which makes their price: for we as well call stones
 For hardness as for brightness, Paragones:
 And 'tis perhaps so with obdurate Kings
 As with the best impenetrable things.
 No way to pierce or alter them is found,
 Till we to Di'monds use a Diamond.
 So you to him, who, to new-forme his Crown,
 Would bring no aides less precious then his own:
 Others have prov'd to be convenient things
 To find the sodain't way to ruine Kings,
 Whilst you (whose vertues make your Councells thrive)
 Look't on that mystick word, Prerogative,
 As if you saw long-hid uncurrant Gold;
 Which must (though it prove good) be try'd
 Because it long has laine aside;
 And rather too, because the Stamp is old:
 Which in the Mettals triall some deface,
 Whilst you by polishing would make it pass.

When

When you have wrought it to a yieldingness
 That shews it fine but makes it not weigh less,
 Accurst are those *Court-Sophisters* who say
 When Princes yield, Subjects no more obey.
 Madam, you that studied Heaven and Times
 Know there is Punishment, and there are Crimes.
 You are become (which doth augment your state)
 The Judges Judge, and Peoples Advocate:
 These are your Triumphs which (perhaps) may be
 (Yet Triumphs have been tax'd for Cruelty)
 Esteem'd both just and mercifully good:
 Though what you gain with Tears, cost others Blood.

PROLOGUE,

To the unfortunate Lovers.

W^{ERE} you but halfe so humble to confesse,
 As you are Wise, to know your Happiness,
 Our Author would not grieve to see you sit
 Ruling with such unquestion'd pow'r his Wit:
 How happy were I, could I still retain
 My Loyalty to him, yet fairly gain
 Your kind opinion by revealing now
 The cause of that great Storm which clouds his Brow,
 And his close murmurs, which since meant to you,
 I cannot think, or mannerly, or true?
 Well; I begin to be resolv'd, and let
 My melancholly Tragick Monsieur fret;
 Let him the several harmles weapons use
 Of that all-daring trifle, call'd his Muse;
 Yet I'll inform you what this very day
 Twice before witness, I have heard him say;
 Which is, that you are grown excessive proud;
 Since ten times more of Wit then was allow'd,
 Your silly Ancestors in twenty year,
 You think, in two short hours to swallow here.
 For they to Theaters were pleas'd to come,
 E're they had din'd, to take up the best Room:
 There sit on Benches not adorn'd with Mats,
 And graciously did vail their high-crown'd Hats
 To every halfe-dress'd Player, as he still
 Through Hangings peep'd to see the Gall'ries fill.
 Good easie judging Souls, with what delight
 They would expect a Jigg or Target-Fight,
 A furious Tale of *Troy* which they ne'r thought
 Was weakly Writ, if it were strongly Fought:
 Laught at a Clinch, the shadow of a Jest,
 And cry'd, *A passing good one I protest!*
 Such dull and humble-witted People were
 Even your Forefathers, whom we govern'd here:
 And such had you been too, he swears, had not
 The Poets taught you to unweave a Plot,

To trace the winding-Scenes, and to admit
 What was true Sense, not what did sound like Wit.
 They arm'd you thus, against themselves to fight,
 Made strong and mischievous from what they write:
 You have been lately highly feasted here:
 With two great Wits who grac'd our Theatre:
 But, if to feed you, often with delight,
 Will more corrupt then mend your appetite;
 He vows to use you, which he much abhors,
 As others did, your homely Ancestors.

EPILOGUE.

O Ur Poet in his fury hath profess'd,
 Yet gravely, with his Hand upon his Breast,
 That he will never wish to see us thrive,
 If by an humble *Epilogue* we strive
 To court from you that privilege to day
 Which you so long have had to damme a Play;
 'Las, Gentlemen, he knows, to cry Plays down
 Is half the business Termers have in Town;
 And still the reputation of their Wit grows strong;
 As they can first condemn, though right or wrong.
 Your Wives and Countrey-friends may Power exact
 To find a fault or two in every Act:
 But you, by his consent, most kindly shall
 Enjoy the privilege to rail at all:
 A happy freedom, which you love no less
 Then Money, Health, good Wine, or Mistresses;
 And he, he hopes (when Age declines his Wit
 From this our Stage, to sit and rule the Pit)
 Shall cruelly assume a Charter firme.
 As yours, to kill a Poet ev'ry Term.
 And though he never had the confidence,
 To tax your judgment in his own defence,
 Yet the next night, when you your Money share,
 He'll shrewdly guess what your opinions are.

PROLOGUE,

To the WITS.

B Less me you kinder Starrs! How are we throng'd?
 Alas! whom hath our harmless Poet wrong'd,
 That he should meet together in one day
 A Session, and a Faction at his Play,
 To judge, and to condemne? It cannot be
 Amongst so many here, all should agree.
 Your expectation too, you so much raise
 As if you came to wonder, not to praise.
 And this Sir-Poet (if I e're have read
 Customs, or Men) strikes you, and your Muse dead!

Conceive

Conceive now too, how much, how oft each Ear
 Hath surfeited in this our Hemisphear,
 With various, pure, eternal Wit; add then
 Young Comick-Sir, you must be kill'd agen:
 But, to out-doe these miseries a fort
 Of cruel spies (we hear) intend a sport
 Among themselves; our mirth must not at all
 Tickle, or stirre their Lungs, but shake their Gall:
 So this, joyn'd with the rest, makes me agin
 To say, you and your Lady Muse within
 Will have but a sad doom; and your trim Brow
 Which long'd for Wreaths, you must wear naked now;
 Unless some here, out of a courteous pride,
 Resolve to praise what others shall decide.
 So they will have their humour too; and we,
 More out of dulness then Civility,
 Grow highly pleas'd with our success to night,
 By thinking both, perhaps, are in the right.
 Such is your pleafant judgements upon Plays,
 Like Par'les that run straight, though sev'ral ways.

EPILOGUE.

THE bus'nes of this Epilogue, is now
 To smooth and stroke the wrinkles from each brow;
 To guide severer Judgments (if we cou'd
 Be wise enough) untill they thought all good
 Which they perhaps dislike; and sure, this were
 An over-boldness, rais'd from too much fear.
 You have a freedom: which you now may use,
 To raise our youthful Poet and his Muse
 With a kind doom; who will tread boldly then,
 In newer Comick-Socks, this Stage agen.

EPITAPH

On Mrs. Katherine Cross buried in France.

WITHIN this hallow'd Ground this Seed is sown
 Of such a Flow'r (though fain e're fully blown)
 As will when Doom, the Saints first spring, appears
 Be sweet as those which Heavens choice Bosom wears.
 Sweeter in wither'd death then fresh Flow'rs are;
 And through Deaths foul, and frightful vizard fair:
 As calm in Life as others in Deaths shade:
 So silent that her Tongue seem'd only made
 For Precepts, weigh'd as those in wisest Books:
 Yet nought that silence lost us, for her looks
 Perswaded more then others by their speech:
 Yet more by Deeds then Words she lov'd to teach.
 This fair Flow'rs seed let none remove till doom;
 No, though to make some great dead Princess room.

The

The Worlds Triumphant-Courts preferre high Birth ;
 But Saints in Deaths low Palace under Earth
 May claim chief place, she was a stranger here,
 And born within Opinions giddy Sphear,
 A Land, where many, whilst they are alive,
 Profanely for the stile of Saintship strive
 From others, and themselves as Saints esteem ;
 Yet Sainting after Death prophaneſs deem.
 Thence, young, ſhe from the ſinful Living fled
 For ſafety here among the ſinleſs Dead.
 Near to this bleſſed ſtrangers lowly Tomb
 Who dares for Neighborhood preſume to come ?
 Unleſs, as her Religious Profelyte,
 Her Mother challenge a juſt Tenants right.

SONG.

To a dreadful Tune.

I.

YOu Friends and Furies come along,
 With Iron Crow and maſſie Prong ;
 Come, drag your Shackles and draw near ;
 To ſtirre a huge old Sea-coal Cake,
 Which in our hollow Hell did bake,
 Many a thouſand thouſand year.

2.

In ſulph'rous Broth *Terens* hath boil'd,
 Baſted with Brimſtone, *Tarquin* hath broil'd ;
 Long, long enough, then make more room !
 Like, ſmoaky Flitches hang them by
 Upon our ſooty Walls to dry,
 A greater Ravisher is come.

3.

If you want fire, fetch a ſupply,
 From *Ætna* and *Puteoli* !
 Yet ſtay awhile, you need not ſtirre,
 Since if his glowing Eies ſhall chance,
 To caſt on *Proſerpine* a glance,
 He is ſo hot, he'll raviſh her.

The PLOTS.

I.

STill, ſtill a new Plot, or at leaſt an old Trick ;
 We Engliſh were wont to be ſimple and true ;
 But ev'ry Man now is a Florentine nick,
 A little *Pere-Joſeph*, or great *Richeliem*.

2.

Babels proud Miſtreſs, who in *Rome* ſtill doth Rant,
 (To call her a Whore, were courſe and uncivil)
 About fifty years ſince, by *Faux*, her Gallant,
 Did appear in a Plot as black as a Devil.

3. This

3.

This Plot was, though cruel, yet very concise ;
And without slow degrees of melting the Crown,
Had dissolv'd both the King and Lords in a trice,
Which *Calvins* dull *Cousens* were long pulling down.

4.

Some seventeen years since, in a Town beyond *Tweed*,
(Which, like *Faux* his *Lanthorne*, with Plots became dark)
These *John's* of *Geneva* devoutly agreed,
To make a Lay-fire of a Spirituall Spark.

5.

As Wolves love a Flock, these love a silly throng ;
Like Wolves too they howl, when they go to devour;
They fall on the weak, whilst they fawn on the strong ;
And teach no subjection but only of pow'r.

6.

O're *Tweed* their short Cassacks they brought in small Paeks ;
And fearing the Learn'd, they thought of returning ;
But disguis'd in no Cuffs, in Grease, and in Blacks,
Our Prelates did take them for Butchers in Mourning.

7.

For to kill, kill, and kill, was all their kind Errant ;
(From good Shepheards to Sheep, incredible news)
But they from the Prophets did shew us a Warrant,
Two thousand years old, and consign'd to the Jews.

8.

They took us for Jews by the foul marks of sin,
And would be themselves as those Prophets esteem'd,
Whose miracles brought their Authority in ;
Which else by the World, had but madness been deem'd.

9.

They Miracles promis'd, but shew'd us not any ;
Unless this were one of a wonderful sort,
That with so little Wit they soon made so many,
Great Fools in the City, and Knaves in the Court.

10.

With the credulous Sex they first did begin ;
Even from the mellow Mistrefs to the green Maiden ;
Yet on Men they prevail'd not till they call'd in
The vehement Knippers, and hot *Johns* of *Leyden*.

11.

From Lanes and dark Allys, obscurely this Throng,
Like the Common-shore crept, which underground passes
But rose in a Torrent so high and so strong,
That *Calvin's* meek Sons fear'd the Banks of their Classes

12.

They call'd them to cry down the Bishops and Deans,
Not thinking poor Saints, that liv'd bare and preacht odly,
Without Gowns or Latin, could aim at the means,
Ordain'd to support the Sir-Polls of the Godly.

13.

To still them the Classes prevail'd with the Peers
(Barons true to the Throne, as *Greece* to great *Sander*)
That their Latine Companions, who seven Hundred years
Had sate in their House, should betake them to wander.

14.

Yet could not the *Leydens* abate their fierce looks,
 Till shortly Cathedrals, some promis'd, should down;
 The Nests, as they thought of Canonical Rooks;
 Who sharkt on the People much more then the Crown.

15.

Agen to allay them, they promis't them leave,
 For freedom of conscience; which with them is no more,
 Then to speak and maintain what e're they conceive:
 As a Spiritual-Mine to blow up Lay-pow'r!

16.

This Rabble of Rulers, or rather Rule-quellers,
 Sent out by the City, were calmly sent back;
 Some up to their Garrets, some down to their Sellers,
 Whilst in *Westminster* storms, *Whitehal* went to wrack.

17.

Whitehal sold those storms which *Westminster* bought,
 As cheaply, Heaven knows, as *Laplenders* sell 'em;
 But although quickly rayse'd, yet being high wrought,
 Court Witches could no more then *Laplenders* quell 'em

18.

We fear'd not the *Scots* from the High-land, nor Low-land;
 Though some of their Leaders did craftily brave us,
 With boasting long Service in *Rasse* and in *Poland*,
 And with their fierce breeding under *Gustavus*.

19.

Not the Tales of their Combats, more strange then Romances
 Nor *Sandy's* screw'd Cannon did strike us with wonder;
 Nor their Kettle-Drums sounding before their long Launces;
 But *Scottish*-Court-whispers struck surer then Thunder.

20.

A while for the *Kirke*, they were rude, loud, and hot,
 As are (under favour) our Course *English* Gentry,
 But when this knack Spiritual grew a Lay-Plot,
 They whisper'd like Lovers hid in a dark Entry.

21.

Each Three drunken Comrades a Junto was grown;
 And talkt no more loud of *Brisack*, or *Casall*,
 But whisper'd how *England* might strait be their own;
 By a Covenant devout, as *Carlin's* Caball.

22.

At the Court-Game, Revenge, which at Court never ends,
 Some *English* like *Scots* set deep at the Caster;
 And to blow up a Foe who threw at some Friends,
 Stak't boldly Three Kingdoms, beside a kind Master.

23.

Now Plot upon Plot was design'd every hoire,
 And Mine after Mine, was incessantly wrought;
 To take in the Court, the decay'd Fort of Pow'r,
 Which by Traytors within to Parly was brought.

24.

A King seems to stand bare, as if never Crown'd,
 Who Treats with His Subjects when Enemies grown;
 And when Subjects Treat Arm'd, if then they compound,
 They, in stead of His Foes, become more their own.

25. But

25.

But now the Besiegers had Plots much assunder,
The Peers at the Breach, bid the Commons first venture
For Freedom and Truth, that they for the plunder,
To pay publick Faith, might at last safely enter.

26.

But the Commons to try if the Barons were bold,
And durst quite destroy what they would but reform,
Said, by Treaty to take it, would shew their Zeal cold,
Therefore bade them assist to force it by storm.

27.

This Storm was diverted by a pretty small plot;
The publick designe was particular grown;
For a few of each house were met in a knot,
To slack the State interest and fasten their own.

*Sung as a Prologue when the faithful Shepherdess
was Presented.*

Priest.

A Broyling Lamb on *Pan's* chief Altar lies,
My Wreath, my Censor, Virge, and Incense by :
But I delay'd the precious Sacrifice,
To shew thee here a gentler Deity.

Nymph.

Nor was I to thy Sacred Summons slow,
Hither I came swift as the Eagles wing.
Or threat'ning Shaft from vext *Diana's* Bow.
Pan sends his offering to this Islands King.

Priest.

Bless then that Queen whose Eies have brought that light
Which hither led and stays him here ;
He now doth shine within her Sphear,
And must obey her Scepter half this night.

Nymph.

Sing we such welcomes as shall make her sway
Seem easie to him, though it last till day.

Chorus of both.

Welcome as Peace to wealthy Cities when
Famine and Sword have left more Graves then Men ;
As Spring to Birds, or *Phebus* to the old
Poor Mountain *Muscovite* congeal'd with cold ;
As Shore to Pilots in a safe-known Coast,
Their Cards being broken and their Rudders lost.

EPI T A P H.

On Mr. John Sturmy.

REader, here *sturmy* lies; which being known
 Thou canst not suffer him to lie alone;
 For when thou study'st well what thou shalt Read,
 Thou, putting off thy Fleth, wilt come to Bed.
 Graves from our Beds no other difference have,
 But that our quiet'st rest is in the Grave:
 In Graves, even when ill made, we never ake;
 In easi'st Beds we start, and turn, and wake.
 But this discourse, to shew where he does lie,
 (Praising his ease in Death, to make thee dye)
 Is not so wise and needful, as to tell
 How much he others did in Life excel:
 For so, thou, by the Pattern he did give,
 Mayst for the publick good, think fit to live.
 Though *sturmy* was deriv'd from ancient Race,
 Though to his Birth his Courage gave a grace;
 Yet was he not engag'd in haughty Wars,
 But busy'd in the City's humble cares:
 Liv'd quiet in a sad and furious Age,
 When Valour every where did swell to Rage;
 When Justice with the Sword was fain to fence
 At a close Guard to rescue Innocence.
 He therefore laid his quiet Courage by,
 Because too weak to strive with destiny.
 So plainly just, as kept him safe from strife;
 Still kind to all, but kindest to his Wife:
 Who being of his company bereft;
 Does daily seek him in his Pledges left:
 Two Pledges left to pay her that esteem
 Which, for her use, his love had pay'd to them.
 In ripest years, his mind did secretly
 Consume his Body, which made haste to dye.
 Consum'd with grief, to see the publick crimes,
 He dy'd, as thou should'st wisely do, betimes,

Master Serjeant's Clients

To the Noble Widow.

YOU, Madam, are handsome, prudent and witty,
 Our Serjeant, alas, too sadly does know it;
 But, if you can have a passion of pity,
 His Clients, in troth, must perswade you to show it.

2.

He once had a Tongue so sharp and so pliant,
 That those who provokt it, quickly were undone;
 More Brains then would serve the head of a Giant
 Or all the Haranguers of *Paris* and *London*.

3. These

3.
These once were the Gifts his Clients have joy'd in;
Now wildly he looks, then strait he turnes stupid:
His case and our case is alter'd, quoth *Ploydin*;
He pleads not for Clients, but talks of one *Cupid*.

4.
A Lad of renowne, and still a great Leader
Through Lobbys of Court, where he whispers to all;
But the Devil ne'r thought to find him a pleader,
And whisp'ring our Serjeant in *Westminster-Hall*.

5.
He turnes our Law-Cases to Cases of Love;
Demurrers, like Widowes delayes, he does dread;
Injunctions are things for a Rivall to move;
But when he joynes issue it brings him to bed.

6.
All the Legends of love we soon may believe
Who watch the amours of this our learned *Grandi*;
He now reads the Poets, and studies to grieve,
By quoting the sighs in *de arte amandi*.

7.
Good Madam, unless some mistery lie in't,
And Widowes see farther then a Casuist sees,
Dismiss our great Pleader, now grown your Client;
But send him not home till he payes you his Fees.

To my Friend Mr. Ogilby,

Upon the Fables of *Aesop* Paraphras'd in Verse.

IN Empires Childhood, and the dawne of Arts,
When God in Temples dwelt not, but in Hearts,
When Men might Teachers by their deeds believe,
When Power rob'd none, nor Science did deceive;
Nor soaring Thought wildly to Heaven did fly,
Searching Records which in Gods Closet lie;
To know (since none like God eternal were)
How his dominion could at first appeare?
Presuming, he nor honor had nor sway
Before some liv'd to worship and obey.
Vaine thought! could Man doubt God was e're alone,
Whose severall being to himself were known?
Or, if he Power could want, it must but be
Because he could not make fit Companie
To tend his own perfections; which were more
Then now best Soules can perfectly adore:
Or could he, if alone, feele want of sway
Who Worlds could make, and make those Worlds obey?
For what he since created argues more
His Love of doing good then love of Pow'r.
Nor so could God mistake, as to believe
That to be honour which his Creatures give;

Nor could he then, since honour is respect,
 Want honor till himself he did neglect,
 For if it might be said, he was alone,
 Yet to himself his Excellence was known;
 Which was so great, that if himself could raise
 His honour higher with his own just praise,
 He was himself his own abundant Theme,
 And only could himself enough esteeme.
 But these vex thoughts, which Schooles unquiet make,
 And like to madness keep their Soules awake,
 Took rest, and slept, in infancy of Time,
 And with seal'd eyes did never upward climbe.

To study God; God's Student, Man, was made;
 To read him as in Natures Text convey'd
 Not as in Heaven, but as he did descend
 To Earth, his easier Book; where, to suspend
 And save his Miracles, each little Flower,
 And lesser Fly, shews his familiar power.
 Then usefully the Studious World was wise,
 Not learn'd, as now in useles subtilties.
 Truth, naked then, not arm'd with Eloquence,
 Walk'd safe, because all rose in her defence.
 But now the gravest Schools, through Pride contend;
 And Truth awhile, at last themselves defend.
 So vext is now the World with Misteries,
 Since prouder Mindes drest Truth in Arts disguise;
 And so Serene and Calme was Empire then,
 Whilst Statesmen study'd Beasts to govern Men.
 Accurst be *Aegypt's* Priests, who first through Pride
 And Avarice this common Light did hide:
 To Temples did this Morall Text confine,
 And made it hard, to make it seeme Divine:
 In Creatures formes a fancy'd Deity
 They drew, and rais'd the Mysterie so high,
 As all to reach it did require their aid;
 For which they were, as hir'd Expounders, pay'd.
 This Clouded Text, which but to few was known,
 In time grew darker, and was read by none;
 So weak of Wing is Soaring Mystery;
 And Learning's light goes out, when held too high:

But blest be *Aesop*, whom the wise adore,
 Who this dark Science did to light restore;
 Which though obscur'd, when rais'd and made Divine,
 Yet soon did in his humble Moralls shine.
 For that which was by Art for Profit hid,
 And to the Laitie, as to Spies, forbid,
 He, as the hireless Priest of Nature, brought
 From Temples, and her doctrine freely taught;
 Whilst even to Beasts, Men, blushing, seem'd asham'd
 That Men by Beasts he counsell'd and reclaim'd.

Blest be our Poet too! whose Fire hath made
 Grave *Aesop* warme in Deaths detested shade.
 Though Verses are but Fetters deem'd by those
 Who endless journeys make in wandring Prose;

Yet

Yet in thy Verse, methinks, I *Afop* see
 Less bound than when his Master made him free:
 So well thou fitt'st the measure of his Minde,
 Which, though the Slave, his body, were confin'd;
 Seem'd, as thy Wit, still unconstrain'd, and young;
 And like thy numbers easie, and as strong:
 Or as thy Muse in her Satyrick strain
 Doth spare the person, whilst the Vice is slain,
 So his rebukes, though sharp, were kind and grave;
 Like Judges, chiding those whom they would save.
 Thus since your equall Souls so well agree,
 I needs must paint his Minde in drawing thee.
 Be both renown'd! and whilst you Nature Preach,
 May Art ne'r raise your Text above our reach.
 Your Moralls will (they are so subt'ly plain)
 Convince the subtile, and the Simple gaine;
 So pleasant too, that we more pleasure take
 (Though only pleasure doth our Vices make)
 To hear our Sins rebuk'd with so much Wit,
 Than er'e we took when those we did commit.
 Laws do in vaine with force our wills invade;
 Since you can Conquer when you but Perswade.

S O N G.

To Two Lovers Condemn'd to die.

1. **O**H draw your Curtains and appeare!
 You strait like Sparks must upward fly;
 Whilst we but vainly say, you were,
 So soon you'll vanish from the Eye.

2.
 And to what Starr both are assign'd
 (For sure you can't divided be)
 A Lovers Art can never find.
 It puzzles wife Astrology.

To Mr. Edward Laurence.

AS some, with care, the Mornings looks surway,
 To guess their comforts from ensuing day;
 So have I watcht thy early youth, to know
 How much the World may to thy Manhood owe:
 And find thy Life is in her entrance cleere,
 As was the Suns new face in his first Spheare;
 Ere yet his beames those Clouds and Mists had drawne,
 Which since must serve for Cypress and for Lawne
 To younger Wits, when he, from Lakes and Woods,
 Exhales for sick *Anrora*, Vayles and Hoods.

Yet

Yet as the glorious Sun could not proceed
 Clear in his Course, but did on vapours feed;
 As his excess of lustre is the cause,
 That o're his face those dark'ning Maskes he draws;
 So, since your Morne in glory is begun,
 Your Noone must through exhal'd contagions run;
 Through mists of common breath, corrupt and crude,
 Made of the censures of the Multitude;
 And through those Clouds which ever rise and swell
 When Envy would o'recast those that excell.
 If mighty vertue, like the Chymists Stone,
 Breed busie Spys and dangers where 'tis known;
 And should be shyly hid from States, who lesse
 Then private Mindes endure a brave excess.
 If Giant-Vertue, the Crowds Monster be;
 Not, that they disproportion in it see,
 But onely therefore it offends their Eyes,
 Because 'tis good above the vulgar size;
 If so, then think it not your vertues sloath;
 When she awhile delays her purpos'd growth;
 Till you consult, not only what to grow,
 But of that fruit, how much 'tis fit to show.
 And though I have no vertue, by whose force
 I Pilot-like, might dare to guide your Course;
 Yet being old (though but a Passenger
 That have a little markt, how others steere)
 I may suspect where Rocks in ambush stand,
 And guess at shallows of deceitfull sand;
 Which of my Art no illustrations are
 To recommend my judgment, but my care.
 Allow me then, the noble toyle to find
 The greatest conduct of each greater Mind
 That Fame in her authentick Roles hath read;
 In which the Living may consult the dead;
 And a Record, and Prophecy may see,
 Of what the Heroes were, and thou shalt be.

EPITHALAMIUM.

*The morning after the Marriage of the Earl of Barymore
 with Mrs. Martha Laurence.*

I.

A Lover is a high and mighty Thing!
 Or else we hear wilde Notes when Poets Sing;
 Loves pleasant Priests who teach the World to wooe.
 Nor can they want Discretions Light
 To follow Love's most secret Flight;
 For they are grave, and of his Council too.

2. But

2.

But if a Lover so important be
That half his Dreames may fill a History,
Then must a Bridegroomes Title higher sound;
Who first a feather'd Lover is,
And then flies upward to the blis
Of being a victorious Lover crown'd.

3.

But if a Bridegroom be so crown'd a Thing
(For more then Lover is not less then King)
How glorious is the Bride who gives that Crown:
For though she cannot well depose
The Sov'raign Prince whom she has chose,
Yet she awhile can kill him with a frown.

4.

A Bridegroom and a Bride, Loves King and Queen,
Fame sayes, are now at Court, and to be seen;
And other prosp'rous Lovers, though but few,
And Poets, but they bear no sway;
And this, O costly Opera!
Thou, fatally, canst witness to be true.

5.

I will to Court, and Fame shall be my Guide:
But thou, fantastick Fame, canst nothing hide;
And I aloof in shade would follow thee:
Fame therefore leave thy Trumpet here,
To which all listen with some feare;
For it does praise but few, and cannot me.

6.

Vaine Guide! she whispers every fool she meets;
And makes her stops and turnings in the Streets,
Which are the Peoples durty Galleries.
Hence! least we reach the Court too late!
For little sleep does serve the State;
And Pow'r, the dublick Scout, needs watchful Eyes.

7.

At last, to *Hymens* Chamber we are come,
After our heedful walks through every Roome;
Where many cast and cancell'd Lovers stay;
Who envy'd this triumphant night;
And therefore came ere it was light
In haste, to tell the Bridegroome it was day.

8.

Awake faire Bride! and be your Bridegroomes dawne!
Break through your Curtaines, Clouds, and Mists of Lawne.
Like op'ning Buds your early sweets disclose!
Though froward Winter now growes old,
And coughs aloud with taking cold,
Be thou calme *June*, and our unfolded Rose.

9.

But being now display'd, What guilt is thine,
That, like the Morne, thou dost in blushes shine?
Roses, the Morne, and you, are innocent:
And, as in blushes you agree,
So are you the undoubted Three
That have alike no reason to repent.

R r

10. Thou

10.

Thou Bridegroom, noble in thy Minde as Blood,
Hast Honour's flame to light thee soon to good :
But Honour waites as Page behinde thy Bride.

Thou must, to match her vertue; be
Humble and harmles too as she;
And from griev'd Lovers all her beauties hide.

11.

Draw not her Curtaines yet; nor rise to boast
What blessings thou hast gain'd, and they have lost :
But, free from mischief, sleep awhile, and dreame

How kind and loyal she will be,
Whilst faster she imagines thee
The Lovers Pattern, and the Poets Theam.

12.

Arise, arise ! you must not undertake
To think in sleep all I should speak awake,
Or *Hymens* Priests in blessings can expresse.

The World you know not yet; nor see
What will with it and you agree :
I am his Priest, and thus have learnt to blese,

13.

First, may those interwishes you did make
In dream (though you sublim'd them when awake)
And may those strange perfections which the Bride
(Lifting her Snowy hands) did crave

To glorify what both would have,
Be all by *Hymens* policy deny'd.

14.

For *Hymens* Common-weale cannot dispence
In private with Monarchick excellence,
When singularly good you strive to be

Then will the marry'd Populace
Cry, Libertie ! and soon deface
Your vertue to preserve their Vices free.

15.

And, though the *Ermines* whiteness be his grace,
Yet it provokes the Hunter to the Chace;
So an excessive purity of Love

Unarmes you to invite offence,
And for a Prey keeps Excellence.
You must acquaint the Serpent with the Dove.

16.

Next, may your Loves sweet Pledges prove but few ;
For how can many grow so good as you ?

Or rather, *Hymen* kindly grant that none,
Though of your own wisht Progenie,
May to your selves so equal be

In vertue as to second your renowne.

17.

For who can such a cautious Envy blame
As grieves that any one, though of your name,
Should wholly equall you in future dayes;

And so a theam to Poets be
By which they soon might equall me,
And get a flourishing Estate of Bayes?

18. But

18.

But how, sweet Bride, can envy ere suppose
A Rose-Tree budding should not bear a Rose?
Or that thy vertuous Mother bore not thee,
Or that thy noble Father could
To any others trust his blood
But such as thy excelling Brothers be?

19.

Here then let my fantastick blessings cease.
I give you liberty your selves to bless,
Whilst *Hymens* busie Priesthood I lay down.
A Poet has not power to add
To that perfection which you made
When both your wishes joyn'd to make you one.

20.

Fame, shake thy Wings! and fraite prepare to fly;
I came not here to write a History.
Nor can I stay, though thou art loth to move.
This Court is thy most proper Spheare;
For thou mayst found the triumphs here
Of mighty Warriours, and of mighty Love.

21.

Those are the Songs that keep the World awake.
Stay then, and I will send thy Trumpet back;
Which civilly I made thee leave behind:
Thy courted looks, if seen with me,
Would wither, and thy Musick be
But wandering blasts of the unheeded winde.

The DREAME.

To Mr. George Porter.

1.

NO Victor, when in Battel spent,
When he at night asleep doth lie,
Rich in a Conquer'd Monarchs Tent,
Ere had so vaine a dreame as I.

2.

Me-thought I saw the early'st shade,
And sweetest that the Spring can spread;
Of Jesmyn, Bry're; and Woodbine made,
And there I saw *Clorinda* dead.

3.

Though dead she lay, yet could I see
No Cypress nor no mourning Ewe;
Nor yet the injur'd Lovers Tree;
No Willow near her Coffin grew.

4.

But all shew'd unconcern'd to be;
As if just Nature there did strive
To seem as pittiless as she
Was to her Lover when alive.

Rr 2

5. And

5.
 And now methought I lost all care
 In losing her ; and was as free
 As Birds let loose into the Ayre,
 Or Rivers that are got to Sea.

6.
 Methought Loves Monarchy was gone ;
 And whilst Elective Numbers sway
 Our choice and change makes Pow'r our own,
 And those Court us whom we obey.

7.
 Yet soon, now from my Princess free,
 I rather frantick grew then glad :
 For Subjects, getting liberty,
 Got but a Licence to be mad.

8.
 Birds that are long in Cages aw'd,
 If they get out, a while will roame,
 But strait want skill to live abroad,
 Then pine and hover near their home.

9.
 And to the Ocean Rivers run
 From being pent in Banks of Flowers,
 Not knowing that th'exhaling Sun
 Will send them back in weeping showers.

10.
 Soon thus for pride of Liberty
 I low desires of bondage found ;
 And vanity of being free.
 Bred the discretion to be bound.

11.
 But as dull Subjects see too late
 Their safety in Monarchal Reign,
 Finding their freedom in a State
 Is but proud strutting in a Chaine.

12.
 Then growing wiser, when undone,
 In Winters nights sad Stories sing
 In praise of Monarchs long since gone,
 To whom their Bells they yearly Ring.

13.
 So now I mourn'd that she was dead,
 Whose single pow'r did govern me,
 And quickly was by reason led
 To find the harm of liberty.

14.
 In Loves free State where many sway,
 Number to change our Hearts prepares,
 And but one Fetter takes away,
 To lay a world of handsome snares.

15.
 And I, Loves Secretary now,
 (Ray'd in my dreame to that grave stile)
 The dangers of Loves State to shewe,
 Wrote to the Lovers of this Isle.

16.

For Lovers correspond, and each,
Though, States-man like, he th'other hate,
Yet slyly one another teach
By civil Love to save the State.

17.

And, as in interreigne men draw
Pow'r to themselves of doing right,
When generous reason, not the Law,
They think restraines their appetite.

18.

Even so the Lovers of this Land
(Loves Empire in *Clorinda* gone)
Thought they were quit from Loves command,
And beauties World was all their own.

19.

But Lovers (who are Natures best
Old Subjects) never long revolt;
They soon in Passions Warr contest;
Yet in their March soon make a halt.

20.

And those (when by my Mandates brought
Near dead *Clorinda*) ceast to boast
Of freedome found. and wept for thought
Of their delightful bondage lost.

21.

And now the day to night was turn'd,
Or sadly nights close Mourning wore;
All Maids for one another mourn'd,
That Lovers now could love no more.

22.

All Lovers quickly did perceive
They had on Earth no more to doe;
But civilly to take their leave
As worthys that to dying goe.

23.

And now all Quires her Dirges sing;
In shades of Cypress, and of Ewe;
The Bells of ev'ry Temple ring,
Where Maids their wither'd *Garlands* strew

24.

To such extreames did sorrow rise
That it transcended speech and forme;
And was so lost to Eares and Eyes
As Seamen sinking in a storme.

25.

My Soul, in sleeps soft fetters bound,
Did now for vital freedome strive;
And strait, by horror wak't, I found
The fair *Clorinda* still alive.

26.

Yet she's to me but such a Light
As are the Stars to those who know
We can at most but guess their height,
And hope they minde us here below.

*To the Earle of Monmouth.
Upon his translation of Bentivoglio.*

THose who could rule the Ancient World with ease,
Could strictly governe all, yet none displease,
Were such as cherisht Learning; not because
It wrapt in rev'renc'd Mistry the Lawes,
Nor that it did the Nobles civillize,
But rather that it made the People wise;
Who found by reading Story (where we see
What the most knowing were, or we should be)
That Peace breeds happines, and onely they
Breed Peace, who wisely any Pow'r obey.
Books much contribute to the Publick good,
When by the People eas'ly understood;
But those who dress them in a Forraigne Tongue
Bring Meate in cover'd Plate to make Men long.
Whilst those who Forraigne Learning well translate
Serve plaine Meate up, and in uncover'd Plate.
This you have done my Lord! which only shoves
How free your Minde in publick Channels flowes,
But if that good to which some men are borne
Doe les then good acquir'd our Names adorne
The ceaseless nature of your kindness then,
(Still ready to informe unlangug'd Men)
Deserves les praise, if rightly understood,
Then does your judgment how to do Men good:
Which none can value at too high a rate,
Judging the choice of Authors you translate,

E P I T A P H

On the Daughter of Mr. Richard Turpin.

STript from her Silks and Lawnes here lies
The joy and wonder of all Eyes,
Should I reveale, in what a sweet
And just consent, her formes did meet
Thou wouldst believe (the Story heard)
Nature her self lay here interr'd.
And all succeeding white and red
Will seeme complexion of the Dead,
And ever in successfull prove,
Whilst Lovers know not where to Love.

To Edward Earle of Dorset.

AH, What are Poets? Why is that great Law
Conceal'd, by which their numbers seek to awe
The Soules of Men; Poets! whom love of Praise
A Mistres smile, or a small Twigg of Bayes,

Can lift to such a pride as strait they dreame
 The Worlds chiefe care is to consider them.
 Of this fond race (my Lord) am I; who think
 (since your rich Wine did purify my Ink)
 Though you were nobly summon'd now to fight,
 In single rescue of a Nations right,
 Or chosen now, with popular applause,
 To multiply, or else to alter Lawes,
 Yet you should stay to tread the Lifts, or sit
 In Councill, till you read what I have writ:
 To this presumptuous glory am I grown,
 Since you adorn'd my Muse and made her known.
 And to this trouble you yourself betray
 By planting still new Nurseries of Bay.
 But happy he that can securely please
 His courser Soul with ignorance and ease;
 That knowes no more of Nature then what yields
 Growth to his Heards, and Summer to his Fields.
 That Studies Art but for his wooing Cloathes;
 Whose Country-Courage is his hunting Oathes.
 This Man shall rest untroubled with the feare
 Least *Orpheus* useles Sons should vex his Eare:
 Whilst you must suffer still, and all you get,
 By ceaseles Courtships from afflicting Wit,
 Is only, that when Time should rest his Feet,
 The Windes shall cease to breathe, and Flouds to meet,
 We wisely have resolv'd that your great Name
 Shall make the last discourse of Dying Fame.

S O N G.

The Dying Lover.

I.

Dear Love let me this Evening dy!
 O Smile not to prevent it.
 Dead with my Rivals let me ly;
 Or we shall both repent it.
 Frown quickly then, and break my heart;
 That so my way of dying
 May, though my life was full of smart,
 Be worth the Worlds envying.

2.

Some, striving knowledge to refine,
 Consume themselves with thinking;
 And some, who Friendship Seal in Wine,
 Are kindly kill'd with drinking.
 And some are Wrackt on th'*Indian* Coast;
 Thither by Gain invited:
 Some are in smoak of Battels lost;
 Whom Drums, not Lutes delighted.

3. Alas,

3.

Alas, how poorly these depart,
 Their Graves still unattended?
 Who dies not of a broken heart,
 Is not of death commended.
 His memory is only sweet,
 All praise and pitty moving,
 Who kindly at his Mistress feet
 Does die with over-loving.

4.

And now thou frown'st, and now I die;
 My Corps by Lovers follow'd;
 Which strait shall by dead Lovers ly;
 That Ground is only hallow'd.
 If Priests are griev'd, I have a Grave,
 My death not well approving,
 The Poets my Estate shall have
 To teach them the Art of Loving.

5.

And now let Lovers ring their Bells,
 For me poor Youth departed,
 Who kindly in his love excells
 By dying broken hearted.
 My Grave with Flowers let Virgins strow;
 Which, if thy Teares fall near them,
 May so transcend in Scent and Show,
 As thou wilt shortly weare them.

6.

Such Flowers how much will Florists prize,
 Which on a Lover growing,
 Are water'd with his Mistress eyes,
 With pitty ever flowing.
 A Grave so deckt, will, though thou art
 Yet fearful to come nie me,
 Provoke thee strait to break thy heart,
 And lie down boldly by me.

7.

Then ev'ry where all Bells shall ring,
 All Light to Darknes turning,
 Whilst ev'ry Quire shall sadly sing,
 And Natures self weare mourning.
 Yet we hereafter may be found,
 By Destinies right placing,
 Making, like Flowers, Love under Ground,
 Whose Rootes are still embracing.

In the Person of a Spy,

At the Queens Entertainment by the Lord Goring.

K Now, Daughter of the Sun, reflex of light!
 The wealth of beauty, and the joy of sight,
 To whom more Praises I would justly pay
 But that my shame and grief forbids me stay.

I am no piece of Household Poetry,
 But would inform you as a loyal spy.
 You are betray'd, and led to suffer more,
 Then Death or Age, inflicts upon the poor.
 But how can all my sorrows be exprest,
 Since you have rashly made the King your Guest?
 Alas, to what? if Madam, there be found,
 In all the space of this unlucky ground,
 So much as Lady May's refs provide,
 To Feast the Taffatie Sisters of *Cheapside*,
 Let it be said, I liv'd ten years at Court,
 And want the Wit to manage a Report.
 What though the Owner of this Building knowes,
 That to your influence, he intirely owes
 His preservation, instant breath, and all
 We Fortunes gifts, or Natures bounty call;
 But therefore must he needs select this rude
 Dull way to trouble you with gratitude?
 I more would whisper if I did not fear,
 To make even Truth unwelcome to your Ear.
 Besides, if heard, I should become the Beast,
 Of sacrifice to furnish out the Feast.

Against Womens pride.

SONG.

I.

Why dost thou seem to boast, vain glorious Sun!
 Why should thy bright complexion make thee proud
 Think but how often since thy race begun,
 Thou wer't Eclips'd, then blush behind a Cloud.

2.

Or why look you fair Empress of the Night
 So big upon't, when you at full appear?
 Remember yours is but a borrow'd Light,
 Then shrink with paleness in your giddy Spear.

3.

If neither Sun nor Moon can justifie
 Their pride, how ill it Women then befits
 That are on Earth but *Ignes fatui*,
 That lead poor-men to wander from their VVits?

To the Dutcheſs of Buckingham.

ALL Maps and Compasses I search to find,
 So smooth a River, and so calm a VVind
 As, when all others are in Tempests free,
 Seem bound, as if they ne'r had bin at Sea.
 But not discov'ring these; Madam, my fears,
 Did ask for all your sighs and all your Tears?
 Your Tears, which were, alas, but vainly spent;
 For none should grieve that still are innocent.

Your Sighs but served to make our Priests enquire.
 How all their sweetest Incence came on fire,
 Yet to your grief our prudence must submit;
 Since all must mourn for that which causeth it.
 For gone is now the Pilot of the State,
 The Courts bright Star, the Clergies Advocate,
 The Poets highest Theame, the Lovers flame,
 And Souldiers Glory, mighty *Buckingham*.

SONG.

I.

THe Lark now leaves his watry Nest
 And climbing, shakes his dewy VVings;
 He takes this VVindow for the East;
 And so implore your Light, he Sings,
 Awake, awake, the Morn will never rise,
 Till she can dress her Beauty at your Eies.

2.

The Merchant bowes unto the Seamans Star,
 The Ploughman from the Sun his Season takes;
 But still the Lover wonders what they are,
 VVho look for day before his Mistres waks.
 Awake, awake, break through your Vailes of Lawne!
 Then draw your Curtains, and begin the Dawne!

SONG.

Endimion Porter, and Olivia.

OLIVIA.

BEfore we shall again behold
 In his diurnal race the VVorlds great Eye,
 VVe may as silent be and cold,
 As are the shades where buried Lovers ly.

ENDIMION.

Olivia 'tis no fault of Love
 To loose our selves in death, but O, I fear,
 VVhen Life and Knowledge is above
 Restor'd to us, I shall not know thee there.

OLIVIA.

Call it not Heaven (my Love) where we
 Our selves shall see, and yet each other miss:
 So much of Heaven I find in thee
 As, thou unknown, all else privation is.

ENDIMION.

VVhy should we doubt, before we go
 To find the Knowledge which shall ever last,
 That we may there each other know?
 Can future Knowledge quite destroy the past?

OLIVIA.

When at the Bowers in the Elizian shade
 I first arrive, I shall examine where
 They dwell, who love the highest Vertue made?
 For I am sure to find *Endimon* there.

ENDL

ENDIMION.

From this vext World when we shall both retire,
Where all her Lovers, and where all rejoyce;
I need not seek thee in the Heavenly Quire;
For I shall know *Olivia* by her Voice.

Sent with a Lock of Hair.

Least thou for length and beauty of thy Haire,
(Which is to ev'ry Eye and Heart a snare)
Shouldst by the rage of Loves severer sway,
Be doom'd for casting Eyes and Hearts away;
Wear mine awhile; though mine I know,
Cannot mislead with softness or with show:
Yet I so love thee, as I fain would share,
Love's punishment on thy destructive Haire.

The Philosopher and the Lover; to a Mistress dying.

SONG.

LOVER.

Your Beauty, ripe, and calm, and fresh;
As Eastern Summers are,
Must now, forsaking Time and Flesh,
Add light to some small Star.

PHILOSOPHER.

Whilst she yet lives, were Stars decay'd,
Their light by hers, relief might find:
But Death will lead her to a shade
Where Love is cold, and Beauty blinde.

LOVER.

Lovers (whose Priests all Poets are)
Think ev'ry Mistress, when she dies,
Is chang'd at least into a Starr:
And who dares doubt the Poets wise?

PHILOSOPHER.

But ask not Bodies doom'd to die;
To what abode they go;
Since Knowledge is but sorrows Spy,
It is not safe to know.

SONG.

The Souldier going to the Field.

i:

Preserve thy figs, unthrifty Girl!
To purifie the Ayre;
Thy Teares to Thrid instead of Pearle,
On Bracelets of thy Hair.

2.
The Trumpet makes the Eccho hoarse,
And wakes the louder Drum;
Expenſe of grief gains no remorse,
When ſorrow ſhould be dumb.

3.
For I muſt go where lazy Peace,
Will hide her drouzy head;
And, for the ſport of Kings, encreaſe
The number of the Dead.

4.
But firſt I'll chide thy cruel theft:
Can I in War delight,
Who being of my heart bereft,
Can have no heart to fight?

5.
Thou know'ſt the Sacred Laws of old,
Ordain'd a Thief ſhould pay,
To quit him of his Theft, ſevenfold
What he had ſtoln away.

6.
Thy payment ſhall but double be;
O then with ſpeed reſign
My own ſeduced Heart to me,
Accompani'd with thine,

To Miſtreſs E. S. Married to an old Uſurer.

1.
IN your black Hair Night may ſecurely lie,
Whilst yet you ſleep; but when you wake, the ſky,
Your Face, will be enlight'ned with your Eye.

2.
Your Hayre does ſerve to eaſe and reſcue fight,
As Shades reſiſt the piercing force of light:
Your Eies and Hair atone the day and Night.

3.
Why ſhould a Souldier thus his praifes ſpend,
On what he loves and cannot comprehend?
Our work is to attain, not to commend.

4.
But Wealth has Married Wealth; with Youth Age joyns
His feeble heat, and melts his wither'd Loines,
Not to engender Men but ſev'ral Coyneſ.

To Mr. Benlowes, on his Divine Poem.

Till now I gueſs'd, but blindly to what height,
The Muſes Eagles could maintain their flight!
Though Poets are like Eaglets, bred to ſoar,
Gazing through Stars at Heav'n's Miſterious Pow'r;

Yet

Yet I observe they quickly stoop to ease
Their Wings, and Pearch on Palace-Pinacles :
From thence more usefully they Courts discern ;
The Schools where Greatness does Disguises learn ;
The Stages where she acts to vulgar sight ,
Those parts which States-men as her Poets writ ;
Where none but those wise Poets may survey ,
The private practice of her publick Play ;
Where Kings, Gods Counterfeits, reach but the skill ,
In study'd Scenes to act the Godhead ill :
Where Cowards, smiling in their Closets, breed
Those Wars which make the vain and furious bleed :
Where Beauty plays not meerly Natures part ,
But is, like Pow'r, a Creature form'd by Art ;
And, as at first, Pow'r by consent was made ,
And those who form'd it , did themselves invade :
So harmless Beauty (which has now far more
Injurious force then States or Monarchs Pow'r)
Was by consent of Courts allow'd Arts ayd ;
By which themselves they to her sway betray'd.
'Twas Art, not Nature , taught excessive Pow'r ;
Which whom it lifts does favor or devour :
'Twas Art taught Beauty the Imperial skill ,
Of ruling, not by Justice , but by Will .
And as successive Kings scarce seem to reign ,
While lazily they Empires weight sustain ;
Thinking because their Pow'r they Native call ,
Therefore our duty too is Natural ;
And by presuming that we ought obey ,
They loose the craft and exercise of sway ;
So when at Court a Native Beauty reigns ,
O're Love's wilde Subjects, and Arts help disdain ;
When her presumptuous sloath finds not why Art
In Pow'r's grave Play does act the longest part ;
When like proud Gentry, she does level all
Industrious Arts with Arts Mechanical ;
And vaunts of small inheritance no less ,
Then new States boast of purchas'd Provinces ;
VVhilst she does ev'ry other Homage scorn ,
But that to which by Nature she was born :
Thus when so heedlessly she Lovers swayes ,
As scarce she findes her Pow'r ere it decays ;
VVhich is her Beauty, and which unsupply'd ,
By what wise Art would carefully provide ,
Is but Love's Light'ning, and does hardly last ,
Till we can say it was, e're it be past ;
Soon then, when Beautie's gone, she turns her face ;
Asham'd of that which was e're while her Grace ;
So , when a Monarch's gone , the Chair of State ,
Is backward turn'd where he in Glory sate .

The secret Arts of Love and Pow'r ; how these
Rule Courts, and how those Courts rule Provinces ;
Have bin the task of ev'ry Noble Muse ;
VVhose Ayd of old, nor Pow'r nor Love did use,

Meerly to make their lucky Conquests known,
 (Though to the Muse they owe their first renown;
 For she taught Time to speak, and ev'n to Fame,
 VVho gives the great their Names, she gave a Name)
 But they by studying Numbers rather knew,
 To make those happy whom they did subdue.

Here let me shift my Sayles! and higher bear
 My Course then that which Moral Poets steer!
 For now (best Poet) I Divine would be;
 And only can be so by studying Thee.
 Those whom thy Flights do lead shall pass no more,
 Through dark'ning Clouds, when they to Heav'n would soar;
 Nor in Ascent fear such excess of Light,
 As rather frustrates then maintains the Sight;
 For thou dost clear Heav'ns darken'd Mysteries,
 And make the Lustre safe to weakest Eies.
 Noiseless, as Planets move, thy numbers flow,
 And soft as Lovers whispers when they woo!
 Thy labour'd Thoughts with ease thou dost dispence,
 Clothing in Mayden Dress a Manly sence.
 And as in narrow Room *Elixir* lies;
 So in a little thou dost much comprise.
 Here fix thy Pillars! which as Marks shall be,
 How far the Soul in Heaven's Discov'ry
 Can possibly advance; yet whilst they are
 Thy Trophies, they but warrant our Despair:
 For Humane Excellence hath this ill Fate,
 That where it Vertue most does elevate,
 It bears the blot of being singular;
 And Envy blasts that Fame, it cannot share:
 Ev'n good Examples may so great be made,
 As to discourage whom they should perswade.

Epitaph on a young Virgin. A. K.

NAture a form intended to create,
 Which might subdue the ruthless Eies of Fate:
 But Fate (ready to think warm Nature cold,
 It self too merciful, and Time too old)
 Has struck the World; forthwith this Beauty dy'd,
 Times evening Hope, and Natures latest pride.

*To all Poets upon the recovery of Endimion Porter from a long
 Sickness.*

Ike the astonisht Sun (that rose and found,
 His business lost on Earth, when all was drown'd
 In Heav'ns first Wrath) you look, who still should take
Alcous Harp and keep the World awake.

Black

Black with your grief, you make the scornful think,
 You were Baptized in some ill Poets Ink,
 But I, who know the cause, come to restore,
 The Blood and Noble Heat you lost before.
 Arise! bring out your Wealth! perhaps some Twiggs
 Of Bay, and a few Mirtle Sprigs
 Is all you have: but these ought to suffice,
 Where spacious hearts make up the Sacrifice.
 Be these your Off'ring as your utmost Wealth,
 To shew your joy for lov'd *Endimions* Health.
 No more like Captives look, like frightened sleep,
 Or Widows, who for young kind Husbands weep.
 You shall descend a dark and silent Vault,
 With Marble Arch'd, from *Parian* Quarries brought;
 There stay, till you those Noble Tacticks write
 A new, by which the Centaures learnt to Fight.

The Mistress.

1.
When Nature heard Men thought her old,
 Her Skill in beauteous forms decay'd,
 Her Eies grown dimme, and Fingers cold,
 Then to her Poet thus she said?

2.
 Catch as it falls the Scythian Snow
 Bring blushing Roses steep'd in Milk;
 From early Meadows Sent and Show,
 And from the Persian Worm her Silk.

3.
 Fetch from the East the Mornings breath;
 And from the *Phoenix* Gummes and Spice,
 Such as she calls when at her Death,
 The World does smell her sacrifice.

4.
 Nature of these a Mistress made;
 But would have form'd a Lover too;
 And such as might this Nymph perswade,
 To all that Love for Love should do:

5.
 This second work she well began,
 With leisure, and by slow degrees;
 But found it hard to make a Man,
 That could so choice a Beauty please.

6.
 She wrought, and wrought, and then gave o're;
 Then did another Model try;
 But less contented then before,
 She layd the work for ever by.

7.
 I askt the cause, and strait she sayd;
 'Tis very possible I find,
 To match the Body which I made,
 But I can never fit her Mind.

8.
 For that still various seems and strange;
 And since all Lovers various be,

And apt as Mistresses to change,
I cannot make my work agree.

9.
Now Sexes meet not by design
When they the Worlds chief work advance;
But in the dark they sometimes joyn,
As wand'ring Atoms meet by chance.

10.
Goddeſs, I cry'd, pray pardon me!
You little know our Lovers Hearts.
The Devil take 'em! they agree!
And, Nature failing; want no Arts.

The Philosophers Disquisition directed to the Dying Christian.

1.
BEfore by death you never knowledge gain,
(For to increaſe your knowledg you muſt dye)
Tell me if all that Learning be not vain,
On which we proudly in this Life rely.

2.
Is not the Learning which we knowledge call,
Our own but by Opinion and in part?
Not made intirely certain, nor to all;
And is not Knowledge but diſputed Art?

3.
And though a bad, yet 'tis a forward Guide;
Who, vexing at the ſhortneſs of the day,
Doth to o'retake ſwift time, ſtill onward ride;
Whilst we ſtill follow, and ſtill doubt our way.

4.
A Guide, who ev'ry ſtep proceeds with doubt;
Who gueſſingly her progreſs doth begin;
And brings us back where firſt ſhe led us out
To meet dark Midnight at our reſtleſs Inn.

5.
It is a Plummet to ſo ſhort a Line,
As ſounds no deeper then the ſounders Eies,
The Peoples Meteor which not long can ſhine,
Nor far above the middle Region riſe.

6.
This Spy from Schooles gets ill Intelligence;
Where Art impoſing Rules, oft gravely errs,
She ſteals to Natures Cloſet, and from thence,
Brings nought but undecypher'd Characters.

7.
She doth, like *India's* laſt Diſcov'ers, boaſt
Of adding to old Maps, though ſhe has bin,
But ſayling by ſome clear and open Coaſt,
Where all is woody, wild, and dark within.

8.
False Learning wanders upward more and more,
Knowledge (For ſuch there is in ſome degree)
Still vainly, like the Eagle, loves to ſoare,
Though it can never to the higheſt ſee.

9.

For Errors Mist doth bound the Spirits sight
As Clouds (which make Earths arched Roof seem low)
Restraine the Bodies Eyes; and still when light
Growes cleerer upward, Heaven must higher show.

10.

And as good Men, whose Mindes towards Godhead rise,
Take Heavens height higher than they can express;
So from that height they lower things despise,
And oft contract Earths littleness to less.

11.

Of this forbidden fruit, since we but gaine,
A taste, by which we only hungry grow;
Wee meerly toyle to find our Studies vaine;
And trust to Schooles for what they cannot know.

12.

If Knowledge be the Coyne of Soules, 'tis set
Above the Standard of each common Reigne,
And, like a Meddall of Gods Cabinet;
Is seldome shewne, and soon put up again.

13.

For though in one blest Age much sway it beares,
Yet to the next it oft becomes unknowne;
Unless like long hid Meddalls it appears
In Counterfeits, and for deceit be shewne.

14.

If Heav'n with Knowledge did some one indue
With more then the Experience of the Dead;
To teach the Living more then Life e're knew
In Schooles, where all Succession may be bred.

15.

Then (as in Courts, meere strangers bashfully
At first their walk towards private dores begin;
But bolder grow when those they open spy,
And being enter'd beckon others in.)

16.

So to his Studious Cell (which would appeare
Like Natures privy-Lodgings) my address
I first by stealth would make but entring there
I should grow bold, and give to all access.

17.

Then to her secret Nursery would proceed;
And thither bring the World, to judge how she
First-Causes, and Times Infancy did breed?
For Knowledge, should, since good, to all be free.

18.

If Knowledge must, as evill, hidden lie,
Then we, its object, Nature, seem to blame;
And whilst we banish Knowledge, as a Spy,
We but hide Nature as we cover shame.

19.

For if our Object, Nature, be correct,
Bold Knowledge then a free Spectator is,
And not a Spy, since Spyes we scarce suspect
Or fear, but where their Objects are amiss.

T t

20.

In gathering Knowledge from the Sacred Tree,
I would not snatch in haste the fruit below ;
But rather climbe, like those who curious be,
And boldly taste, that which does highest grow.

21.

For Knowledge would her prospect take in height ;
'Tis Gods lov'd *Eaglet*, bred by him to fly,
Though with weak Eyes, still upward at the light,
And may soare short, but cannot soare too high.

22.

Though life, since finite, has no ill excuse
For being but in finite objects learn'd,
Yet sure the Soul was made for little use,
Unless it be in infinites concern'd.

23.

Speak then such things of Heaven (since studious Mindes
Seeme travail'd Soules, and yours prepares to goe)
As mine may with the journey when it findes
That yours doth Heaven, her Native Countrey, know.

24.

Tell, if you found your Faith, e're you it sought ?
Or could it spring e're Reason was full blowne ?
Or could it learne, till by your reason taught,
To know it self, or be by others known ?

25.

Where Men have severall Faiths, to find the true
We only can the aid of Reason use ;
Tis Reason shewes us which we should eschew
When by comparision we learn to chuse.

26.

But though we there on Reason must rely
Where Men to severall Faiths their Mindes dispose,
Yet, after Reasons choice, the Schooles are shy
To let it judge the very Faith it chose.

27.

How e're, 'tis call'd to conster the Records
Of Faiths dark Charter, wrapt in Sacred Writ ;
And is the only Judge even of those words
By which Faith claimes that Reason should submit.

28.

Since Holy Text bids Faith to comprehend
Such Mysteries as Nature may suspect,
And Faith must Reason, as her Guide, attend,
Least she mistake what Scripture doth direct.

29.

Since from the Soules farr Countrey, Heaven, God sent
His Law (an Embassy to few reveal'd)
Which did thole good conditions represent
Of our Eternal Peace, ere it was seal'd.

30.

Since to remote Ambassadors are given
Interpreters, when they with Kings conferre ;
Since to that Law, Gods Embassy from Heaven,
Our Reason serves as an Interpreter ;

31.

Since justly Clients pay that Judge an awe,
Who Laws lost sence interprets and restores ;
(Yet Judges are no more above the Law
Then Truchmen are above Ambassadors)

32.

Since Reason, as a Judge, the Tryall hath
Of differing Faiths, by adverse Pens perplext ;
Why is not Reason reckon'd above Faith,
Though not above her Law, the Sacred Text ?

33.

If Reason have such worth, why should she still
Attend below, whilst Faith doth upward climbe ?
Yet common Faith seemes but unstudy'd will ;
And Reason calls unstudy'd will a Crime.

34.

Slave Reason, even at home in Prison lies !
And by Religion is so watch'd, and aw'd,
That though the Prison Windowes, both her Eyes,
Stand open, yet she scarce dares look abroad.

35.

Faith thinks, that Reason is her adverse Spy ;
Yet Reason is, through doubtfull wayes, her Guide ;
But like a Scoute, brought in from th'Enemy,
Must, when she guides her, bound, and guarded ride.

36.

Or if by Faith, not as her Judge disdain'd,
Nor, as her Guide, suspected, but is found
In every sentence just to the arraign'd,
And guides her right, unguarded and unbound.

37.

Why then should such a Judge be still deny'd
T'examine (since Faiths claimes still publick are)
Her secret Pleas ? or, Why should such a Guide
Be hinder'd, where Faith goes, to goe as farr.

38.

And yet as one, bred humbly, who would show
His Monarchs Palace to a Stranger, goes
But to the Gates ; as if to let him know
Where so much greatness dwells, not what it does ;

39.

Whilst strait the Stranger enters undeny'd,
As one whose breeding has much bolder bin ;
So Reason, though she were at first Faiths Guide
To Heav'n, yet waites without, when Faith goes in :

40.

But though, at Court, bold strangers enter, where
The way is to their bashfull Guide forbid ;
Yet he, when they come back, is apt to heare
And ask them, what the King then said, and did ?

41.

And so, though Reason (which is Faiths first Guide
To God) is stopt where Faith has entrance free,
As Nature's stranger ; though 'tis then deny'd
To Reason, as of Natures family ;

42.

Yet strait, when from her Vision and her Trance
Faith does returne, then Reason quits that awe,
Enjoy'd when Priests impos'd our ignorance;
And asks, how much she of the Godhead saw?

43.

But as a prudent Monarch seems alone,
Retir'd, as if conceal'd even to his Court;
To Subjects more in Pow'r then person known;
At distance fought, and found but by Report;

44.

So God hath vayl'd his pow'r with Mysteries
Even to his Court in Heaven; and Faith comes there,
Not prying with a strangers curious Eyes,
But like a plain implicit Worshipper.

45.

Yet as Court-strangers, getting some access,
Are apt to tell at home, more then they saw;
Though then their Pencill draws Court-greatness less,
Then that which Truth at nearer view could draw:

46.

So Faith (who is even taught an ignorance;
For she by knowledge quits her dignity)
Does lessen God-head, which she would advance,
By telling more of God then she can see.

47.

Our Soules but like unhappy strangers come
From Heav'n, their Countrey, to this Worlds bad Coast;
They Land, then strait are backward bound for home;
And many are in stormes of passion lost!

48.

They long with danger sayle through lifes vext Seas,
In Bodies, as in Vessels full of leaks;
Walking in veines, their narrow Galleries;
Shorter then walks of Seamen on their Decks.

49.

Art's Card is by their Pilot, Faith, refus'd;
Her course by guess she ever forward beares;
Reason her Rudder is, but never us'd;
Because towards Heaven she ne'r with Reason steeres.

50.

For as a Pilot, sure of faire Trade-Windes,
The Helme in all the Voyage never hands,
But ties it up, so Reasons Helme she bindes,
And boldly clofs for Heavens safe Harbour stands.

51.

In Reasons place, Tradition doth her lead;
And that presumptuous Antiquary makes
Strong Lawes of weak opinions of the Dead,
And what was common Coyne for Meddalls, takes.

52.

Tradition! Times suspected Register!
Too oft Religion at her triall failes!
In stead of Knowledge, teacheth her to erre;
And weares out Truth's best Stories into Tales,

53.

O why hath such a Guide Faiths progress laid ?
Or can our Faith, ill guided, guide us well ?
Or had she not Traditions Mapps survey'd,
How could she aime to shew us Heav'n and Hell ?

54.

If Faith with Reason never doth advise ;
Nor yet Tradition leads her, she is then
From Heav'n inspir'd, and secretly grows wise
Above the Schooles we know not how, nor when.

55.

For could we know how Faiths bold trust is wrought,
What are those Visions we in sleep discern ;
And when by Heavens short whispers we are taught
More then the watchfull Schooles could ever learn ;

56.

Then soon Faith's ignorance, which now doth seem
A serious wonder to Philosophy,
Would fall from value to a low esteem,
And not a wonder nor a virtue be.

57.

But though we cannot guess the manner how
Grace first is secretly in small seeds sown ;
Yet Fruit, though seed lies hid, in view doth grow ;
And Faith, the fruit of Grace, must needs be known.

58.

Faith lights us through the dark to Deitie ;
Whilst, without sight, we witness that she shewes
More God then in his works our eyes can see ;
Though none but by those works the Godhead knowes.

59.

If you have Faith, then you we must adore ;
Since Faith does rather seeme inspir'd then taught ;
And men inspir'd have of the Godhead more
Then Nature ever found, or reason sought.

60.

To you whom Inspiration Sanctifies,
I come with doubts, the mindes defect of light,
As to Apostles some, with darkned Eyes,
Came to receive by Miracle their sight.

61.

And when I thus presume, you are with more
Then Natures publick wealth by Faith indu'd,
Or think you should reveale your secret store ;
You cannot judge my bold opinion rude.

62.

Even Faith (not proving what it would assure)
But bold opinion seemes to Reasons view ;
And since the blind brought Faith to help their cure,
I bring Opinion, Reasons Faith, to you.

63.

We, for their knowledge, Men Inspir'd adore ;
Not for those Truths they hide, but those they show ;
And vulgar Reason findes, that none knowes more
Then that which he can make another know.

64. Then

64.

Then tell me first, if Nature must forbear
 To aske, why still she must remain in doubt?
 A Darknes which does much like Hell appear,
 Where all may enter in but none get out.

65.

Thus we at once are bidden and forbid;
 Charg'd to make God the object of the Mind;
 Then hinder'd from it, since he is so hid,
 As we but seek that which we cannot find.

66.

Our glim'ring knowledge, like the wandering Light
 In *Fenns*, doth to incertainties direct
 The weary progress of our useles fight;
 And only makes us able to suspect.

67.

Or if inquiring Mindes are not kept in,
 But by some few, whom Schooles to Power advance,
 Who, since themselves see short, would make it Sin,
 When others look beyond their ignorance;

68.

If, as Gods Students, we have leave to learne
 His Truths, Why doth his Text oft need debate?
 Why, as through Mists, must we his Lawes discern?
 Since Lawes seeme Snares, when they are intricate.

69.

They who believe Mans Reason is too scant,
 And that it doth the Warr of Writers cause;
 Infr that Gods great works proportion want,
 Who taught our reason, and did write those Lawes.

70.

His Text, the Soules Record, appeares to some
 (Though thence our Soules hold their inheritance)
 Obscure by growing old, and seemes to come,
 Not by consignment to us, but by chance.

71.

Law (which is Reason made Authority)
 Allows consignment to be good and cleare,
 Not when, like this, it does in Copies lie,
 But in the known Originall appear.

72.

Could this Record be too authentick made?
 Or why, when God was fashion'd to our eyes,
 And very Formes of humane Lawes obey'd,
 Did he not sign it but by Deputies?

73.

Or why, when he was Man, did he not deigne
 Wholly to write this Text with his own hand?
 Or why (as if all written Roles were vaine)
 Did he ne'r write but once, and but in sand?

74.

Tell me, why Heav'n at first did suffer Sin?
 Letting Seed grow which it had never sown?
 Why, when the Soules first Fever did begin,
 Was it not cur'd, which now a Plague is grown?

75. Why

75.

Why did not Heav'ns prevention Sin restrain ?
Or is not Pow'rs permission a consent ?
Which is in Kings as much as to ordaine ;
And ill's ordain'd are free from punishment.

76.

And since no Crime could be e're Lawes were fram'd ;
Lawes dearly taught us how to know offence ;
Had Lawes not been, we never had been blam'd ;
For not to know we sin, is innocence.

77.

Sin's Childhood was not starv'd ; but rather more
Then finely fed ; so sweet were pleasures made
That nourisht it : for sweet is lust of Pow'r,
And sweeter, Beauty, which hath power betray'd ;

78.

Sin, which at fullest growth is childish still,
Would but for pleasures company decay ;
As sickly Children thrive that have their will ;
But quickly languish being kept from play.

79.

Since only pleasure breeds sin's appetite ;
Which still by pleasant objects is infused ;
Since 'tis provok'd to what it doth commit ;
And ill's provok't may plead to be excus'd ;

80.

Why should our Sins, which not a moment last,
(For, to Eternity compar'd, extent
Of Life, is, e're we name it, stopt and past)
Receive a doome of endless punishment ?

81.

If Soules to Hells vast Prison never come
Committed for their Crimes, but destin'd be,
Like Bondmen borne, whose prison is their home,
And long e're they were bound could not be free ;

82.

Then hard is Destinies dark Law ; whose Text
We are forbid to read, yet must obey ;
And reason with her useles eyes is vext,
Which strive to guide her where they see no way.

83.

Doth it our Reasons mutinies appease,
To say, the Potter may his own Clay mould
To ev'ry use, or in what shape he please,
At first not councill'd, nor at last controul'd ?

84.

Pow'rs hand can neither easie be nor strict
To liveless Clay, which ease nor torment knows ;
And where it cannot favour nor afflict,
It neither Justice nor Injustice shows.

85.

But Soules have life, and life eternal too ;
Therefore if doom'd before they can offend,
It seems to shew what Heavenly power can do,
But does not in that deed that Pow'r commend.

86. That

87.

That we are destin'd after Death to more
Then Reason thinks due punishment for Sins;
Seemes possible, because in life, before
We know to sin, our punishment begins.

88.

Why else do Infants with incessant cries
Complaine of secret harme as soon as born?
Or why are they, in Cities destinies,
So oft by Warr from ravisht Mothers torne?

89.

Doth not belief of being destin'd draw
Our Reason to Presumption or dispaire?
If Destiny be not, like humane Law,
To be repeal'd, what is the use of Prayer?

90.

Why even to all was Prayer enjoyn'd? since those
Whom God (whose will ne'r alters) did elect
Are sure of Heaven; and when we Pray it shows
That we his certainty of will suspect.

91.

Those who to lasting darkness destin'd were,
Though soon as born they pray, yet pray too late:
Avoidless ills we to no purpose feare;
And none, when fear is past, will Supplicate.

The Christians Reply to the Phylosopher.

1.

THe Good in Graves as Heavenly Seed are sown;
And at the Saints first Spring, the General Doome
Will rise, not by degrees, but fully blowne;
When all the Angells to their Harvest come.

2.

Cannot Almighty Heaven (since Flowers which pass
Thaw'd through a Still, and there melt mingled too,
Are rais'd distinct in a poore Chymists Glasse)
Doe more in Graves then Men in Lymbecks doe?

3.

God bred the Arts to make us more believe
(By seeking Natures cover'd Mysteries)
His darker Workes, that Faith may thence conceive
He can do more then what our Reason sees:

4.

O Coward Faith! Religion's trembling Guide!
Whom even the dim-ey'd Arts must lead to see
What Nature only from our sloath does hide,
Causes remote, which Faith's dark dangers be.

5.

Religion, e're impos'd, should first be taught;
Net seeme to dull obedience ready lay'd,
Then swallow'd strait for ease, but long be sought;
And be by Reason councill'd, though not sway'd.

6.

God has enough to humane kinde disclos'd ;
 Our fleshly Garments he a while receiv'd,
 And walk'd as if the Godhead were depos'd,
 Yet could be then but by a few believ'd.

7.

The Faithless *Jews* will this at Doome confess,
 Who did suspect him for his low disguise :
 But, if he could have made his vertue less,
 He had been more familiar to their Eyes.

8.

Fraile Life ! in which, through Mists of humane breath,
 We grope for Truth, and make our Progress slow ;
 Because, by passion blinded, till by death,
 Our Passions ending, we begin to know.

9.

O rev'rend Death ! whose looks can soon advise
 Even scornfull Youth ; whilst Priests their Doctrine waste,
 Yet mocks us too ; for he does make us wise,
 When by his coming our Affaires are past.

10.

O harmless Death ! whom still the valiant brave,
 The Wise expect, the Sorrowfull invite,
 And all the Good embrace, who know the *Grave*,
 A short dark passage to Eternal Light.

To the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

My Lord ;

HOW much you may oblige, how much delight
 The Wise, and Noble, would you die to night !
 Would you like some grave sullen Victor die,
 Just when the Triumphs for your Victorie
 Are setting out : Would you die now, t'eschue
 Our wreaths, for what your wisdom did subdue :
 And though, th'are only fitted for your head,
 Bravely disdain to weare them, till y'are dead.
 Such Cymicke Glory would out-shine the Light
 Of *Grecian* greatness, or of *Roman* Height.
 Not that the Wise, and Noble, can desire
 To lose the object, they so much admire ;
 But *Heroes* and *Saints* must shift away
 Their Flesh, ere they can get an Holiday :
 Then like to Time, or books fam'd Registers,
Victors or *Saints* renown'd in *Kalanders*.
 You must depart to make your value known,
 You may be lik'd, but not ador'd till gone :
 So curs'd a Fate hath Humane excellence,
 That absence still must raise it to our Sence !
 Great Vertue may be dangerous whiles 'tis here,
 It wins to love, but it subdues to feare
 The Mighty *Julios*, who so long did strive,
 At more than Man, was hated when alive,

U u

Even

Even for that Vertue which was rais'd so high,
 When dead, it made him strait a Deitie,
 Ambassadors that cramme in their breasts
 Secrets of Kings, and Kingdomes Interests,
 Have not their Callings full preheminece,
 Till they grow greater by removing hence;
 Like Subjects here they but attend the Throne,
 Yet swell like Kings Companions when th'are gone.

My Lord, In a dull Calme the Pilot growes
 To no esteeme, for what he acts or knowes,
 But sits neglected, as he useles were,
 Or conn'd his Card like a young Passenger:
 Yet when the silenc'd Winds recover breath,
 VVhen Stormes grow loud enough to waken Death,
 Then were he absent, every Trafficker
 VVould wish rich wishes by his being there:
 So in a Kingdomes Calme, you beare no rate,
 But rise to value in a Storme of State.

Yet Irecant! and begg you would forgive,
 That in such Times, I must perswade you live,
 For with a Storme we all are overcast,
 And Northern Storms are dangerous if they last.
 Should you now die (that onely know to Steere)
 The VVindes would lesse afflict us than our feare;
 For each small Statesman then would lay his hand
 Upon the Helme, and struggle for Command;
 Till the disorders that above doe growe,
 Provoke our Curses whiles we sinck belowe.

To Clelia.

TO see, a id to converse with you, must move
 The nicest Eie, and coldest Heart to Love:
 And yet your wisest Lover needs must see,
 That all his Cordials of *Philosophie*

Can make him live no longer then you please:
 The Griefe you make none but your self can ease.
 Not that you Murder by your tongue, or eie,
 But that they gently urge poore men to die:
 For since (the Spring of Justice) Nature can
 Contrive unjustly to enrich one Man,
 And leave a VVorld to beg: VVho can desire
 To live and languish in a lasting Fire?
 Ile rather haste to the *Elisian* Fields,
 And there prepare what that blest Mansion yields.
 Of Flowers, and Fragrancies to wellcome you,
 Where is no danger what your eies can doe,
 Where Fire hath only heate enough to warme,
 Water but serves to coole, not drowne or harme,
 Where hardest passions melt to Charitie;
 Where all your Slaves shall meet their Jubilie;
 Where we shall dread no Heavenly beauties force,

And where no heart shall be without remorse.
 Could you complaine if Nature only had
 Your Eyes and Cheeks, and Forehead richly clad
 In her best Liveries, Roses, Lillies hue?
 But to all these she hath bestow'd on you
 So rich, so great, so eminent a Soule,
 As may suffice all Empires to controule;
 A Soul so farr beyond all outward parts,
 As these but court the Eye, that conquers Hearts.
 A Soul so farr exceeding your own Sex,
 It may the wisest of Mankind perplex.
 But, for all this, faire *Clelia*, think not I
 Will fondly whine away my breath and die;
 No, though you make me not the least returne,
 Or tell me, though I die, you will not mourne;
 Nay, though you smiling, place me in the Traine
 Of that vast number your faire eyes have slaine.
 But least that humour which hath kept me free
 From other Beauties, should not prove to be
 Of force enough to save me from your Charmes,
 ('Gainst which herhaps my best defensive Armes
 May prove too weak) I only beg this boone;
 Treat me but ill I cannot be undone.
 Be sure to use such cold indifference
 I may not see a glimpse, or least pretence
 Of hope that I can ever love again:
 And, if you find that will not cure my paine,
 Goe on to slight me, if that will not doe,
 Proceed to be a little rude, and scorne me too:
 If, after this, your Charmes have pow'r to kill,
 In my last pangs I will not wish you ill.

A BALLAD.

*The Wares put to sale which were lately taken in
 a Spanish Ship.*

THe Market-Bell Rings, come away;
 Furnish your selves for all the yeare,
 They pay not least that longest stay,
 Expence of time should make things deare.

*Come away, come away, make use of the Sun,
 For when it is darke I'll Cheat every one.*

These rich Wares are part of that prize,
 Which you have heard were lately t'ane
 By our Navies lucky surprize
 On a Ship belonging to *Spaine*;

Come away, &c.

Stale Barrel'd, and Bisket Browne,
 Salt-butter, that like Soape doth smell,
 Rusty Bacon, rotten Poore John,
 And stinking Anchovaes we sell;

Come away, &c.

We have a Dish exceedeth these,
If you find your Stomachs able,
Come then and buy a Living-Cheese,
Marke it Crawles upon the Table;
Come away, &c.

Souldiers Cassocks, both old and new,
Which *Valdes* unto *Dunkirke* sent,
But now the Rogues must lie perdue
Starke-naked, and keep perpetuall Lent;
Come away, &c.

Buy old Shooes, worne by a *Pilgrem*,
Who ravish'd with a wandring zeale
From *Roome*, unto *Jerusalem*,
A hundred Holy Saints did steale;
Come away, &c.

Old Breeches with new patches on;
But this paire, its constantly said,
Was sometimes worne by a beastly Don,
He that in *Paules* the Sloven play'd;
Come away, &c.

Who will buy an old Wainscott, Chest,
In which I am certain is cram'd
A Million of Pardons at least;
Fit Traffick for those that be Damn'd;
Come away, &c.

An old Ape sent hither to learne
The Newest Tricks in *England* known,
As if the World could not discern
That *Spain* hath Tricks enough of her own.
Come away, &c.

Receipts for Salves, made by a Witch,
These a Lady, (whose Love excells)
Sent as a Present to *Gundimores* Breech,
Where it seemes his Fistula dwells;
Come away, &c.

Good-Friday Whips, to draw his blood,
That earnes the mercy which he lacks;
And, such as mistrust them for good,
May try them on their naked backs;
Come away, &c.

Old shiver'd Launces, rusty Swords,
Fire-lock-Muskets, which I'll maintaine
(By help of ancient Records)
Did first drive out the *Moors* from *Spain*;
Come away, &c.

An old Headpiece, batter'd with shot
The which as one of *Mancla* sweares,
Was sometimes worn by Don *Quixot*
However now tis stollen from's Heirs,
Come away, &c.

Tobacco that when growing stunk
Sack which like Beer-Vinegar looks
With these they made the Devil drunk,
And since that time are chief in's Books;
Come away, &c.

Olives, and Capers you may buy
Which sawce they send for us to eat;
No marvail of their courtesie,
What need they sawce, that have no Meats;
Come away, &c.

Rayfins like Grapes in Claret Lees,
And Pruines dried, to skin and stone,
Currans, like Fruit of Eldern Trees,
Almonds sowre, moist Fig piss'd upon;
Come away, &c.

Prologue for the Temple: at the Acting of Five hours Adventure, to my Lord Chancellor.

MY Lord, you in your early youth did sit,
As Patron and as Cenfor too of VVit;
VWhen onely that which you approv'd could please
In Theaters, the Muses Palaces,
As you were then our Judge, so now we come,
In yearly trial to receive our doom.
If we be Pris'ners, yet there still is care,
To make for Pris'ners room at every Bar;
And we suppose it should be least deny'd,
To those who hither come not to be try'd
For actions past, but must be judg'd by you,
Immediately for what they are to do.
VVe Spaniards fight with Swords which are too long,
To shew the Art of Fencing in a Throng;
Nor do we fight with such a desperate Mind
That to a Sawpit we would be confin'd.
When our Don *Henrique* gainst *Octavio* draws,
Both may incur the danger of your Laws,
For wanting space to traverse here the ground,
Missing themselves, they may Spectators wound.
Though (noble Gentlemen) it long has bin,
Your special Priviledge to hedg us in;
Yet quit that antient Priviledge to day,
And venture not your Lives to spoil a Play.

EPILOGUE to the King at Whitehall, at the Acting the
Siege of Rhodes.

IF Mighty Sir, Your Goodness will do Grace,
To the supream of *Ottomans* high Race,
Who so much honoured Vertue even in Foes,
That oft when conquer'd they did nothing lose.
If to that Beauty you will favor shew,
VVhich he ador'd and your lov'd *Titian* drew;
Roxana, who restor'd th' Hungarian Crown,
And nurs'd the Royal Infant as her own.
If you will favor that *Sicilian* VVife,
VVho oft her Honour, and her Husbands Life,
Sav'd by her Vertue, when the Victor strove,
At once to vanquish *Rhodes* and conquer Love.
If *Rhodians* from oblivion you'l redeem,
Rescuing their Fame, though none could rescue them;
VVhose valor there the highest VVonders wrought,
VVhere the brave Subjects of your Empire fought.
If these contracted, and in little shown,
You after conquest on the Scene will own;
Then *Rhodes* shall nobly gain by being lost;
And th' *Ottomans* may grieve whilst we may boast.
That they got less when they did *Rhodes* subdue,
Then now the Muses get by gaining you.

EPILOGUE to the Villain;

A Dorekeeper comes in hast to Mr. Betterton.

Author has sent twice to speak with you.,

WHAT ere I shift my Cloaths? can he not stay,
Till our own Scouts bring Tidings of the Play.
There's ten times more ado with a young Wit,
Than with old Fools that have whole Volumes writ.
Well plainly, and in Brief (howe're we speed)
I wish the louder Criticks would take heed.
Perhaps, before they get to the next street,
Some of their Confort may a challenge meet:
Good Gentlemen! do not mistake, I pray,
Our Author in misconstruing what I say.
He would not challenge any one to fight;
But, which is worse, does threaten all that write.

*The First Dayes Entertainment at Rutland-House,
by Declamations and Musick: after the
manner of the Ancients.*

After a Flourish of Musick, the Curtains are Drawn,
and the Prologue enters.

PROLOGUE.

ME-thinks, as if assur'd of some disgrace,
I should step back, ere scarce I shew my face:
'Tis not through terror, that I know not how
To fashion my approaches, vail, and bow,
But that displeasure in your looks I spy,
Which seem to turn aside and stand awry.
Ere yet we can offend, are we disgrac'd?
Or are our Benches, not your looks misplac'd?
We wish we could have found this Roof so high,
That each might be allow'd a Canopy,
And could the walls to such a wideness draw,
That all might sit at ease in Chaise a bras.
But though you cannot front our Cup-board-Scene,
Nor sit so eas'ly as to stretch and leane;
Yet you are so divided and so plac'd,
That half are freely by the other fac'd;
And we are shrewdly jealous that you come
Not meerly to hear us, or see the Room;
But rather meet here to be met, I mean,
Each would see all, and would of all be seen.
Which we but guess, respectfully, to shew
You worthy of your selves, not we of you.
Think this your passage, and the narrow way
To our Elysian Field, the Opera:
Tow'rds which some say we have gone far about,
Because it seemes so long since we set out.
Think now the way grown short, and that you light
At this small Inn, to bait, not stay all night:
Where you shall find, what you will much despise;
The Host grown old, and worse then old, half wise.
Still former time applauds, the present blames;
And talks so long, that he (indeed) Declaims.
From Declamations of a long hours length,
Made strong to last, by some dead Authors strength,
Not pow'rfull to perswade, but to provoke;
Long, grave, and sullen as a mourning Cloak;
I wish, if possible, you could scape free;
But, plainly, and in brief, it cannot be.

These

These you must please to hear, and have no way
 To give the anguish of your Ears allay,
 But by our Rostra's, to remember Rome;
 Then hope, such mighty Minds in time may come
 As think it equal glory to take care
 To speak wise things, as to do great in war:
 Declaming well on what they well have done;
 Being best guides where they the race have run:
 Quickning by influence of their Noble deeds
 Glory in others, till it Vertue breeds:
 What do I mean? Sure there is something here
 Has such infection as I ought to fear!
 Here I a short and bashful Prologue came;
 But strait grow long and bold; that is, Declame.
 What patience can endure speech bold and long,
 Where sense is weak too, when the Lungs are strong?
 Yet this will rare abridgment seem in me,
 When four shall come and talke a History.
 Well, I have now devis'd, for your reliefe,
 How you shall make these long Declaimers, brief;
 When you perceive their voices fall with fear,
 (As not accusom'd to the Publick-Ear)
 And that they pause, grow pale, and look about;
 Laugh but aloud, and you will put them out.

The Curtains are clos'd again.

*A Consort of Instrumental Musick, adapted to the
 sullen Disposition of Diogenes, being heard a
 while, the Curtains are suddenly open'd, and
 in two gilded Rostras appear sitting, Dio-
 genes the Cynick, and Aristophanes the Poet,
 in Habits agreeable to their Country and Pro-
 fessions: who Declaim Against, and For Pub-
 lick Entertainment by Morall Representati-
 ons.*

D I O G E N E S.

I Would you were all old, that having more experience, I might
 take less pains to make you wise. Or I would you were all
 Poor, that not being diverted by the gaudy emulations of your
 Wealth, you might minde *Diogenes*; who, you know, has no-
 thing, unless (most thrifty *Athenians*) you allow me that, which I wish
 you could spare, *Understanding*. But why should I desire your attentio-
 n? For, considering that when you are asleep, you neither hurt your
 Friends, nor provoke your Enemies, I think 'tis scarce discretion to keep
 you

you awake. Yet presuming I am now in the publick *Rostrum*, as securely fortifi'd as in my private Tub; I will venture to bid you observe, that you are met to hear what your Cynick *Diogenes*, and the Poet *Aristophanes* can say, against and for, publick Entertainment by *Moral Representations*.

Can any Entertainment divert you from the mischief to which you are excellently inclin'd when you meet in publick? Are not the Winds your Orators, and you their many-headed Waves that meet not but in foame and rage? Have you not yet distinguish'd the modesty and wariness of solitude from the impudence and rashness of Assemblies? Do you not, when alone, design wreaths to the vertue of those, whom, when you are assembled, you reward with *Ostracisme*? As if the mingled breath of multitude were so contagious, that it infected reason as well as blood. Beasts of *Athens*! Are you not made gentle, when bred single, and continue wilde whilst you are in Herds? When you are alone, perhaps some of you have judgment to consider, that the wisdom of Governours is encreas'd by their long continuance in power, therefore they ought seldome to be chang'd, but when you meet in the *Agora*, to make up the Body-Politick, 'tis like the meeting of humours in the Natural Body, all tending to commotion, change and dissolution. There is your annual Feast, where you devour your Governours, or shift them nimbly, as your Trenchers, before they are foul. Most mischievous *Athenians*! meet not at all. Man, when alone, is perhaps not wholly a Beast; but man meeting man till he grows to a Multitude, is certainly more then a Monster.

O Number, Number! when it consists of men, How accurst are those who trust to it? If for Wisdom, who will rely upon determination, where the difference of opinions doth often equal the variety of faces? If for strength, call *XERXES*, and bid him, if he dares, come back again with his half of mankind into Greece. In numerous Councils you give countenance to each other, to dare to do injustice; where you each take anger as you catch yawning, meerly by seeing it in another. In Armies, the number doth often tend more to Famine then to strength. Fear (which is in Armies as infectious, as Opinion in Councils) is quickly dispers'd, whilst all depending on their multitude, are defeated, because each trusted to others, and none to themselves.

But *Athenians*, I am old, I want memory, and have displac'd my thoughts; for I intended not to declaim against Assemblies, in Civil Councils, or in Military attempts; but against such as meet for Recreation: In defence of which the Poet *Aristophanes* is arrogantly resolv'd to plead. What need you publick Recreations? If you are old, you are past the dayes of mirth, and are come to the Evenings of contemplation; and contemplation requires solitude. If you are young, 'tis your time to grow solemn, which is, to become old betimes, that you may more willingly entertain Age when you are forc'd to feel it. If you had Philosophy enough to make you humble; you would avoid such publick Assemblies as tempt you to that cost in Vests and Ornaments, which occasions the emulations of pride. If you have so little Philosophy as to desire to be very rich, you would prevent that vain expence. If you would live in peace and power, why by such excesses, do you enrich Retaylers and Mechanicks, whose sudden acquisition of wealth makes them too proud to be obedient,

and too fantastical to be quiet? If you have business, what do you here? If you have none, What do you in *Athens*? where wealth is not to be got with idleness, nor the Wars maintain'd without wealth.

But you would meet to receive entertainment from such as represent the vertuous actions of the *Heroes*. Is not Vertue esteem'd in *Athens* but as the particular humour of Philosophers? And, though it may please some few who study it, yet, because 'tis singular, it doth offend the generality; and 'tis safe in popular Governments, to content the people, though to their own prejudice, who perhaps too can hardly be said to be prejudic'd, when they have no sense of their harm. If Vertue could be dress'd in such a fashion as all should be provok'd to like her, you might open the Gates of *Athens* to her spiritual Tire-women, the Muses, and let them work freely to her. But since many have very vainly endeavour'd to make her amiable to all, let the Lady Vertue shrink up her white shoulders, put on her black Hood, and retire to her Closet.

But you would meet to behold Vertue in the bright Images of the *Heroes*. Gentlemen of *Athens*! Be not at charge to pay for glasses, which shall render you the reflection of better faces than your own, lest you give your selves an uncomfortable occasion to blush. 'Tis discretion, if you have any imperfection, to keep at distance from that excellence to which others may compare you. Be you contented without seeing the *Heroes*; and let them be satisfi'd with the reward of their virtues. Are they not made Stars and Statues? Let them shine in the Firmament, and rest in our Temples: But what need they be personated, and intrude into our Theaters, to disgrace us? If you are exceedingly inclin'd to think that you may draw a benefit from great examples, and are resolv'd to raise the Heroick Ghosts, in hope they will lead you to the hidden Treasures of Vertue; pursue the experiment, and the next day, after you have paid your Money in Theaters, cast up your account, and see what you have got by your Dreame. I suspect that your remembrance of the Worthies will vanish, and be as short as the Vision. The Ghost of *Hercules* rais'd by a Poet, can no more make you laborious and patient, than a Rose or Lettice, rais'd in a Glass by a Chymist, can make you sweet, or serve you for a Salade.

Aristophanes will perhaps make you a small present of another pretext in behalf of the *Opera*; which is, That it will introduce Civility. But because there are some Beasts in *Athens*, Does he take us all for Bears? We eat not raw flesh, nor live without distinctions of alliance. What means he by Civility? Would he make an Art of external behaviour, and have it read in the Schools? Would he prescribe you a certain comely posture in your sleep, and not to wake without a long complement to your Chamber-Grooms? Would he not have you Cough but when alone, or if in publick, then with a musical concordance to the rest that have taken cold? Would he have you at Table carve with your arme a little extended, as if you were nicely to finish a touch in Painting; or more at stretch, as if you were to fence for your Meate? Would he make a Science of Salutation, and draw it out to such a length, as if when you met you were always treating to reconcile Empires; or when you take leave, you were concern'd as Kings that depart from their Daughters when they are marry'd by Proxy, and imbarcking for another Climate? Where will be the end of excesses in civility? Is not extraordinary Civility imputed to Courts as dissimulation? Subtle *Athenians*! If you will learn to be very civil, which is, to dissemble with a good grace, yet know, that dissimulation

simulation is a kind of black Art, which you must study in private. Let the people be rude still, for if, by suffering it to be taught in publick, we refine their craftiness with Civility, you must ere long fling away your Night-caps, and sleep in your Helmets.

Would you meet to enjoy the pleasure of Musick? 'tis a deceitful Art, whose operations lead to the evil of extreams, making the Melancholy to become mad, and the merry to grow fantastical. Our Cities ancient stamp, the *Owl* (which bears no part in the merry Quires of the Woods) denotes the Wisdom, not the Mirth of *Athens*. I would have the People of *Athens*, from the Mason to the Merchant, look as grave and thoughtful as rich Mourners. They should all seeme Priests in the Temples, Philosophers in their Houses, and Statesmen in the Streets. Then we should not need to be at expence of publick Magistrates; but every man would be freely forward to rule another, and in time grow to such a height and ability in Government, as we should by degrees banish the whole City; and that *ostracism* were happy preferment; for the rest of the world would soon invite us to rule them.

Does not the extasie of Musick transport us beyond the Regions of Reason? Changing the sober designs of discretion into the very wildness of dreams; urging softer mindes to aime at the impossible successes of Love; and enkindling in the active the destructive ambitions of War? Does it not turn the heads of the young-till they grow so giddy, as if they walk'd on pinacles; and often divert the feet of the aged from a Funeral to a Wedding? And consider (my malicious friends of *Athens*) how you would look, if you should see me, at the meer provocation of a Fiddle, lead out a Matron to dance at the marriage of an old Philosophers widdow.

Would you meet to be delighted with Scenes? which is, to be entertain'd with the deception of motion, and transposition of Lights; where, whilst you think you see a great Battel, you are sure to get nothing by the Victory. You gaze on imaginary Woods and Meadows, where you can neither fell nor mowe. On Seas, where you have no Ships, and on Rivers, where you catch no Fish. But, you may find it more profitable to retire to your Houses, and there study how to gain by deceiving others, then to meet in Theaters, where you must pay for suffering your selves to be deceiv'd. This, *Athenians*! concerns your profit; which is a word you understand better then all the Grammarians in *Greece*. And though the wayes towards profit are somewhat dark, yet you need no light from me, which made me presume to leave my Lanthorn at home.

Vertue, in those Images of the *Heroes*, adorn'd with that Musick, and these Scenes, is to be enliven'd with Poetry. Poetry is the subtile Engine by which the wonderful Body of the *Opera* must move. I wish, *Athenians*! you were all Poets; for then, if you should meet, and with the pleasant vapours of *Lesbian* wine, fall into profound sleep, and concur in a long Dream, you would ere morning, enamel your Houses, tile them with Gold, and pave them with Aggots. This is the way by which the Poets would make you all exorbitantly rich. Yet I doubt you are so malicious as to think, if *Homer*, *Hesiod*, and six more of the Ancients (I dare not suspect the Modern) were harnast in a Teem, they would prove too weak to draw the weight of a single Talent out of *Athens*. I allow that in a City where divers are more then somewhat guilty, you may suppose Satyrs a profitable commodity for the Publick; but am confident a whole

Ream of Odes and Epigrams will not be held, by any man here, a sufficient pawn for a *Drachma*.

I conceive you have now heard me as frowardly as you use to hear the Ambassadors of *Sparta*, from whom you seldom like any thing but their brevity. I shall leave the advantage on your side; for if my advice be bad, 'tis too late for me to recal it; if good, you have time enough to follow it. Go home, and consider; but I fear your Houses are so spacious, and so fine, as they will divert your Understanding. Though you are willing to perceive that you have no necessity to consider me, Yet I am sure I shall have continual occasion to study you; therefore am resolved to contract my self, and retire to my Tub.

A Consort of Musick, besitting the pleasant Disposition of Aristophanes, being heard, he thus answers.

A R I S T O P H A N E S.

REnown'd *Athenians*! How vainly were you assembled here, if you met to be made wise by *Diogenes*? and how much more vainly should I ascend the *Rostrum*, if I sought to inform your Understanding concerning him, or reform his concerning himself? *Diogenes* came to perswade you to suspect the good effects of Assemblies, and I come to accuse him of the evils of Solitude. In which I am prevented by his own behaviour; for you have found him, like a Man sure to be condemn'd, reviling even you his Judges; as pitifully froward as children suddenly wak'd, and as weakly malicious as Witches when they are mock'd. He will quarrel with the Wind, meerly for playing with his Beard, and in his Age studies revenge on the posterity of his dead Pedant, for chastisements receiv'd in his youth. 'Tis well that Nature hath inclin'd mischievous men, as well as Beasts of Prey, to live alone; for if the one should be conversable, and the other walk in Herds, Mankind might by the first be perswaded from the true use of Natural Reason; and, by the second, be forc'd from the Original Inheritance of Natural Power.

But as sullen *Diogenes* is by Nature secretly urg'd to live alone, so those who are not misgovern'd by passion, have an instinct to communication, that by vertuous emulations each may endeavour to become the best example to the rest; for Men meet not to see themselves, but to be seen by others, and probably he who doth expose himself to be a publick object, will strive to excel before he appears. Other creatures of the most pacifique species incline to society, that they may delight in each others safety, whilst they are protected by their conjunction of strength. 'Tis not my Theame to declaim of the abuse or use of Number in Civil Councils, or Military attempts: And since *Diogenes* was constrain'd to excuse his digression by accusing his memory, I shall learn to avoid such presumption as must shamefully require your pardon, and will not treat of busie, but pleasant Assemblies; and particularly of such as meet for recreation by Moral Representations.

But

But *Diogenes* is implacably offended at Recreation. He would have you all hous'd like himself, and every man stay at home in his Tub. He thinks your dwellings so large as they divert your contemplation; and perhaps imagines that the Creation hath provided too much room; that the Air is too spacious for Birds, the Woods for Beasts, and the Seas for Fish; especially, if their various motion in enjoying their large Elements contribute to what he esteems vain idleness, Recreation. This discontented Cynick would turn all time into midnight, and all Learning into melancholy Magick. He is so offended at mirth, as if he would accuse even Nature her self to want gravity, for bringing in the Spring so merrily with the Musick of Birds. When you are young, he would have you all seem old, and formal as simple men in Authority. When you are old, he would bring you back to the crying condition of children, as if you were alwayes breeding Teeth. Nor hath he forgot to dispose of middle age, when the ripeness of mind and body makes you most sufficient for the difficult toiles of affairs: for in this season of laborious life, he would use you worse then Beasts; who are allow'd Bells with their heavy packs, and entertain'd with whistling, when they are driven with Goads.

Gentlemen of *Athens*! If you would admit the deform'd disposition of *Diogenes* under the pleasant shape of humour; or rather, if you would vouchsafe to give him authority, and let him have time and countenance to breed and enlarge a Melancholy Sect; you would find the people so apt to nourish the seed of small evil, till it multiply to extreams, that you should not need to be at expence of Executioners, nor Executioners be at cost to buy the juice of Hemlock to dispatch offenders; for we should all grow most courageously sad, and very bountifully hang and drown ourselves at our own charge.

He would have you abstain from such publick Assemblies, that you might avoid the costs of Vests and Ornaments, which he traduces, as occasioning the emulations of pride. Can large Dominions be continu'd without distinction of qualities? And, Can the people distinguish more immediately then by their eyes; which are alwayes sooner satisfied with shape then substance? And, Are they not safer entertain'd with what they instantly admire, then with that which busies their judgement? If external glory and gaudery be pride, we learn it there where there is no sin; for Nature, who cannot err, ordain'd the patterns, even in the various and gaudy ornaments of Birds and Flowers; or if excelling ornament offend him, why looks he upward to the Stars; since of the greatest part of their infinite number, it is hard to find any other use then that of beautifying and adorning the world? Whilst he scorns pride, he is ignorant that 'tis commonly but by a kind of pride more refin'd that Men disdain the proud. Most just *Athenians*! I cannot forfeit your esteem, if I convince not *Diogenes*; who will not be instructed by the work of Nature, nor could be corrected by the rebuke of *Plato*.

He conjures you, if you would preserve your peace and power, to refrain from those Assemblies which occasion such emulation of expence as may enrich Retaylers and Mechanicks: as if the wealth of the People did not make them cautious of innovation, and slow to Insurrection; who rebel to get that from others, which makes them obedient when it becomes their own. The wealth of the eminent, contracted and retain'd, offends the People; but being dispers'd and apparently spent, prevents their jealousy, that 'tis more then is suspected;

ed; and takes away their envy, by giving them evidence that it will grow less: and none will believe expence superfluous, who think it necessary to gain by what is spent. When the Laws enjoyn frugality to the Rich, they provide well for particular Families, but ill for the Publick.

He next takes care you should not assemble, especially at Representations of the actions of the *Heroes*. And in the progress of his discourse, meets the Lady Vertue, and takes her aside, as if he were to examine a meer stranger; as if, because she was not of his acquaintance, therefore she had never been in *Athens*; or at least was so austere in her garments and behaviour, that she seem'd only fit for the company of old Philosophers. Noble *Athenians*! You all know that her delightful maids, the *Muses*, have given her a pleasant and familiar Dress; and, I know, you will provide her such a Palace, as *Diogenes* shall not need to straiten himself by inviting her to his *Tub*.

He again forewarns you from beholding her in the shining shapes of the *Heroes*; as if, because his own eyes are weak, he may therefore think yours so sore, as it would hurt them to behold the light. Or, as if the Heroick Ghosts were insolently rais'd by the Poets in such angry shapes, as rather serve to upbraid your defects, then to encourage your endeavours for perfection. Or, as if active examples are reviv'd in vain, and seem not more prevalent then written Precepts; yet the first invite imitation by shewing experienc'd possibility in the utmost attempts of Vertue; and the latter, but presumptuously draw a Map of an unsteer'd Course to an imagin'd Coast. Heroick Vertue, when 'tis busie in the open World, is more deserving (because more laborious, and less safe) then when she lazily retires to the Cells of contemplative Cowards, who securely sit and write against those dangers of temptation, from which, out of fear, they have hastily and meanly fled. He would likewise infer, that the great examples of Elder Times are vainly presented, because, being so remote, they are less credible. But he forgets to observe that envy will more patiently behold great actions in the Ancients, who cannot hinder our pretences, then in those of our own Times, who perhaps are our Competitors for the rewards of Vertue, as well as Rivals to her person.

He next grows angry, not at the pretence which publick Entertainments make to introduce Civility; but at Civility it self; loving so barbarously the uncleanly ease of his own life, that he cares not how much inconvenience it gives to the lives of others. If the *Ephori* and Kings of *Sparta* invited him to their Meats, he would for indecencies sake eat their broth without a Spoon. He often commends the ancient use of Fingers, that by tearing his Meat, he may save the labour of whetting his knife. Never washes any thing but his Beard, and that too in the Bowl where he drinks to his betters. He lets his Nails grow to the length of Talons, seizing and snatching his meat at anothers Table, as if it were his Prey; and is against the Civility of making a Stranger enter a House before the Owner, because the Cooper built not his to contain more then himself. He termes it brevity, and saving of time, to salute a Magistrate with no more then a Nod; and, only for laziness, avoids common Salutation. Judge you (most civil *Athenians*!) whether cleanness be inconvenient, because he imputes it as a troublesome part of Civility. Or whether Salutation should be prohibited, because sometimes, where the dignities are equal, it draws respect into length. Or whether length of respect is not necessary, to
shew

shew the distinctions of quality? Or rather, whether distinctions of quality tend not to the conservation of Government? without which, Governours would soon grow weary for want of obedience, and Age retire to the Grave for want of reverence.

He proceeds next against the Ornaments of a publick *Opera*, Musick and Scenes. But how can he avoid the traducing of Musick, who hath alwayes a Discord within himself, and which seems so loud too, as if it would, a mile off, untune the harmonious soul of *Plato*. Musick doth not heighten Melancholy into Madness, but rather unites and recollects a broken and scatter'd minde; giving it sudden strength to resist the evils it hath long and strongly bred. Neither doth it make the merry seem fantastical, but only to such as are enviously sad at the pleasure of others. If it doth warm the ambitious when they are young, 'tis but as Cordials warme the blood, to make it evaporate the evil humour. If it awake hope in the Aged (where hope is fallen asleep, and would take rest) we may therefore say (since hope is the vital heat of the minde) that it prolongs life where it would slothfully expire. Nor need *Diogenes* suspect that it may make his bones ake, by seducing him to a dance; for he can only lift up his feet to a dismal discord, or dance to a consort of groaners and gnashers of Teeth.

He is offended at Scenes in the *Opera*, as at the useles Visions of Imagination. Is it not the safest and shortest way to understanding, when you are brought to see vast Seas and Provinces, Fleets, Armies, and Forts, without the hazards of a Voyage, or pains of a long March? Nor is that deception where we are prepar'd and consent to be deceiv'd. Nor is there much loss in that deceit, where we gain some variety of experience by a short journey of the sight. When he gives you advice not to lay out time in prospect of Woods and Medows, which you can never possess, he may as well shut up his own little Window (which is the Bung-hole of his Tub) and still remain in the dark, because the light can only shew him that which he can neither purchase nor beg.

This worst *Athenian* (whom you have long contemn'd as your Suburb-dog) hath all this while but bark'd at the Muses. In the end of his discourse he offers to bite and worry Poetry; yet, 'tis only with his Gums, for his Teeth are lost; Why should a Cynick, who applauds poverty in himself, disdain it in others? He pretends to make it his business to seek out Poverty, and to Court her in publick; but the Poets, having more wit than the Cynicks, only entertain her when she finds out them, and then but in private. Or perhaps Poets, the busie Secretaries of Nature, are so intently employ'd in providing for the general happiness of humane kind, that they have no leisure to make provisions for themselves. He upbraids that Art which may be said to be the only Art of Nature; which elevates the harmony of Reason, and makes even the severities of Wisdom pleasant. But, excellent *Athenians*! It were an unpardonable want of judgement in me, to tire you with defending that which you already know needs no defence. And my presumption is less to be forgiven in having dar'd to rescue that from the rage of *Diogenes*, which you have long taken into your own protection: therefore in stead of defending Poetry (whose several beauties make up the shape of the *Opera*) I will conclude in excuse and defence of her Enemy, who hath much reason to dissuade you from Moral Representations, because he is himself the worst representation of Morality; and is justly afraid to be represented in the *Theater*.

The Curtains are suddenly clos'd, and the Company entertain'd by Instrumental and Vocal Music, with this Song.

S O N G.

1.

D*Id ever War so cease
That all might Olive weare?
All sleepy grow with Peace,
And none be wak'd with fear?*

2.

*Does Time want Wings to fly,
Or Death ere make a stand?
Men must grow old and die:
Storms drive us from Sea to Tempests at Land.*

Chorus.

*This through his Tub the Cynick saw;
Where vainly with Time he did strive,
And in vain from Death did withdraw
By bury'ng himself alive.*

1.

*The Poets they are wise,
All evils they expect,
And so prevent surprize,
Whilst troubles they neglect.*

2.

*Can Age ere do them harm,
Who chearfully grow old?
Mirth keeps their hearts still warme,
Foolles think themselves safe in sorrow and cold.*

Chorus.

*Then let the sour Cynick live coopt;
Let him quake in his thrid-bare Cloak,
Till he find his old Tub unhoopt,
His Staff and his Lanthorn broke.*

The Song being ended, A Consort of Instrumental Musick, after the French Composition, being heard a while, the Curtains are suddenly open'd, and in the Rostras appear sitting a Parisian and a Londoner, in the Livery Robes of both Cities, who Declaime concerning the præ eminence of Paris and London.

THE PARISIAN.

YOU of this Noble City, are yet to become more noble by your candor to the Plea, between me a *Burgois* of *Paris*, and my Opponent of *London*: being concern'd in honour to lend your attention as favourably to a stranger as to your Native Oratour: since 'tis the greatest signe of narrow education to permit the borders of Rivers, or strands of Seas, to separate the general consanguinity of Mankind: though the unquiet nature of man (still hoping to shake off distant power, and the incapacity of any one to sway universal Empire) hath made them the bounds to divide Government. But already I think it necessary to cease perswading you, who will ever deserve to be my Judges, and therefore mean to apply my self in admonishing him who is pleas'd to be a while my adversary.

My most opiniater'd *Antagonist* (for a *Londoners* opinion of himself is no less noted then his opinion of his *Beef* before the *Veal* of *Italy*) you should know that the merit of Cities consists not in their fair and fruitful scituation, but in the manners of the Inhabitants: for where the scituation excels, it but upbraids their minds if they be not proportionable to it. And, because we should more except against the constancy of minds then their mutability, when they incline to error; I will first take a survey of yours in the long continu'd deformity of the shape of your City, which is, of your Buildings.

Sure your Ancestors contriv'd your narrow Streets in the dayes of Wheel-barrows, before those greater Engines, Carts, were invented. Is your Climate so hot, that as you walk, you need Umbrella's of Tiles to intercept the Sun? Or are your Shambles so empty, that you are afraid to take in fresh Ayr, lest it should sharpen your stomacks? Oh the goodly Landskip of Old Fish-street! which, had it not had the ill luck to be crooked, was narrow enough to have been your Founders Perspective: and where the Garrets (perhaps not for want of Architecture, but through abundance of amity) are so made, that opposite Neighbours may shake hands without stirring from home. Is unanimity of Inhabitants in wise Cities better exprest then by their coherence and uniformity of Building? Where Streets, begin, continue, and end in a like stature and shape: but yours (as if they were rais'd in a general insurrection, where every man hath a several design) differ in all things that can make distinction. Here stands one that aimes to be a Palace, and, next it, another that professes

ses to be a Hovel. Here a Giant, there a Dwarf, here slender, there broad; and all most admirably different in their faces as well as in their height and bulk. I was about to defie any Londoner, who dares pretend there is so much ingenious correspondence in this City, as that he can shew me one House like another. Yet your old Houses seem to be reverend and formal, being compar'd to the fantastical looks of the Modern; which have more Ovals, Nieches, and Angles, then are in your Custards; and are enclos'd with Pasteboard walls, like those of malicious Turks, who, because themselves are not immortal, and cannot ever dwell where they build, therefore will not be at charge to provide such lastingness as may entertain their children out of the Rain; so slight, and so prettily gaudy, that if they could move, they would pass for Pageants. 'Tis your custom, where men vary often the mode of their habits, to terme the Nation fantastical; but where Streets continually change fashion, you should make haste to chain up the City; for 'tis certainly mad.

You would think me a malicious Traveller, if I should still gaze on your mishapen Streets, and take no notice of the beauty of your River; therefore I will pass the importunate noise of your Water-men (who snatch at Fares as if they were to catch Prisoners, plying the Gentry so uncivilly, as if they never had row'd any other passengers but Bear-wards) and now step into one of your pescod-boats; whose Tilts are not so sumptuous as the roofes of *Gundaloes*, nor, when you are within, are you at the ease of *Chaise a bras*. The commodity and trade of your River belongs to your selves; but give a stranger leave to share in the pleasure of it, which will hardly be in the prospect or freedom of Ayr; unless prospect, consisting of variety, be made up with here a Palace, there a Wood-yard, here a Garden, there a Brew-house: Here dwells a Lord, there a Dyer, and between both *Duomo Comune*. If freedom of Ayr be infer'd in the liberty of the Subject, where every private man hath Authority, for his own profit, to smoak up a Magistrate; then the Ayr of your *Thames* is open enough, because 'tis equally free. I will forbear to visit your Courtly Neighbours at *Wapping*, not that it will make me giddy to shoot your Bridge, but that I am loth to disturb the civil silence of *Billingsgate*, which is so great, as if the Marriners were alwayes landing to storme the Harbour, therefore for brevities sake, I will put to shoar again, though I should be constrain'd, even without my Galoshoes, to land at Puddle-Dock.

I am now return'd to visit your Houses, where the Roofes are so low, that I presume your Ancestors were very mannerly, and stood bare to their wives; for I cannot discern how they could wear their high crown'd Hats; yet I will enter, and therein oblige you much, when you know my aversion to the odor of a certain Weed that governs amongst your courser acquaintance as much as Lavender amongst your courser Linnen: to which, in my apprehension, your Sea-coal smoak seems a very *Portugal* perfume. I should here hasten to a period, for fear of suffocation, if I thought you so ungracious as to use it in publick Assemblies: and yet I see it grow so much in fashion, that me-thinks your children begin to play with broken Pipes, in stead of Corals, to make way for their Teeth. You will find my visit short, I cannot stay to eat with you, because your bread is too heavy, and you disdain the light sustenance of Herbs. Your dink is too thick, and yet you are seldome over-curious in washing your glasses. Nor will I lodge with you, because your Beds seeme, to our *Alcovaes*, no bigger then Coffins; and your Curtains so short, as they will hardly

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serve to inclose your Carriers in Summer; and may be held, if *Taffata*, to have lin'd your Grandfires skirts.

But though your Houses are thin, yet your Kitchens are well lin'd with Beef; and the plentiful exercise of your Chimneys makes up that canopy of smoak which covers your City; whilst those in the Continent are well contented with a clear sky, entertain flesh as a *Regalio*; and we, your poor French Frogs, are fain to sing to a Salad. You boast that your servants feed better then Masters at *Paris*; and we are satisfi'd when ours are better taught then fed. You allow yours idleness and high nourishment, to raise their mettall; which is, to make them rude for the honour of *old England*. We inure ours to labour and temperance, that we may allay them; which is, to make them civil for the quiet of *France*. Yours drink Wine, and the strong broth of Malt, which makes them bold, hot, and adventurous to be soon in command. Ours are cool'd with weak water, which doth quench their arrogance, and makes them fit to obey long. We plant the Vineyard, and you drink the Wine; by which you beget good spirits, and we get good Money. You keep open houses for all that bring you in mirth, till your Estates run out of Dores, and find new Landlords. We shut our Gates to all but such whose conversation brings in profit, and so by the help of what you call ill nature and parsimonie, have the good luck to keep our inheritances for our Issue.

Before I leave you in your Houses (where your Estates are manag'd by your servants, and your persons educated by your Wives) I will take a short survey of your children; to whom you are so terrible, that you seem to make use of Authority whilst they are young, as if you knew it would not continue till their Manhood. You begin with them in such rough discipline, as if they were born mad, and you meant to fright them into their Wits again before they had any to lose. When they encrease in years, you make them strangers; keeping them at such distance, out of jealousy they should presume to be your companions, that when they reach Manhood, they use you as if they were none of your acquaintance. But we submit to be familiar with ours, that we may beget their affection before 'tis too late to expect it. If you take pains to teach them any thing, 'tis only what they should not learn, Bashfulness; which you interpret to be their respect towards you, but it rather shews they are in trouble, and afraid of you; and not only of you, but of all that are elder then themselves; as if youth were a crime, or, as if you had a greater quarrel to Nature then to the Devil; you seem to teach them to be asham'd of their persons, even then when you are willing to excuse their faults. Methinks when ours are grave they are but dull; and we are content not to have them demure and tame whilst they are youths, lest restraint (which alwayes enclines to extreames when it is chang'd to liberty) should make them rude and wilde when they are Men.

This education you give them at home; but though you have frequently the pride to disdain the behaviour of other Nations, yet you have sometimes the discretion to send your sons abroad to learn it. To *Paris* they come; the School of *Europe*; where is taught the approaches and demeanours towards Power: where they may learn honour, which is the generous honesty; which is the civil boldness of Courts. But there they arrive not to converse with us, but with themselves; to see the Gates of the Court, not to enter and frequent it; or to take a hasty survey of Greatness, as far as envy,

but not to study it, as far as imitation. At last return home, despiſing thoſe neceſſary virtues which they took not pains to acquire; and are only ill alter'd in their dress and mind, by making that a deformity in seeming over-careful and forc'd, which we make graceful in being negligent and easie.

I have now left your Houses, and am paſſing through your Streets; but, not in a Coach, for they are uneaſily hung, and ſo narrow, that I took them for *Sedans* upon wheelles: Nor is it ſafe for a ſtranger to uſe them till the quarrel be decided, whether Six of your Nobles, ſitting together, ſhall ſtop, and give place to as many Barrels of Beer. Your City is the only Metropolis of *Europe*, where there is a wonderful dignity belonging to Carts. Maſter *Londoner*! be not ſo hot againſt Coaches: take advice from one that eats much Sorrel in his Broth. Can you be too civil to ſuch a ſingular Gentry as bravely ſcorn to be provident? who, when they have no buſineſs here to employ them, nor publick pleaſures to divert them, yet even then kindly invent occaſions to bring them hither, that, at your own rates, they may change their Land for your wares; and have purpoſely avoided the courſe ſtudy of Arithmetick, leſt they ſhould be able to affront you with examining your accompts.

I wonder at your Riches, when I ſee you drink in the morning; but more at your confidence, when I ſee gray Beards come out of a Tavern and ſtay at the Door to make the laſt debate of their buſineſs; and I am yet more amaz'd at your health when I taſte your Wine; but moſt of all at your Politicks, in permitting ſuch a publick poiſoning under the ſtile of free Myſterie to encourage Trade and Diligence.

I would now make a ſafe retreat, but that me-thinks I am ſtopt by one of your Heroick Games, call'd *Foot-ball*; which I conceive (under your favour) not very conveniently civil in the ſtreets; eſpecially in ſuch irregular and narrow Roads as *Crooked Lane*. Yet it argues your Courage much like your Military paſtime of throwing at Cocks. But your mettall would be more magnifi'd (ſince you have long allow'd thoſe two valiant exerciſes in the ſtreets) to draw your Archers from *Finsbury*, and during high Market, let them ſhoot at Butts in *Cheapeſide*. I have now no more to ſay but what refers to a few private Notes which I ſhall give you in a whiſper when we meet in *Moor-fields*; from whence (becauſe the place was meant for publick pleaſure, and to ſhew the munificence of your City) I ſhall deſire you to baniſh the Landreſſes and Blechers, whoſe Acres of old linnen make a ſhew like the Fields of *Carthagena*, when the five moneths ſhifts of the whole Fleet are waſht and ſpread: or elſe you will give me leave to conclude in behalf of *Luxemburg* and the *Tuileries*, as no ill accommodations for the Citizens of *Paris*.

After a Consort of Musick, imitating the Waites of London, the Londoner rises, and thus answers.

The L O N D O N E R.

EVER Noble and most sufficient Judges; I am so little angry with my adversary, that I am ready to entitle him, as a stranger, to protection from you, and civility from my self. You find, in his survey of this Renown'd City, he has undertaken to be pleasant, and to make you so too: but men who are pleas'd themselves, cannot when they list disperse their gay humour amongst others: it being much more easie to incite to anger then to mirth. I presume I am so farr from needing the advantage, or from growing insolent with the honour, of having you my Judges, that I refer my self to him; whilst I present him *Paris* in the same Glasse where he reflected *London*: and he is not a little oblig'd in being made capable of reforming his judgment by the helps of comparison.

Give me leave (*Monsieur de Paris*) to be conducted from *Diepe* by one of your *Messagers*, (who are as Magisterial on the Road as old Rangers in a Forrest) and on my Norman Nag (which, though it has not as many legs as a Caterpillar, yet by the advantage of being well spurr'd, makes shift to travel as fast) I enter your City at *Porte St. Martin*; and ere I light, would be glad, by leaving a limbe, to compound for the rest of my body; so furious are you in your hospitality when you call aloud and take in strangers, spite of their Teeth, into your Houses, and lodge them for more then enough of their mony. But such importunity, and even for mean profit, should rather be interpreted as the vehemence of a witty People, that have hot brains, then as the signs of general Poverty: Whilst we, phlegmatick Islanders, are too dull to be so troublesome for a little money as may shew we want it.

Before I enter your Houses, I cannot chuse but take notice of your streets; by which I discern, though you are now unanimously glorious, yet your Ancestors and you had different minds; for though *la Rue St. Antoine*, *St. Honore*, and *St. Denis* are large enough for the *Vista*; yet *la Rue Tirechape*, *la Tannerie*, and *la Huchette* stand so much in the shade, that there your beautiful Wives need neither Vails nor Fans; you being fain to lay traps at your windows to catch the Sun-beams. But this, you will say, was the defect of our Ancestors, not of yours; who, in a wandring humour, made bold to crosse the Channel, march up to *Paris*, and build your Houses after their own fashion.

As I pass along, I bow before every Palace; but 'tis to the Giant *Switz* that stands in carbonaded breeches at the Gate; who coming a long journey, meerly to keep your Natives in awe, has reason to expect reverence from a stranger. Now methinks you wish the Gout in my Finger, because I point not with great wonder at the *Louvre*; which I confess has a very singular way of being wonderful; the fame of the Palace consisting more in the vast design of what it was meant to be,

be, then in the largeness of what it is : the structure being likewise a little remarkable for what is old, but more even for the antiquity of what is new, having been begun some Ages past, and is to be finish'd many ages hence ; which (I take it) may be a signe of the glory, but not of the wealth of your Founders. I will pass into your *Faux-bourgs* by *Pont Rouge* ; a Bridge not built to be useful to you in the strength of it, but rather to shew the strength of your River to strangers, when, maugre your Guards of *Switz*, it often carries an Arch out of your City.

Already (methinks) passing o'er this Bridge, I stop at a broken Arch ; and finding my self a heavy *Londoner*, who wants the French vivacity to frisk o'er so wide a gap to the *Fauxbourgs*, I am willing to return, that I may afford you the civility of taking more notice of the ornaments of your River. I find your Boats much after the pleasant shape of those at common Ferries ; where your *Bastelier* is not so turbulently active as our Watermen, but rather (his Fare being two brass *Liards*) stands as fullen as an old Dutch Skipper after shipwrack, and will have me attend till the rest of the Herd make up his freight ; passing in droves like Cattel, embroider'd and perfum'd with Carsters and *Crocheteurs* ; all standing during the voyage as if we were ready to land as soon as we put from shore ; and with his long pole gives us a tedious waft, as if he were all the while poching for Eels. We neither descend by stairs when we come in, nor ascend when we go out, but crawl through the mud like Cray-fish, or Anglers in a new Plantation. I could wish you had the adornments of wall'd banks ; but in this witty Region of Civility, as well as in our dull rude Town, I perceive there is not a perfect coherence in all the parts of magnificence.

I will now visit your houses ; which I confess transcendent as Towers, compar'd to the stature of those in our City ; but as they are as high roost as our Belfries ; so have they in them more than the noise of our Bells ; lodging distressed Families in a Room ; and where there is no plenty, there is seldom quietness. This *Chorus* of clamour from several appartments will be sooner acknowledg'd, when you consider that your Nation affects not such brevity of speech as was practis'd by the *Spartans*, nor that Majestical silence which is us'd by the *Turks*. But I accuse you of that of which you may take occasion to boast ; because the stuffing of Rooms with whole Families, denotes a populous City. But farewell the happiness of the Nation when the populousness of the City argues the litigiousness of the Country ; where, with a multitude of *Procez* you lose your wits, and afterwards come up to live by them at *Paris*. Though you are shie to eat at our Entertainments, yet I would accept of yours, if you were not hinder'd from giving any by the great expence of your Habits and superfluous Trains. And I would drink with you, if you were as pos'd and grave in your Wine as we dull Traficquers, who use it to sharpen our Wits when we conclude Bargains. But I have a mind to suppose (under your favour) that your heads are bottles, and your brains the Cork ; for the one, being a little stirr'd, the other fly out, and fill the Room with froth. I would lodge with you, but that your large Beds are taken up with *Pumexes* ; which our skins (being tender, and not so much condens'd by the cold as you imagine) can ill endure, and worse permit the ubiquitous attacks of those dextrous little persecutors, which suit more with the nimble disposition of men of your Climate, than those other slow enemies which were bred in *Italy*.

Noise in your habitations of sleep is not so improper as your dead silence in the very Regions of noise, your Kitchens; where your Cooks (though by education cholerick and loud) are ever in profound contemplation; that is, they are considering how to reform the mistakes of Nature in the original compositions of Flesh and Fish; she having not known, it seems, the sufficient Myserie of *Hautgouts*: and the production of their deep studies are sometimes so full of delicious fancy, and witty seasoning, that at your Feasts when I uncover a Dish, I think I feed on a very *Epigram*. Who can comprehend the diversity of your *Pottages*, *Carbonnades*, *Grillades*, *Ragouts*, *Haches*, *Saupiquets*, *Demi-Bisques*, *Bisques*, *Capilotades*, and *Entre-mets*? But above all, I admire at the vast generation of your Embroiderers of meat, your Larders; their larding being likewise diversifi'd from Bacon of *Mayence* to *Porpoise* of *St. Malo*; which, though it may be some cause of obliging and calling in the *Fems*, yet your perpetual perfection of that poor fish will so drive away the species from your Coasts, as you will never be able to foretel a storm.

These are your Feasts, which are but Fasts to your servants; who being confin'd within the narrow bounds of Pension, are accountable for all the Orts by weight; for which your sufficient reason is, because such as are ordain'd to service, should be continually allay'd by Temperance, lest they might lose obedience. Your sons you dignifie betimes with a taste of pleasure and liberty; which perhaps breeds in them (that they may maintain the vast expences of high pleasure) too hasty and violent an appetite to such power as makes them, when they are Men, soon turbulent to Supream Authority. When they provoke a Province to rise against the Court, 'tis excus'd as high Gallantry, and in fashion, whilst they are young and strongly attended; but 'tis call'd Treason when they grow old and deserted. Here I expect your rebuke; for why should I censure the education of your children, since we send ours to learn the honour and deportment of Manhood at *Paris*? Yet I will recommend one consideration to your City as well as to our own; whether the ancient jurisdiction of Parents and Masters, when it was severe, did not make all degrees of humane life more quiet and delightful then we have found it since that priviledge hath been ignorantly and negligently lost.

You are disorder'd with the rudeness in our streets; but have more reason to be terror'd with the frequent insurrections in your own. In ours, a few disturb the quiet of Coaches; but in yours, whole Armies of Lackies invade the peace of publick Justice; whose Image (were the Tumult drawn by a Poetical Painter) you would imagine fencing with a broad sword, like an old grave *switz* against the *Tucks* of fantastical Pages; who strive to rescue the condemn'd, as if the *Nobless* were concern'd in honour not to suffer malefactors to be affronted by a base Executioner on the Scaffold for so generous an exercise as killing. But when I observ'd your *Twelve-Nights*, with the universal shout of *le Roy boit*, I could not but think, that the whole Vintage of *France* was in the heads of the servants of *Paris*.

I will now suppose it late, and that I am retiring to my Countrey-men at the good *Hofel de Venise*; but shall make haste; for you must needs acknowledge the famous dangers of *Pont Neuf*; where Robbing is as constant and as hereditary a trade as amongst the *Arabs*; where old Grandfathers-*Filous*, in beards fit to

be reverenc'd by all that scape their clutches, set the watch (which consists wholly of their Grand-children) carefully at nine at night, and take it as want of respect in such who are so indecent as to pass that way in their old Cloaks.

When I consider both our Cities, I conclude they were built, and are inhabited by mortal men; therefore am resolv'd to burn some private Notes which I intended to impart in answer of those that you refer'd to our next meeting, If I could reach your hand, I would endeavour to kiss it; for I should account my self worse bred then in a Forrest, if I had not learn'd a little from the abundant Civility of *Paris*; where I have heard of two aged *Crocheteurs*, heavie loaden with billets, who were so equally concern'd in the punctilios of Salutation, and of giving the way, that with the length of Ceremony, (*Monsieur cest a vous, Monsieur vous vous moques de vostre Serviteur*) they both sunk under their burdens, and so dy'd, dividing the eternal honour of *Genty Education*.

The Curtains are suddenly clos'd, and the Company entertain'd by Instrumental and Vocal Musick, with this Song.

S O N G.

I.

London is smother'd with sulph'rous fires;
Still she wears a black Hood and Cloak,
Of Sea-coal smoak,
As if she mourn'd for Brewers and Dyers.

Chorus.

*But she is cool'd and cleans'd by streams
Of flowing and of ebbing Thames.*

2.

Though Paris may boast a clearer sky,
Yet wanting flows and ebbs of Sene,
To keep her clean,
She ever seems choakt when she is adry.

Chorus.

*And though a Ship her Scutcheon be,
Yet Paris hath no Ship at Sea.*

*The Song ended, the Curtains are drawn open again,
and the Epilogue enters.*

EPILOGUE.

Too late we told you, some two hours ago,
The ills, which you were sure too soon to know:
Had we fore-warn'd you but the day before,
By half so much, said at our outward door,
We had been civil, but had weakly shown
More care to watch your profit than our own.
We have your Money, true; if you can call
That ours, of which we make no use at all.
The Poets never mind such toys as these——
But keep them to be sent for when you please.
At worst (if you may credit, in frail times,
Bankers who turn and wind a world of Rimes)
They are but bow'd, laid in a Trunk above,
And kept, as simple Tokens of your love.
If this were raillery, it could not please,
After a tedious dull *Diogenes*:
A Poet a mile longer, then, two more,
To vex you, having had too much before.
Perhaps, some were so couzen'd as to come,
To see us weave in the Dramatique Loom:
To trace the winding Scenes, like subtle Spies,
Bred in the Muses Camp, safe from surprize:
Where you by Art learn joy, and when to mourn;
To watch the Plots swift change, and counterturn:
When Time moves swifter then by Nature taught;
And by a *Chorus* Miracles are wrought;
Making an Infant instantly a Man:
These were your Plays, but get them if you can:

Shews Mo-
ney in his
hand.

*After a Flourish of loud Musick, the Curtain is
clos'd, and the Entertainment ended.*

The *Vocal* and *Instrumental Musick* was compos'd
by Doctor *Charles Coleman*, Captain *Henry
Cook*, Mr. *Henry Lawes*, and Mr. *George
Hudson*.

Z z

Cælum

Cœlum Britannicum, *A Masque at Whitehal in the Banquetting-House, on Shrove-Tuesday night, the 18 of February 1633.*

The Description of the SCENE.

THe first thing that presented it self to the sight, was a rich Ornament, that enclosed the Scène; in the upper part of which, were great branches of Foliage growing out of leaves and huskes, with a Coronice at the top; and in the midst was placed a large compartment composed of Groteske work, wherein were Harpies with wings and Lions clawes, and their hinder parts converted into leaves and branches: over all was a broken Frontispiece, wrought with scrowles and masque heads of Children; and within this a Table adorn'd with a lesser Compartment, with this Inscription, *CÆLUM BRITANNICUM*: The two sides of this Ornament were thus ordered: First, from the ground arose a square Basement, and on the Plinth stood a great vase of gold, richly enchas'd, and beautified with Sculptures of great Releine, with frutages hanging from the upper part: At the foot of this sate two Youths naked, in their natural colours; each of these with one arme supported the Vase; on the cover of which stood two young women in Draperies, arme in arme; the one figuring the glory of Princes, and the other Mansuetude: their other armes bore up an Oval, in which, to the Kings Majesty was this Impress, A Lyon with an Imperial Crowne on his head; the words, *Animum sub pectore forti*: On the other side was the like composition, but the design of the Figures varied; and in the Oval on the top, being born up by Nobility and Fecundity, was this Impresse to the Queens Majesty, A Lilly growing with branches and leaves, and three lesser Lillies springing out of the Stem; the words, *Semper inclita virtus*: All this Ornament was heightened with Gold, and for the Invention and various composition, was the newest and most graceful that hath been done in this place.

The Curtain was watchet, and apale yellow in panes, which flying up on the sudden, discovered the *scène*, representing old Arches, old Palaces, decayed walls, parts of Temples, Theaters, Basilica's and Therme, with confused heaps of broken Columnes, Bases, Coronices and Statues, lying as under ground, and altogether resembling the ruines of some great City of the ancient Romans, or civiliz'd Brittaines. This strange prospect detain'd the eyes of the Spectators some time, when to a loud Musick *Mercury* descends; on the upper part of his Chariot stands a Cock in action of crowing: his habit was a Coat of Flame colour girt to him, and a white mantle trimm'd with gold and silver; upon his head a wreath with small fals of white Feathers, a Caduceus in his hand, and wings at his heels; being come to the ground, he dismounts and goes up to the State.

Mercury.

Mercury.

From the high Senate of the gods to you
 Bright glorious Twins of Love and Majesty,
 Before whose Throne three warlike Nations bend
 Their willing knees, on whose Imperial browes
 The regal Circle prints no awful frownes
 To fright your Subjects, but whose calmer eyes
 Shed joy and safety on their melting hearts
 That flow with cheerful loyal reverence,
 Come I *Cyllenius*, *Joves* Ambassadour:
 Not, as of old, to whisper amorous tales
 Of wanton love, into the glowing eare,
 Of some choyce beauty in this numerous traine;
 Those days are fled, the rebel flame is quench'd
 In heavenly breasts, the gods have sworn by *Styx*
 Never to tempt yeilding mortality
 To loose embraces. Your exemplar life
 Hath not alone transfus'd a zealous heat
 Of imitation through your vertuous Court,
 By whose bright blaze your Palace is become
 The envy'd pattern of this under-world,
 But the aspiring flame hath kindled heaven;
 Th' immortal bosomes burn with emulous fires,
Jove rivals your great vertues; Royal Sir,
 And *Juno* Madam, your attractive graces;
 He his wild lusts, her raging jealousies
 She layes aside, and through th' Olympique hall,
 As yours doth here, their great example spreads,
 And though of old, when youthful blood conspir'd
 With his new Empire, prone to heats of lust,
 He acted incests, rapes, adulteries
 On earthly beauties, which his raging Queen,
 Swoln with revengeful fury turn'd to beasts,
 And in despight he retransform'd to Stars,
 Till he hath fill'd the crowded Firmament
 With his loose strumpets, and their spurious race.
 Where the eternal Records of his shame,
 Shine to the world in flaming Characters:
 When in the Crystal myrroure of your reign
 He view'd himself, he found his loathsome stayns;
 And now to expiate the infectious guilt
 Of those detested luxuries, he'll chace
 Th' infamous lights from their usurped Spheare,
 And drown in the Lethæan flood, their curs'd
 Names and Memories. In whose vacant roomes
 First you succeed, and of the wheeling Orbe
 In the most eminent and conspicuous point,
 With dazling beames, and spreading magnitude,
 Shine the bright Pole-star of this Hemisphear.
 Next, by your side, in a triumphant chaire,

And crown'd with *Ariadnes* Diadem,
Sits the fair comfort of your heart, and Throne ;
Diffus'd about you, with that share of light
As they of vertue have deriv'd from you,
Hee'll fix this Noble train, of either sex ;
So to the British Stars this lower Globe
Shall owe its light, and they alone dispence
To th' world a pure refined influence.

Enter *Momus* attired in a long darkish robe all wrought over with
ponyards, Serpents tongues, eyes and eares, his beard and hair
party coloured, and upon his head a wreath stuck with Feathers,
and a Porcupine in the forepart.

Momus.

BY your leave, Mortals, Good-den Cozen *Hermes* ; your pardon
good my Lord Ambassador ; I found the tables of your Armes
and Titles, in every Inn betwixt this and *Olympus*, where your present
expedition is registred, your nine thousandth nine hundred ninety ninth
Legation. I cannot reach the policy why your Master breeds so few
States-men, it futes not with his dignity that in the whole *Empyream*
there should not be a god fit to send on these honourable errands but
your self: who are not yet so careful of his honour as your own, as
might become your quality, when you are itinerant: the Hostsupon
the high-way cry out with open-mouth upon you for supporting pilfe-
ry in your train ; which, though as you are the god of petty Larceny,
you might protect, yet you know it is directly against the new orders,
and opposes the Reformation in Diameter.

Merc. Peace Rayler, bridle your Licentious Tongue,
And let this presence teach you modesty.

Mom. Let it if it can ; in the mean time I will acquaint it with my
condition. Know (gay people) that though your Poets, who enjoy
by Patent a particular priviledge to draw down any of the Deities from
Twelfthnight till Shrove-tuesday, at what time there is annually a most
familiar entercourse between the two Courts, have as yet never invi-
ted me to these Solemnities, yet it shall appear by my intrusion this
night, that I am a very considerable person upon these occasions, and
may most properly assist at such entertainments. My name is *Momus ap-
Somnus-ap-Erebus-ap-Chaos-ap-Demogorgon-ap-Eternity*. My Offices and
Titles are, The Supreme Theomastix, Hupercritique of manners, Pro-
tonotary of abuses, Arch-Informer, Dilator General, Universal Calum-
niator, Eternal Plaintiff, and perpetual Fore-man of the Grand In-
quest. My Priviledges are an ubiquitary, circumambulatory, speculato-
ry, interrogatory, redargutory immunity over all the privy lodgings,
behind hangings, dores, curtains, through key-holes, chinks, windows
about all Venerial Lobbies, Skences or redoubts, though it be to the
surprize of a perdue Page or Chamber-maid ; in, and at all Courts of
civil and criminal judicature, all Councels, Consultations, and Parlia-
mentary Assemblies ; where though I am but a Wooll sack-god, and
have no vote in the sanction of new Laws, I have yet a prerogative
of wresting the old to any whatsoever interpretation, whether it be
to the behoof or prejudice of *Jupiter* his Crown and Dignity, for, or
against the Rights of either House of Patrician or Plebeian gods. My
natural qualities are to make *Jove* frown, *Juno* powt, *Mars* chafe, *Ve-*

nus bluish, *Vulcan* glow, *Saturne* quake, *Cynthia* pale, *Phœbus* hide his face, and *Mercury* here take his heels. My recreations are witty mischiefs, as when *Saturne* guelt his father; the *Smith* caught his wife and her *Bravo* in a net of Cobweb-Iron; and *Hebe* through the lubricity of the pavement tumbling over the Half-pace, presented the Emblem of the forked tree, and discover'd to the tam'd *Ethiops* the snowy cliffes of *Calabria* with the Grotta of *Puteolum*. But that you may arrive at the perfect knowledge of me by the familiar illustration of a Bird of mine own feather, old *Peter Aretine*, who reduced all the Scepters and Myters of that Age tributary to his wit, was my parallel; and *Franck Rablais* suck'd much of my Milk too; but your modern French Hospital of Oratory is meer counterfeit, an arrant Mountebank, for though fearing no other tortures then his *Sciatica*, he discourses of Kings and Queens with as little reverence as of Groomes and Chamber-maids, yet he wants their fang-teeth, and Scorpions tail; I mean that fellow, who to add to his stature, thinks it a greater grace to dance on his tiptoes like a Dogg in a Doublet, then to walk like other men on the soles of his feet.

Merc. No more impertinent Trifeler, you disturb
The great affair with your rude scurrilous chat:
What doth the knowledge of your abject state
Concern *Joves* solemn Message?

Mom. Sir, by your favor, though you have a more especial Commission of employment from *Jupiter*, and a larger entertainment from his Exchequer, yet as a free-born god I have the liberty to travel at mine own charges, without your Pass or Countenance; and that it may appear, a sedulous acute observer may know as much as a dull flegmatique Ambassador, and wears a treble key to unlock the mysterious Cyphers of your dark secrecies, I will discourse the politique state of heaven to this trim Audience.——

At this the Scène changeth, and in the heaven is discovered a Spheare, with Stars placed in their severall Images; born up by a huge naked Figure (only a piece of Drapery hanging over his thigh) kneeling and bowing forwards, as if the great weight lying on his shoulders oppress him, upon his head a Crown, by all which he might easily be known to be *Atlas*.

—— You shall understand that *Jupiter* upon the inspection of I know not what vertuous presidents extant (as they say) here in this Court, but as I more probably guess out of the consideration of the decay of his natural abilities, hath before a frequent convocation of the superlunary Peers in a solemn Oration recanted, disclaimed, and utterly renounced all the lascivious extravagancies, and riotous enormities of his forepast licentious life, and taken his oath on *Juno's* Breviary, religiously kissing the two-leav'd book, never to stretch his limbs more betwixt adulterous sheets, and hath with pathetical remonstrances exhorted, and under strict penalties enjoyned a respective conformity in the several subordinate Deities; and because the Libertines of Antiquity, the Ribald Poets, to perpetuate the memory and example of their triumphs over chastity, to all future imitation, have in their immortal songs celebrated the Martyrdom of those Strumpets under the persecution of the wives, and devolved to posterity the pedigrees of their whores, bawds, and bastards; it is therefore by the authority aforesaid enacted, that this whole Army of Constellations be immediately

diately disbanded and cashier'd, so to remove all imputation of impiety from the Cœlestial Spirits, and all lustful influences upon terrestrial bodies; and consequently that there be an Inquisition erected to expunge in the Ancient, and suppress in the Modern and succeeding Poems and Pamphlets, all past, present, and future mention of those absurd heresies, and to take particular notice of all ensuing incontinencies, and punish them in the high Commission Court. Am not I in election to be a tall Statesman think you, that can repeat a passage at a Counsel-table thus punctually?

Merc. I shun in vain the importunity
With which this Snarler vexeth all the Gods,
Jove cannot scape him: well, what else from Heaven?

Mom. Heaven! Heaven is no more the place it was; a Cloyster of Carthusians, a Monastery of converted gods, *Jove* is grown old and fearful, apprehends a subversion of his Empire, and doubts lest Fate should introduce a legal succession in the legitimate heir, by repossessing the Titanian line, and hence springs all this innovation. We have had new orders read in the Presence-Chamber, by the Vi-President of *Parnassus*, too strict to be observed long. Monopolies are called in, sophistication of wares punished, and rates imposed on Commodities. Injunctions are gone out to the Nectar Brewers, for the purging of the heavenly Beverage of a narcotique weed which hath rendred the Ææes confus'd in the Divine intellects, and reducing it to the composition used in *Saturns* Reign. Edicts are made for the restoring of decay'd House-keeping, prohibiting the repair of Families to the Metropolis, but this did endanger an Amazonian mutiny, till the Females put on a more masculine resolution of soliciting businesses in their own persons, and leaving their husbands at home for stallions of hospitality. *Bacchus* hath commanded all Taverns to be shut, and no Liquor drawn after ten at night. *Cupid* must go no more so scandalously naked, but is enjoined to make him breeches though of his Mothers Petticotes. *Ganimede* is forbidden the Bed-chamber, and must onely minister in publick. The gods must keep no Pages, nor Grooms of their Chamber under the age of 25, and those provided of a competent stock of beard; *Pan* may not pipe, nor *Proteus* juggle, but by especial permission. *Vulcan* was brought to an *Oretenus* and fined, for driving in a plate of Iron into one of the Suns Chariot-wheels and frost-nailing his horses upon the fifth of *November* last, for breach of a penal Statute, prohibiting work upon Holydayes, that being the annual celebration of the Gy-gantomachy. In brief, the whole state of the Hierarchy suffers a total reformation, especially in the point of reciprocation of conjugal affection. *Venus* hath confest all her adulteries, and is receiv'd to grace by her husband, who conscious of the great disparity betwixt her perfections and his deformities, allows those levities as an equal counterpoize; but it is the prettiest spectacle to see her stroaking with her Ivory hand his collied cheeks, and with her snowy fingers combing his footy beard. *Jupiter* too begins to learn to lead his own wife, I left him practising in the milky way; and there is no doubt of an universal obedience, where the Lawgiver himself in his own person observes his decrees so punctually: who besides to eternize the memory of that great example of Matrimonial union which he derives from hence, hath on his bed-chamber-door, and seeling, fretted with stars in capital Letter, engraven the Inscription of *CARLO MARIA*.

This

This is as much I am sure as either your Knowledge or Instructions can direct you to, which I having in a blunt round tale, without State-formality, Politique inferences, or suspected Rhetorical elegancies, already delivered; you may now dexterously proceed to the second part of your charge, which is the taking of your heavenly sparks up in the Embers, or reducing the Æthereal lights to their primitive opacity, and gross dark substance; they are all unrivited from the Sphear, and hang loose in their sockets, where they but attend the waving of your Caduce, and immediately they reinvest their pristine shapes and appear before you in their own natural deformities.

Merc. *Momus* thou shalt prevail, for since thy bold Intrusion hath inverted my resolves, I must obey necessity, and thus turn My face to breath the Thunders just decree 'Gainst this adulterate Sphear, which first I purge Of loathsome Monsters, and mis-shapen forms: Down from her azure concave, thus I charm The Lyrnean Hydra, the rough unlick'd Bear, The watchful Dragon, the storm-boading Whale, The Centaure, the horn'd Goatfish *Capricorne*, The Snake-herd Gorgon, and fierce Sagittar: Divested of your gorgeous starry Robes, Fall from the circling Orbe, and e're you suck Fresh venom in, measure this happy earth, Then to the Fens, Caves, Forests, Desarts, Seas, Fly, and resume your native qualities.

They Dance in those monstrous shapes the first Antimask of natural deformity.

Mom. Are not these fine companions, trim play fellows for the Deities? yet these and their fellows have made up all our conversation for some thousands of years. Do not you fair Ladies acknowledge your selves deeply engaged now to those Poets your servants, that in the height of commendation have rais'd your beauties to a parallel with such exact proportions, or at least ranked you in their spruce society. Hath not the consideration of these Inhabitants rather frighted your thoughts utterly from the contemplation of the place? but now that those heavenly Mansions are to be voyd, you that shall hereafter be found unlodged, will become inexcusable; especially since Vertue alone shall be a sufficient title, fine, and rent: yet if there be a Lady not competently stock'd that way, she shall not on the instant utterly despair, if she carry a sufficient pawn of handsonness; for however the letter of the Law runs, *Jupiter* notwithstanding his Age, and present austerity, will never refuse to stamp Beauty, and make it currant with his own Impression; but to such as are destitute of both I can afford but smal encouragement. Proceed Cozen *Mercury*, what follows?

Merc. Look up and mark where the bright Zodiack Hangs like a Belt about the brest of heaven; On the right shoulder, like a flaming Jewel, His shell, with nine rich Topazes adorn'd, Lord of this Tropique, sits the skalding Crab:

He,

He, when the Sun gallops in full career
 His annual race; his ghastly claws uprear'd,
 Frights at the confines of the torrid Zone,
 The fiery teame, and proudly stops their course,
 Making a solstice, till the fierce Steeds learn
 His backward paces, and so retrograde
 Post down-hill to th' oppos'd *Capricorne*.
 Thus I depose him from his laughty Throne;
 Drop from the Sky into the briny flood,
 There teach thy motion to the ebbing Sea,
 But let those fires that beautifi'd thy shell,
 Take humane shapes, and the disorder show
 Of thy regressive paces here below.

The second Antimask is Danc'd in retrograde paces, expressing obliquity in motion.

Atom. This Crab, I confels, did ill become the heavens, but there is another that more infests the earth, and makes such a solstice in the politer Arts and Sciences, as they have not been observed for many Ages to have made any sensible advance: could you but lead the learned Squadrons with a Masculine resolution past this point of retrogradation, it were a benefit to mankind worthy the power of a god, and to be payed with Altars: but that not being the work of this night, you may pursue your purposes: what now succeeds?

Merc. Vice, that unbodied, in the Appetite
 Erects his Throne, hath yet, in bestial shapes,
 Branded, by Nature, with the Character
 And distinct stamp of some peculiar Ill,
 Mounted the Sky and fix'd his Trophies there:
 As fawning flattery in the little Dog;
 I'th bigger, churlish Murmur; Cowardize
 I'th timorous Hare; Ambition in the Eagle:
 Rapine and Avarice in th' adventurous Ship
 That fail'd to *Colchos* for the Golden fleece:
 Drunken distemper in the Goblet flowes;
 I'th Dart and Scorpion, biting Calumny;
 In *Hercules* and the Lion, furious rage;
 Vain Ostentation in *Cassiope*:
 All these I to eternal exile doom,
 But to this place their emblem'd Vices summon,
 Clad in those proper Figures, by which best
 Their incorporeal nature is exprest.

The third Antimask is danc'd of those several vices, expressing the deviation from Vertue.

Mem. From henceforth it shall be no more said in the Proverb, when you would exprest a riotous Assembly, That hell, but heaven is broke loose, this was an arrant Goal-delivery, all the prisons of your great Cities could have vomited more corrupt matter: but Couzen *Cyllenius*, in my judgment it is not safe that these infectious persons should wander here to the hazard of this Island, they threatned less danger when they were nayl'd to the Firmament: I should conceive

ceive it a very discreet course, since they are provided of a tall Vessel of their own ready rigg'd, to embark them all together in that good Ship called the *Argo*, and send them to the Plantation in *New-England*, which hath purg'd more virulent humors from the politique body, then *Guaicum* and all the *West-Indian* druggs have from the natural bodies of this Kingdom: Can you devise how to dispose them better?

Mer. They cannot breath this pure and temperate Air
Where Vertue lives, but will with hasty flight,
'Mongst fogs and vapours, seek unsound abodes;
Fly after them, from your usurped seats,
You foul remainders of that viperous brood:
Let not a Star of the luxurious race,
With his loose blaze stayn the skyes chrystal face.

All the Stars are quench'd, and the sphear darkned.

Before the entry of every Antimask, the Stars in those figures in the Sphear which they were to represent, were extinct; so as, by the end of the Antimask in the Sphear no more Stars were seen.

Mom. Here is a total Eclipse of the eighth Sphear, which neither *Booker*, *Alefiree*, nor any of your Prognosticators, no nor their great Master *Tico* were aware of; but yet in my opinion there were some innocent, and some generous Constellations, that might have been reserved for Noble uses; as the Scales and Sword to adorne the statue of Justice, since she resides here on Earth onely in Picture and Effigie. The Eagle had been a fit present for the *Germans*, in regard their Bird hath mew'd most of her Feathers lately. The Dolphin too had been most welcome to the *French*, and then had you but clapt *Perseus* on his *Pegasus*, brandishing his Sword, the Dragon yawning on his back under his horses feet, with *Python's* dart through his throat, there had been a Divine *St. George* for this Nation: but since you have improvidently shuffled them altogether, it now rests only that we provide an immediate succession, and to that purpose I will instantly proclaim a free Election,

*O yes, O yes, O yes,
By the Father of the gods,
And the King of men,*

Whereas we having observed a very commendable practice taken into frequent use by the Princes of these latter Ages, of perpetuating the memory of their famous enterprizes, Sieges, Battels, Victories, in Picture, Sculpture, Tapistry, Embroideries, and other Manufactures, wherewith they have embellished their publick Palaces, and taken into Our more distinct and serious consideration, the particular Christmases hangings of the Guard-Chamber of this Court, wherein the Naval Victory of 88. is to the eternal glory of this Nation exactly delineated: and whereas We likewise out of a propheticall imitation of this so laudable custom, did for many thousand years before, adorne and beautifie the eighth room of Our celestial Mansion, commonly called the Star-Chamber, with the Military adventures, Stratagems, Achievements, Feats, and Defeats, performed in Our Own person, whilst yet Our Standard was erected, and We a Combattant in the amorous Warfare. It hath notwithstanding, after mature deliberation and long debate,

A a a

held

held first in our own inscrutable bosome, and afterwards, communicated with Our Privy Councel, seemed meet to Our Omnipotency, for causes to Our self best known, to unfurnish and dis-array Our foresaid Star-Chamber of all those Antient Constellations which have for so many Ages been sufficiently notorious, and to admit into their vacant places, such persons onely as shall be qualified with exemplar Vertue and eminent Desert, there to shine in indeleble Characters of glory to all Posterity. It is therefore Our divine will and pleasure, voluntarily, and out of Our own free and proper motion, meer grace and special favor, by these presents to specifie and declare to all Our loving People, that it shall be lawful for any Person whatsoever, that conceiveth him or her self to be really endued with any heroical Vertue or transcendent Merit, worthy so high a calling and dignity, to bring their several pleas and pretences before Our Right Trusty and Welbeloved Cozen and Counsellor, *Dön Mercury* and god *Momus*, &c, Our peculiar Delegates for that affair, upon whom we have transferred an absolute power to conclude, and determine without Appeal or Revelation, accordingly as to their wisdoms it shall in such cases appear behooful and expedient. Given at our Palace in *Olympus* the first day of the first Month, in the first year of the Reformation.

Plutus enters, an old man full of wrinkles, a bald head, a thin white beard, spectacles on his nose, with a bunch back; and attir'd in a Robe of Cloth of gold.

Plutus appears.

Merc. Who's this appears?

Mom. This is a subterranean Fiend, *Plutus*, in this Dialect term'd Riches, or the god of gold; a poyson, hid by providence in the bottom of Seas, and Navil of the Earth, from mans discovery, where if the seeds begun to sprout above-ground, the excrescence was carefully guarded by Dragons, yet at last by humane curiosity brought to light to their own destruction; this being the true *Pandora's* box, whence issued all those mischiefs that now fill the Universe.

Plut. That I prevent the message of the gods
Thus with my haist, and not attend their summons,
Which ought in Justice call me to the place.

I now require of Right, is not alone
To shew the just precedence that I hold
Before all earthly, next th' immortal Powers;
But to exclude the hope of partial grace
In all Pretenders, who, since I descend
To equal tryal, must by sole desert.
Waving your favor, claym by my example,

If Vertue must inherit, shee's my slave;
I lead her captive in a golden chaine,
About the world; She takes her Form and Being
From my creation; and those barren seeds
That drop from heaven, if I not cherish them
With my distilling dewes, and fotive heat,
They know no vegetation; but expos'd
To blasting winds of freezing Poverty,
Or not shoot forth at all, or budding, wither:

Should

Should I proclaim the daily sacrifice
 Brought to my Temples by the toyling rout,
 Not of the fat and gore of abject Beasts,
 But humane sweat, and blood poured on my Altars,
 I might invoke the envy of the gods.
 Turn but your eyes and mark the busie world,
 Climbing steep Mountaines for the sparkling stone,
 Piercing the Center for the shining Ore,
 And th' Oceans bosome to rake pearly sands,
 Crossing the torrid and the frozen Zones,
 'Midst Rocks and swallowing Gulfes, for gainful trade,
 And though opposing Swords, Fire, murdering Canon,
 Skaling the walled Town for precious spoiles:
 Plant in the passage to your heavenly seats,
 These horrid dangers, and then see who dares
 Advance his desperate foot; yet am I sought,
 And oft in vain, through these, and greater hazards;
 I could discover how your Deities
 Are for my sake sleighted, despis'd, abus'd,
 Your Temples, Shrines, Altars, and Images
 Uncover'd, rifled, robb'd, and disarray'd
 By sacrilegious hands: yet is this treasure
 To th' golden Mountain, where I sit ador'd
 With superstitious solemn rights convey'd,
 And becomes sacred there, the sordid wretch
 Not daring touch the consecrated Ore,
 Or with prophane hands lessen the bright heap;
 But this might draw your anger down on mortals,
 For rendring me the homage due to you:
 Yet what is said may well expresse my power
 Too great for earth, and onely fit for heaven:
 Now, for your pastime, view the naked root,
 Which in the dirty earth, and base mould drown'd,
 Sends forth this precious Plant, and golden fruit.
 You lusty Swaines, that to your grazing flocks
 Pipe amorous Roundelayes; you toyling Hinds,
 That barb the fields, and to your merry Teames
 Whistle your passions; and you mining Moles
 That in the bowels of your Mother-earth
 Dwell the eternal burthen of her womb,
 Cease from your labors, when Wealth bids you play,
 Sing, Dance, and keep a chearful holiday.

They Dance the fourth Antimask consisting of Countrey people, Musick, and Measures.

Merc. Plutus, the gods know and confesse your power,
 Which feeble Vertue seldom can resist;
 Stronger then Towers of Brasse, or Chastity;
Jove knew you when he courted *Danaë*,
 And *Cupid* wears you on that arrowes head
 That still prevails. But the gods keep their Thrones
 To enstall Vertue, not her Enemies.
 They dread thy force, which even themselves have felt,

Witness *Mount-Ida*, where the Martial Maid,
 And frowning *Juno*, did to mortal Eies
 Naked, for gold, their sacred bodies show,
 Therefore for ever be from heaven banish'd.
 But since with toyle from undiscover'd Worlds
 Thou art brought hither, where thou first didst breath
 The thirst of Empire into Regal breasts,
 And frightedst quiet peace from her meek Throne,
 Filling the World with Tumult, Blood, and War,
 Follow the Camps of the contentious earth,
 And be the Conquerers slave, but he that can
 Or conquer thee, or give thee Vertues stamp,
 Shall shine in heaven a pure immortal Lamp.

Mom. Nay stay, and take my benediction along with you. I could, being here a Co-Judge, like others in my place, now that you are condemn'd, either rail at you, or break jests upon you, but I rather chuse to loose a word of good counsel, and intreat you to be more careful in your choice of company, for you are always found either with Misers, that not use you at all, or with fools, that know not how to use you well: be not hereafter so reserv'd and coy to men of worth and parts, and so you shall gain such credit, as the next Sessions you may be heard with better success. But till you are thus reform'd, I pronounce this positive sentence, That wheresoever you shall chuse to abide, your society shall add no credit or reputation to the party, nor your discontinuance, or total absence, be matter of disparagement to any man, and whosoever shall hold a contrary estimation of you, shall be condemn'd to wear perpetual Motley, unless he recant his opinion. Now you may void the Court.

Pania enters, a woman of a pale colour, large brims of a hat upon her head, through which her hair started up like a fury, her Robe was of a dark color full of patches, about one of her hands was tyed a chaine of Iron, to which was fastned a weighty stone, which she bore up under her arm.

Pania Enters.

Merc. What Creature's this?

Mom. The Antipodes to the other, they move like two Buckets or as two nayles drive out one another; if Riches depart, Poverty will enter.

Pov. I nothing doubt (Great and Immortal Powers)
 But that the place your wisdom hath deny'd
 My foe, your Justice will confer on me;
 Since that which renders him incapable,
 Proves a strong Plea for me. I could pretend
 Even in these rags, a larger Sovereignty
 Then gaudy Wealth in all his pomp can boast;
 For mark how few they are that share the World;
 The numerous Armies, and the swarming Ants
 That fight and toyl for them, are all my Subjects,
 They take my wages, wear my Livery:
 Invention too and Wit, are both my creatures,
 And the whole race of Vertue is my Off-spring;

As

As many mischiefs issue from my womb
And those as mighty, as proceed from gold,
Oft o're his Throne I wave my awful Scepter,
And in the bowels of his state command,
When 'midst his heaps of Coyn, and hills of Gold,
I pine, and starve the aviritious Fool.
But I decline those titles, and lay claim
To heaven, by right of Divine contemplation;
She is my Darling, I, in my soft lap,
Free from disturbing cares, Bargains, Accounts,
Leases, Rents, Stewards, and the fear of Theeves,
That vex the rich, nurse her in calm repose,
And with her, all the Vertues speculative,
Which, but with me, find no secure retreat.

For entertainment of this hour. I'll call
A race of people to this place, that live
At Natures charge, and not importune heaven
To chain the winds up, or keep back the storms.
To stay the thunder, or forbid the hail
To thresh the unrep'd eare; but to all weathers,
Both chilling frost, and skalding Sun, expose
Their equal face. Come forth, my swarthy train,
In this fair circle dance, and as you move,
Mark, and foretell happy events of Love.

They Dance the fifth Antimask of Cypses.

Mom. I cannot but wonder that your perpetual conversation
with Poets and Philosophers hath furnished you with no more Logick,
or that you should think to impose upon us so gross an inference, as
because *Plutus* and you are contrary, therefore whatsoever is denied
of the one, must be true of the other; as if it should follow of ne-
cessity, because he is not *Jupiter*, you are. No, I give you to know,
I am better vers'd in cavils with the gods, then to swallow such a
fallacie, for though you two cannot be together in one place, yet
there are many places that may be without you both, and such is hea-
ven, where neither of you are likely to arrive: therefore let me ad-
vise you to marry your self to Content, and beget sage Apothegms,
and goodly moral Sentences in dispraise of Riches, and contempt of
the world.

Mer. Thou dost presume too much poor needy wretch
To claim a station in the Firmament,
Because thy humble Cottage, or thy Tub
Nurses some lazy or Pedantique vertue
In the cheap Sun-shine, or by shady springs
With roots and pot-herbs; where thy rigid hand,
Tearing those humane passions from the mind,
Upon whose stocks fair blooming vertues flourish,
Degradeth Nature, and benummeth sense,
And Gorgon-like, turns active men to stone.
We not require the dull society
Of your necessitated temperance,
Or that unnatural stupidity

That

That knows nor joy nor sorrow; nor your forc'd
 Falſly exalted paſſive Fortitude
 Above the active: This low abjeſt brood,
 That fix their ſeats in mediocrity,
 Become your ſervile minds; but we advance
 Such virtues onely as admit exceſs,
 Brave bounteous Acts, Regal Magnificence,
 All-ſeeing Prudence, Magnanimity
 That knows no bound, and that Heroick virtue
 For which Antiquity hath left no name,
 But patterns onely, ſuch as *Hercules*,
Achilles, *Theſeus*. Back, to thy loath'd Cell,
 And when thou ſeeſt the new enlightn'd Sphear,
 Study to know but what thoſe Worthies were.

Tiche enters, her head bald behind, and one great lock before,
 wings at her ſhoulders, and in her hand a wheel, her upper parts naked,
 and the ſkirt of her Garment wrought all over with Crowns,
 Scepters Books, and ſuch other things as expreſs both her greateſt
 and ſmalleſt gifts.

Mem. See where Dame *Fortune* comes, you may know her by her
 wheel, and that vail over eyes, with which ſhe hopes like a ſeal'd
 Pigeon to mount above the Clouds, and pearch in the eighth Sphear:
 liſten, ſhe begins.

Fort. I come not here (you gods) to plead the right
 By which Antiquity aſſign'd my Deity,
 Though no peculiar ſtation 'mongſt the Stars,
 Yet general power to rule their influence,
 Or boaſt the Title of Omnipotent,
 Aſcrib'd me then, by which I rival'd *Jove*,
 Since you have cancell'd all thoſe old Records;
 But confident in my good cauſe and merit,
 Claim a ſucceſſion in the vacant Orbe.
 For ſince *Aſtea* fled to heaven, I ſit
 Her Deputy on Earth, I hold her Scales
 And weigh mens Fates out, who have made me blind,
 Becauſe themſelves want eyes to ſee my cauſes,
 Call me inconstant, cauſe my works ſurpaſs
 The ſhallow fathom of their humane reaſon:
 Yet here, like blinded Juſtice, I diſpence
 With my impartial hands, their conſtant lots,
 And if deſertleſs, impious men engroſſe
 My beſt rewards, the fault is yours, you gods,
 That ſcant your graces to mortality,
 And niggards of your good, ſcarce ſpare the world
 One vertuous, for a thouſand wicked men.
 It is no error to confer dignity,
 But to beſtow it on a vicious man;
 I gave the dignity, but you made the vice,
 Make you men good, and I'll make good men happy.
 That *Plutus* is refus'd, diſmayes me not,
 He is my Drudg; and the external pomp,

In which he deckes the World, proceeds from me,
Not him; like Harmony, that not resides
In strings, or notes, but in the hand and voyce.
The revolutions of Empires, States,
Scepters, and Crownes, are but my game and sport,
Which as they hang on the events of War,
So those depend upon my turning wheel.

You warlike Squadrons, who in battels joynd,
Dispute the Right of Kings, which I decide,
Present the model of that martial frame,
By which, when Crowns are stak'd, I rule the game.

*They Dance the sixth Antimask, being the representation of a
Battle.*

Mom. Madam, I should censure you, *pro falso clamore*, for preferring a scandalous cross-bill of recrimination against the gods, but your blindness shall excuse you. Alas! what would it advantage you, if vertue were as universal as vice is? it would onely follow, that as the world now exclames upon you for exalting the vicious, it would then rail as fast at you for depressing the vertuous; so they would still keep their tune, though you chang'd their ditty.

Merc. The mists, in which future events are wrapp'd,
That oft succeed beside the purposes
Of him that works, his dull eyes not discerning
The first great cause, offer'd thy clouded shape
To his enquiring search; so in the dark
The groping world first found thy Deity,
And gave thee rule over contingencies;
Which to the piercing eye of Providence,
Being fix'd and certain, where past and to come,
Are always present, thou dost disappear,
Lost thy being, and art not all.
Be thou then only a deluding Phantome,
At best a blind guide, leading blinder fools;
Who, would they but survey their mutual wants,
And help each other, there were left no room
For thy vain aid. Wisdom, whose strong-built plots
Leave nought to hazard, mocks thy futile power.
Industrious labor drags thee by the locks,
Bound to his toying Car, and not attending
Till thou dispence, reaches his own reward.
Onely the lazy sluggard yawning lies
Before thy threshold, gaping for thy dole,
And licks the easie hand that feeds his sloth.
The shallow, rash, and unadvised man
Makes thee his stale, disburdens all the follies
Of his misguided actions, on thy shoulders.
Vanish from hence, and seek those Ideots out
That thy fantastick god-head hath allow'd,
And rule that giddy superstitious crowd.

Hedone, Pleasure, a young woman with a smiling face, in a light lascivious habit, adorn'd with Silver and Gold, her Temples crown'd

crown'd with a garland of Roses, and over that a Rainbow circling her head down to her shoulders.

[*Hedone Enters*]

Merc. What wanton's this?

Mom. This is the sprightly Lady *Hedone*, a merry gamester, this people call her Pleasure.

Plea. The reasons (equal Judges) here alleag'd
By the dismist Pretenders, all concur
To strengthen my just title to the Sphear.
Honor, or Wealth, or the contempt of both
Have in themselves no simple real good,
But as they are the means to purchase Pleasure,
The paths that lead to my delicious Palace;
They for my sake, I for mine own am priz'd.
Beyond me nothing is, I am the Gole,
The journeys end, to which the sweating world,
And wearied nature travels: For this the best
And wisest sect of all Philosophers,
Made me the seat of supreme happiness.
And though some, more austere upon my ruins,
Did to the prejudice of nature, raise
Some petty low-built vertues, 'twas because
They wanted wings to reach my soaring pitch.
Had they been Princes born, themselves had prov'd;
Of all mankind the most luxurious;
For those delights, which to their low condition
Were obvious, they with greedy appetite
Suck'd and devour'd: from offices of State,
From cares of Family, Children, Wife, Hopes, Fears,
Retir'd, the churlish Cynick in his Tub
Enjoy'd those pleasures which his tongue defam'd:
Nor am I rank'd 'mongst the superfluous goods;
My necessary offices preserve
Each single man, and propogate the kind.
Then am I universal as the light,
Or common Ayr we breath; and since I am
The general desire of all mankind,
Civil Felicity must reside in me.
Tell me what rate my choicest pleasures bear,
When for the short delight of a poor draught
Of cheap cold water, great *Lyfismachus*,
Rendred himself slave to the *Scythians*.
Should I the curious structure of my seats,
The art and beauty of my several objects,
Rehearse at large, your bounties would reserve
For every sence a proper constellation;
But I present their Persons to your eyes.
Come forth my subtle Organs of delight,
With changing figures please the curious eye,
And charm the ear with moving Harmony.

They Dance the seventh Antimask of the five Senses.

Merc.

Merc. Bewitching Syren, guilded rottenness,
 Thou hast with cunning artifice display'd
 Th' enamel'd outside, and the honied verge
 Of the fair cup, where deadly poyson lurkes:
 Within, a thousand sorrows dance the round.
 And like a shell, Pain circles thee without;
 Grief is the shadow waiting on thy steps,
 Which, as thy joyes' gin tow'rds their West decline,
 Doth to a Gyants spreading form extend
 Thy Dwarfish stature. Thou thy self art Pain,
 Greedy, intense Desire, and the keen edge
 Of thy fierce Appetite, oft strangles thee,
 And cuts thy slender thread; but still the terror
 And apprehension of thy hasty end,
 Mingles with Gall thy most refined sweets;
 Yet thy *Cyrcæan* charms transform the world:
 Captains, that have resisted War and Death,
 Nations, that over Fortune have triumph'd,
 Are by thy Magick made effeminate.
 Empires, that knew no limits but the Poles,
 Have in thy wanton lap melted away.
 Thou wert the Author of the first excess
 That drew this reformation on the gods.
 Canst thou then dream, those Powers, that from heaven have
 Banish'd th' effect, will there enthrone th' cause?
 To thy voluptuous Den, fly Witch, from hence,
 There dwell, for ever drown'd in brutish sense.

Mom. I concur, and am grown so weary of these tedious pleadings,
 as I'll pack up too and be gone: Besides, I see a crowd of other sui-
 tors pressing hither, I'll stop 'em, take their petitions and prefer
 'em above; and as I came in bluntly without knocking, and nobo-
 dy bid me welcome; so I'll depart as abruptly without taking leave,
 and bid no body farewell.

Merc. These, with forc'd reasons, and strain'd Arguments,
 Urge vain pretences, whilst your Actions plead,
 And with a silent importunity
 Awake the drowsie Justice of the gods
 To Crown your deeds with immortality.
 The growing Titles of your Ancestors,
 These Nations glorious Acts, joyn'd to the stock
 Of your own Royal vertues, and the clear
 Reflex they take from th' imitation
 Of your fam'd Court, make Honors story full,
 And have to that secure fix'd state advanc'd.
 Both you and them, to which the labouring world,
 Wading through streams of blood, sweats to aspire.
 Those antient Worthies of these famous Isles,
 That long have slept, in fresh and lively shapes
 Shall straight appear, where you shall see your self
 Circled with modern Heroes, who shall be
 In Act, what-ever elder times can boast,

Noble, or Great; as they in Phropheſie,
 Were all but what you are. Then ſhall you ſee
 The ſacred hand of bright Eternity
 Mould you to Stars, and fix you in the Sphear.
 To you, your Royal half to them ſhee'll joyn
 Such of this train, as with induſtrious ſteps
 In the fair prints your vertuous feet have made,
 Though with unequal paces, follow you.
 This is decreed by *Jove*, which my return
 Shall ſee perform'd; but firſt behold the rude
 And old Abiders here, and in them view
 The point from which your full perfections grew
 You naked, antient wild Inhabitants,
 That breath'd this Ayr, and preſt this flowery Earth,
 Come from thoſe ſhades where dwels eternal night,
 And ſee what wonders Time hath brought to light.

Atlas, and the Sphear vaniſheth, and a new Scène appears of
 mountaines, whoſe eminent height exceed the Clouds which paſt
 beneath them, the lower parts were wild and woody: out of this
 place comes forth a more grave Antimaſk of Picts, the natural In-
 habitants of this Ile, antient Scots and Iriſh, theſe dance a Perica
 or Marſhal dance.

When this Antimaſk was paſt, there began to ariſe out of the
 earth the top of a hill, which by little and little grew to be a huge
 mountain that covered all the Scène; the under-part of this was wild
 and craggy, and above ſomewhat more pleaſant and flouriſhing:
 about the middle part of this Mountain were ſeated the three King-
 domes of *England*, *Scotland*, and *Ireland*; all richly attired in regal
 habits, appropriated to the ſeveral Nations, with Crowns on their
 heads, and each of them bearing the ancient Arms of the Kingdoms
 they repreſented: At a diſtance above theſe ſat a young man in a white
 embroidered robe, upon his fair hair an Olive garland with wings
 at his ſhoulders, and holding in his hand a Cornucopia, fill'd with
 Corn and Fruits, repreſenting the Genius of theſe Kingdoms.

The firſt SONG.

GENIUS.

Raiſe from theſe rockie cliffs, your heads,
 Brave Sonnes, and ſee where Glory ſpreads
 Her glittering wings, where Maſteſty
 Crown'd with ſweet ſmiles, ſhoots from her eye
 Diffuſive joy, where Good and Fair,
 United ſit in Honours Chayr.

Call forth your aged Priests, and chryſtal ſtreams,
 To warm their hearts, and waves in theſe bright beams.

KINGDOMES.

1. From your conſecrated woods,
 Holy Druids. 2. Silver floods,
 From your channels fring'd with flowers,
3. Hither move; forſake your bowers
1. Strew'd with hallowed Oaken leaves,

*Deck'd with flags and sedge sheaves,
And behold a wonder. 3. Say,
What do your duller eyes survey?*

CHORUS of DRUIDS and RIVERS.

*We see at once in dead of night
A Sun appear, and yet a bright
Noonday, springing from star-light*

GENIUS.

*Look up, and see the darken'd sphere
Depriv'd of light, her eyes shine there;*

CHORUS.

These are more sparkling than those were.

KINGDOMES.

1. *These shed a nobler influence,*
2. *These by a pure intelligence
Of more transcendent Vertue move,*
3. *These first feel, then kindle love.*
1. 2. *From the bosom they inspire,
These receive a mutual fire;*
1. 2. 3. *And where their flames impure return;
These can quench as well as burn.*

GENIUS.

*Here the fair victorious eyes
Make Worth onely Beauties prize,
Here the hand of Vertue tyes
'Bout the heart loves amorous chain,
Captives triumph, Vassals reign,
And none live here but the slain.*

CHORUS.

*These are th' Hesperian bowers, whose fair trees bear
Rich golden fruit, and yet no Dragon near.*

GENIUS.

*Then, from your imprisoning womb;
Which is the cradle and the tomb
Of British Worthies (fair sons) send
A troop of Heroes, that may lend
Their hands to ease this loaden grove,
And gather the ripe fruit of love.*

KINGDOMES.

1. 2. 3. *Open thy stony entralls wide,
And break old Atlas, that the pride
Of three fam'd Kingdomes may be spy'd.*

CHORUS.

*Pace forth thou mighty British Hercules,
With thy choyce band, for only thou, and these,
May revell here, in Loves Hesperides.*

At this the under-part of the Rock opens, and out of a Cave are seen to come the Masquers, richly attired like ancient Heroes, the Colours yellow, embroydered with Silver, their antique Helmes curiously wrought, and great plumes on the top; before them a troop of young Lords and Noblemens Sons, bearing Torchcs of Virginwax, these were apparelled after the old British fashion in

white Coats, embroydered with silver, girt, and full gathered, cut square collar'd, and round caps on their heads, with a white feather wreathen about them; first these dance with their lights in their hands: After which, the Masquers descend into the room, and dance their entry.

The dance being past, there appears in the farther part of the heaven coming down a pleasant Cloud, bright and transparent, which coming softly downwards before the upper part of the mountain, embraceth the Genius, but so as through it all his body is seen; and then rising again with a gentle motion bears up the Genius of the three Kingdomes, and being past the Airy Region, pierceth the heavens, and is no more seen: At that instant the Rock with the three Kingdomes on it sinks, and is hidden in the earth. This strange spectacle gave great cause of admiration, but especially how so huge a machine, and of that great height could come from under the Stage, which was but six foot high.

The Second SONG.

KINGDOMES.

1. **H**ere are shapes form'd fit for heaven,
2. These move gracefully and even,
3. Here the Ayr and paces meet
So just, as if the skilful feet
Had struck the Vials. 1. 2. 3. So the Ear
Might the tuneful footing hear.

CHORUS.

And had the Musick silent been,
The eye a moving tune had seen.

GENIUS.

These must in the unpeopled skie
Succeed, and govern Destiny,
Jove is temp'ring purer fire,
And will with brighter flames attire
These glorious lights. I must ascend,
And help the Work.

KINGDOMES:

1. We cannot lend

Heaven so much treasure. 2. Nor that pay,
But rendring what it takes away.

3. Why should they that here can move
So well, be ever fix'd above?

CHORUS.

Or be to one eternal posture ty'd,
That can into such various figures slide.

GENIUS.

Jove shall not, to enrich the skie,
Beggard the Earth, their Fame shall flie
From hence alone, and in the spheare
Kindle new Starres, whilst they rest here:

KINGDOMES.

1. 2. 3. How can the shaft stay in the quiver,
Yet hit the mark?

GENIUS.

*Did not the River
Eridanus, the grace acquire
In Heaven and Earth to flow,
Above in streams of golden fire,
In silver waves below?*

KINGDOMES.

*i. 2. 3. But shall not we, now thou art gone
Who wert our Nature, whither,
Or break that triple Union
Which thy soul held together?*

GENIUS.

*In Concords pure immortal spring
I will my force renew,
And a more active Vertue bring
At my return, Adieu.*

KINGDOMES Adieu. CHORUS Adieu.

The Masquers dance their main dance; which done, the Scène again is varied into a new and pleasant prospect, clean differing from all the other, the nearest part shewing a delicious garden with several walks and per-terra's set round with low trees, and on the sides against these walkes, were fountaines and grots, and in the furthest part a Palace, from whence went high walkes upon Arches, and above them open Terraces planted with Cypress trees, and all this together was composed of such Ornaments as might expresse a Princely Villa.

From hence the Chorus descending into the roome, goes up to the State.

The third SONG

By the Chorus going up to the Queen.

Wilst thus the darlings of the Gods
From Honors Temple, to the Shrine
Of Beauty, and these sweet abodes
Of Love, we guide, let thy Divine
Aspects, (bright Deity) with fair
And Halcyon beames, becalm the Ayr.

*We bring Prince Arthur or the brave
St. George himself (great Queen) to you,
You'll soon discern him; and we have
A Guy, a Beavis or some true
Round-Table Knight, as ever fought
For Lady, to each Beauty brought.*

*Plant in their Martial hands, War's seat,
Your peaceful pledges of warm snow,
And, if a speaking touch repeat
In Loves known language, tales of woe;
Say, in soft whispers of the Palme,
As Eyes shoot Darts, so Lips shed Balm.*

For

For though you seeme like Captives, led
 In triumph by the Foe away,
 Tet on the Conquerers necke you tread,
 And the fierce Victor proves your prey.
 What heart is then secure from you,
 That can, though vanquish'd, yet subdue?

The Song done they retire. and the Masquers dance the Revels with the Ladies, which continued a great part of the night.

The Revels being past, and the Kings Majesty seated under the State by the Queen; for Conclusion to this Masque there appears coming forth from one of the sides, as moving by a gentle wind, a great Cloud, which arriving at the middle of the heaven, stayeth; this was of severall colours, and so great, that it covered the whole Scène. Out of the further part of the heaven, begins to breake forth two other Clouds, differing in colour and shape; and being fully discovered, there appeared sitting in one of them, Religion, Truth, and wisdom. Religion was appparelled in white and part of her face was covered with a light vaile, in one hand a booke, and in the other a flame of fire. Truth in a Watchet Robe, a Sunne upon her fore-head and bearing in her hand a palme. Wisdom in a mantle wrought with eyes and hands; golden rayes about her head, and *Apollo's* Cithere in her hand. In the other Cloud sate Concord, Government, and Reputation. The habit of Concord was Carnation, bearing in her hand a litle faggot of stickes bound together, and on the top of it a hart, and a garland of corne on her head: Government was figured in a coat of Armour, bearing a shield; and on it a *Medusa's* head; upon her head a plumed helme, and in her right hand a Lance. Reputation, a young man in purple robe wrought with gold, and wearing a laurell wreath on his head. These being come downe in an equall distance to the middle part of the Ayre, the great Cloud beganne to breake open, out of which strooke beames of light; in the midst suspended in the Ayre, sate Eternity on a Globe, his Garment was long of a light blue, wrought all over with Stars of gold, and bearing in his hand a Serpent bent into a circle, with his taile in his mouth. In the firmament about him, was a troope of fiftene starres, expressing the stellifying of our British Heroes; but one more great and eminent than the rest, which was over his head, figured his Majesty. And in the lower part was seene a farre off the prospect of *Windfor* Castle, the famous seat of the most honourable Order of the Garter.

The fourth SONG.

Eternity, Eusebia, Alethia, Sophia, Homonoia, Dicæarche, Euphemia.

ETERNITIE.

BE fix'd you rapid Orbes, that beare
 The changing seasons of the yeare
 On your swift wings, and see the old
 Decrepit Spheare growne darke and cold;
 Nor did love quench her fires, these bright
 Flames, have eclips'd her sullen light:
 This Royall payre, for whom Fate will

Make

*Make Motion cease, and Time stand still;
Since Good is here so perfect, as no Worth
Is left for After Ages to bring forth.*

EUSEBIA.

*Mortality cannot with more
Religious zeal, the gods adore.*

ATLETHIA.

*My Truths, from human eyes conceal'd,
Are naked to their sight reveal'd.*

SOPHIA.

*Nor do their Actions, from the guid
Of my exactest precepts slide.*

HOMONOIA.

*And as their own pure Souls entwin'd,
So are their Subjects hearts combin'd.*

DICÆARCHES.

*So just, so gentle is their sway;
As it seemes Empire to obey.*

EUPHEMIA.

*And their fair Fame, like incense hurl'd
On Altars, hath perfum'd the World.*

SO. *Wisdom.* AL. *Truth.* EUS. *Pure Adoration.*
HO. *Concord.* DI. *Rule* EUP. *Clear Reputation;*

CHORUS.

Crown this King, this Queen, this Nation.

CHORUS.

Wisdome, Truth, &c.

ETERNITIE.

*Brave Spirits, whose adventrous feet
Have to the Mountains top aspir'd,
Where fair Desert, and Honour meet,
Here, from the toyling Press retir'd,
Secure from all disturbing Evil,
For ever in my Temple revell.
With wreaths of Stars circled about,
Gild all the spacious Firmament,
And smiling on the panting rout
That labor in the steep ascent,
With your resistless influence guide
Of humane change th'incertain tide.*

EUS. ALE. SOP.

*But oh you Royal Turtles, shed,
When you from Earth remove,
On the ripe fruits of your chaste bed,
Those sacred seeds of Love.*

CHORUS.

*Which no Power can but yours dispence,
Since you the pattern bear from hence.*

HOM. DIC. EUP.

*Then from your fruitful race shall flow
Endless Succession,
Scepter shall bud, and Lawrels blow
Bout their Immortal Thrones*

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

*Propitious Stars shall Crown each Birth,
Whilst you rule them, and they the Earth.*

The Song ended, the two Clouds, with the persons sitting on them, ascend; the great Cloud closeth again, and so passeth away overthwart the Scène; leaving behind it nothing but a serene Skye. After which, the Masquers dance their last dance, and the Curtain was let fall.

The Names of the Masquers.

The Kings Majesty.

*Duke of Lenox.
Earl of Devonshire.
Earl of Holland.
Earl of Newport.
Earl of Elgin.
Viscount Grandefon.
Lord Rich.*

*Lord Fielding.
Lord Digby.
Lord Dungarvin.
Lord Dunluce.
Lord Wharton.
Lord Paget.
Lord Saltine.*

The Names of the young Lords and Noblemens Sons.

*Lord Walden.
Lord Cranborne.
Lord Brackley.
Lord Shandos.
Mr. William Herbert.*

*Mr. Thomas Howard.
Mr. Thomas Egerton.
Mr. Charles Cavendish.
Mr. Robert Howard.
Mr. Henry Spencer.*

*The TEMPLE of LOVE A Masque.
Presented by the Queens Majesty,
and her Ladies at Whitehall.*

The ARGUMENT.

Divine Poësie (the Secretary of Nature) is sent by Fate to Indamora, Queen of Natsinga, to signify the time prefix'd was come, when by the influence of her Beauty (attended with those lesser Lights, her contributory Ladies) the Temple of Chast Love should be re-established in this Island; which Temple being long sought for by certain Magicians (Enemies to chaste Love) intending to use it to their intemperate ends, was by Divine Poësie hidden in mists and clouds; so as the Magicians being frustrate of their hopes, sought by enchantments to hinder all others from finding it; and by this imposture many Noble Knights and Ladies have been tempted and misled.

The

The fame of this Temple of Love being quickly spread over all the Eastern world, enflamed a company of noble Persian youths, borderers on India, to travel in quest of it; who arriving, were by the illusions of the Magicians, and their spirits of several Regions, almost seduced, as others had been: But Divine Poesie appearing, discover'd unto them some part of the Temple unshadow'd, and prophesied of the time when Indamora and her Train should arrive to effect this miracle; which though it seems somewhat hard Doctrine to most young men, yet these being spirits of the highest rank, forsaking the false Magicians and their allurements, were resolved to entertain themselves to contemplate on this Apparition, until the coming of the glorious Indian Queen, at whose sight they being inspir'd with chaste flames, might be permitted by their faithful observance and legitimate affections, to enter and enjoy the Privileges of that sacred Temple. Then Divine Poesie sends Orpheus her chief Priest in a Barque (assisted by the Brachmane and Priests of the Temple, who meet him on the shores) to calme the Seas with his Harp, that a Maratime Chariot prepared by the Indian Sea Gods, might safer, and more swiftly convey them to atchive this Noble Adventure; after whose landing, having paid their Ceremonies by moving in harmonical and numerous figures, Sunesis and Thelema (which intimate the understanding and the will) joyning together, the True Temple appears, and Chast Love descends to invoke the last and living Heroe (Indamora's Royal Lover) that he may help and witness the Consecration of it.

The TEMPLE of LOVE.

AT the lower end of the Banqueting House, opposite to the State was a Stage of six foot high, and on that was raised an Ornament of a new Invention agreeable to the Subject, consisting of Indian Trophies: on the one side upon a basement sate a naked Indian on a whitish Elephant, his legs shortning towards the neck of the beast, his tire and bases of several coloured feathers, representing the Indian Monarchy: On the other side an Asiaticque in the habit of an Indian Borderer, riding on a Camel; his Turbant and Coat differing from that of the Turks, figured for the Asian Monarchy: over these hung shields like Compartiments: In that over the Indian was painted a Sun rising, and in the other an half Moon; these had for finishing the Capital of a great pillaster, which served as a ground to stick them of, and bore up a large freeze or border with a Coronice. In this over the Indian lay the figure of an old man, with a long white hair and beard, representing the flood *Tigris*; on his head a wreath of Canes and Seadg, and leaning upon a great urne, out of which run water, by him, in an extravagant posture stood a Tyger.

At the other end of this freeze lay another naked man, representing *Meander*, the famous River of *Asia*, who likewise had a great Silver Urne, and by him lay an Unicorn,

In the midst of this border was fixed a rich Compartment, behind which was a crimson Drapery, part of it born up by naked Children tack'd up in several Pleats, and the rest was at each end of the Freeze tyed with a great knot, and from thence hung down in foulds to the

bottom of the Pedastals : in the midst of this Compartment in an Oval was written *TEMPLUM AMORIS* : all these Figures were in their natural colours bigger than the life, and the Compartments of Gold.

A Curtain flying up the first Sceane was discover'd, in which appeared a spacious grove of shady trees ; and afar off on a Mount with a winding way to the top, was seated a pleasant bower, environed with young Trees, and in the lower part walkes planted with Cypress, representing the place where the Soules of the Anciant Poets are feigned to reside : the delight of this prospect was quickly diverted to the sight of a more strange apparition; for, out of the heaven by little and little broke forth a great Cloud of a Rosie Colour, which being come down some little way, began to open, and in it was seen sitting a beautiful woman, her garment was Sky-colour set all with Stars of Gold, her head was crowned with Laurel, with a spangled vaile hanging down behind, and her hair in artificial curls graciously dress'd, representing *Divine Poesie*, and by her a milk white Swan, as she descends singing; out of those venerable shades came forth a company of ancient Greek Poets, as *Demodocus*, *Femius*, *Homer*, *Hesiod*, *Terpander*, and *Sapho* a Poetesse inhabits varied and of several colours, with laurel wreaths on their heads. *Divine Poesie* sung this :

Divine Poesie.

I.

As chearful as the Mornings light,
Comes Indamora from above,
To guide those Lovers that want sight,
To see and know what they should love.

2.

Her beames into each breast will steal,
And search what ev'ry Heart doth mean,
The sadly wounded she will heal,
And make the fouly tainted clean.

3.

Rise you, from your dark shades below,
That first gave words an harmony,
And made false Love in numbers flow,
Till vice became a mystery.

4.

And when I've purifi'd that Ayr
To which death turn'd you long agoe,
Help with your voyces to declare
What Indamora comes to show.

The Poets.

Soul of our Science! how inspir'd we come?
By thee restor'd to voyces that lay dumbe,
And lost in many a forgotten Tombe.

D. Poesie.

D. Poesie.

*T'are spirits all; and have so long
From flesh, and frailty absent bin,
That sure though Love should fill your song,
It could not relish now of sin.*

The Poets.

*Vex not our sad remembrance with our shame!
We have bin punish'd for ill-gotten fame,
For each loose verse, tormented with a flame.*

D. Poesie.

*Descend then, and become with me,
The happy Organs to make known
In an harmonious Embassie,
Our great affair to yonder Throne.*

She being descend'd to the ground in a Majestick pace, goes up the State, attended by the fore-named Poets; and the Cloud that brought her down, closeth as it ascends.

D. Poesie.

*Thou Monarch of men's hearts rejoyce!
So much thou art below'd in heaven,
That Fate hath made thy reign her choyce,
In which Love's blessings shall be given.*

The Poets.

*Truth shall appear, and rule 'till she resists
Those subtle charmes, and melts those darker mists,
In which Lov's Temple's hid from Exorcists.*

D. Poesie.

*Those Magi that with pleasant Arts
To their false Temple led of yore
The noblest youth, withbring their Hearts
With lustful thoughts, shall be no more.*

The Poets.

*For Indamora with her beauties light,
The truer Temple shall restore to sight,
The false shall be obscur'd in endless Night.*

The Song after they have retir'd (playing on their Instruments) by the Chorus of Poets.

1.

*Take leave now of thy heart,
The beauty thou shalt streight surway
Will tempt it to depart
Thy royal breast, and melt away.
Yet when she finds thy breast is empty grown,
In just remorse shee'l fill it with her own,
So neither heart can mourn, or stray.*

2.

*Back to our shades we go,
But see how heavily we move!*

Ccc 2

Alas!

Alas ! their feet are slow,
 That leave the Object which they love.
 Our dwelling is beneath, but those whose Bayes
 Is chastly earn'd in thy corrected dayes,
 Shall after death reside above.

After this, *Divine Poesie*, and the Poets go forth ; then the whole
 Scène changeth into Mist and Clouds, through which some glimpse
 of a Temple is here and there scarcely discern'd.

The Entry of the Magicians.

Out of Caves from under ground come forth three Magicians, one
 more eminent than the rest, their habits of strange fashions, deno-
 ting their qualities, and their persons deformed.

(1.) Tell me, thou wise Protector of our Art,
 Why dost thou walk with such a hideous brow ?
 Darknefs, and Clouds do hover o're thine eyes ;
 Thou look'st as thou hadst suck'd the vapor of
 A poy'snous Fenne, till it has made thee drunk,
 There's venom'd foam about thy lips.

(2.) Is thy belov'd
 Old witch, dead and entomb'd ? or hast thou heard
 Ill news from hell ? Does the grand fiend
 Chain up thy spirits from thy use ? Speak, Art
 Thou not within thy Circle still a Sovereign Prince ?
 When thou dost lift with magick power thy white
 Incharnted Scepter thus, do not the thin
 Unbodied people bow and obey ?

(3.) O the Temple of Love, the mists that hid,
 And so reserv'd it from our sinful use,
 (Whilst we seduc'd the more voluptuous race
 Of Men, to give false worship in our own) must be
 Dispell'd ! this is the sad ill news ; and it
 Is come from Heaven ! A troublesome Deity
 (Whom forsooth they stile *Divine Poesie*)
 This morne proclaim'd it from a falling Cloud.

(2.) Who ? *Divine Poesie* ?

(3.) I know her well.

(1.) But who shall bring this mischief to our Art ?

(3.) *Indamora*, the delight of Destiny !
 She, and the beauties of her Train ; who sure
 Though they discover Summer in their looks,
 Still carry frozen Winter in their blood.
 They raise strange doctrines, and new sects of Love :
 Which must not woo or court the Person, but
 The Mind ; and practice generation not
 Of Bodies but of Souls.

(2.) Believe me, my Magical friends,
 They must bring bodies with 'em that worship
 In our pleasant Temple : I have an odd
 Fantastick faith perswades we there will be

Little pastime upon earth without Bodies.
Your Spirit's a cold Companion at midnight.

(1.) Have we so long mis-led and entertain'd
The youthful of the world, I mean their bodies)
And now do they betake themselves unto
The dull imaginary pleasures of
Their soules? This humor cannot last.

(2.) If it should, we may rid our Temple
Of all our Persian Quilts, imbroyder'd Couches,
And our standing Beds; these (I take it) are
Bodily implements; our soules need 'em not.
But where shall this new Sect be planted first?

(3.) In a dull Northern Ile, they call Britaine.

(2.) Indeed 'tis a cold Northerly opinion;
And I'll lay my life begot since their late
Great Frosts; It will be long enough ere it
Shall spread, and prosper in the South! Or if
The Spaniard or Italian ever be
Perswaded out of the use of their bodies,
I'll give mine to a Raven for his Supper.

(3.) The Miracle is more increas'd, in that
It first takes birth and nourishment in Court.

(2.) But my good damn'd friend tell me? Is there not
One Courtier will resent the cause, and give
Some countenance to the affairs of the body?

(3.) Certain young Lords at first disliked the Philosophy
As most uncomfortable, sad, and new;
But soon inclin'd to a superior vote,
And are grown as good Platonical Lovers
As are to be found in an Hermitage, where he
That was born last, reckons above fourscore.

To these come forth in hast another Magician, in shape and habit differing from the other, and spake as followeth.

(1.) Here comes a brother of our mystick Tribe!

(3.) He knows th' occasion of our grief, and by
His hast imports discoveries more strange!

(4.) News! news! my sad companions of the shade!
There's lately landed on our fatal shore
Nine Persian youths, their habit and their looks
So smooth, that from the Pleasures i'th Elisian fields
Each female ghost will come, and enter in
Their flesh again, to make embraces warm.

(2.) I hope these are no Platonical Lovers,
No such Carthusian Poets as do write
Madrigals to the mind? more of thy news!

(4.) The rest infers small joy, and little hope:
For though at first their youth and eager thoughts
Directed them where our gay Altar stood,
And they were ready too for sacrifice,
I cannot tell what luckless light inform'd
Their eyes, but Loves true Temple straight they spy'd
Through

Through the ascending mists, and would have enter'd it
 To read grave frosty Homilies,
 And antick laws of chastity, but that
 (As my swift Spirit brought me word) a voyce
 Sent from within bad them with reverence
 Desist till *Indamora* did appear, for then
 The Gates would open, and the mists dry up :
 That thus conceal'd it from the general view,
 Which now their expectation doth attend.

(3.) 'Tis time to wake our drowsie Art, and try,
 If we have power to hinder Destiny.
 Mount ! mount ! our charmes ! fetch me, whilst you aspire,
 A Spirit of the Element of fire !

(2.) Me one of Ayre ! (1.) The water me supplies !

(4.) Mine from the center of the earth shall rise !

(3.) These shall infuse their sev'ral qualities

In men ; if not t'uphold the faction of
 The flesh, yet to infect the queasie age
 With blacker Sins : if we (now we have joyn'd
 The force of all the Elements t'assist
 The horror of our will) shall not prevail
 Against this hum'rous vertue of the Time,
 Nature, our weakness must be thought thy crime.

2. To these I'll add a sect of modern Divels ;
 Fine precise Fiends, that hear the devout close
 At ev'ry vertue but their own, that claim
 Chambers and Tenements in heaven, as they
 Had purchas'd there, and all the Angels were
 Their harbingers. With these I'll vex the world.

(3.) 'Tis well design'd ! Thanks to thy courteous Art !
 Let's murmur softly in each others ear,
 And those we first invok'd, will straight appear !
 Enough ! they come ! to'th woods let's take our flight,
 We have more dismal business yet e're night.

The Antimask of the Spirits.

1. Entry.

The fiery Spirits all in flames, and their Vizards of a Cholerick
 Complexion.

The Airy Spirits with sanguine vizards, their Garments and Caps
 all of feathers.

The Watery Spirits were all over wrought with scales, and had
 fishes heads and fins.

The Earthy Spirits had their garments wrought all over with leave-
 less trees and bushes, with Serpents and other little Animals here and
 there about them, and on their heads barren rocks.

2. Entry.

Brought in by the fiery Spirits, were debosh't and quarrelling men
 with a loose Wench amongst them.

3. and

3. and 4. Entry.

Brought in by the Spirits of Ayr, were of amorous men and women in ridiculous habits and Alchimists.

5. Entry.

Brought in by the Spirits of Water, were drunken Dutch skippers.

6. Entry.

Brought in by the Spirits of Earth, were Witches, Userers, and Fools.

7. Entry.

Was of a Modern Divil, a sworn enemy of Poesie, Musick, and all ingenious Arts, but a great friend to murmuring, libelling, and all seeds of discord, attended by his factious followers; all which was exprest by their Habits and Dance.

After these was an entry of three Indians of quality, of *Indamorta's* train in several strange habits, and their dance as strange.

A Persian Page comes leaping in.

HEy! hey! how light I am? all foul within?
As my dull flesh, were melted through my skin?
And though a Page when landed on this shore,
I now am grown a brisk Ambassador!
From Persian Princes too, and each as fierce
A Lover, as did ever sigh in verse!
Give Audience then, you Ladies of this Isle!
Lord how you lift your fannes up now, and smile!
To think (forsooth) they are so fond to take
So long a journey for your beauties sake!
For know, th'are come! but sure, ere they return,
Will give your female ships some cause to mourn!
For I must tell you, that about them all
There's not one grain, but what's Platonical!
So bathful that I think they might be drawn
(Like you) to wear close Hoods, or vailles of Lawn.
My Master is the chief that doth protect,
Or (as some say) mislead this precise sect:
One heretofore that wisely could confute
A Lady at her window with his Lute,
There devoutly in a cold morning stand
Two hours, praying the snow of her white hand;
And when he could not rule her to's intent,
Like *Tarquin* he would proffer ravishment.
But now, no fear of Rapes, untill he find
A maydenhead belonging to the mind.

The

The rest are all so modest too, and pure,
 So virginly, so coy, and so demure,
 That they retreat at kissing, and but name
Hymen, or Love, they blush for very shame.
 Ladies! I must needs laugh! you'll give me leave
 I hope; and 'tis to think how you deceive
 Your selves with all this precious art, and care
 Tane in your glass to dress your looks, and hair!
 When (in good faith!) they heed no outward merit,
 But fervently resolve to wooe the Spirit!
 Hah! do you all look melancholy now;
 And cast a Cloud of anger o're the brow?
 'Tis time to flye, and my best swiftnes use,
 For fear I'm kill'd with Bodkins for my news.

The Page retires, and the Noble Persian youths make their entry, appparelled in Asian Coats of Sea-green embroidered that reached down above their knees, with buttons and loops before, and cut up square to their hips, and returned down with two short skirts; the sleeves of this Coat were large without seam, and cut short to the bending of the Arm, and hanging down long behind, trimm'd with buttons as those of the breast; out of this came a sleeve of white Sattin embroydered, and the Basis answerable to the sleeve, hung down in gathering underneath the shortest part of their Coat; on their heads they wore Persian Turbants silver'd underneath, and wound about with white Cypress, and one fall of a white feather before.

Their Dance ended, the mist and Clouds at an instant disappear, and the Scene is all changed into a Sea somewhat calm, where the billows moving sometimes whole and sometimes breaking, beat gently on the land, which represented a new and strange prospect; the nearest part was broken grounds and Rocks, with a mountainous Countrey, but of a pleasant aspect, in which were trees of strange form and colour, and here and there were placed in the bottom several Arbors like Cottages, and strange beasts and birds, far unlike the Countrey of these parts, expressing an Indian Landschape. In the Sea were several Islands, and a far off a Continent terminating with the Horizon.

Out of a Creek came waving forth a Barque of an Antique design, adorn'd with Sculpture finishing in Scrowles, that on the Poope had for Ornament a great masque head of a Sea-God; and all the rest enrich'd with embost work touch'd with silver and gold. In the midst of this Barque sat *Orpheus* with his Harp, he wore a white Robegirt, on his shoulders (was tyed with a knot) a Mantle of Carnation, and his head crown'd with a Laurel Garland: with him, other persons in habits of Seamen, as Pilots and Guiders of the Barque, he playing one strain, was answered with the voyces and Instruments of the *Brachmani* joyn'd with the Priests of the Temple of Love, in extravagant habits forting to their titles: whilst this Barque moved gently on the Sea, heaving and setting, and sometimes rowling, arrived near to the farther shore, it turn'd and return'd to the port from whence it came.

The Song of the *Brachmani*, in Answer to *Orpheus*
his Harp.

(1.)

HEark! *Orpheus is a Seaman grown,*
No winds of late have rudely blown,
Nor waves their troubled heads advance!
His Harp hath made the winds so mild,
They whisper now as reconcil'd,
The waves are sooth'd into a dance.

(2.)

See how the list'ning Dolphins play!
And willingly mistake their way,
As when they heard *Arions* strains!
Whom once their scaly Ancestor,
Convey'd upon his back to shore,
And took his musick for his pains.

(3.)

We Priests that burn *Loves* Sacrifice,
Our *Orpheus* greet with ravish'd eyes;
For by this calmnesse we are sure,
His Harp doth now prepare the way,
That *Indamora's* voyage may
Be more delightful, and secure.

(4.)

And now th'enchanted mists shall clear,
And *Loves* true Temple straigh appear,
(Long hid from men by sacred power,)
Where noble Virgins still shall meet,
And breath their Orizons, more sweet
Than is the Springs ungather'd flower.

The Barque having taken port, the Masquers appear in a Maratime Chariot, made of a Spungie Rockstuff mixt with shels, Sea-weeds, Corral, and Pearl, born upon an Axletree with golden wheels without a rimme, with flat spokes like the blade of an Ore coming out of the Naves. This Chariot was drawn by Seamonsters, and floated with a sweet motion in the Sea: *Indamora* Queen of *Narsinga*, late enthron'd in the highest part of this Chariot, in a rich seat, the back of which was a great Skallpo Shell. The habit of the Masquers was of *Isabella* Colour, and Watchet, with Bases in large panes cut through, all over richly embroidered with silver, and the dressing of their heads was of silver, with small falls of white feathers tipp'd with Watchet. This sight thus moving on the water, was accompanied with the Musick and Voyces of the *Chorus*.

(1.)

*She comes! each Princess in her traine hath all
That wise enamor'd Poets, beauty call!
So fit and ready to subdue:
That had they not kind hearts which take a care
To free, and counsel, whom their eyes ensnare,
Poor Lovers would have cause to rue.*

(2.)

*More welcome than the wandering Sea-mans star,
When in the Night the Winds make causeless war,
Until his Barque so long is tost,
That's sayles to ragges are blown; the Main-yard beares
Not sheet enough to wipe, and dry those tears
He shed to see his Rudder lost.*

The Song ended, all the forepart of the Sea was in an instant turn'd to dry land, and *Indamora* with her Contributory Ladies descended into the room, and made their entry. Then for entermedium the Musick began again, and sung this Song.

The SONG.

(1.)

*The Planets though they move so fast,
Have power to make their swiftness last,
But see, your strength is quickly gone!
Yet move by sense and rules of Art,
And each hath an immortal part,
Which cannot tire, but they have none.*

(2.)

*Let then your soft, and nimble feet
Lead and in various figures meet.
Those stranger Knights, who though they came
Seduc'd at first by false desire,
You'll kindle in their breasts a fire
Shall keep Love warm, yet not inflame.*

(3.)

*At first they wear your beauties prize,
Now offer willing Sacrifice
Unto the Vertues of the mind,
And each shall wear when they depart,
A lawful though a loving heart,
And wish you still both strict and kind.*

The Masquers having a while reposed, danced their second Dance, which ended, and the Queen being seated under the State by the King, the Scean was changed into the true temple of Chast Love; this Temple instead of Columnes had terms of young Satyrs bearing up the returns of Architrane Freeze and Coronice, all enrich'd of Gold-Smiths work, the farther part of the Temple running far from the eye was design'd of another kind of Architecture, with Pillasters, Neeches,

ches, and Statues, and in the midst a stately gate adorn'd with Columns and their Ornaments, and a Frontispice on the top, all which seem'd to be of burnish'd Gold. Into this Temple enters *Sunefis* and *Thelema*; *Sunefis* a man of a noble Aspect, and richly attir'd; his garment of Cloth of Gold reaching down below his knees, and girt with a tuck at the waist, with wide sleeves turn'd up; his mantle of Watchet fastned on both shoulders, and hanging long down behind, a Garland of Sinope on his head, with a flame of fire issuing out of it, his Buskins were yellow, wrought with Gold. *Thelema* a young woman in a Robe of changeable Silk, girt with several tucks, under her breast, and beneath her waist, and great leaves of silver about her shoulders hanging down to the midst of her Arm; upon her head a Garland of great Marigolds, and puffs of silver'd Lawn between. And at her shoulders were Angels wings, these sung this Dialogue, assisted by the *Chori*.

The SONG.

Sunefis and Thelema.

Sunefis.

Come melt thy soul in mine, that when unite,
We may become one vertuous appetite.

Thelema.

First breath thine into me, thine is the part
More heavenly, and doth more adorne the heart.

Both.

Thus mix'd, our love will ever be discreet,
And all our thoughts and actions pure,
When perfect Will, and strengthened Reason meet,
Then Love's created to endure.

Chorus.

Were Heaven more distant from us, we would strive
To reach't with Pray'rs to make this Union thrive.

Whilst this Song continued, there came softly down from the highest part of the heaven a bright and transparent Cloud, which being come to the middle part of the Ayre it opened, and out of it came *Amianteros*, or Chast Love flying down, clad all in Carnation and White, and two Garlands of Laurel in one hand, and crown'd with another of the same; whilst he descended the Cloud closeth again and returns upwards, and is hidden in the heavens; Chast Love being come down to the earth, was accompanied by *Sunefis* and *Thelema*, *Divine Poesse*, *Orpheus*, and the rest of the Poets up to the State, the great *Chorus* following at a distance, where they sung this Song.

The Song.

Amianteros, or Chast Love.

(I.)

Wilst by a mixture thus made one;
Th' ar th' Emblem of my Deitie,
D d d 2

And

*And now you may in yonder Throne,
The pattern of your Union see.*

(2.)

*Softly as fruitfull showres I fall,
And th' undiscern'd increase I bring,
Is of more precious worth then all
A plentiful Summer pays a Spring.*

(3.)

*The benefit it doth impart,
Will not the barren earth improve,
But fructifie each barren heart,
And give eternal growth to Love.*

Sunefis.

*To CHARLES the Mightiest and the Best;
And to the Darling of his breast,
(Who rule b' example as by power)
May youthful blessings still increase,
And in their Off-spring never cease,
Till Time's too old to last an hower.*

Chorus.

*These wishes are so well deserv'd by thee,
And thought so modest too by Destiny,
That heaven hath seal'd the grant as a Decree.*

After which they all retire to the Scène, and *Indamora* and her Ladies begin the Revels with the King and the Lords, which continue the most part of the night. Thus ended this Masque, which for the newness of the invention, variety of Scènes, Apparitions, and richness of habits was generally approved to be one of the most magnificent that hath been done in *England*.

The Masquers Names.

The Queens Majesty.

Lady Marquess Hamilton.
Lady Mary Herbert.
Countess of Oxford.
Countess of Berkshire.
Countess of Carnarvan.
Countess of Newport.
Lady Herbert.

Lady Katherine Howard
Lady Anne Carre.
Lady Elizabeth Feilding
Lady Thimbleby.
Mistress Dorothy Savage.
Mistress Victory Cary.
Mistress Nevil.

The Lords and others that presented the Noble *Persian Youths.*

The Duke of Lenox.
Earl of Newport.
Earl of Desmond.
Viscount Grandeson.
Lord Rusel.

Lord Doncaster.
Master Thomas Weston,
Master George Goring.
Master Henry Murrey.

*The TRIUMPHS of the Prince D'AMOUR.
A Masque Presented by his Highness
at his Palace in the Middle
Temple.*

TO EVERY READER.

THe Intention of this Entertainment to the Prince Elector, being hastily prepar'd, as from eager hearts that could delay no Ceremony, that might render an expression of their Loves: It could not be, but I must share the inconvenience of that haste: since length of time is still allowed to these Compositions: and this (devis'd and written in three days) might happily have found an excuse. if the presentation had been as suddenly perform'd, as it was prepar'd: but there was a sad necessity for the delay, and I may justly stile it a misfortune, that the general work could not receive the benefit of alteration by that unprofitable leisure, which since we have rather lost than enjoy'd. Though some Truths are not conveniently urged, this I was forc'd to say in a malignant time, when most men strive to raise themselves a reputation of Wit, by Cavil and Dislike.

*A Masque presented by his Highness, at his
Pallace in the Middle-Temple.*

BEfore the Scène was discovered, the Princes being prepared under the State at the upper end of the Hall; the Master of Ceremonies to the Prince d'Amour, receives an Employment by a whisper from his Master, then moves to the Prince Elector (to whom this Entertainment was onely directed) and speaks this.

SIR, this short journey from my Princes Throne,
Is meant in Embassie to you alone;
To you, whom he receives not as his Guest,
For you are both his Ornament and Feast.
Although his Greatness is not taught to bow,
His Subjects fear, he will do homage now,
Which, he esteems no less'ning to his State,
Since 'tis his Love decrees it, not his Fate.
Nay more, his Message, moves so low, I fear,
What sounds like tender Courtship in your ear,
His jealous Barons will dislike, and cry,
I am perverted to Disloyalty;

Urge

Urge my Commission false, then tax me for
 An easie Traytor, no Ambassador.
 As if my words would pull his Empire down,
 Shorten his Scepter, and contract his Crown;
 Thus whisper'd by my fears, I must impart
 For Ceremony now, what is his heart,
 Though with content of Truth, I may report
 You have a num'rous Faction in his Court.
 This Pallace first, by sword, then law maintain'd
 His few, but mighty Ancestors have rais'd,
 Is consecrated yours; which he doth give,
 Not in regard he hath short time to live;
 For so, since his Successor is unknown,
 You take what is his Subjects, not his own,
 And what is a Surrender now, would be
 Receiv'd to morrow as a Legacy:
 If more of his free love, I should relate,
 They'd stile it homage in our jealous state.

At the upper end, opposite to the State, was a stage of six foot high: and there was presented to sight a Front of *Architecture* with two Pillasters at each side, and in the middle of the Coronich a Compartment, with this inscription in an Oval.

Les Triumpbes du Prince d' Amour.

The Curtaine flying up, on the suddain the Scene was discovered with a Village consisting of *Ale-houses* and *Tobacco shops*, each fronted with a red Lettice, on which black Indian Boyes sate bestriding Roles of Tobacco, and in the place of Signes, Globes hung up, stuck up full of broken Pipes. Before each door were seen old Logs, and Trunks of hollow Trees, on them sate the Persons of the first *Antimasque* drinking, and making to each other such ridiculous salutes, as did intimate a joy of meeting, and acquaintance. This continued a while, and then they prepared for their first Entry.

The First Anti-Masque.

Two, whose Habits presented them, for swaggering Souldiers, and of the cheaper quality, such as are said to roare, not fight, their Beards mishapen, with long Whiskers of the Stilletto cut.

Two Dutch Sea Officers, a Gunner and a Boatswaine.
 An old over-grown debauch'd Cavalier, that seem'd unwieldly with his weight, his Riots had so enlarg'd him.

A Begging Souldier, with a Knap sack hanging at his back.

A Sutlers wife, denoted by her dress of the Camp, her head being bound with a Saddle girth, instead of Phylliting.
These after their Entry was perform'd, retire.

On the sudden, the Scene wholly changing, appears a Camp of Tents, distinguished by their several Colours; And in the midst was discover'd the Temple of *Mars*, the form being square, and of the Dorick Order, with Trophies of Arms on the Front. Within the middle of the Temple stood the Statue of *Mars*, of a Copper, upon a Pedestal.

This having continu'd a while in prospect, the Priests of *Mars* came out of the Temple, cloathed in Crimson Robes, of the Antick shape, girt in the waist, and being tucked up, fall in a fold; on their heads, Miters of a Helmet form, with a Ponyard advauc'd on the top, and they sing this by way of Preparation.

(1.)

*Come shut our Temple and away,
Our bold seditious God shall stay;
We'll serve no sacrifice to day,
Our humor is to Feast, not Pray.*

(2.)

*The Battel which our Knights have won,
Did last until th' amaz'd Sun
For fear, did mend his usual pace,
And set betimes to hide his face.*

(3.)

*And now the story of their fight
Is universal, as his light,
Which Fame upon her swifter wing
Hath early brought for us to sing.*

This Song ended, with a slow pace they descend (playing on their Instruments) and being advanc'd near the State, sing this to signify some Battel lately fought.

(1.)

*Heark! heark! the trouble of the day draws near,
And now the Drum doth teach the heart to beat,
Whilst Trumpets cherish not, but wound the ear
Of such, who are ordain'd for a defeat.*

Chorus.

*Heark! heark! some groan, and curse uncertain Fate;
Which us for blood and ruine, doth create.*

(2.)

*Charge! charge! cries ev'ry bold ambitious Knight,
Whilst artificial darkness hid their way,
The lightning of their Swords was all their light,
For dust, and sulphurous clouds had chock'd the day*

Chorus.

Chorus.

Heark! heark! some groan, and curse uncertain Fate,
Which us for blood and ruine doth create.

(3.)

Burn, burn, was straight the noyse in ev'ry Tent,
Whilst some mis-led by their disorder'd fear,
Did help to kindle what they should prevent,
And scap'd the Van to perish in the Rear.

Chorus.

Heark! heark! some groan, and curse uncertain Fate,
Which us for blood and ruine, doth create.

(4.)

Fly, fly, cries then the tame dejected Foe,
Each wondring at the terror which he feels,
And in the hurry of their overthrow,
Forsook their Arms, and trusted to their heels.

Chorus.

Heark! heark! some groan, and curse uncertain Fate,
Which us for blood and ruine, doth create,

(5.)

Stand! stand! was now the word our Knights did give,
For weary of pursuit, they had no will
To grace with death, who basely sought to live,
As if unworthy of their pains to kill.

Chorus.

Heark! heark! some groan, and curse uncertain Fate,
Which us for blood and ruine, doth create.

The Priests of *Mars* retire, and strait the *Masquers* appears & coming out of several Tents, their Habits being Martial and richly imbroider'd, inclining near the old Roman shape; their Helmets Triumphantly plum'd, whiles the Bevir falling o're the face, serv'd for a disguise, and supply'd to each the office of a Vizard. These by their appearance and demeanor were devized to intimate those heroic Knights *Templers*, to which the Pallace of the Prince d'Amour was antiently Dedicated. They descend with a Majestick pace, and dance their first entry, then retire towards the Scene: whilst with amazement they discover *Cupid* descending in a bright cloud, who at their interview sings this,

(1.)

Whither so gladly, and so fast,
As if you knew all danger past
Of Combat, and of War?
As you believ'd my arms were bound,
Or when I shoot, still ev'ry wound
I make is but a scar.

(2.)

Arme now your breasts with shields of steel,
And plates of Brass; yet you shall feel
My arrows are so keen,
Like lightning that not hurts the skin,
Yet melts the solid parts within,
They'l wound although unseen.

(3.)

My Mother taught me long ago
To aim my shafts, and draw my Bow
When Mars she did subdue.
And now you must resign to Love,
Towr warlike hearts, that she may prove
Those antick Stories true.

This being Sung, Cupid having disperfed his darts amongst them, which charmes them from designs of war to inclinations of love, they all retire.

The Scene wholly changing, there appears a square Piazza, resembling that of Venice, and 'tis compos'd of Pallaces, and lesser Fabricks, with Courtizans looking out of Windows and Balconees, fantasticaly adorn'd, some in Italian, others in a Turkish drefs, and this prospect prepares the second Anti-masque, who strait are discovered walking in the Piazza.

The Second Anti-Masque.

The First.

A grave formal Spanish Lover, who addresting himself to some Courtizan, in a Balconee, salutes her often with congies tedious and low.

The Second.

A jealous Italian Lover, who fixing his eyes on another Mistress at her window, denotes the vexation of his humor, by desperate sighes, beating on his breast, and sometimes a melancholy posture, standing with his Arms wreath'd.

The Third.

A giddy Fantastick French Lover, who being likewise addrested to some beauty, gazing at her window, his humor is discern'd by strange ridiculous cringes, and frisks in his salutes, with which he seems to invite her acquaintance: having divers notes of Levitie in his habit, and wearing his Mistress Fanne ty'd with a Ribband in his ear.

The Fourth.

A dull Dutch Lover, personating some yonker of *Utrecht*, who gazing upwards too, doth often apply his Handkerchief to his eyes, as if the grief of his despair did make him weep.

The Fifth.

A furious debauch'd English Lover, who in his habit striving to imitate his Neighbor (the Monsieur) still outdoes his vanity, which his accoutrement doth severally expresse, and he hangs in the right ear his Mistress Muffe, in the left her Shoo with a Chapeen. He is not fix'd to one Balconee, but directs himself to all, offers to draw his Sword, and seems to threaten with his fist, as he would rather

E e e break

break their windowes, then desire them opened, that he might gain a look from his Lady.

These several humors being a while artificially expressed, they descend, and dance their second entry, and retire.

The Scene wholly changing again: There was observ'd in a Grove of Cypress intermingled with Mirtle Trees, the Temple of *Venus*, being an eight square of the Corinthian order: within the Temple her Statue of Silver, standing in an Neech, with *Cupid* by her, to whom she seems to deliver an Arrow; the Pilasters, and Ornaments were heightened with Silver.

From this Temple the Priests of *Venus* are discern'd to come in loose white Robes, their heads adorn'd with Coronets of Flowres, and playing on their Instruments, they descend and Sing this,

(1.)

*Unarm! unarme! no more your fights
Must cause the virgins tears,
But such as in the silent nights,
Spring rather from their fears.*

2.

*Such difference as when Doves do bill,
Must now be all your strife:
For all the blood that you shall spill,
Will usher in a life.*

(3.)

*And when your Ladies falsely coy
Shall timorous appear,
Believe, they then would fain enjoy
What they pretend to fear.*

(4.)

*Breathe then each others Breath, and kiss
Your soules to union:
And whilst they shall enjoy this bliss,
Your bodies too, are one.*

(5.)

*Too morrow will the hasty Sun
Be fear'd more of each Lover;
For hindring to repeat what's done,
Than what it may discover.*

The Priests of *Venus* retire, and the Masquers appear in the Scene, their vests altered to a more soft and Courtly change, with several adornments, that might present them to every understanding for a Troop of noble Lovers. Their second entry being danc'd, they retire into the Temple.

The Scene wholly changing, strait was perceiv'd in a Grove of Laurel Trees, the Temple of *Apollo*, being round and transparent, of the order of Composite, the Columnes and Ornaments, being heightened with Gold, his Statue of Gold, standing in the middle of the Temple, upon a round Pedestal: behind and between the Columnes did appear a prospect of Landskap.

The Priests of *Apollo* approach from several parts of the Temple, cloath'd in Carnation Robes, with wreathes of Laurel on their heads, they sing this when they descend.

(1.)

*Make room for our God too, make room,
For now surpriz'd, and ravish'd with delight
Apollo is from Delphos come,
T' inspire, and breath himself in every Knight.*

(2.)

*His God-head is inclin'd to prove
How justly proud, and happy you will be,
When with the powers of War and Love,
He shall unite his wiser Deity.*

(3.)

*Then still, as if not made of Earth,
Express your thankfulness in active pleasure.
Whilst you design your hearts to Mirth,
Tour ears to numbers, and your feet to measure.*

This ended, the Priests of Apollo retire to make way for a new discovery of certain persons in the Scene, which seem half hidden behind the Trees: Then invite them to descend by singing this.

(1.)

*Behold, how this conjunction thrives!
His radiant beams Apollo strives
So much to strengthen and increase,
As growth and verdure nere should cease.*

(2.)

*Come you industrious slaves of plenty, bring
All that is hop'd for in an Eastern Spring:
Or all that Autumnne yields, when she doth pay
Those promis'd hopes where 'tis perpetual day.*

(3.)

*Come strew this ground (delay us not with slowness)
Strew till we walk on sweet Sicilian Flowres,
To prove how Seeds have hastned in their growth,
Drop Indian Fruits, as thick as April Showres.*

Now descending from the Scene, appears twelve men, wildly habited, Wastcoats of Flesh colour, made them shew naked to the middle, their heads cover'd with green leaves, their waists girt with the like, and a green Basis fring'd, reach'd to their knees, which did declare them Labourers on a fruitful Soyl; and what they carried did demonstrate a fruitful Season.

For moving down in order towards the State, each supported in his Armes; a small square frame, the wood hidden with green Boughs, and on that bore a Charger full of precious fruits, and cover'd with blossom'd twigs and flowres: which being fix'd near to the State, were so joyned together, that there was straight discovered a Table richly furnish'd with a Banquet, that look'd as it were hidden in a Grove: And whilst the Princes accepted of this entertainment, the Priests belonging to the three several Deities sung this.

The Song of Valediction, after the Banquet.

Priests of Mars.

*The furious Steed, the Phyp and Drum
Invite you still to Triumphs of the War;*

Till you as glorious shall become
On Earth as Mars, in Heaven as bright a Star.
Priests of Venus.

The Balmes rich sweet, the Myrbs sweet tears
Perfume your breath when you would Passion move:
And may her heart, that you indears,
The center be, her Eye the Sphear of Love!
Priests of Apollo.

And may your Language be of force
To body winds, and animate the Trees,
So full of wonder your discourse,
Till all your guessees shall be Prophecies.
Chorus of all.

May our three Gods so long conjoyn,
To raise your soul, and rarifie your sense,
Till you are render'd so Divine,
Twill be no sin t' implore your Influence.

Thus, as all Pleasures and Triumphs are full of haste, and aptest to decay, this had an end; yet may live mention'd a while, if the envy of such as were absent do not rebuke the courteous memory of those who vouchsaf'd to enjoy it.

The Masquers Names, according as they were rank'd by their Antiquity, in that Noble Society.

Tho. Mannfel.
Will. Morgan.
Will. Wheeler.
Mich. Hutchenfon.
Laur. Hyde.
Tho. Bourke.

Edw. Smyth.
Edw. Turnor.
Tho. Way.
Tho. Trenchard.
Geo. Probert.

Those in the First Anti-Masque.

Phillip Morgan.
John Freman.
John Bramston.
Ed. Smyth.

Clement Spillman.
John Norden.
Will. Lyffe.

Those in the Second Anti-Masque.

John Stepkin.
Charles Adderly.
John Ratchiffe.

Rich. May.
Giles Hungerford.

The Musick of the Songs and Symphanies were excellently composed by Mr. Henry, and Mr. William Law, his Majesties Servants.

THE
SIEGE
OF
RHODES:

The First and Second Part;

As they were lately Represented at His Highness the Duke
of YORK'S Theatre in *Lincolns-Inn Fields*.

The First Part being lately Enlarg'd.

Written by
Sir WILLIAM D'AVENANT.



LONDON,

Printed by J. M. for Henry Herringman, at the Sign of the *Blue Anchor*, in the Lower Walk of the *New Exchange*. 1672.

The Persons represented.

<i>Solyman</i>	The Magnificent.
<i>Pirrhus</i>	Vizier Bassa.
<i>Mustapha</i>	Bassa.
<i>Rustan</i>	Bassa.
<i>Haly</i>	Eunuch Bassa.
<i>Villerius</i>	Grand Master of Rhodes.
<i>Alphonso</i>	A <i>Civilian</i> Duke.
<i>Admiral</i>	Of Rhodes.
<i>High Marshal</i>	Of Rhodes.
<i>Roxolana</i>	Wife to <i>Solyman</i> .
<i>Iantbe</i>	Wife to <i>Alphonso</i> .
<i>Women</i>	Attendants to <i>Roxolana</i> .
<i>Women</i>	Attendants to <i>Iantbe</i> .
<i>Four Pages</i>	Attendants to <i>Roxolana</i> .

The Scene, RHODES.

THE

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
The EARL of
CLARENDON,

Lord High Chancellor of ENGLAND, &c.

MY LORD,

THough Poems have lost much of their Ancient value, yet I will presume to make this a Present to your Lordship; and the rather, because Poems (if they have any thing pretious in them) do, like Jewels, attract a greater esteem when they come into the possession of great Persons, than when they are in ordinary hands.

The excuse which men have had for dedication of Books, has been to protect them from the malice of Readers: but a defence of this nature was fitter for your forces, when you were early known to learned men (and had no other occasion for your abilities, but to vindicate Authors) than at this Season, when you are of extraordinary use to the whole Nation.

Yet when I consider how many, and how violent they are who persecute Dramatick Poetry, I will then rather call this a *Dedication* than a *Present*; as not intending by it to pass any kind of obligation, but to receive a great benefit; since I cannot be safe unless I am shelter'd behind your Lordship.

Your name is so eminent in the Justice which you convey, through all the different Members of this great Empire, that my *Rhodians* seem to enjoy a better Harbour in the Pacificque *Thames*, than they had on the *Mediterranean*; and I have brought *Solyman* to be arraign'd at your Tribunal, where you are the Censor of his civility and magnificence.

Dramatick Poetry meets with the same persecution now, from such who esteem themselves the most refin'd and civil, as it ever did from the Barbarous. And yet whilst those vertuous Enemies deny *Heroique Plays* to the Gentry, they

The Epistle Dedicatory.

they entertain the People with a Seditious *Farce* of their own counterfeit Gravity. But I hope you will not be unwilling to receive (in this Poetical drefs) neither the Besieg'd nor the Besiegers, since they come without their vices: for as others have purg'd the Stage from corruptions of the Art of the Drama, so I have endeavour'd to cleanse it from the corruption of manners; nor have I wanted care to render the *Ideas* of Greatness & Vertue pleasing and familiar.

In old *Rome* the Magistrates did not only protect but exhibit Plays; and not long since, the two wise *Cardinals* did kindly entertain the great Images, represented in Tragedy by *Monsieur Corneille*. My Lord, it proceeds from the same mind, not to be pleas'd with Princes on the Stage, and not to affect them in the Throne; for those are ever most inclin'd to break the Mirrour, who are unwilling to see the Images of such as have just authority over their guilt.

In this Poem I have reviv'd the remembrance of that desolation which was permitted by Christian Princes, when they favour'd the ambition of such as defended the diversity of Religions (begot by the factions of Learning) in *Germany*; whilst those who would never admit Learning into their Empire (lest it should meddle with Religion, and intangle it with Controversie) did make *Rhodes* defenceless; which was the only fortify'd Academy in Christendom, where Divinity and Arms were equally profess'd. I have likewise, for variety, softned the Martial Encounters between *Solyman* and the *Rhodians*, with intermingling the conjugal virtues of *Alphonso* and *Ianthe*.

If I should proceed, and tell your Lordship of what use Theatres have anciently been, and may be now, by heightning the Characters of Valour, Temperance, Natural Justice, and Complacency to Government, I should fall into the ill manners and indiscretion of ordinary Dedicators, who go about to instruct those from whose abilities they expect protection. The apprehension of this errour makes me hasten to crave pardon for what has been already said by,

MY LORD,

Your Lordships most humble, and

most obedient Servant

Will. D'avenant.

THE SIEGE OF RHODES.

THE Ornament which encompass'd the Scene, consisted of several Columns, of gross Rustick work; which bore up a large Freeze. In the middle of the Freeze was a Compartment, wherein was written RHODES. The Compartment was supported by divers Habiliments of War; intermix'd with the Military Ensigns of those several Nations, who were famous for defence of that Island; which were the French, Germans, and Spaniards, the Italians, Avergnois, and English: The Renown of the English Valour, made the Grand Master Villierius, to select their Station to be most frequently commanded by himself. The principal enrichment of the Freeze was a Crimson Drapery, whereon several Trophies of Arms were fixt, Those on the Right hand, representing such as are chiefly in use amongst the Western Nations; together with the proper Cognizance of the Order of the Rhodian Knights; and on the left, such as are most esteem'd in the Eastern Countries; and on an Antique Shield the Crescent of the Ottomans.

The Scene before the First Entry.

THE Curtain being drawn up, a lightsom Skie appear'd, discover'ing a Maritime Coast, full of craggy Rocks, and high Cliffs, with several Verdures naturally growing upon such Situations; and afar off, the true Prospect of the City of RHODES, when it was in prosperous estate; with so much view of the Gardens and Hills about it, as the narrowness of the Room could allow the Scene. In that part of the Horizon, terminated by the Sea, was represented the Turkish Fleet, making towards a Promontory, some few miles distant from the Town.

The ENTRY is prepared by Instrumental Musick.

The First ENTRY.

Enter Admiral.

Admir.

A

R M, Arm, *Villerius*, Arm!

Thou hast no leisure to grow old;
Those now must feel thy courage warm,
Who think thy blood is cold.

Enter Villerius.

Viller. Our Admiral from Sea?

What storm transporteth thee?

Or bringst thou storms that can do more
Than drive An Admiral on shore?

Admir. Arm, Arm, the *Bassa's* Fleet appears;
To *Rhodes* his Course from *Chios* steers;
Her shady Wings to distant fight,
Spread like the Curtains of the Night.

Each Squadron thicker and still darker grows;
The Fleet like many floating Forests shows.

Viller. Arm, Arm! Let our Drums beat

To all our Out-Guards, a Retreat;

And to our Main-Guards add

Files double lin'd from the Parade.

Send Horse to drive the Fields;

Prevent what rip'ning Summer yields.

To all the Foe would save

Set fire, or give a secret Grave.

Admir. Ple to our Gallies hast,

Untackle ev'ry Mast;

Hale 'em within the Peer,

To range and chain 'em there,

And then behind St. *Nic'las* Cliffs

Shelter our Brigants, Land our Skiffs.

Viller. Our Field and Bulwark-Cannon mount with hast;

Fix to their Blocks their brazen bodies fast:

Whilst to their Foes their Iron-Entrails fly:

Display our Colours, raise our Standard high!

[*Exit. Adm.*]

Enter Alphonso.

Alphon. What various Noises do mine ears invade?

And have a Consort of confusion made?

The shriller Trumpet, and Tempestuous Drum:

The deaf'ning clamor from the Cannons womb;

Which through the Air like sudden Thunder breaks,

Seems calm to Souldiers shouts, and Womens shrieks.

What danger (Rev'rend Lord) does this portend?

Viller. Danger begins what must in Honour end.

Alphon. What Vizards does it wear?

Viller. Such, gentle Prince,

As cannot fright, but yet must warn you hence.

What

What can to *Rhodes* more fatally appear
Than the bright Crescents which those Ensigns wear;
Wife Emblems that encreasing Empire show;
Which must be still in Nonage and still grow.
All these are yet but the fore-running *Van*
Of the Prodigious *Grofs* of *Solyman*.

Alphon. Pale shew those Crescents to our bloody Cross;
Sink not the Western Kingdoms in our loss?
Will not the *Austrian* Eagle moult her Wings,
That long hath hover'd o're the *Gallick* Kings;
Whose Lillies too will wither when we fade;
And th' English *Lyon* shrink into a shade.

Viller. Thou see'st not, whilst so young and guileless too,
That Kings mean seldom what their States-men do;
Who measure not the compass of a Crown
To fit the Head that wears it, but their own;
Still hind'ring peace, because they Stewards are,
Without account, to that wild Spender, War.

Enter High Marshal of Rhodes.

Mar. Still Christian Wars they will pursue, and boast
Unjust successes gain'd, whilst *Rhodes* is lost:
Whilst we build Monuments of Death, to shame
Those who forsook us in the Chase of Fame.

Alphon. We will endure the Colds of Court-delays;
Honour grows warm in Airy Vests of Praise.
On Rocky *Rhodes* we will like Rocks abide.

Viller Away, away, and hasten to thy Bride?
'Tis scarce a Month since from thy Nuptial Rites
Thou cam'st to honour here our *Rhodian* Knights:
To dignifie our sacred annual Feast:

We love to Lodge, not entomb a Guest.
Honour must yield, where Reason should prevail.
Abroad, Abroad, and hoise up ev'ry Sail
That gathers any Wind for *Sicily*!

Mar. Men lose their Virtue's Pattern, losing thee.
Thy Bride doth yield her Sex no less a Light,
But, thy life gone, will set in endless Night.
Ye must like Stars shine long ere ye expire.

Alphon. Honour is colder Virtue set on fire:
My Honour lost, her Love would soon decay:
Here for my Tomb or Triumph I will stay.
My Sword against proud *Solyman* I draw,
His cursed Prophet, and his sensual Law.

Chorus. Our Swords against proud *Solyman* we draw,
His cursed Prophet, and his sensual Law.

Exeunt.

Enter Ianthe, Melosile, Madina (her two Women) bearing two open Caskets with Jewels.

Ianth. To *Rhodes* this fatal Fleet her course does bear.
Can I have Love, and not discover Fear?
When he, in whom my plighted heart doth live
(Whom *Hymen* gave me in reward
Of vows, which he with favour heard,
And is the greatest Gift he e're can give)

Shall

Shall in a cruel Siege imprison'd be,
 And I, whom Love has bound, have liberty?
 Away! Let's leave our flourishing abodes
 In *Sicily*, and fly to with'ring *Rhodes*.

Melo. Will you convert to Instruments of War,
 To things which to our Sex so dreadful are,
 Which terrour add to Death's detested face,
 These Ornaments which should your Beauty grace?

Mad. Beauty laments! and this exchange abhors;
 Shall all these Gems in Arms be spent
 Which were by Bounteous Princes sent
 To pay the Valour of your Ancestors?

Ianth. If by their sale my Lord may be redeem'd,
 Why should they more than trifles be esteem'd,
 Vainly secur'd with Iron Bars and Locks?
 They are the Spawn of Shells, and Warts of Rocks.

Mad. All Madam, all! Will you from all depart?

Ianth. Love a Consumption learns from Chymists Art.
 Saphyrs, and harder Di'monds must be sold
 And turn'd to softer and more current Gold.
 With Gold we curst Powder may prepare,
 Which must consume in smoak and thinner Air.

Melo. Thou Idol-Love, I'll worship thee no more,
 Since thou dost make us sorrowful and poor.

Ianth. Go seek out Cradles, and with Child-hood dwell;
 Where you may still be free
 From Loves Self-Flattery,
 And never hear mistaken Lovers tell
 Of blessings, and of joys in such extreams
 As never are possess'd but in our Dreams.
 They woo apace, and hasten to be sped;
 And praise the quiet of the Marriage-bed:
 But mention not the Storms of grief and care
 When Love does them surprize
 With sudden Jealousies,
 Or they are sever'd by ambitious War.

Mad. Love may perhaps the Foolish please:
 But he shall quickly leave my heart
 When he perswades me to depart
 From such a hord of precious things as these.

Ianth. Send out to watch the Wind! with the first Gale
 I'll leave thee *Sicily*, and, hoysing Sail,
 Steer strait to *Rhodes*. For Love and I must be
 Preserv'd (*Alphonso!*) or else lost with thee.

Exeunt.

Chorus.

By Souldiers of several Nations.

1. Come ye Termagant Turks,
 If your Bassa dares Land ye,
 Whilst the Wine bravely works
 Which was brought us from Candy.

2. Wealth

2. *Wealth, the least of our care is,
For the poor ne'r are undone;
Avous, Monsieur of Paris,
To the Back-swords of London.*
3. *Diego, thou, in a trice,
Shalt advance thy lean Belly;
For their Hens and their Rice
Make Pillau like a Jelly.*
4. *Let 'em Land fire and free;
For my Cap though an old one,
Such a Turbant shall be,
Thou wilt think it a Gold one.*
5. *It is seven to one odds
They had safer sail'd by us:
Whilst our Wine lasts in Rhodes,
They shall water at Chios.*

End of the first Entry.

*The Scene is chang'd, and the City, Rhodes, appears beleagur'd
at Sea and Land.*

The ENTRY is again prepar'd by Instrumental Musick.

The Second Entry.

Enter Villerius and Admiral.

Admir. **T**HE Blood of *Rhodes* grows cold: Life must expire!
Viller. The Duke still warms it with his valours fire!

Admir. If he has much in Honours presence done,
Has sav'd our Ensigns, or has others won,
Then he but well by your Example wrought;
Who well in Honours School his Child-hood taught.

Viller. The Foe three Moons tempestuously has spent
Where we will never yield nor he relent;
Still we, but raise what must be beaten down;
Defending Walls, yet cannot keep the Town;
Vent'ring last stakes where we can nothing win;
And, shutting slaughter out, keep Famine in.

Admir. How oft and vainly *Rhodes* for succour waits
From triple Diadems, and Scarlet Hats?

Rome keeps her Gold, cheaply her Warriours pays,
At first with Blessings, and at last with Praise.

Viller. By Armies, stow'd in Fleets, exhausted *Spain*
Leaves half her Land unplough'd, to plough the Main;
And still would more of the old World subdue,
As if unsatisf'd with all the New.

B

Admir. France

Admir. France strives to have her Lillies grow as fair
In other Realms as where they Native are.

Viller. The *English Lyon* ever loves to change
His Walks, and in remoter Forests range.

Chorus. All gaining vainly from each others loss;
Whilst still the Crescent drives away the Cross.

Enter Alphonso.

Alphon. 1. How bravely fought the fiery *French*,
Their Bulwark being storm'd?
The colder *Almans* kept their Trench,
By more than Valour warm'd.

2. The grave *Italians* paus'd and fought,
The solemn *Spaniards* too;
Study'ng more Deaths than could be wrought
By what the rash could do.

3. Th' *Avergnian* Colours high were rais'd,
Twice tane, and twice reliev'd.
Our Foes, like Friends to Valour, prais'd
The mischiefs they receiv'd.

4. The cheerful *English* got renown;
Fought merrily and fast:
'Tis time, they cry'd, to mow them down,
Wars Harvest cannot last,

5. If Death be Rest, here let us dye,
Where weariness is all
We daily get by Victory,
Who must by Famine fall.

6. Great *Solyman* is landed now;
All Fate he seems to be;
And brings those Tempests in his Brow
Which he deserv'd at Sea.

Viller. He can at most but once prevail,
Though arm'd with Nations that were brought by more
Gross Gallies then would serve to hale
This Island to the *Lycian* shore.

Adm. Let us apace do worthily and give
Our story length, though long we cannot live,

Chorus. So greatly do, that being dead,
Brave wonders may be wrought
By such as shall our story read
And study how we fought.

Exeunt.

Enter Solyman, Pirrhus.

Soly. What sudden halt hath stay'd thy swift Renown,
O're-running Kingdoms, stopping at a Town?
He that will win the Prize in Honours Race,
Must nearer to the Goal still mend his pace.
If Age thou feel'st the active Camp forbear;
In sleepy Cities rest, the Caves of fear.

Thy

Thy mind was never valiant, if, when old,
Thy Courage cools because thy blood is cold,
Pir. How can ambitious Manhood be express'd
More then by marks of our disdain of Rest?
What less than toyls incessant can, despight
Of Cannon, raise these mounts to Castle-height?
Or less than utmost or unwearied strength
Can draw these Lines of batt'ry to that length?

soly. The toyls of Ants, and Mole-hills rais'd in scorn
Of Labour, to be levell'd with a spurn.
These are the *Pyramids* that shew your pains;
But of your Armies valour, where remains
One *Trophy* to excuse a *Bassa's* boast?

Pir. Valour may reckon what she bravely lost;
Not from successes all her count does raise:
By life well lost we gain a share of praise.
If we in dangers Glass all Valour see,
And Death the farthest step of danger be,
Behold our Mount of Bodies made a Grave;
And prize our loss by what we scorn'd to save.

soly. Away! range all the Camp for an Assault!
Tell them, they tread in Graves who make a halt.
Fat Slaves, who have been lull'd to a Disease;
Cramm'd out of breath, and crippled by their ease!
Whose active Fathers leapt o're Walls too high
For them to climb: Hence from my anger fly:
Which is too worthy for thee, being mine,
And must be quench'd by *Rhodian* blood or thine.

Exit Pirrhus, bowing.

In Honours Orb the Christians shine;
Their light in War does still increase;
Though oft mislead by mists of Wine,
Or blinder love, the Crime of Peace.
Bold in Adult'ries frequent change;
And ev'ry loud expensive Vice;
Ebbing out wealth by ways as strange
As it flow'd in by avarice.
Thus vilely they dare live, and yet dare dye.
If Courage be a vertue, 'tis allow'd
But to those few on whom our Crowns rely,
And is condemn'd as madness in the Crowd.

Enter Mustapha, Ianthe veil'd.

Musta. Great Sultan, Hail! though here at Land
Lost Fools in opposition stand;
Yet thou at Sea dost all command.

soly. What is it thou wouldst shew, and yet dost shrow'd?

Musta. I bring the Morning pictur'd in a Cloud;
A Wealth more worth then all the Sea does hide;
Or Courts display in their triumphant pride.

soly. Thou seem'st to bring the daughter of the Night;
And giv'st her many stars to make her bright.
Dispatch my wonder and relate her story.

Musta. 'Tis full of Fate, and yet has much of glory.

A Squadron of our Gallies that did ply
 West from this Coast, met two of *sicily*,
 Both fraught to furnish *Rhodes*, we gave 'em chase,
 And had, but for our Number, met disgrace.
 For, grapling, they maintain'd a bloody Fight,
 Which did begin with Day and end with Night.
 And though this bashful Lady then did wear
 Her Face still vail'd, her valour did appear:
 She urg'd their courage when they boldly Fought,
 And many shun'd the dangers, which she sought.

Soly. Where are the limits thou would'st set for praise?
 Or to what height wilt thou thy wonder raise?

Musſa. This is *Ianthe*, the *sicilian* Flower,
 Sweeter then Buds unfolded in a shower,
 Bride to *Alphonso*, who in *Rhodes* so long
 The Theme has been of each Heroick Song;
 And she for his relief those Gallies fraught;
 Both stow'd with what her Dow'r and Jewels bought.

Soly. O wond'rous vertue of a Christian Wife!
 Advent'ring lifes support, and then her Life
 To save her ruin'd Lord! bid her unvail

[*Ianthe steps back.*]

Ianthe. It were more honour, Sultan, to assail
 A publick strength against thy forces bent,
 Then to unwall this private Tenement,
 To which no Monarch, but my Lord, has right;
 Nor will it yield to Treaty or to Might:
 Where Heav'n's great Law defends him from surprise:
 This Curtain only opens to his eyes.

Soly. If Beauty vail'd so vertuous be,
 'Tis more then Christian Husbands know;
 Whose Ladies wear their Faces free,
 Which they to more then Husbands show.

Ianthe. Your Bassa swore, and by his dreadful Law,
 None but my Lords dear hand this Vail should draw;
 And that to *Rhodes* I should conducted be,
 To take my share of all his destiny:

Else I had quickly found
 Sure means to get some wound,
 Which would in deaths cold Arms
 My honour instant safety give
 From all those rude Alarms

Which keep it waking whilst I live.
Soly. Hast thou engag'd our Prophets plight
 To keep her Beauty from my sight,
 And to conduct her Person free
 To harbour with mine Enemy?

Musſa. Vertue constrain'd the priviledge I gave:
 Shall I for sacred Vertue pardon crave?

Soly. I envy not the conquests of thy sword:
 Thrive still in Wicked War;
 But, Slave, how did'st thou dare,
 In vertuous Love, thus to transcend thy Lord?
 Thou did'st thy utmost vertue show:
 Yet somewhat more does rest,
 Not yet by thee exprest;

Which

Which vertue left for me to do.
 Thou great example of a Christian Wife;
 Enjoy thy Lord, and give him happy Life.
 Thy Gallies with their freight,
 For which the hungry wait,
 Shall strait to *Rhodes* conducted be;
 And as thy passage to him shall be free,
 So both may safe return to *Sicilie*.

Ianthe. May *Solyman* be ever far
 From impious honours of the War;
 Since worthy to receive renown
 From things repair'd, not overthrown.
 And when in peace his vertue thrives,
 Let all the race of Loyal Wives
 Sing this his bounty to his glory,
 And teach their Princes by his story.
 Of which, if any Victors be,
 Let them, because he conquer'd me,
 Strip cheerfully each others Brow,
 And at his feet their Laurel throw.

Soly. Strait to the Port her Gallies steer;
 Then hale the Centry at the Peer.
 And though our Flags ne're use to bow,
 They shall do Vertue Homage now.
 Give Fire still as she passes by,
 And let our Streamers lower fly.

Exeunt several ways.

Chorus of Women,

1. **L**ET us live, live! for being dead,
 The pretty Spots,
 Ribbands and Knots,
 And the fine French dress for the Head;
 No Lady wears upon her
 In the cold, cold, Bed of Honour.
 Beat down our Grottoes, and hew down our Bowers,
 Dig up our Arbours, and root up our Flowers.
 Our Gardens are Bulwarks and Bastions become:
 Then hang up our Lutes, we must sing to the Drum.

2. Our Patches and our Curls
 (So exact in each station)
 Our Powders and our Purls
 Are now out of fashion.
 Hence with our Needles, and give us your Spades;
 We, that were Ladies, grow coorse as our Maids.
 Our Coaches have drove us to Balls at the Court,
 We now must drive Barrows to earth up the Port.

The End of the Second Entry.

The Further part of the Scene is open'd, and a Royal Pavillion appears display'd, Representing *Solyman's* Imperial Throne; and about it are discern'd the Quarters of his *Bassas* and inferiour Officers.

The ENTRY is prepared by Instrumental Musick.

The Third ENTRY.

Enter Solyman, Pirrhus, Mustapha.

Soly. **P***irrhus,* Draw up our Army wide!
Then from the Grofs two strong Reserves divide;
And spread the Wings;
As if we were to Fight,
In the lost *Rhodians* sight,
With all the Western Kings!
Each Wing with *Janizaries* line;
The Right and Left to *Haly's* Sons assign;
The Grofs to *Zungiban*.
The Main Artillery
With *Mustapha* shall be:

Bring thou the *Rear*, we lead the *Van*.

Pirrhus. It shall be done as early as the Dawn;
As if the Figure by thy hand were drawn.

Musta. We wish that we, to ease thee, could prevent
All thy Commands, by guessing thy intent.

Soly. These *Rhodians*, who of Honour boast,
A loss excuse, when bravely lost:
Now they may bravely lose their *Rhodes*,
Which never play'd against such odds.

To morrow let them see our strength, and weep
Whilst they their want of losing blame;
Their valiant folly strives too long to keep
What might be render'd without shame.

Pirrhus. 'Tis well our valiant Prophet did
In us not only loss forbid,

But has conjoyn'd us still to get.

Empire must move apace,

When she begins the Race,

And apter is for Wings than Feet.

Musta. They vainly interrupt our speed,

And civil Reason lack,

To know they should go back

When we determine to proceed.

Pirrhus. When to all *Rhodes* our Army does appear

Shall we then make a sudden halt,

And give a general Assault?

Soly. *Pirrhus* not yet, *Ianthe* being there:

Let them our valour, by our Mercy prize.

The respite of this day

To vertuous Love shall pay

A debt long due for all my Victories.

Musta. If

Mus. If vertuous Beauty can attain such grace
 Whilst she a Captive was, and hid,
 What wisdom can his Love forbid
 When Vertu's free, and Beauty shews her Face?
Soly. Dispatch a Trumpet to the Town;
 Summon *Ianthe* to be gone
 Safe with her Lord. When both are free
 And in their Course to *Sicily*.
 Then *Rhodes* shall for that valour mourn
 Which stops the hast of our return.

Pirrhus. Those that in *Grecian* Quarries wrought,
 And Pioneers from *Lycia* brought,
 Who like a Nation in a throng appear,
 So great their number is, are landed here:
 Where shall they work?

Soly. Upon *Philermus* Hill.

There, ere this Moon her Circle fills with days,
 They shall, by punish'd sloth and cherish'd skill,
 A spacious Palace in a Castle raise:
 A Neighbourhood within the *Rhodians* view;
 Where, if my anger cannot them subdue,
 My patience shall out-wait them, whilst they long
 Attend to see weak Princes make them strong:
 There I'll grow old, and dye too, if they have
 The secret Art to fast me to my Grave.

Exeunt.

The Scene is chang'd to that of the Town Besieg'd.

Enter Villerius, Admiral, Alphonso, Ianthe.

Vill. **W**Hen we, *Ianthe*, would this act commend,
 We know no more how to begin
 Than we should do, if we were in,
 How suddenly to make an end.

Adm. What Love was yours which these strong bars of Fate
 Were all too weak to separate?
 Which seas and storms could not divide,
 Nor all the dreadful *Turkish* pride?
 Which pass'd secure, though not unseen,
 Even double guards of Death that lay between.

Vill. What more could Honour for fair Vertue do?
 What could *Alphonso* venture more for you?

Adm. With wonder and with shame we must confess
 All we our selves can do for *Rhodes*, is less.

Vill. Nor did your Love and Courage act alone.
 Your Bounty too has no less wonders done.
 And for our Guard you have brought wisely down
 A Troop of Vertues to defend the Town:
 The only Troop that can a Town defend
 Which Heav'n before for ruine did intend.

Adm. Look here ye Western Monarchs, look with shame,
 Who fear not a remote, though common Foe;
 The Cabinet of one illustrious Dame
 Does more than your Exchequers joyn'd did do.

Alphon. Indeed

Alphon. Indeed I think, *Ianthe*, few
 So young and flourishing as you,
 Whose Beauties might so well adorn
 The Jewels which by them are worn,
 Did ever Muskets for them take,
 Nor of their Pearls did Bullets make.

Ianthe. When you, my Lord, are shut up here,
 Expence of Treasure must appear
 So far from bounty, that, alas!
 It covetous advantage was:
 For with small cost I sought to save
 Even all the Treasure that I have.

Who would not all her trifling Jewels give,
 Which but from Number can their worth derive.
 If she could purchase or redeem with them

One great inestimable Gem?

Adm. O ripe perfection in a breast so young!

Vill. Vertue has tun'd her heart, and Wit her tongue.

Adm. Though *Rhodes* no pleasure can allow
 I dare secure the safety of it now;
 All will so labour to save you,
 As that will save the City too.

Ianthe. Alas! the utmost I have done
 More than a just reward has won,
 If by my Lord and you it be but thought,
 I had the care to serve him as I ought.

Vill. Brave Duke farewell, the Scouts for Orders wait,
 And the Parade does fill.

Alph. Great Master, I'll attend your pleasure strait,
 And strive to serve your will.

Exeunt Vill. Adm.

Ianthe after all this praise
 Which Fame so fully to you pays,
 For that which all the world beside
 Admires you, I alone must chide.
 Are you that kind and vertuous Wife,
 Who thus expose your Husbands Life?
 The hazards, both at Land and Sea,
 Through which so boldly thou hast run,
 Did more assault and threaten me
 Than all the Sultan could have done.
 Thy dangers, could I them have seen,
 Would not to me have dangers been,
 But certain death: Now thou art here
 A danger worse than death I fear.
 Thou hast, *Ianthe*, honour won,
 But mine, alas, will be undone:
 For as thou valiant wer't for me,
 I shall a Coward grow for thee.

Ianthe. Take heed *Alphonso*, for this care of me,
 Will to my Fame injurious be;
 Your love will brighter by it shine,
 But it eclipses mine.

Since I would here before, or with you fall,
 Death needs but beckon when he means to call.

Alphon.

Alph. *Ianthe*, even in this you shall command,
And this my strongest passion guide;
Your vertue will not be deny'd:

It could even *solyman* himself withstand;
To whom it did so beauteous show:
It seem'd to civilize a barb'rous Foe.

Of this your strange escape, *Ianthe*, say,
Briefly the motive and the way.

Ianthe. Did I not tell you how we fought,
How I was taken and how brought
Before great *solyman*? but there
I think we interrupted were.

Alph. Yes, but we will not be so here,
Should *solyman* himself appear.

Ianthe. It seems that what the Bassa of me said,
Had some respect and admiration bred
In *solyman*; and this to me encreast
The jealousies which honour did suggest.
All that of *Turks* and *Tyrants* I had heard
But that I fear'd not Death, I should have fear'd.
I, to excuse my Voyage, urg'd my Love
To your high worth; which did such pity move,
That straight his usage did reclaim my fear.
He seem'd in civil *France*; and Monarch there:
For soon my Person, Gallies, Freight, were free
By his command.

Alph. O wondrous Enemy!

Ianthe. These are the smallest gifts his bounty knew.

Alph. What could he give you more?

Ianthe. He gave me you;

And you may homewards now securely go
Through all his Fleet.

Alph. But honour says not so.

Ianthe. If that forbid it, you shall never see
That I and that will disagree.
Honour will speak the same to me.

Alph. This Generous Turk amazes me, my Dear!
How long, *Ianthe*, stay'd you there?

Ianthe. Two days with *Muſtapha*.

Alph. How do you say?

Two days, and two whole nights? alas!
Ianthe. That it, my Lord, no longer was,
Is such a mercy, as too long I stay,

E're at the Altar thanks to Heav'n I pay.

Alph. To Heav'n, Confession should prepare the way.

[Exit *Ianthe*.]

She is all Harmony, and fair as light,
But brings me discord, and the Clouds of night.
And *solyman* does think Heaven's joys to be
In Women not so fair as she.
'Tis strange! Dismiss so fair an Enemy!
She was his own by right of War,
We are his Dogs, and such as she, his Angels are.
O wondrous Turkish Chastity!

Her Gallies, freight, and those to send
 Into a Town which he would take!
 Are we besieg'd then by a Friend?
 Could Honour such a Present make,
 Then when his Honour is at stake?
 Against it self, does Honour booty play?
 We have the liberty to go away!
 Strange above miracle! But who can say
 If in his hands we once should be
 What would become of her? For what of me,
 Though Love is blind, ev'n Love may see.
 Come back my thoughts, you must not rove!
 For sure *Ianthe* does *Alphonso* Love!
 Oh *Solyman*, this mistick act of thine,
 Does all my quiet undermine:
 But on thy Troops, if not on Thee,
 This Sword my cure, and my revenge shall be.

Exit.

The Scene changes to Solymans Camp.
Enter Roxolana, Pirrhus, Rustan.

Rust. You come from Sea as *Venus* came before;
 And seem that Goddess, but mistake her shore.
Pir. Her Temple did in fruitful *Cyprus* stand;
 The Sultan wonders why in *Rhodes* you land.
Rust. And by your sudden Voyage he doth fear
 The Tempest of your passion drove you here.
Rox. *Rustan*, I bring more wonder than I find;
 And it is more than humour bred that wind
 Which with a forward Gale
 Did make me hither sail.
Rust. He does your forward Jealousie reprove.
Rox. Yet Jealousie does spring from too much Love;
 If mine be guilty of excess,
 I dare pronounce it shall grow less.
Pir. You boldly threaten more than we dare hear.
Rox. That which you call your Duty is your fear.
Rust. We have some Valour or our wounds are feign'd.
Rox. What has your Valour from the *Rhodians* gain'd?
 Unless, *Ianthe*, as a prize, you boast;
 Who now has got that heart which I have lost.
 Brave Conquest, where the Takers self is taken!
 And, as a Present, I
 Bring vainly, e're I dye,
 That heart to him which he has now forsaken.
Rust. Whispers of Eunuchs, and by Pages brought
 To *Licia*, you have up to Story wrought.
Rox. Lead to the Sultan's Tent, *Pirrhus*, away!
 For I dare hear what he himself dares say.

Chorus.

Of Men and Women.

Men. **Y**E wives all that are, and wives would be,
 Unlearn all ye learnt here, of one another,
 And all ye have learnt of an Aunt or a Mother:
 Then strait hither come, a new Pattern to see,

Which

*Which in a good humour kind fortune did send;
 A Glasse for your minds, as well as your Faces;
 Make haste then and break your own Looking-glasses;
 If you see but your selves, you'l never amend.*
 Women. *You that will teach us what your Wives ought to do,
 Take heed; there's a Pattern in Town too for you.*
*Be you but Alphonfos, and we
 Perhaps Ianthes will be.*
 Men. *Be you but Ianthes, and we
 Alphonfos a while will be.*
 Both. *Let both sides begin then, rather than neither;
 Let's both joyn our hands, and both mend together.*

End of the Third Entry.

The Scene is vary'd to the Prospect of Mount *Philermus*: Artificers appearing at work about that Castle which was there, with wonderful expedition, erected by *Solyman*. His great Army is discovered in the Plain below, drawn up in *Battalia*, as if it were prepar'd for a general Assault.

The ENTRY is again prepared by Instrumental Musick.

The Fourth ENTRY.

Enter Solyman, Pirrhus, Mustapha.

Soly. **R**Efuse my Pass-port, and resolve to dye;
 Only for fashions sake, for company?
 Oh costly scruples! But I'll try to be,
 Thou stubborn Honour, obstinate as thee.
 My Pow'r thou shalt not vanquish by thy will,
 I will enforce to live whom thou would'st kill.
Pirrhus. They into morrows storm will change their mind,
 Then, though too late instructed, they shall find,
 That those who your protection dare reject
 No humane Power dares venture to protect.
 They are not Foes, but Rebels, who withstand
 The pow'r that does their Fate command.
Soly. Oh *Mustapha*, our strength we measure ill,
 We want the half of what we think we have;
 For we enjoy the Beast-like pow'r to kill,
 But not the God-like power to save.
 Who laughs at Death, laughs at our highest Pow'r;
 The valiant man is his own Emperour.
Musta. Your pow'r to save, you have to them made known,
 Who scorn'd it with ingrateful pride;
 Now, how you can destroy, must next be shown;
 And that the Christian world has try'd.
Soly. 'Tis such a single pair
 As only equal are
 Unto themselves; but many steps above
 All others who attempt to make up Love.

Their Lives will noble History afford,
 And must adorn my Scepter, not my Sword.
 My strength in vain has with their virtue strove;
 In vain their Hate would overcome my Love.
 My favours I'll compel them to receive:
 Go *Mustapha*, and strictest Orders give,
 Through all the Camp, that in Assault they spare
 (And in the Sack of this presumptuous Town)
 The lives of these two strangers with a care

Above the preservation of their own.
Alphonso has so oft his courage shown,
 That he to all but Cowards must be known.
Ianthe is so fair that none can be
 Mistaken amongst thousands, which is she.

The Scene returns to that of the Town besieg'd.

Enter Alphonso, Ianthe.

Ianthe. *Alphonso*, Now the danger grows so near,
 Give her that loves you leave to fear.
 Nor do I blush, this passion to confess,
 Since it for object has no less
 Than even your liberty, or life;
 I fear not as a Woman, but a Wife.
 We were too proud no use to make
 Of *Solyman's* obliging proffer;
 For why should Honour scorn to take
 What Honour's self does to it offer.

Alph. To be o'recome by his victorious Sword,
 Will comfort to our fall afford;
 Our strength may yield to his; but 'tis not fit
 Our vertue should to his submit;
 In that, *Ianthe*, I must be
 Advanc'd, and greater far than he.

Ianthe. Fighting with him who strives to be your friend,
 You not with Vertue, but with Pow'r contend.

Alph. Forbid it Heav'n, our friends should think that we
 Did merit friendship from an Enemy.

Ianthe. He is a Foe to *Rhodes* and not to you.

Alph. In *Rhodes* besieg'd, we must be *Rhodians* too.

Ianthe. 'Twas Fortune that engag'd you in this War.

Alph. 'Twas Providence! Heaven's Pris'ners here we are.

Ianthe. That Providence our Freedom does restore;
 The hand that shut, now opens us the Door.

Alph. Had Heav'n that Pass-port for our freedom sent,
 It would have chose some better Instrument
 Than faithless *Solyman*.

Ianth. O say not so!
 To strike and wound the vertue of your Foe
 Is cruelty, which War does not allow:
 Sure he has better words deserv'd from you.

Alphon. From me, *Ianthe*, No;
 What he deserves from you, you best must know.

Ianthe. What

Ianthe. What means my Lord?

Alphon. For I confess, I must
The poyson'd bounties of a Foe mistrust:
And when upon the Bait I look,
Though all seem fair, suspect the Hook.

Ianthe. He, though a Foe, is generous and true:
What he hath done, declares what he will do.

Alphon. He in two days your high esteem has won:
What he would do I know; who knows what he has done?
Done? Wicked Tongue, what hast thou said? [Aside.
What horrid falshood from thee fled?
Oh, Jealousie (if Jealousie it be)
Would I had here an Asp instead of Thee!

Ianthe. Sure you are sick, your words, alas!
Gestures, and looks, distempers shew.

Alphon. *Ianthe*, you may safely pass;
The Pass, no doubt, was meant to you.

Ianthe. He's jealous sure; Oh, Vertue! can it be?
Have I for this serv'd Vertue faithfully?

Alphonso——

Alphon. Speak, *Ianthe*, and be free.

Ianthe. Have I deserv'd this change?

Alphon. Thou do'st deserve
So much, that Emperours are proud to serve
The fair *Ianthe*; and not dare
To hurt a Land whilst she is there.
Return (Renown'd *Ianthe*) safely home;
And force thy passage with thine Eyes;
To conquer *Rhodes* will be a prize

Less glorious than by thee to be o'recome.
But since he longs (it seems) so much to see,
And be posses'd of me,

Tell him, I shall not fly beyond his reach:
Would he could dare to meet me in the Breach.

Exit.

Ianthe. Tell him! tell him? Oh no, *Alphonso*, no.
Let never man thy weakness know;
Thy sudden fall will be a shame
To Man's and Vertue's name.

Alphonso's false! for what can falser be
Than to suspect that falshood dwells in me?
Could *Solyman* both Life and Honour give?
And can *Alphonso* me of both deprive?

Of both *Alphonso*; for believe
Ianthe will disdain to live
So long as to let others see

Thy true, and her imputed, infamy.
No more let Lovers think they can possess
More than a month of happiness.
We thought our hold of it was strong;
We thought our Lease of it was long:

But now, that all may ever happy prove,
Let never any love.

And yet these troubles of my Love to me
Shall shorter than the pleasures be.

I'll till to morrow last; then the Assault
 Shall finish my misfortune and his fault.
 I to my Enemies shall doubly ow,
 For saving me before, for killing now.

Exit.

Enter Villerius, Admiral.

Adm. From out the Camp a valiant Christian Slave
 Escap'd, and to our Knights assurance gave
 That at the break of day
 Their Mine will play.

Vill. Oft *Martinius* struck and try'd the ground,
 And counter-digg'd, and has the hollows found:

We shall prevent
 Their dire intent.

Where is the Duke, whose valour strives to keep
Rhodes still awake, which else would dully sleep?

Adm. His Courage and his Reason is o'rethrown.

Vill. Thou sing'st the sad destruction of our Town.

Adm. I met him wild as all the winds,

When in the Ocean they contest:

And diligent suspicion finds

He is with Jealousie possess'd.

Vill. That Arrow, once misdrawn, must ever rove.
 O weakness, sprung from mightiness of Love!

O pity'd Crime!

Alphonso will be overthrown

Unless we take this Ladder down,

Where, though the Rounds are broke,

He does himself provoke

Too hastily to Climb.

Adm. Invisibly, as dreams, Fame's wings

Fly every where;

Hov'ring all day o're Palaces of Kings;

At night she lodges in the people's ear:

Already they perceive *Alphonso* wild,

And the belov'd *Ianthe* griev'd.

Vill. Let us no more by Honour be beguil'd;

This Town can never be reliev'd;

Alphonso and *Ianthe* being lost,

Rhodes, thou dost cherish Life with too much cost!

Chorus. Away, unchain the Streets, unearth the Ports.

Pull down each Barracade

Which womens fears have made,

And bravely Sally out from all the Forts!

Drive back the Crescents, and advance the Cross,

Or sink all humane Empires in our loss!

Enter Roxolana, Pirrhus, Rustan, and two of her Women.

Roxol. Not come to see me e're th' Assault be past?

Pir. He spoke it not in anger, but in haste.

Rust. If mighty *Solyman* be angry grown,

It is not with his Empress but the Town.

Rox. When stubborn *Rhodes* does him to anger move,
 'Tis by detaining there what he does love.

Pir. He

Pir. He is resolv'd the City to destroy.

Rox. But more resolv'd *Ianthe* to enjoy.

Rust. To avoid your danger cease your Jealousie.

Rox. Tell them of danger who do fear do dye.

Pir. None but your self dares threaten you with Death.

I. Wom. Do not your beauty blast with your own breath.

2. *Wom.* You lessen't in your own esteem

2. *Wom.* You relent in your own
When of his Love you jealous seem.

I. *Wom.* And but a faded beauty make it

When you suspect he can forsake it.

2. *Wom.* Believe not, Empress, that you are decay'd,

2. *Wom.* Believe not, Empress, that you are
For so you'll seem by jealous passion sway'd.

Rox. He follows passion, I pursue my Reason:

Rox. He follows passion, I pursue my Reason.
He loves the Traitor, and I hate the Treason.
Enter Holy

Enter Haly.

Haly. Our Foes appear! Th' assault will strait begin.

Haly. Our Foes appeal: I'll advance with
They Sally out where we must enter in.

Rox. Let *Solyman* forget his way to Glory,
And grow less in Story.

Rox. Let *Solyman* forget his way to Rome
Increase in Conquest and grow less in Story.

That honour which in vain
We strive to gain

His valour shrinks to gain,

When from the *Rhodians* he *Ianthe* takes,

Is lost in losing me whom he forfakes.

Exeunt several ways.

Chorus of Wives.

I.

1. **T**His cursed Jealousie, what is't?
2. 'Tis Love that has lost it self in

1. **T**His curst jealousy, what is't?
2. 'Tis Love that has lost it self in a Mist.

3. 'Tis Love being frightened out of his wits.

4. 'Tis Love that has a Fever got;

4. *His Love that is violently hot;*

Love that is violently hot,
But troubled with cold and trembling fits.

'Tis yet a more unnatural evil:

Chorus. 'Tis the God of Love, 'tis the God of Love, possess'd with a
(Devil.

(Devil.

2.

1. 'Tis rich corrupted Wine of Love,
Which sharpest Vinegar does prove.

Which sharpest Vinegar does prove.

2. From all the sweet Flowers which might Honey make,
It does a deadly Poison bring.

It does a deadly Poison bring.

3. *Strange Serpent which it self doth sting!*

4. It never can sleep, and dreams still awake.

5. It stuffs up the Marriage-bed with Thorns.

It stuffs up the Marriage-bed with Thorns.
Chorus. *It gores it self, it gores it self, with imagin'd horns.*

The End of the Fourth Entry.

The

The Scene is chang'd into a Representation of a general Assault given to the Town; the greatest fury of the Army being discern'd at the English Station.

The ENTRY is again prepar'd by Instrumental Musick.

The Fifth ENTRY.

Enter Pirrhus.

Pir. **T**Raverse the Cannon! Mount the Batt'ries higher!
More Gabions, and renew the Blinds;
Like dust they Powder spend,
And to our faces send
The heat of all the Element of fire;
And to their Backs have all the winds.

Enter Mustapha.

Musta. More Ladders, and reliefs to scale!
The Fire-crooks are too short! Help, help to hale!
That Battlement is loose, and strait will down!
Point well the Cannons and play fast!
Their fury is too hot to last.

That Rampire shakes, they fly into the Town.

Pir. March up with those Reserves to that Redout!
Faint slaves! the *Janizaries* reel!
They bend, they bend! and seem to feel
The Terrours of a Rout.

Musta. Old Zanger halts, and re-inforcement lacks!

Pir. March on!

Musta. Advance those Pikes, and charge their Backs!

Enter Solyman.

Soly. Those Plat-forms are too low to reach!
Haste, haste! call *Haly* to the Breach!
Can my domestick *Janizaries* flye!
And not adventure life for victory!
Whose childhood with my Palace milk I fed:
Their youth, as if I were their Parent bred.
What is this Monster Death, that our poor Slaves,
Still vext with toyl, are loth to rest in Graves?

Musta. If life so precious be, why do not they,
Who in War's trade can only live by prey,
Their own afflicted lives expose
To take the happier from their Foes?

Pir. Our Troops renew the Fight!
And those that fall'd out
To give the Rout,
Are now return'd in flight!

Soly. Follow, follow, follow, make good the Line!
In, *Pirrhus*, in! Look, we have sprung the Mine! *Exit Pirrhus.*

Musta. Those desprate *English*, ne'r will fly!
Their firmness still does hinder others flight,
As if their Mistresses were by
To see and praise them whilst they fight.

Soly. That

Soly. That flame of valour in *Alphonso's* eyes,
Outshines the light of all my Victories!
Those who were slain when they his Bulwark storm'd,

Contented fell,
As vanquish'd well;

Those who were left alive may now,
Because their valour is by his reform'd,
Hope to make others bow.

Musa. E're while I in the *English* station saw
Beauty, that did my wonder forward draw,
Whose valour did my Forces back disperse;
Fairer than Woman, and than man more fierce:
It shew'd such courage as disdain'd to yield,
And yet seem'd willing to be kill'd.

Soly. This Vision did to me appear:
Which mov'd my pity and my fear:
It had a Dress much like the Imag'ie
For Heroes drawn, and may *Ianthé* be.

Enter Pirrhus.

Pir. Fall on! the *English* stoop when they give fire!
They seem to furl their Colours and retire!

Soly. Advance! I only would the Honour have
To conquer two, whom I by force would save.

Enter *Alphonso* with his sword drawn.

Alph. My Reason by my Courage is misled!
Why chase I those who would from dying flye,
Enforcing them to sleep amongst the dead,

Yet keep my self unslain that fain would dye?
Do not the Pris'ners whom we take declare

How *Solyman* proclaim'd through all his Host,
That they *Ianthé's* life and mine should spare?

Life ill preserv'd, is worse than basely lost.
Mine by dipatch of War he will not take,
But means to leave it lingring on the Rack;
That in his Palace I might live, and know
Her shame, and be afraid to call it so.

Tyrants and Devils think all pleasures vain,
But what are still deriv'd from others pain.

Enter Admiral.

Adm. Renown'd *Alphonso*, thou hast fought to day,
As if all *Asia* were thy valour's prey.

But now thou must do more
Than thou hast done before;

Else the important life of *Rhodes* is gone.

Alph. Why from the peaceful grave
Should I still strive to save

The lives of others, that would lose mine own?

Adm. The Souldiers call, *Alphonso*! thou hast taught
The way to all the wonders they have wrought;

Who now refuse to fight

But in thy Valour's fight.

Alph. I would to none example be to flye;
But fain would teach all humane kind to dye.

Adm. Haste, haste! *Ianthe* in disguise
At th' English Bulwark wounded lies;
And in the *French*, our old great Master strives
From many hands to rescue many lives.

Alphon. *Ianthe* wounded? where? alas!
Has mourning Pity hid her face?
Let Pity fly, fly far from the oppress,
Since she removes her Lodging from my breast!

Adm. You have but two great cruelties to chuse
By staying here; you must *Ianthe* lose,
Who ventur'd life and fame for you;
Or your great Master quite forsake,
Who to your Childhood first did shew
The ways you did to Honour take.

Alphon. *Ianthe* cannot be
In safer company:
For what will not the valiant English do
When Beauty is distress'd and Vertue too?

Adm. Dispatch your choice, if you will either save,
Occasion bids you run;
You must redeem the one
And I the other from a common grave.

Alphonso, haste!
Alphon. Thou urgest me too fast.
This Riddle is too sad and intricate;
The hardest that was e're propos'd by Fate.

Honour and pity have
Of both too short a time to chuse!
Honour the one would save,
Pity, would not the other lose.

Adm. Away, brave Duke, away!
Both Perish by our stay.

Alph. I to my Noble Master owe
All that my Youth did Nobly do:
He in War's School my Master was,
The Ruler of my Life;
She my lov'd Mistress; but, alas,
My now suspected Wife.

Adm. By this delay we both of them forsake!
Which of their rescues wilt thou undertake?

Alph. Hence *Admiral*, and to thy Master high!
I will as swiftly to my Mistress fly;
Through Ambush, Fire, and all impediments
The witty cruelty of War invents:
For there does yet some taste of kindness last,
Still relishing the vertue that is past.
But how, *Ianthe*, can my sword successful prove,
Where honour stops, and only pity leads my love?

Exeunt several ways.

Enter Pirrhus.

Pir. O sudden change! repulst in all the heat
Of Victory, and forc'd to lose retreat!

Seven Crescents, fixt on their Redouts, are gone!
 Horse, horse! we fly
 From Victory!
 Wheel, wheel from their Reserves, and charge our own!
 Divide that Wing!
 More succour bring!
 Rally the Fled,
 And quit our Dead!
 Rescue that Ensign and that Drum!
 Bold slaves! they to our Trenches come:
 Though still our Army does in posture stay
 Drawn up to judge, not act, the business of the day;
 As Rome, in Theaters, saw Fencers play.

Enter Mustapha.

Musta. Who can be loud enough to give command?
 Stand, *Hal*, make a stand!
 Those Horses to that Carriage span! Drive, drive!
Zanger is shot agen, yet still alive!
 Coyns for the Cul'rin, then give fire
 To clear the Turn-Pikes, and let *Zanger* in!
 Look, *Pirrh*, look, they all begin
 To alter their bold Count'nance, and retire!

The Scene returns to that of the Castle on Mount Philermus.

Enter Solyman.

Soly. How cowardly my num'rous slaves fall back!
 Slow to Assault, but dext'rous when they sack!
 Wild Wolves in times of peace they are;
 Tame sheep and harmless in the War.
 Crowds fit to stop up breaches; and prevail
 But so as shoals of Herrings choak a Whale.
 This Dragon-Duke so nimbly fought to day,
 As if he wings had got to stoop at Prey,
Ianthe is triumphant, but not gone;
 And sees *Rhodes* still beleaguer'd, though not won.
 Audacious Town! thou keep'st thy station still;
 And so my Castle tarries on that Hill,
 Where I will dwell till Famine enter Thee;
 And prove more fatal than my Sword could be.
 Nor shall *Ianthe* from my favours run,
 But stay to meet and praise what she did shun.

The Scene is chang'd to that of the Town besieg'd.

Enter Villerius, Admiral, Ianthe.

She in a Night-Gown and a Chair is brought in.

Viller. **F**Air Vertue, we have found
 No danger in your Wound.
 Securely live,
 And credit give

To us and to the Surgeons Art.

Ianthe. Alas! my wound is in the Heart;

Or else, where e're it be,

Imprison'd life it comes to free,

By seconding a worser wound that hid doth lie:

What practice can assure

That Patient of a Cure,

Whose kind of grief still makes her doubt the remedy?

Adm. The wounded that would soon be eas'd

Should keep their spirits tun'd and pleas'd;

No discords should their mind subdue:

And who in such distress

As this, ought to express

More joyful harmony than you?

'Tis not alone that we assure

Your certain cure;

But pray remember that your bloods expence

Was in defence

Of *Rhodes*, which gain'd to day a most important Victory:

For our success, repelling this Assault,

Has taught the *Ottomans* to halt;

Who may, wasting their heavy body, learn to fly.

Vill. Not only this should hasten your content,

But you shall joy to know the instrument

That wrought the triumph of this day;

Alphonso did the Sally sway;

To whom our *Rhodes*, all that she is does owe,

And all that from her Root of Hope can grow.

Ianthe. Has he so greatly done?

Indeed he us'd to run

As swift in Honours Race as any He

Who thinks he merits Wreaths for Victory.

This is to all a comfort, and should be,

If he were kind, the greatest joy to me.

Where is my alter'd Lord? I cannot tell

If I may ask, if he be safe and well?

For whilst all strangers may his actions boast,

Who in their Songs repeat

The Triumphs he does get,

I only must lament his favours lost.

Vill. Some wounds he has; none desperate but yours;

Ianthe cur'd, his own he quickly cures.

Ianthe. If his be little, mine will soon grow less.

Ay me! What Sword

Durst give my Lord

Those wounds, which now *Ianthe* cannot dress?

Adm. *Ianthe* will rejoyce when she did hear

How greater than himself he does appear

In rescue of her Life; all acts were slight,

And cold, even in our hottest Fight,

Compar'd to what he did,

When with Death's Vizard she her Beauty hid.

Vill. Love urg'd his anger, till it made such haste
And rush'd so swiftly in,
That scarce he did begin

E're we could say, the mighty work was past.

Ianthe. All this for me? something he did for you:

But when his Sword begun,
Much more it would have done

If he, alas! had thought *Ianthe* true.

Adm. Be kind, *Ianthe*, and be well!

It is too pitiful to tell

What way of dying is exprest

When he that Letter read

You wrote before your Wounds were drest;
When you and we despair'd you could recover:

Then he was more than dead,
And much out-wept a Husband and a Lover.

Enter Alphonso wounded, led in by two Mutes.

Alphon. Tear up my wounds! I had a passion coorse

And rude enough to strengthen Jealousie;

But want that more refin'd and quicker force

Which does out-wrestle Nature when we dye.

Turn to a Tempest all my inward strife:

Let it not last,

But in a blast

Spend this infectious vapour, Life!

Ianthe. It is my Lord! Enough of strength I feel,

To bear me to him, or but let me kneel.

He bled for me when he atchiev'd for you

This days success; and much from me is due.

Let me but bless him for his Victory,

And hasten to forgive him e're I dye.

Alphon. Be not too rash, *Ianthe*, to forgive,

Who knows but I ill use may make

Of pardons which I could not take;

For they may move me to desire to live.

Ianthe. If ought can make *Ianthe* worthy grow

Of having pow'r of pard'ning you,

It is, because she perfectly doth know

That no such pow'r to her is due.

Who never can forget her self, since she

Unkindly did resent your Jealousie.

A passion against which you nobly strove:

I know it was but over-cautious love.

Alphon. Accursed crime! Oh, let it have no name

Till I recover Blood to shew my shame.

Ianthe. Why stay we at such distance when we treat?

As Monarchs children, making Love

By Proxy, to each other move,

And by advice of tedious Councils meet.

Alphon. Keep back, *Ianthe*, for my strength does fail

When on thy cheeks I see thy Roses pale.

Draw

Draw all the Curtains, and then lead her in;
Let me in darkness mourn away my sin.

Exeunt.

Enter Roxolana, and Women Attendants.

Soly. Your looks express a triumph at our loss.

Roxol. Can I forsake the Crescent for the Cross?

Soly. You with my spreading Crescent shrunk no less.

Roxol. Sultan, I would not lose by your Success.

Soly. You are a friend to the Besiegers grown!

Roxol. I wish your Sword may thrive

Yet would not have you strive

To take *Ianthe* rather than the Town.

Soly. Too much on wand'ring Rumour you rely;
Your foolish Women teach you Jealousie.

1. Wom. We should too blindly confident appear,
If, when the Empress fears, we should not fear.

2. Wom. The Camp does breed that loud report
Which wakens Eccho in the Court.

1. Wom. The World our Duty will approve,
If for our Mistress sake,
We ever are awake

To watch the wand'rings of your Love.

Soly. My War with *Rhodes* will never have success,
Till I at home, *Roxana*, make my peace.

I will be kind, if you'll grow wise;

Go, chide your Whisp'ers and your Spies,

Be satisfy'd with liberty to think;

And, when you should not see me, learn to wink.

Chorus of Souldiers.

1.

With a fine merry Gale,
Fit to fill ev'ry Sail,
They did cut the smooth Sea
That our skins they might flea:
Still as they Landed, we firkt them with Sallies;
We did bang their silk Shashes,
Through sands and through Plashes
Till amain they did run to their Gallies.

2.

They first were so mad
As they Jealousies had
That our Isle durst not stay,
But would float strait away;
For they Landed still faster and faster;
And their old Bassa Pirthus
Did think he could fear us;
But himself sooner fear'd our Grand-Master.

3. Then

3.

*Then the hug'ous great Turk;
Came to make us more work;
With enow men to eat
All he meant to defeat;
Whose wonderful worship did confirm us
In the fear he would bide here
So long till he Dy'd here,
By the Castle he build on Philermus.*

4.

*You began the Assault
With a very long Hault;
And, as hauling ye came,
So ye went off as lame;
And have left our Alphonso to scoff ye.
To himself, as a Daintie,
He keeps his Ianthe;
Whilst we drink good Wine, and you drink but Coffee.*

The End of the Fifth Entry.

The Curtain is let fall.

F I N I S.

THE
SIEGE
OF
RHODES.

The Second Part.

Prologue.

WHat if we serve you now a trick? and do
 Like him who posted Bills that he would show
 So many active feats, and those so high,
 That Court and City came to see him fly?
 But he, good man, careful to empty still
 The Money-Boxes, as the House did fill,
 Of all his Tricks, had time to shew but one:
 He lin'd his Purse, and, Presto! he was gone!
 Many were then as fond, as you are now,
 Of seeing stranger things than Art can show.
 We may perform as much as he did do;
 We have your Money, and a Back-Door too.
 Go, and be couzen'd thus, rather than stay
 And wait to be worse couzen'd with our Play.
 For you shall hear such coorse complaints of Love,
 Such silly sighing, as no more will move
 Your Passion than Dutch Madrigals can do,
 When Skippers, with wet Beards, at Wapping wooe.
 Hope little from our Poets wither'd Wit;
 From Infant-Players, scarce grown Puppets yet.
 Hope from our Women less, whose bashful fear,
 Wondred to see me dare to enter here:
 Each took her leave, and wisht my danger past;
 And though I come back safe and undisgrac'd,
 Yet when they spie the WITS here, then I doubt
 No Amazon can make 'em venture out.
 Though I advis'd 'em not to fear you much;
 For I presume not half of you are such.

But many Trav'lers here as Judges come;
 From Paris, Florence, Venice, and from Rome:
 Who will describe, when any Scene we draw,
 By each of ours, all that they ever saw.
 Those praising, for extensive breadth and height,
 And inward distance to deceive the sight.
 When greater Objects, moving in broad Space,
 You rank with lesser, in this narrow Place,
 Then we like Chess-men, on a Chess-board are;
 And seem to play like Pawns the Rhodian War.
 Oh Money! Money! if the WITS would dress;
 With Ornaments, the present face of Peace;
 And to our Poet half that Treasure spare,
 Which Faction gets from Fools to nourish War;
 Then his contracted Scenes should wider be,
 And move by greater Engines, till you see
 (Whilst you Securely sit) fierce Armies meet,
 And raging Seas disperse a fighting Fleet.
 Thus much he bad me say; and I confess,
 I think he would, if rich, mean nothing less;
 But, leaving you your selves to entertain,
 Like an old Rat retire to Parmizan.

ACT the First, SCENE the First.

The SCENE is a Prospect of Rhodes beleagur'd at Sea
 and Land by the Fleet and Army of Solyman.

Enter Alphonso, Admiral, Marshal of Rhodes.

Alph. **W**hen shall we scape from the delays of Rome?
 And when, slow Venice, will thy Succours come?

Mar. How often too have we in vain
 Sought aid from long consulting Spain?

Adm. The German Eagle does no more
 About our barren Island Sore.

Thy Region, famisht Rhodes, she does forsake;
 And cruelly at home her Quarry make.

Alph. The furious French, and fiercer English fail.

Adm. We watch from Steeples and the Peer
 What Flags remoter Vessels bear;

But no glad Voice cries out, a Sail! a Sail!

Mar. Brave Duke! I find we are to blame
 In playing slowly Honours Game,
 Whilst lingring Famine wastes our strength,
 And tires afflicted Life with length.

E

Alph. The

Alph. The Council does it rashness call
When we propose to hazard all
The parcels we have left in one bold Cast:
But their Discretion makes our Torments last.

Adm. When less'ning Hope flies from our Ken,
And still Despair shews great and near,
Discretion seems to Valour then
A formal shape to cover fear.

Alph. Courage, when it at once adventures all,
And dares with humane aids dispense,
Resembles that high confidence
Which Priests may Faith and *Heav'nly* Valour call.

Adm. Those who in latter dangers of fierce War
To distant hope and long consults are given,
Depend too proudly on their own wise care;
And seem to trust themselves much more than Heav'n.

Alph. Let then the Elder of our *Rhodian* Knights
Discourse of slow designs in ancient Fights;
Let them sit long in Council to contrive
How they may longest keep lean Fools alive:
Whilst (*Marshal*) thou, the *Admiral*, and I
(Grown weary of this tedious strife
Which but prolongs imprison'd Life)

Since we are freely Born will freely Dye.

Adm. From sev'ral Ports wee'l Sally out
With all the bolder Youth our Seas have bred.

Mar. And we at Land through storms of War have led,
Then meet at *Mustapha's* Redoubt.

Alph. And this last Race of Honour being run,
Wee'l meet agen, far, far, above the Sun.

Adm. Already Fame her Trumpet sounds:
Which more provokes and warms
Our Courage than the smart of Wounds.
Away! to Arms! to Arms!

Enter Villerius.

Vill. What from the Camp, when no Assault is near,
Fierce Duke does thee to Slaughter call?
Or what bold Fleet does now at Sea appear,
To hale and board our Admiral?

Adm. We give, Great Master, this alarm
Not to forewarn your Chiefs of harm:
To whom assaults from Land or Sea
Would now but too much welcom be.

Alph. We want great dangers, and of mischiefs know
No greater ill but that they come too slow.

Adm. Why should we thus, with Apts great care
Of Empire, against Nature war?
Nature, with sleep and food, would make Life last;
But artful Empire makes us watch and fast.

Alph. If Valour virtue be, why should we lack
The means to make it move?
Which progress would improve;
But cannot march when Famine keeps it back.

Adm. When

Adm. When gen'ral Dearth
Afflicts the Earth,

Then even our loudest Warriours calmly pine.
High courage (though with Sournes still
It yields to Yokes of humane will)

Yet gracefully does bow to Pow'r Divine.

Alph. But when but mortal Foes
Imperiously impose
A Martial Lent

Where strength is spent;
That Famine, doubly horrid, wears the face
Both of a Lingring death, and of disgrace.

Mar. For those, whose Valour makes them quickly dye,
Prevent the Fast to shun the infamy.

Vill. Whom have I heard? 'Tis time all Pow'r should cease
When men high born, and higher bred
(Who have out-done what most have read,)

Grow like the Cowd, impatient of distress.
Is there no room for Hope in any Breast?

Adm. Not since she does appear
Boldly a dweller where

She first was entertain'd but as a Guest.

Alph. She may in Sieges be receiv'd,
Be courted too, and much believ'd;

And thus continue after wants begin;
But is thrust out when Famine enters in.

Vill. You have been tir'd in vain with passiveness;
But where, when active, can you meet Success?

Alph. With all the strength of all our Forts
Wee'll sally out from all the Ports;
And with a hot and hot alarm
Still keep the *Turkish* Tents so warm

That *solyman* shall in a Fever lye.

Mar. His Bassas, marking what we do,
Shall find that we were taught by you

To manage Life, and teach them how to dye.

Vill. Valour's designs are many heights above
All pleasures fancy'd in the dreams of Love.

But whilst, voluptuously, you thus devise
Delightful ways to end those miseries
Which over-charge your own impatient mind;
Where shall the softer Sex their safety find?
When you with num'rous Foes lye dead,
(I mean asleep in Honour's Bed)

They then may subject be
To all the wild and fouler force
Of rudest Victory;

Where noise shall deafen all remorse.

Alph. If still concern'd to watch and arm
That we may keep from harm
All who defenceless are
And seldom safe in War,
When, *Admiral*, shall we
From weariness be free?

Vill. The *Rhodians* by your gen'ral Sally may
Get high renown;
Though you at last must bravely lose the day,
And they their Town.

Then when by anger'd *solyman* 'tis sway'd,
On whom shall climbing Infants smile for aid?
Or who shall lift and rescue falling Age,
When it can only frown at *Turkish* rage?
The living thus advise you to esteem
And keep your Life that it may succour them:
But though you are inclin'd to hear Death plead
As strongly to invite you to the Dead,
Whilst glory does beyond compassion move,
Yet stay till your *Ianthé* speaks for Love!

Alph. *Ianthé's* name is such a double charm,
As strait does arm me, and as soon unarm.
Valour as far as ever Valour went,
Dares go, not stopping at the *Sultans* Tent,
To free *Ianthé* when to *Rhodes* confin'd:
But halts, when it considers I
Amidst ten Thousand *Turks* may dye,
Yet leave her then to many more behind.

Adm. Since Life is to be kept, what must be done?

Vill. All those attempts of Valour we must shun
Which may the *sultan* vex; And, since bereft
Of food, there is no help but Treaty left.

Adm. *Rhodes*, when the World shall thy submission know,
Honour, thy ancient friend, will court thy Foe.

Mar. Honour begins to blush, and hide his face:
For those who Treat sheath all their Swords,
To try by length of fencing words
How far they may consent to meet disgrace.

Alph. As noble minds with shame their wants confess;
So *Rhodes* will bashfully declare distress.

A Shout within; and a Noise of forcing of Doors.

Vill. Our guards will turn confederates with the crowd,
Whose mis'ries now insult and make them loud.
Their leaders strive with praises to appease,
And soften the mis'led with promises.

[Exit Admiral.]

Alph. These us'd with awe to wait
Far from your Palace gate;
But, like lean Birds in Frosts, their hunger now
Makes them approach us and familiar grow.

Vill. They have so long been Dying, that 'tis fit
They Deaths great privilege should have;
Which does in all a parity admit:
No rooms of State are in the Grave.

Enter Admiral.

Adm. The Peoples various minds
(Which are like sudden winds,
Such as from Hilly-coasts still changing blow)
Were lately as a secret kept
In many whispers of so soft a breath,

And

And in a calm so deeply low,
As if all Life had soundly slept;

But now, as if they meant to waken Death,
They rashly rise, and loud in Tumults grow.

Mar. They see our strength is hourly less;
Whilst *Solyman's* does still increase.

Adm. Thus, being to their last expectation driven,
Ianthe, now they cry!

Whose name they raise so high

And often, that it fills the vault of Heaven.

Alph. If *Solyman* does much her Looks esteem,
Looks captive him, and may enfranchise them.

Adm. By many Pris'ners, since our Siege began,
They have been told, how Potent *Solyman*,
In all assaults, severely did command

That you and she
Should still be free

From all attempts of every *Turkish* hand.

Alph. It rudeness were in me not to confess

That *Solyman* has civil been,
And did much Christian honour win

When he *Ianthe* rescu'd from distress.

Adm. They were from many more advertis'd too,
That he hath Pass-ports sent for her and you:

Which makes them hope the Pow'r divine
Does by some blessed cause design

Ianthe to procure their Liberty:

Or if by Heav'n 'tis not entirely me'nt

That powerful Beauties force should set them free,
Yet they would have her strait in Treaty sent

To gain some rest for those,
Who of their restless foes

Continual wounds and fasts are weary grown.

Mar. Whose mighty hearts conceiv'd before,
That they were built to suffer more
Assaults and Batties then our Rocky Town.

Vill. Those who, with Gyant-stature, shocks receiv'd,
Now down to Dwarfish size and weakness fall.

Mar. Who once no more of harm from shot believ'd
Than that an Arrow hurts a wounded Wall.

Alph. She Treat? What pleasant, but what frantick dreams,
Rise from the Peoples Fever of extremes?

I will allay their Rage, or try
How far *Ianthe* will comply.

[Exit.

Enter *Ianthe* and her two Women at the other Door.

Iant. Why, wise *Villerius*, had you power to sway
That *Rhodian* Valour, which did yours obey?
Was not that pow'r deriv'd from awful Heav'n
Which to your Valour hath your Wisdom given?
And that directs you to the Seasons meet
For deeds of War, and when 'tis fit to treat.

Vill. E're we to *Solyman* can sue,

Ianthe, we must treat with you.

The

The people find that they have no defence
But in your Beauty and your Eloquence.

Mar. To your requests Great *Solyman* may yield.

Iant. Can hope on such a weak foundation build?

Mar. In you the famish't peoples hopes are fed.

Iant. Can your discerning eyes
(Which may inform the wise)

Be by vain hope, their blind Conductor, led?

Vill. When winds in Tempests rise
Pilots may shut their eyes.

Mar. And though their practice knows their way,
Must be content a while to stray.

Iant. Though *Solyman* should softer grow;
And to my tears compassion show;

What shape of comfort can appear to me,
When all your outward War shall cease,

If then my Lord renew his jealousy
And strait destroy my inward peace?

Vill. The *Rhodian* Knights shall all in Council sit;
And with persuasions, by the publick Voice,
Your Lord shall woo till you to that submit
Which is the Peoples will, and not your Choice.
No arguments, by forms of Senate made,
Can Magisterial Jealousie perswade;
It takes no Counsel, nor will be in awe
Of Reasons force, necessity, or Law.

[Exit with the Marshal and her Women.]

Vill. Call thy experience back,
Which safely coasted ev'ry shore;
And let thy reason lack
No wings to make it higher soar;
For all those aids will much too weak appear,
With all that gath'ring fancy can supply,
When she hath travell'd round about the Sphere,
To give us strength to govern Jealousie.

Adm. Will you believe that Fair *Ianthe* can
Consent to go, and treat with *Solyman*,
Vainly in hope to move him to remorse?

Vill. 'Twill not be said by me
That she consents, when she

Does yield to what the People would enforce.
Their strength they now will in our weakness find,
Whom in their plenty we can sway,
But in their wants must them obey,

And wink when they the Cords of pow'r unbind.

Adm. 'Tis likely then that she must yield to go.

Vill. Who can resist, if they will have it so?

Adm. Where e're she moves she will last innocent.

Vill. Heaven's spotless Lights are not by motion spent.

Adm. *Alphous's* Love cannot so sickly be
As to express relapse of Jealousie.

Vill. Examine Jealousie and it will prove
To be the careful tenderness of Love.

It can no sooner than Celestial fire
Be either quench't, or of it self expire.

Adm. No signs are seen of Embers that remain
For windy passion to provoke.

Vill. Talk not of signs; Celestial fires contain
No matter which appears in smoke.

Be heedful, *Admiral*; The private peace
Of Lovers so Renown'd requires your care:
Their League, renew'd of late, will if it cease
As much perplex us as the *Rhodian* War.

[Exit.

Adm. How vainly must I keep mine eyes awake,
Who now, *Alphonso*, am enjoyn'd to take,
For publick good, a private care of thee;
When I shall rather need thy care of me?
Love, in *Ianthe's* shape, pass't through my eyes
And tarries in my Breast. But if the wise
Villerius does high Jealousie approve
As Virtue, and because it springs from Love:
My Love, I hope, will so much Virtue be
As shall, at least, take place of Jealousie.

For all will more respect
The cause than the effect.

What I discern of Love, seems virtue yet,
And whilst that Face appears I'll cherish it.

[Exit.

The same Scene continues.

The Second ACT.

A great Noise is heard of the People within.

Enter Villerius, Admiral, Marshal.

Adm. **T**Heir murmurs with their hunger will increase:
Their noises are effects of emptiness.
Murmurs, like Winds, will louder prove
When they with larger freedom move.

Vill. Winds which in hollow Caverns dwell,
Do first their force in murmurs waste;
Then soon, in many a fighting blast,
Get out, and up in Tempests swell.

Adm. Your practis'd strength no publick burden fears;
Nor stoops when it the weight of Empire bears.

Vill. Pow'r is an Arch which ev'ry common hand
Does help to raise to a magnifick height:
And it requires their aid when it does stand
With firmer strength beneath increasing weight.

Adm. 'Tis noble to endure and not resent
The bruises of Afflictions heavy hand.

But can we not this Embassy prevent?

Vill. *Ianthe* needs must go. Those who withstand

The

The Tide of Flood, which is the Peoples will,
 Fall back when they in vain would onward row:
 We strength and way preserve by lying still.
 And sure, since Tides ebb longer than they flow,
 Patience, which waits their Ebbs, regains
 Lost time, and does prevent our pains.

Adm. Can we of saving and of gaining boast
 In that by which *Ianthe* may be lost?
 She wholly Honour is; and, when bereft
 Of any part of that, has nothing left.
 For Honour is the Soul, which by the Art
 Of Schools, is all contain'd in ev'ry part.

Vill. The Guiltless cannot Honour lose, and she
 Can never more than Virtue guilty be.

Adm. The talking World may persecute her name.

Vill. Her Honour bleeds not, when they wound her Fame.
 Honour's the Soul, which nought but Guilt can wound;
 Fame is the Trumpet which the People sound.

Adm. Can no expedient stop their will?

Vill. The practice grows above our skill.
 Last Night, in secret, I a Pris'ner sent
 To *Mustapha*, with deep acknowledgment
 For fair *Ianthe's* former Libertie,
 And Pass-ports, offer'd since, to set her free.
 My Letters have no ill acceptance met;
 But his reply forbids all means to treat,
 Unless *Ianthe*, who has oft refus'd
 That Pass, which honour might have safely us'd,
 Appear before Great *Solyman*, and sue
 To save those Lives which Famine must subdue.

Adm. Sad Fate! Were all those drowsie Syrrups here [Aside.
 Which Art prescribes to Madnes, or to Fear,
 To Jealousie, or careful States-mens Eyes,
 To waking Tyrants, or their watchful Spies,
 They could not make me sleep when she is sent
 To lie Love's Lieger in the *sultan's* Tent. [A great shout within.

Mar. What sudden pleasure makes the Crowd rejoyce?
 What comfort can thus raise the publick Voyce?

Vill. 'Tis fit that with the Peoples insolence,
 When in their sorrows rude, we should dispence;
 Since they are seldom civil in their joys:
 Their gladness is but an uncivil Noise.

Adm. They seldom are in tune, and their tunes last
 But like their Loves rash Sparkles struck in haste.

Vill. Still brief, as the concordance of a Shout.

Adm. What is so short as Musick of the Rout?

Vill. Though short, yet 'tis as hearty as 'tis loud.

Adm. Dissembling is an Art above the Crowd.

Vill. Whom do they dignifie with this applause?

Enter Alphonso, *Ianthe*.

Alph. Of this, grave Prince, *Ianthe* is the Cause.

I from the Temple lead her now :
Where she for *Rhodes* pay'd many a vow ;
And did for ev'ry *Rhodian* mourn
With sorrows gracefully devout :
But they pay'd back at our return
More vows to her than she laid out.

Vill. If they such gratitude express
For your kind Pray'rs in their distress,
Ianthe, think, what the Besieg'd will do
When the Besieger is o'rcome by you?

Though *Rhodes* by Kings has quite forsaken bin
Without, whilst all forsake their Chiefs within ;
Yet who can tell but Heav'n has now design'd
Your shining beauty and your brighter mind
To lead us from the darkness of this War,
Where the Besieg'd forgotten Pris'ners are :
Where glorious minds have been so much obscur'd
That Fame has hardly known
What they have boldly done,

And with a greater boldness have endur'd.

Alph. If Heaven of Innocence unmindful were,
Ianthe then might many dangers fear.

Your hazards, and what *Rhodes* does hazard too,
Are less than mine when I adventure you ;

Who doubtful perils run

That we may try to shun

Such certain loss as nought can else prevent.

Adm. Revolted Jealousie ! can he consent ?

[*Aside.*]

Iant. If *Rhodes* were not concern'd at all

In what I am desired to undertake

I should it less than Duty call

To seek the *sultan* for *Alphonso's* sake.

Alph. The *sultan* has with forward haste

Climb'd to the top of high Renown ;

And sure, he cannot now as fast,

By breaking trust, run backward down.

Iant. We should not any with Suspicion wound

Whom none detect, much less believe that those

In whom by trial we much vertue found

Can quickly all their stock of virtue lose.

Adm. How sweetly she, like Infant-Innocence,

[*Aside.*]

Runs harmlessly to harm ?

High Honour will unarm

It self to furnish others with defence.

Mar. Her mind, ascending still o're humane heights,

Has all the Valour of our *Rhodian* Knights.

Vill. What more remains but Pray'rs to recommend

Your safety to the Heav'nly Pow'rs,

You being theirs much more than ours.

I'll to the *sultan* for your Pass-port send.

Iant. That may disgrace the trust which we should give,

And lessen the effects we should receive.

Let such use forms so low

As not by trial know

How high the Honour is of *Solyman* :

Who never will descend

Till he in Valleys end

That race which he on lofty Hills began.

His pow'r does every day increase,

And can his Honour then grow less?

Bright power does like the Sun

Tow'rds chief perfection run,

When it does high and higher rise.

From both the best effects proceed,

When they from heights their glories spread,

And when they dazzle gazing eyes.

Alph. How far, *Ianthé*, will these thoughts extend?

Vain question, Honour has no Journeys end!

Adm. Her Honour's such, as he who limits it

Must draw a Line to bound an infinite.

Vill. Since Fate has long resolv'd that you must go;

And you a Pass decline, what can we do?

Iant. The great Example which the *sultan* gave

Of virtue, when he did my honour save,

And yours, *Alphonso*, too in me,

When I was then his Enemy,

Shall bring me now a Suppliant to his Tent,

Without his plighted Word or Pass-port sent.

So great a test of our entire belief

Of Clemency, in so renown'd a Chief,

Is now the greatest present we can make:

His Pass-port is the least that we can take.

Alph. *Ianthé*, I am learning not to prize
Those dangers, which your virtue can despise.

Adm. My Love is better taught;

For with the pangs of thought,

I must that safety much suspect,

Which she too nobly does neglect.

Vill. You hear them *Admiral*!

Adm. Agen the people call,

Our haste provoking by a shout.

Vill. Go hang a Flag of Treaty out,

High on Saint *Nic'las* Fort!

Then clear the Western Port

To make renown'd *Ianthé* way!

Adm. Hark! they grow loud!

That tide, the Crowd,

Will not for Lovers leisure stay.

Mar. That storm by suddenness prevails,

And makes us lower all our Sails.

Vill. To *Mustapha* I'll strait a Herald send,

That *Solyman* may melt when he shall know,

How much we on his mighty mind depend

By trusting more than *Rhodes* to such a Foe.

[*Exeunt Villerius, Admiral, Marshal.*

Alph. How long *Ianthé* should I grieve

If I perceiv'd you could believe

That

That I the *Rhodians* can so much esteem,
As to adventure you to rescue them?
Yet I for *Rhodes* would frankly hazard all
That I could mine, and not *Ianthes* call.
But now I yield to let you go
A pledge of Treaty to the Foe,
In hope that saving *Rhodes* you may
Prepare to *Sicily* your way.

Were *Rhodes* subdu'd, *Ianthe* being there,
Ianthe should the only loss appear.

Iant. Much from us both is to the *Rhodians* due,
But when I sue for *Rhodes*, it is for you.

Alph. *Ianthe*, we must part! you shall relye
On hope, whilst I in parting learn to Dye.

Iant. Take back that hope! your dealing is not fair,
To give me hope, and leave your self despair.

Alph. I will but dream of Death, and then
As virtuously as Dying men

Let me to scape from future punishment
Come to a clear confession, and repent.

Iant. I cannot any story fear
Which of *Alphonso* I shall hear,

Unless his Foes in malice tell it wrong.

Alph. *Ianthe*, my confession is not long,
For since it tells what folly did commit
Against your honour, shame will shorten it.

Iant. Lend me a little of that shame;
For I perceive I grow to blame

In practising to guess what it can be.

Alph. It is my late ignoble Jealousie.
Though parting now seems Death, yet but forgive
That crime, and after parting I may Live.
And as I now again great sorrow show;
Though I repented well for it before;
So let your pardon with my sorrows grow;
You much forgave me, but forgive me more.

Iant. Away! Away! How soon will this augment
The troubled peoples fears,

When they shall see me by *Alphonso* sent
To treat for *Rhodes* in tears?

Alph. What in your absence shall I do
Worthy of Fame, though not of you?

Iant. By patience, not by action now,
Your virtue must successful grow. [*A shout within.*

Alph. In throngs the longing people wait
Your coming at the Palace Gate.
Let me attend you to the Peer.

Iant. But we must leave our sorrows here.
Let not a *Rhodian* witness be
Of any grief in you or me;

For *Rhodes*, by seeing us at parting mourn,
Will look for weeping Clouds at my return.

[*Exeunt.*

The Scene is Chang'd to the Camp of *solyman*, the Tents and Guards seem near, and part of *Rhodes* at a distance.

Enter Solyman, Pirrhus, Rustan.

Pirr. **N**One (Glorious *sultan*) can your Conquest doubt
When *Rhodes* has hung a Flag of Treaty out.

Soly. Thy courage haughty *Rhodes*,
(When I account the Odds

Thou hast oppos'd, by long and vain defence)
Is but a braver kind of Impudence.

Thou knew'st my strength, but thou didst better know
How much I priz'd the brav'ries of a Foe.

Pirr. Their Sallies were by stealth, and faint of late.

Soly. Can flowing Valour stay at standing flood?

Pirr. No, it will quickly from the mark abate.

Rust. And then soon shew the Dead low Ebb of Blood.

Soly. When those who did such mighty Deeds before;
Shall less, but by a little, do,

It shews to me and you,

Old *Pirrhus* that they mean to do no more.

By Treaty they but boldly beg a Peace.

Pirr. Shall I command that all our Batt'ries cease?

Soly. You may, then draw our out-Guards to the Line.

Pirr. And I'll prevent the springing of the Mine.

[Exit.

Enter Mustapha.

Must. *Villerius* sends his Homage to your feet:

And, to declare how low

The pride of *Rhodes* can bow,

Ianthe will be here to Kneel and Treat.

Rust. What more can Fortune in your favour do?

Beauty, which conquers Victors, yields to you.

Soly. What wandering Star does lead her forth? Can she

Who scorn'd a Pass-port for her Liberty,

Vouchsafe to come, and Treat without it now?

The first did Glory, this Respect may show.

Pow'r's best Religion she,

Perhaps does civilly believe

To be establish'd, and reform'd in me,

Which counsels Monarchs to forgive.

Enter Pirrhus.

Pirr. A second Morn begins to break from *Rhodes*;

And now that threatning Skie grows clear,

Which was o'recast with smoke of Cannon-Clouds,

The fair *Ianthe* does appear.

Soly. *Pirrhus*, our Forces from the Trenches lead,

And open as our Flying Ensigns spread.

And, *Mustapha*, let her Reception be

As great as is the Faith she has in me.

I keep high Int'rest hid in this command;

Which you with safety may

Implicitly obey,

But not without your Danger understand.

Your

Your try'd obedience I shall much engage,
Joyn'd to the prudence of your practis'd age.

Must. We are content with age, because we live
So long beneath your sway.

Pirr. Age makes us fit t' obey
Commands which none but *solyman* can give.

[*Exeunt Pirrhus, Mustapha, Rustan.*]

soly. Of spacious Empire, what can I enjoy?
Gaining at last but what I first Destroy.

'Tis fatal (*Rhodes*) to thee;
And troublesome to me.

That I was born to govern swarms
Of Vassals boldly bred to arms:
For whose accurs'd diversion, I must still
Provide new Towns to Sack, new Foes to Kill.
Excuse that Pow'r, which by my Slaves is aw'd:

For I shall find my peace
Destroy'd at home, unless

I seek for them destructive War abroad. [Exit

Enter Roxolana, Haly, Pirrhus, Mustapha, Rustan, Pages, Women.

Roxol. Th' Ambassadors of *Persia*, are they come?

Haly. They seek your Favour and attend their Doom.

Roxol. The Vizier Bashaw, did you bid him wait?

Haly. *Sultana*, he does here expect his Fate.

Roxol. You take up all our *Sultans* bosom now;
Have we no place, but that which you allow?

Rust. Your Beauteous greatness does your ear incline
To Rumours of those crimes which are not mine.
My Foes are prosp'rous in their diligence,
And turn ev'n my submission to offence.

Roxol. *Rustan*, your Glories rise, and swell too fast.
You must shrink back, and shall repent your haste.

Must. Th' *Egyptian* presents which you pleas'd t' assign,
As a Reward to th' Eunuch *Salladine*,
Are part of those allotments *Haly* had.

Roxol. Let a Division be to *Haly* made.

Pirr. Th' *Armènian* Cities have their Tribute paid,
And all the *Georgian* Princes sue for aid.

Roxol. Those Cities, *Mustapha*, deserve our care.
Pirrhus, send succours to the *Georgian* War.

Must. Th' Ambassador which did the Jewels bring
From the *Hungarian* Queen, does Audience crave.

Roxol. *Pirrhus*, be tender of her Infant King,
Who dares destroy that Throne which I would save?

Rust. *Sultana*, humbly at your feet I fall,
Do not your *sultan's* will, my Counsel call.

Roxol. *Rustan*! Go mourn! But you may long repent:
My busie Pow'r wants leisure to relent.

Rust. Think me not wicked, till I doubt to find
Some small compassion in so great a mind.

Roxol. These are Court-Monsters, Corm'rants of the Crown:
They feed on Favour till th' are over-grown;

Then

Then sawcily believe, we Monarchs Wives
 Were made but to be Drefs't
 For a Continu'd Feast;
 To hear soft Sounds, and play away our Lives!
 They think our Fulness is to wane so soon
 As if our Sexes Governess, the Moon,
 Had plac'd us, but for Sport on Fortunes lap;
 They with bold Pencils, by the changing shape
 Of our frail Beauty, have our Fortune drawn;
 And judge our Breasts transparent as our Lawn;
 Our hearts as loose, and soft, and slight
 As are our Summer Vests of Silk;
 Our brains, like to our Feathers light;
 Our blood as sweet as is our Milk:
 And think, when Fav'rites rise, we are to fall
 Meekly as Doves, whose Livers have no Gall.
 But they shall find, I'm no *European* Queen,
 Who in a Throne does sit but to be seen;
 And lives in Peace with such State-Thieves as these
 Who rob us of our buisiness for our ease.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]*The Scene continues.***The Third A C T.***Enter Solyman, Mustapha, Pirrhus, Rustan.*

Must. **M**Ajestick *Sultan*! at your feet we fall:
 Our Duty 'tis and just
 To say, you have encompass'd us with all
 That we can private trust
 Or publick Honours call.

Pirr. In Fields our weak retiring Age you grace
 With forward Action; and in Court,
 Where all your mighty Chiefs resort,
 Even they to us, as Kings to them, give place.

Rust. The Cords by which we are oblig'd are strong.

Soly. You all have Loyal been, and Loyal long.
 To shew I this retain in full belief,
 I'll doubly trust you, with my shame, and grief.
 A grief which takes up all my Brest:
 Yet finds the Room so narrow too
 That being straightned there it takes no rest,
 But must get out to trouble you.

That grief begets a shame which would disgrace
 My pow'r if it were publisht in my face.

Must. Your outward calm does well
 Your inward storm disguise.

Rust. But long dead calms fore-tell
 That Tempests are to rise.

Soly. My *Roxolana*, by ambitious strife,
 To get unjust Succession for her Son,

Has put in doubt
Or blotted out

All the Heroick story of my Life;
And will lose back the Battels I have won.

Pir. E're ill advice shall lead her far, shee'll scorn
Her Guide, and, faster than she went, return.

Must. Those who advis'd her ill, in that did do
Much more than we dare hear except from you.

Soly. O *Mustapha*! is it too much for me,
To think, I justly may possessor be
Of one soft Bosom, where releas'd from care,
I should securely rest from toils of War?
But now, when daily tir'd with watchful Life,
(With various turns in doubtful Fight,
And length of talking Councils) I at night
In vain seek Sleep with a tempestuous Wife.
Wink at my shame, that I, whose Banners brave
The World, should thus to Beauty be a Slave.

Pir. This Cloud will quickly pass
From *Roxolana's* face.

Must. The weather then will change from foul to fair.

Rust. Tempests are short, and serve to clear the Air.

Soly. Since I have told my Sickness, it is fit
You hear what Cure I have prescrib'd to it.

Those Lovers Knots I cannot strait untwine,
Which, sure, were made to last
Since they were once ty'd fast

With strings of *Roxolana's* heart and mine.

Must. How can the vast Possession more improve?

Has she not all in having all your Love?

Soly. I have design'd a way to check her Pride.

It is not yet forgot,

That even the Gordian Knot

At last was cut, which could not be unty'd.

Does not the fair *Ianthe* wait

Without, in hope to mitigate,

By soft'ning Looks, the *Rhodians* fate?

Let that new Moon appear,

And try her Influence here.

[Exit *Mustapha*.]

Pir. What Lab'rinth does our *Sultan* mean to tread?

Shall straying Love the Worlds great Leader lead?

Enter *Mustapha*, *Ianthe*.

Soly. When warlike Cities (fair Embassadors)

Begin to treat, they cover their distress.

In shewing you, the Artful *Rhodians* know

They hide distress and all their triumphs show.

From with'ring *Rhodes* you fresher Beauty bring,

And sweeter than the bosom of the Spring.

Iant. Cities (propitious *Sultan*) when they treat,

Conceal their wants, and strength may counterfeit:

But sure the *Rhodians* would not get esteem,

By ought pretended in my self or them.

If I could any Beauty wear

Where *Roxolana* fills the Sphere,

Yet I bring griefs to cloud it here.

Soly.

Soly. Your *Rhodes* has hung a Flag of Treaty out.

Iant. You can as little then my sorrows doubt
As I can fear that any humble grief
May sue to *Solyman* and want relief.

Soly. You oft the proffer'd freedom did refuse,
Which now you seek, and would have others use.

Iant. I then did make my want of merit known;
And thought that gift too much for me alone;
And as 'twas fit
To reckon it

More favour than *Ianthe* should receive;
So it did then appear
That single favours were

Too little for great *Solyman* to give.

Soly. Much is to every Beauty due:
Then how much more to all
Those divers forms we Beauty call;
And all are reconcil'd in you?

But those who here for Peace by Treaty look,
Must meet with that which Beauty least can brook;
Delay of Court, which makes the Blood so cold
That youngest Agents here look Pale and Old.
Here you must tedious forms of Pow'r obey.—
Your business will all Night require your stay.

Iant. Bus'ness, abroad at Night? sure bus'ness then
Only becomes the confidence of Men.

Those who the greatest Wand'ers are,
Wild Birds, that in the day
Frequent no certain way,
And know no limits in the Air,
Will still at Night discreetly come
And take their civil rest at home.

Soly. Is the protection of my pow'r so slight,
That in my Camp you are afraid of Night?

Iant. Stay in the Camp at Night, and *Rhodes* so near,
Honour my guide and griev'd *Alphonso* there?

Soly. Treaties are long, my *Bassas* old and slow:
With whom you must debate before you go.
Let not your cause by any absence fail.

Your beauteous presence may on Age prevail.

Iant. Alas, I came not to capitulate,
And shew a love of Speech by long debate:
But to implore from *Solyman* what he

To *Rhodes* may quickly grant,
And never feel a want

Of that which by dispatch would doubled be.

Soly. *Ianthe* rise! your grief may pity move;
But graceful grief,
Whilst it does seek relief

May pity lead to dang'rous ways of Love.

Iant. Why Heav'n, was I mistaken when I thought
That I the courtest shape had brought
And the most wither'd too that sorrow wears?

Soly. If you would wither'd seem, restrain your Tears.

[*She kneels.*]

The morning Due makes Roses blow
And sweeter smell and fresher show.
Take heed, *Ianthe*, you may be to blame.
Did you not trust me when you hither came?
Will you my honour now too late suspect,
When only that can yours protect?

Iant. If of your virtue my extreme belief
May virtuous favour gain,
My tears I will restrain.

It is my faith shall save me, not my grief.

Soly. Conduct her strait to *Roxolana's* Tent:
And tell my haughty Empress I have sent
Such a mysterious Present as will prove
A Riddle both to Honour and to Love. [Exeunt several ways.

The Scene returns to that of the Town Besieg'd.

Enter Admiral.

Adm. Dwells not *Alphonso* in *Ianthes* Breast;
As Prince of that fair Palace, not a Guest?
Can it be virtue in a *Rhodian* Knight
To seek possession of anothers right?
Yet how can I his Title there destroy
By loving that which he may still enjoy?
My passion will no less than virtue prove
Whilst it does much *Ianthes* virtue love.
If in her absence I her safety fear,

'Tis virtuous kindness then to wish her here.
But of her dangers I in vain
Shall with my watchful fears complain
Till he grows fearful too, whose fears must be
Rais'd to the Husbands virtue, Jealousie. —

Enter Villerius, Marshal.

Vill. Does he not seem
As if in Dream,

His course by storm were on the Ocean lost?

Mar. He now draws Cards to shun a Rocky Coast.

Adm. The foolish world does Jealousie mistake:

'Tis civil care, which kindness does improve.

Perhaps the Jealous are too much awake;

But others dully sleep o're those they love.

He must be jealous made, for that kind fear,

When known, will quickly bring and stay her here.

Vill. What can thy silence now portend,
When the assembled People send

Their thankfulness to Heav'n in one loud Voice?

The hungry, wounded, and the sick rejoyce.

Mar. Our Quires in long procession sing;
The Bells of all our Temples ring,
Our Enemies
Begin to rise,

And from our Walls are to their Camp retir'd

To see *Ianthe* there in triumph shown.

Their Cannon in a loud salute are fir'd,

And eccho'd too by louder of our own.

Adm. Who is so dully bred,
Or rather who so dead
Whom fair *Ianthes* triumph cannot move?
From th' Oceans bosom it will call
A sinking *Admiral*,
Who flies to stormy Seas from storms of Love.

Enter Alphonso.

Alph. Our Foes (great Master) wear the looks of friends.
A *Zanjack* from the Camp attends
Behind the out-let of the Peer;
And he demands your private ear. [*Ex. Vil. and Mar.*]

Adm. Would you had met *Ianthe* there.

Alph. Since well receiv'd, you wish her here too soon.
The morning led her out
And we may doubt

How her dispatch could bring her back e're Noon.

Adm. Her high reception was but justly due;
Who with such noble confidence,
Could with her Sexes fears dispence;
And trusting *Solyman* could part from you.

Alph. By that we may discern her rising mind
O're all the Pinnacles of Female kind.

Adm. Strangely she shun'd what Custom does afford,
The pledges of his Pass and plighted word.

Alph. Not knowing guilt, she knows no fear,
And still must strange in all appear,
As well as singular in this;

The Crowd of Common gazers fill
Their eyes with objects low and ill,
But she a high and good Example is.

Enter Villerius, Marshal.

Mar. *Ianthes* Laurels hourly will increase!

Vill. I have receiv'd some secret signs of peace
From *Mustapha*, whose trusted Messenger
Has brought me counsel how to counsel her.
She must a while make such appliances
As may the haughty *Roxolana* please,
To whom she now by *Solyman* is sent,
And does remain our Lieger in her Tent.

Adm. In *Turkish* Dialect, that word, remain,
May many fums of tedious hours contain:
And in a *Rhodian* Lovers swift account,
To what a Debt will that sad reck'ning mount.

Vill. To night, *Alphonso*, you must sleep alone.
But Time is swift, a night is quickly gone.
For Lovers nights are like their slumbers short.
I must dispatch this *Zanjack* to the Court.

Alph. The quiet Bed of Lovers is the Grave;
For we in Death, no sense of absence have. { *Exeunt Villerius Marshal.*

Adm. *Rhodes* in her view, her Tent within your sight!
And yet to be divided a whole Night!

Alph. A single night would many Ages seem,
Were I not sure that we shall meet in Dream.

Adm. She

Adm. She must no more such dang'rous Visits make,
Methinks I grow malicious for your sake,
And rather wish *Rhodes* should of freedom fail;
Than that *Ianthes* power should now prevail.

Alph. Your words mysterious grow.

Adm. *Alphonso*, no.

For if whilst thus you for her absence mourn
Her pow'r should much appear,
She'll want excuse,
Unless she use.

A little of that power for her Return
To day, and nightly resting here.

Alph. The hardned Steel of *Solyman* is such,
As with the Edge does all the World command;
And yet that Edge is softned with the touch
Of *Roxolana's* gentle hand.
And as his hardness yields, when she is near,
So may *Ianthe's* softness govern her.

Adm. The day sufficient seems for all address;
And is at Court the season of access;
Deprive not *Roxolana* of her right;
Let th' Empress lye with *Solyman* at night.
And as that privilege to her is due,
So should *Ianthe* sleep at *Rhodes* with you.

Alph. I'll write! The *Zanjack* for my Letter stays;
Love walks his round, and leads me in a Maze.

[Exit.]

Adm. Love does *Alphonso* in a Circle lead;
And none can trace the ways which I must tread.
Lovers, in searching Loves Records, will find
But very few like me,

That still would Virtuous be,
Whilst to anothers Wife I still am kind!
And whilst that Wife I like a Lover woo,
I use all art

That from her Husband she may never part;
And yet even then would make him Jealous too.

[Exit.]

The Scene returns to that of the Camp.

Enter *Roxolana*, *Haly*.

Rox. Think, *Haly*, think, what I should swiftly do?
A *Rhodian* Lady, and a Beauty too,
In my Pavilion lodg'd? It serves to prove
His settled hatred and his wandring Love.
Who did he send to plant this Canker here?

Haly. Old *Bassa Mustapha*.

Rox. Bid him appear.

[Exit *Haly*.]

Hope, thou grow'st weak, and thou hast been too strong.
Like Night, thou com'st too soon, and stay'st too long.
Hence! smiling Hope! with growing Infants play:

If I dismiss thee not, I know

Thou of thy self wilt go,
And canst no longer than my Beauty stay.

I'll open all the Doors to let thee out:
And then call in thy next Succellor, Doubt.
Come Doubt, and bring thy lean Companion, Care.
And, when you both are lodg'd, bring in Despair.

Enter Mustapha, Haly.

Must. Our op'ning Buds, and falling Blossoms, all
That we can fresh and fragrant call,
That Spring can promise, and the Summer pay,
Be strew'd in *Roxolana's* way.

On Natures fairest Carpets let her tread;
And there, through Calms of peace, long may she lead
That Pow'r which we have follow'd far,
And painfully, through storms of War.

Rox. Blessings are cheap, and those you can afford:
Yet you are kinder than your frowning Lord.
I dare accuse him; but it is too late. ———

[Weeps.]

What means that pretty property of State,
Which is from *Rhodes* for Midnight Treaties sent?
Private Cabals of Lovers in my Tent?

Your Valour, *Mustapha*, serv'd to convey
Loves fresh supplies. You Souldiers can make way.
Was it not greatly done to bring her here?

Must. Duty in that did over-rule my fear.
It was the Mighty *Solyman's* command.

Rox. Thou fatal Fool! how canst thou think
To find a Basis where thou firm mayst stand
On those rough Waters where I sink?

Must. If *Roxolana* were not rank'd above
Mankind, the strait would fall
Before that Pow'r which all
The valiant follow, and the virtuous love.

Rox. I grow immortal; for I Life disdain:
Which ill with thy dislike of Dying suits.
Yet thou, for safety, fear'st great pow'r in vain;
Who here, art but a Subject to my Mutes. ———

Mustapha draws a Parchment.

Must. Peruse the dreaded Will of anger'd Power;
Tought with the Signet of the Emperour:
It does enjoyn *Ianthe's* safety here:
She must be sought with Love, and serv'd with Fear.
This disobey'd; your Mutes, who still make haste
To cruelty, may rest for want of breath.
'Tis order'd they shall suddenly be past
Their making signs, and shall be dumb with Death.

This dreadful Doom from *Solyman* I give.

But if his will, which is our Law,
Be met with an obedient awe.

The Empress then may long in triumph Live

[She weeps.]

Rox. Be gon'd thy Duty is officious fear.

If I am soft enough to grieve,

It is to see the *Sultan* leave

The warring World, and end his Conquests here. ———

Crawl to my *Sultan*, still officious grow!

Ebb with his love, and with his anger flow.

[Exit Mustapha.
Haly.]

Haly. Preserve with temper your Imperial mind;
And, till you can express
Your wrath with good success,
By angriug others to your self be kind.——
Rox. If thou canst weep, thou canst endure to bleed:
Men who Compassion feel have Valour too:
I shall thy Courage more than Pity need:
Dar'st thou contrive as much as I dare do?
Haly. I'll on, as far as weary Life can go.
Rox. Then I shall want no aid to my design:
We'll dig below them, and blow up their Mine.

[*Exeunt.*]

The Scene returns to that of the Town Beleaguer'd.

The Fourth A C T.

Enter Solyman, Mustapha, Rustan.

Soly. CAN *Roxolana* such a Rival bear?
Must. She has her fits of courage and of fear.
As she does high against your anger grow,
So, trusting strait your Love, she stoops as low.
Soly. Her Chamber-Tempests I have known too well:
She quickly can with winds of passion swell;
And then as quickly has the Womans pow'r
Of laying Tempests with a weeping shower.
What looks does the detain'd *Ianthe* shew?
Must. She still is calm in all her fears.
Rust. And seems so Lovely in her Tears
As when the Mornings face is washt in Dew.

Enter Pirrhus.

Pir. The world salutes you *Sultan*! Ev'ry Pow'r
Does shrink before your Throne; and ev'ry how'r
A flying Packet or an Agent brings
From *Asia*, *Africk*, and *European* Kings.——
Soly. With Packets to old *Zanger* go;
Who, freed from action, can with sleep dispence;
And having little now to do,
May read dull Volumes of Intelligence.
These Writing-Princes covet to seem wise
In Packets, and by formal Embassies:
They would with Symphonies of civil words
(Sweet sounds of Court) charm rudeness from our Swords:
Teach us to lay our Gauntlets by,
That they unarm'd, and harmlessly,
From farthest Realms, by Proxy, might shake hands;
And, off'ring useles friendship, save their Lands.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Villerius, Alphonso, Admiral, Marshal.

Adm. He came disguis'd, who brought your Letter here,
And sought such privacy as argu'd fear.
Mar. But (Sov'raign Master) yours did seem to be
Convey'd by one less pain'd with Secrefie;

Who

Who does for answer stay.

Vill. Mine came from *Mustapha*.

It would import a promising increase
Of our Conditions by approaching peace:

But does request us to consent
That fair *Ianthe* may yet longer stay
In pow'rful *Roxolana's* Tent;
And that request we understand
As a command

Which, though we would not grant, we must obey.

Alph. Mine by a Christian Slave was brought;
Who from the E'unuch *Bassa*, *Haly*, came;
And was by *Roxolana* wrote:

See the *sultana's* Signet and her Name.
She writes---but oh! why have I breath,
To tell, how much 'tis worse than Death
Not to be Dead

E're I agen this Letter read?

Adm. Oh my prophetick fear!

Alph. She writes, that if I hold my honour dear;
Or if *Ianthe* does that honour prize,
I should with all the art
Of Love confirm her heart,

And strait from *solyman* divert her Eyes.

Adm. Who knows what end this dire beginning bodes?

Alph. And here she likewise says,
He to *Ianthe* lays

A closer Siege than e're he did to *Rhodes*.

Adm. *Ianthe*, I will still my Love pursue;
Be kind to thee, and to *Alphonso* true:

But Loves small policies Great Honour now
Will hardly to my Rivalship allow:
Those little Arts, bold Duke, I must lay by
And urge thy Courage more than Jealousie.

Vill. Where is thy honour now, fam'd Eastern Lord?

Adm. Why sought we not his Pass-port or his Word?

Alph. How durst *Ianthe* have so little fear
As to believe

That in the Camp she should receive
Freedom from him who did besiege her here?

Adm. Whilst in her own dispose she here remain'd
I of the brav'ry of her trust complain'd:
Her gen'rous faith too meanly was deceiv'd,
And must not be upbraided but reliev'd.

Vill. To rescue *Rhodes* she did her self forsake;
And *Rhodes* shall nobly pay that virtue back.

Alph. Great Master! what shall poor *Alphonso* do?
Since all he has *Ianthe's* is;

And now in this

Must owe *Ianthe* and her fame to you.

Vill. If any virtue can in Valour be:

Adm. Or any Valour in a *Rhodian* Knight:

Alph. Or any Lover can have Loyalty.

Vill. Or any Warriour can in Love delight.

[Aside.

Mar.

Mar. If absence makes not mighty Love grow less.
Adm. Or gentle Lovers can compassion feel.
Alph. If Loyal Beauty, when in deep distress,
 Can melt our hearts, and harden all our Steel.
Vill. Then let us here in sacred Vows combine.
 My Vow is seal'd—— [They joyn their swords.
Adm. And mine.——
Mar. And mine.——
Alph. And trebly mine.——
Vill. Behold us, Fame, then stay thy flight;
 And hover o're our Towers to Night.
 Fresh wings together with the Morning take;
 As early as afflicted Lovers wake.
 Then tell the World that we have joyn'd our Swords;
 But 'tis for griev'd *Ianthe*, not for *Rhodes*.
Alph. Now we shall prosper, who were weary grown
 In *Rhodes*, and never could successful prove
 When Empire led us forth to seek renown,
 For Honour should no Leader have but Love. [Exeunt omnes.

The Scene is Chang'd.

Being wholly fill'd with *Roxolana's* Rich Pavilion, wherein is discern'd at distance, *Ianthe* sleeping on a Couch; *Roxolana* at one End of it, and *Haly* at the other; Guards of Eunuchs are discover'd at the wings of the Pavilion; *Roxolana* having a Turkish Embroidered Handkerchief in her left hand, and a naked Ponyard in her right.

Rox. **T**HOU dost from beauty, *Solyman*,
 As much refrain as Nature can;
 Who making Beauty, meant it should be lov'd.
 But how can I my Station keep
 Till thou, *Ianthe*, art by Death remov'd?
 To Dye, when thou art young,
 Is but too soon to fall asleep
 And lye asleep too long.
Haly. Your dreadful will what power can here command
 But pity? Oh let pity stay your hand!——
Rox. *Sultan*, I will not weep, because my tears
 Cannot suffice to quench thy Loves false flame;
 Nor will I to a paleness bleed,
 To show my Loves true fears,
 Because I rather need
 More blood to help to blush away thy shame.
Haly. How far are all his former Virtues gone?
 Turn back the progress of forgetful Time:
 The many favours by your *Sultan* done
 Should now excuse him for one purpos'd crime.
Rox. *Haly*, Consult! Can I do ill
 If many foul adult'ries I prevent,
 When I but one Fair Mistress kill?
Haly. Be not too early here with Punishment.
 Your *Sultan* now
 Does only show

The

The grudgings of a Lovers fev'rish fit.

You find his inclinations strange,

But, being new, they soon may change:

And they have reacht but to intention yet.

Rox. Long before deeds Heav'n calls intention fit.

'Tis good to end what he would ill begin.

Haly. Do not relinquish yet your first design.

Before you darken all her Light

Examine, by your judging Sight,

If in your Sphere she can unblemisht shine.

You meant to prove her Virtue and first try

How well she here could as a Rival live,

E're as a judg'd Adulteress she should dye:

In pard'ning her you *Solyman* forgive.

And can you add to your lov'd greatness more

When able to forgive the greatest pow'r?

Rox. Tell me agen *Alphonso's* short reply

When I by Letter wak'd his Jealousie;

And counsell'd him to write and to advise

His Wife to lock her Breast, and shut her Eyes?

Haly. With silence first he did his sorrows bear;

Then anger rais'd him, till he fell with fear:

At last, said she was now past Counsel grown;

Or else could take no better than her own.

Rox. His thoughts a double Vizard wear,

And only lead me to suspence,

It seems he does her dangers fear,

And fain would trust her innocence.

Wake her! I will pursue my first design.—

Haly. I go to draw the Curtain of a shrine.—

Awake! Behold the pow'rful Empress here.

*Ianthe rises and walks at distance
from Roxolana.*

Iant. Heav'n has the greatest pow'r;

Heav'n seeks our love, and kindly comforts fear.

This is my fatal how'r.

Rox. Though beauteous when she slept,

Yet now would I had kept

Her safely sleeping still.

She, waking, turns my Envy into shame;

And does it so reclaim

That I am Conquer'd who came here to kill.

Iant. What dangers should I fear?

Her brow grows smooth and clear:

Yet so much greatness cannot want disguise.

The Great live all within;

And are but seldom seen

Looking abroad through Casements of their Eyes.

Rox. Have courage fair *Sicilian*, and come near.—

Iant. My distance shews my Duty more than fear.

Rox. I have a Present for you, and 'tis such

As comes from one who does believe

It is for you too little to receive;

And I, perhaps, may think it is too much.

Iant. Who

- Iant.* Who dares be bountiful to low distress?
Who to *Ianthe* can a Present make
When *Rhodes* besieg'd has all she would possess;
And all the world does ruin'd *Rhodes* forsake?
- Rox.* The Present will not make the Giver poor;
And, though 'tis single now, it quickly can
Be multiply'd; you shall have many more.
It is this kiss—— It comes from *Solyman*.
- Iant.* You did your Creature courage give;
And made me hope that I had leave to live
When you from dutious distance call'd me near:
But now I soon shall courage lack:
I am amaz'd, and must go back:
Amazement is the ugliest shape of fear.
- Rox.* Are Christian Ladies so reserv'd and shy?
- Iant.* Our sacred Law does give
Them precepts how to live,
And Nature tells them they must dye.
- Rox.* 'Tis well they to their Husbands are so true.
But speak, *Ianthe*, are they all like you?
- Iant.* I hope they are, and better too,
Or, if they are not, will be so.
- Rox.* They have been strangely injur'd then.
But Rumour does mistake.
Some say they visits make;
And they are visited by Men.
- Iant.* What custom does avow
Our Laws in Time allow;
And those who never guilty be
Suspect not others liberty.
- Rox.* This would in *Asia* wonderful appear:
But Time may introduce that Fashion here.
Come nearer! Is your Husband kind and true?
- Iant.* If good to good I may compare
(Excepting Greatness) I would dare
To say, he is as *Solyman* to you.
- Rox.* As he to me? How strong is innocence?
Prevailing till 'tis free to give offence.
Indeed, *Alphonso*, has a large renown;
Which does so daily spread,
As it the world may lead;
And should not be contracted in a Town.
- Iant.* As we in all agree,
So he will prove like me
A lowly servant to your rising Fame.
- Rox.* But is he kind to you, and free from blame?
Civil by day, and loyal too at Night?
- Iant.* By Nature, not by skill
He is as cheerful still
And as unblemish'd as unshaded light.
- Rox.* These Christian Turtles live too happily.
I wish, for breed, they would to *Asia* fly.——
You must not at such distance stand;
Draw near, and give me your fair hand.——

I have another Present for you now;
 And such a Present as I know
 You will much better than the first allow;
 Though *Solyman* will not esteem it so.
 'Tis from my self— of friendship such a Seal— [Kisses her.
 As you to *Solyman* must ne'r reveal.—

And that I may be more assur'd,
 By this agen you are conjur'd:—

Iant. Presents so good and great as these
 I should receive upon my knees.

Rox. I will not, lest I may revive your fear,
 Relate the cause of your confinement here.

But know, I must
 Your virtue trust;

Which, proving loyal, you are safe in mine.

Iant. The light of Angels still about you shine!

Haly. The dang'rous secrets of th' Imperial Bed { *Haly takes*
 Are darker than the riddles of the Throne. { *Ianthe aside.*

The Glafs, in which their Characters are read,
 We Eunuchs grind, and 'tis but seldom shown.

Iant. I shall with close and weary eyes
 Retire from all your Mysteries.

And when occasion shall my honour trust,
 You'll find I have some courage, and am just.

Rox. Perhaps, *Ianthe*, you may shortly hear
 Of Clouds, which threatning me, may urge your fear.

Be virtuous still! 'tis true my *Sultan* frowns,— [She Weeps.
 But let him win more Battels; take more Towns;

And be all day the fore-most in the Fight;
 Yet he shall find that I will rule at Night. [Haly looks in.

Haly. The Guards increase, and many Mutes appear,
 Lifting their Lights, to shew the *Sultan* near.

Rox. My new seal'd friendship I must now lay by
 A while, and seem your jealous Enemy.
 Be to your self, and to *Alphonsò* true.

Iant. As he to me, and virtue is to you. [Ianthe steps at distance.

Enter *Solyman*.

Soly. Has Night lost all her dark dominion here?

High hopes disturb your sleep;
 But I suspect you keep

Ianthe waking, not with hope but fear.

Rox. Too well, and much too soon I know.

Whom you are pleas'd to grace;

However, since it must be so,

You'll find I can give place.

Soly. You had a place, too near me, and too high.

If but a little you remove

From place of Empire or of Love

You soon become but as a stander-by.

One step descending from a shining Throne,

You to the darkest depth fall swiftly down.

Rox. If I sat nearer to you than 'twas fit
 For Empires Heralds to admit.

(I being born below, and you above)
Pray call in Death, and I'll, even then, bring Love.

To these all places equal be;
For Love and Death know no degree.

Soly. I cannot Passions riddles understand.

Rox. You still have present Death at your Command;
But former Love you have laid by:

Which, being gone, you know that I can Dye.— [Weeps.

Soly. I better know that you have cause to weep.

[Turns to Ianthe.

Ianthe, all is calm within your Breast,

Retire into the quiet shade of Sleep,

And let not watchful fear divert your rest.

Let all the Nations of my Camp suffice,
As Guards, to keep you from my Enemies;

(For of your own
You can have none)

Whilst I but as Loves Sent'nel on you wait,
Arm'd with his Bow, at your Pavilion Gate.

Iant. Heav'n put it in your mighty mind

Quickly to be,
More than to me,

To all the Valiant *Rhodians* kind:

And may you grieve to think how many mourn
Till you shall end their griefs at my return.

Soly. You shall not Languish with delay.
But this is bus'ness for the day.

'Tis now so late at Night that all Loves spies,
Parents and Husbands too,

The watchful, and the Watch seal up their Eyes;

And Lovers cease to woo. [Exeunt Haly, Ianthe.

Rox. You alter ev'ry year the Worlds known face;

Whilst Cities you remove, and Nations chace.

These great mutations (which, with shrill

And ceaseless sounds, Fame's Trumpet fill,

And shall seem wonders in her brazen Books)

Much less amaze me than your alter'd looks;

Where I can read your Loves more fatal change.

Soly. You make my frowns, yet seem to think them strange.

Rox. You seek a Stranger, and abandon me.

Soly. Strange Coasts are welcome after Storms at Sea.

Rox. That various mind will wander very far,
Which, more than home, a foreign Land prefers.

Soly. The wise, for quietness, when civil War
Does rage at home, turn private Travelers.

Rox. Your loves long frost has made my bosom cold.

Soly. Let not the cause be in your Story told.

Rox. A colder heart Deaths hand has never felt:

But 'tis such Ice as you may break, or melt.— [She Weeps.

Soly. I never shall complain
When you are wet with Rain,

Which softer passion does thus gently pour.

What more in Season is than such a shower?

You still, through little Clouds, would lovely show,
 Were all your *April*-weather calm as now.
 But *March* resembles more your haughty Mind;
 Froward and loud oftner than calmly kind.
 Weather which may not inconvenient prove
 To Country Lovers, born but to *make* love:
 Who grieve not when they mutual kindness doubt,
 But with indiff'rence meet a frown or smile;
 As having frequent leisure to fall out,
 And their divided breasts to reconcile.

Rox. The World had less sad bus'ness known if you
 Had been ordain'd for so much leisure too.

Soly. Monarchs, who onward still with Conquest move,
 Can only for their short diversion love.
 When a black Cloud in Beauties sky appears,
 They cannot wait till Time the Tempests clears.
 Whilst they to save a sullen Mistress, stay,
 The worlds Dominion may be cast away.

Rox. Why is Dominion priz'd above
 Wife Natures great concernment, Love?

Soly. Of Heav'n what have we found, which we do more
 And sooner, than exceeding Pow'r adore?
 The wond'rous things which that Chief Pow'r has done,
 Are to those early Spies, our Senses, shown:
 And must at length to Reason be assur'd:
 Yet how, or what, Heav'n loves is much obscur'd.

And our uncertain love
 (Perhaps not bred above,
 But in low Regions, like the wand'ring winds)
 Shews diff'rent Sexes more than equal Minds.

Rox. Your love, indeed, is prone to change,
 And like the wandring Wind does range.

The gale awhile tow'rd *Cyprus* blew;
 It turn'd to *Crete* and stronger grew;
 Then, on the *Lycian* shore it favour'd me:
 But now, *Ianthe* seeks in *Sicily*.

Soly. In progresses of War and Love
 Victors with equal haste must move:

And in attempts of either make no stay:
 They can but Visit, Conquer, and away.

Rox. Loves most Victorious and most cruel Foe!
 Forsake me and to meaner Conquests go!
 To Wars, where you may Sack and Over-run,
 Till your Success has all the World undone.
 Advance those Trophies which you ought to hide;

For wherefore are they rais'd
 But to have slaughter prais'd,
 And courage which is but applauded pride?

Soly. In so much Rain I knew a Gust would come:
 I'll shun the rising Storm and give it room.

Rox. Loves Foes are ever hasty in Retreat;
 You can march off; but 'tis for fear
 Lest you should hear

Those Mournings which your cruelties beget.

Soly. The

Soly. The fear is wise which you upbraid :
For, whilst thus terrible you grow,
I must confess, I am afraid,
And not ashamed of being so.

Rox. Go where you cover greater fear
Than that which you dissemble here :
Where you breed ill your mis-begotten Fame,
When charging Armies and assaulting Towns,
You ravish Nations with as little shame

As now you shew in your injurious frowns.
Soly. If we grow fearful at the face of War,
You, justly, may our terrour blame,
Since, by your darings, we might learn to date.
Would you as well could teach us shame.

Rox. Your fears appear, even in your darings, great ;
You would not else sound cheerful Trumpets when
The charge begins, whilst Drums with Clamour beat,
To raise the courage of your mighty Men.
With Wars loud Musick shouts are mingled too ;
Which boastingly such cruel deeds proclaim
As Beasts, through thickest Furrs, would blush to do.
Your Wives may breed up Wolves to teach you shame.

Soly. 'Tis not still dang'rous when you angry grow :
For, *Roxolana*, you can anger show.
To those whom you, perhaps, can never hate.
This passion is ; but you have crimes of State.

Rox. Call Nature to be Judge ! what have I done ?

Soly. You have a Husband lost to save a Son.

Rox. *Sultan*, that Son is yours as much as mine.

Soly. He has some lustre got in Fight ;
But yet beyond the dawning light

Of his new glory, *Mustapha* does shine ;
Who is the Pledge of my Circasian Wife ;
And from my blood as great a share of life
May challenge as your Son. Has he not worn
A Victors Wreath ? He is my Eldest born.

Rox. Because her Son the Empire shall enjoy,
Must therefore strangling Mutes my Sons destroy ?
Since Eldest born you may him Empire give :
But mine, as well as he, were born to Live.
They may, as yours, though by a second Wife,
Inherit that which Nature gave them, Life.

Soly. Whilst any Life I shew by any breath,
Who dares approach them in the shape of Death,

Rox. When you to Heav'n's high Palace shall remove,
To meet much more compassion there
Than you have ever felt, and far more love
Than e're your heart requited here ;

Will not your Bassas then presume to do
What custom warrants and our Priesthood too ?

Soly. Those are the secret Nerves of Empires force.
Empire grows often high
By rules of cruelty,
But seldom prospers when it feels remorse.

Rox. Ac.

Rox. Accursed Empire! got and bred by Art!
 Let Nature govern or at least
 Divide our Mutual interest:

Yield yours to Death, and keep alive my part.

Soly. Beauty retire! Thou dost my pity move!
 Believe my pity, and then trust my love!—

[Exit *Roxol.*

At first I thought her by our Prophet sent

As a reward for Valours toils;

More worth than all my Fathers spoils:

And now she is become my punishment.

But thou art just, O Pow'r Divine!

With new and painful Arts

Of study'd War I break the Hearts

Of half the World, and she breaks mine.

[Exit.

The Scene is chang'd to a Prospect of *Rhodes* by night, and the
 Grand Masters Palace on Fire.

The Fifth A C T.

Enter Solyman, Pirrhus, Rustan.

Soly. **L**ook *Pirrhus*, Look! what means that sudden light,
 Which casts a paleness o're the face of Night?
 The Flame shews dreadful, and ascends still higher!

Pirr. The *Rhodian* Masters Palace is on Fire!

Rust. A greater from Saint *Georg's* Tower does shine!

Soly. Chance it would seem, but does import design!

Enter Mustapha.

Must. Their Flag of Treaty they have taken in!

Soly. Dare they this ending War again begin?

Pirr. They feed their flames to light their forces out!

Rust. And now, seem falling from the *French* Redoubt!

Must. Old *Orchan* takes already the Alarm!

Soly. Need they make fires to keep their Courage warm?

Pirr. The *English* now advance!

Soly. Let them proceed!

Their Cross is bloody, and they come to bleed.

Set all the Turn-pikes open, let them in!

Those Island Gamesters may,

(Who desperately for honour play)

Behold fair stakes, and try what they can win.

[Exeunt omnes.

Enter Villerius, Alphonso, Admiral, Marshal.

Vill. Burn Palace, burn! Thy flame more beauteous grows

Whilst higher it ascends.

That now must serve to light us to our Foes

Which long has lodg'd our Friends.

Alph. It serves not only as a light

To guide us in so black a Night;

But to our Enemies will terroure give.

Mar. Who (seeing we so much destroy,

What we in triumph did enjoy,

That now we know not where to Live)

Will

Will strait conclude that boldly we dare Dye.

Vill. And those who to themselves lov'd life deny,
Want seldom Pow'r to aid their will
When they would others kill.

Adm. Speak both of killing and of saving too.

The utmost that our Valour now can do
Is when, by many Bassa's, Pris'ners ta'ne,
We freedom for distress *Ianthe* gain.

Alph. A Jewel too sufficient to redeem

Great *Solyman* were he in Chains with them.

Vill. Hete spread our Front! Our Rear is all come forth.

We lead Two Thousand *Rhodian* Knights;

All skill'd in various Fights:

Fame's Roll contains no names of higher worth.

In whispers give command

To make a stand!

Adm. Stand!

Within. 1 Stand! 2 Stand! 3 Stand!

Vill. Divide our Knights, and all their Martial Train!

Alph. Let me by Storm the *Sultans* Quarter gain.

Adm. My Lot directs my Wing to *Mustapha*.

Mar. To *Pirrhus*, o're his Trench, I'll force my way.

Vill. Our honour bids us give a brave defeat;

Whilst Prudence leaves Reserves for a Retreat.

All Lovers are concern'd in what we do.

Loves Crown depends on you, on you, on you.

Loves Bow is not so fatal as my Sword.

Alph. As mine.

Adm. And mine.

Together. *Ianthe* is the Word.

[*Exeunt.*]

A Symphony expressing a Battel is play'd a while.

Enter Solyman.

Soly. **M**ORE Horse! more Horse, to shake their Ranks!
Bid *Orchan* haste to gaul their Flanks.

Few *Rhodian* Knights making their several stands,

Out-strike Assemblies of our many Hands.

Enter Mustapha, Rustan.

Must. *Morat*, and Valiant *Zangiban* are slain.

Rust. But *Orchan* does their yielded ground regain.

Soly. Our Crescents shine not in the shade of Night.

But now the Crescent of the Sky appears;

Our valour rises with her lucky light;

And all our Fighters blush away their fears.

Enter Pirrhus,

Pirr. More Pikes! and pass the Trench! fall in! fall in!
That we may gain the Field e're day begin.

Soly. Advance with all our Guards! This doubtful strife

Less grieves me than our odds

Of number against *Rhodes*;

By which we honour lose to rescue Life.

[*Exeunt.*]

A Symphony sounds a Battel agen.

The Scene Returns to the Town Besieg'd.

Enter Villerius, Marshal.

Vill. Send back! send back! to quench our fatal fire!
 Ere Morning does advance we must retire;
 Justly asham'd to let the days great Light
 Shew what a little we have done to Night.

Enter Admiral.

Adm. We have been Shipwrackt in a Midnight storm;
 Who hither came (Great Master) to perform
 Such deeds as might have given us cause to boast.

Mar. We found the Night too black,
 And now no use can make

Of Day, but to discern that we are lost.

Vill. Can thy great Courage mention our defeat
 Whilst any Life is left to make retreat?

Adm. It is a just rebuke.

Vill. Where is the Duke?

Adm. Long tir'd with Valour's toils, and in his Brest
 O'recharg'd with Lovers griefs, he sought for rest.
 To Fames eternal Temple he is gone.

And I may fear
 Is enter'd there,

Where Death does keep the narrow Gate,
 And lets in none

But those whom painful Honour brings,
 Many, without in vain for entrance wait,
 With warrants seal'd by mighty Kings.

Vill. *Villerius* never yet by *Turkish* Swords
 Was cut so deep as by thy wounding words.
 Is that great Youth, the Prince of Lovers, slain?

Adm. Who knows how much of Life he does retain?
 Twice I reliev'd him from the double force
 Of *Zangiban's* old foot, and *Orchan's* Horse.
 My strength was over-pow'rd; and he still bent
 To follow Honour to the *sultans* Tent.

Mar. *Alphonso's* Story has this sudden end:
Ianthe may a longer fate attend.

Vill. Of Lives chief hope we are bereft.
 Go rally all whom Death has left.
 Let our remaining Knights make good the Peer.

Our hearts will serve to beat,
 Unheard, a stoln Retreat.

Adm. But shall we leave *Ianthe* Captive here?

Vill. I'll to our Temple force our way;
 And there for her redemption pray:
 Her freedom now depends on our return.
 In Temples we shall nothing gain
 From Heav'n, whilst we of loss complain:
 Wee'll for our Crimes, not for our Losses, mourn.

[*Exeunt.*
Enter

Enter Solyman, Pirrhus.

Soly. Let us no more the *Rhodians* flight pursue;
Who since below our anger, need our care.

Compassion is to vanquish Valour due

Which was not cruel in successful War.

Pir. Our *Sultan* does his pow'r from Heav'n derive,
'Tis rais'd above the reach of humane force:

It could not else with soft compassion thrive:

For few are gain'd, or mended by remorse.

The world is wicked grown, and wicked men

(Since jealous still of those whom they have harm'd)

Are but enabl'd to offend agen

When they are pardon'd and left arm'd.

Enter Mustapha, Rustan.

Must. The *Rhodians* will no more in Arms appear:

They now are lost before they lose their Town.

Rust. They may their Standards hide and Ensigns tear:

For what's the Body when the Soul is gone?

Must. The Pris'ner whom in doubtful fight we took

(Who long maintain'd the strife,

For freedom more than life)

Is young *Alphonso*, the *Sicilian* Duke.

Soly. Fortune could never find, if she had Eyes,

A present for me which I more would prize.

[Enter Haly.

Haly. Your Bosom-slave (the Creature which your pow'r

Has made in all the world the greatest Wife)

Did all this dang'rous Night kneel and implore

That Heav'n would give you length of happy life,

In measure to your breadth of spreading Fame,

And to the height of *Ottomans* high name.

Soly. Tell *Roxolana* I esteem her love

So much that I her anger fear;

And whilst with passion I the one approve,

The other I with temper bear.

Haly. She charg'd me not to undertake t'express

With how much grief her Eyes did melt

When she this Night your dangers felt;

Nor how much joy she shew'd at your Success.

She hears that you have Pris'ner took

The bold *Sicilian* Duke:

And begs he may be straight at her dispose;

That you may try how she can use your Foes.

Soly. This furious *Rhodian* Sally could not be

Provokt but by his Jealousie of me.

Must. He wanted Honour who could yours suspect.

Pir. The rash, by Jealousie, themselves detect.

Soly. His Jealousie shall meet with punishment.

Convey him strait to *Roxolana's* Tent.

[Exit Pirrhus.

But, *Haly*, know, the fair *Ianthe* must

Be safe, and free, who did my Honour trust.

You want no Mutes, nor can they want good skill

To torture or dispatch those whom they Kill.

But since this Duke's renown did spread and rise
 (Who in attempt at Night
 Has often scap'd my sight)

Take care that I may see him e're he dyes. [Exit several ways.]

The Scene returns to Roxolana's Pavilion.

Enter Ianthe in her Night Dress.

Iant. IN this Pavillion all have been alarm'd.
 The Eunuchs, Mutes, and very Dwarfs were arm'd.
 The *Rhodians* have a fatal Sally made;
 And many now, to shun
 The griefs of Love, are run
 Through Nights dark walks to Death's detested shade.
 An Eunuch lately cry'd, *Alphonso's* slain;
 Now others change my grief,
 And give some small relief,
 By new report that he's but Pris'ner ta'ne.
 Where, my afflicted Lord,
 Is thy victorious Sword?
 For now (though 'twas too weak to rescue thee)
 It might successful grow
 If thy triumphant Foe
 Would make an end of Love by ending me.

Enter Roxolana.

Rox. How fares my Rival, the *Sicilian* Flow'r?

Iant. As wet with Tears as Roses in a show'r.

Rox. I brought you Presents when I saw you last.

Iant. Presents? If you have more,
 Like those you brought before,

They come too late, unless they make great haste.

Rox. Are you departing without taking leave?

Iant. I would not you, nor can your Guards deceive.

Rox. You'll pay a farewell to a civil Court?

Iant. Souls make their parting Ceremonies short.

Rox. The Present which the *Sultan* sent before
 (Who means to vex your bashfulness no more)
 Was to your Lips, and that you did refuse:
 But this is to your Ear. I bring you news.

Iant. I hear, my Lord and *Rhodes* have been to blame.

Rox. It seems you keep intelligence with Fame;
 Or with some frighted Eunuch, her swift Post;
 Who often has from Camps to Cities brought
 The dreadful News of Battels lost
 Before the Field was fought.

Iant. Then I may hope this is a false alarm;
 And *Rhodes* has neither done nor taken harm.

Rox. You may believe *Alphonso* is not slain.

Iant. Blest Angel, speak! Nor is he Pris'ner ta'ne?

Rox. He is a Pris'ner, and is given to me.

Iant. Angels are kind, I know you'll set him free.

Rox. He

Rox. He has some Wounds, plac'd nobly in his Brest.

Iant. You soon take back the comfort you have given.

Rox. They are not deep, and are securely drest.

Iant. Now you are good agen! O heal them Heav'n!

Rox. In Heav'n, *Iant*, he may mercy find;

He must go thither, and leave you behind.

Iant. I hope, I shall discern your looks less strange;
And your expressions not so full of change—

Rox. Weep'st thou for him, whose sawcy Jealousie
Durst think the *sultan* could be false to-me?

Iant. Though his offence makes him unfit to live,
I hope it is no crime in me to grieve.

Rox. Soft Fool! bred up in narrow Western Courts;
Which are by Subjects storm'd like Paper-Forts:

Italian Courts, fair Inns for foreign Posts

Where little Princes are but civil Hosts.

Think'st thou that she, who does wide Empire sway,

Can breed such storms as Lovers show'r's allay?

Can half the World be govern'd by a Mind

That shews Domestick pity, and grows kind?

Iant. Where are those virtuous Vows you lately seal'd?

Rox. I did enjoin they should not be reveal'd.

Iant. But could you mean they should be broken too?

Rox. Those Seals were counterfeit, and pass

For nothing, since my Sealing was

But to a Christian when I seal'd to you.

Iant. Seal'd by your pretious Lips? What is so sure

As that which makes the *sultan's* heart secure?

You to Religion many Temples reere;

Justice may find one Lodging in your brest.

Rox. Religion is but publick fashion here;

And Justice is but private interest.

Nature our Sex does to revenge incite;

And int'rest counsels us to keep our own.

Were you not sent to rule with me at Night?

Love is as shy of Partners as the Throne.

Haly, prepare the Pris'ner; he must Dye.

[Enter *Haly*.]

Iant. If any has offended, it is I.—

O think! think upward on the Thrones above.

Disdain not mercy, since they mercy love.

If mercy were not mingled with their pow'r,

This wretched world could not subsist an how'r.

Excuse his innocence; and seize my life!

Can you mistake the Husband for the Wife?

Rox. Are Christian Wives, so true, and wondrous kind?

Iant, you can never change my Mind:

For I did ever mean to keep my Vow:

Which I renew, and seal it faster now.—

[Kisses her.]

The *sultan* frankly gave thy Lord to me;

And I as freely render him to thee.

Iant. To all the World be all your Virtues known

More than the Triumphs of your *sultans* Throne.

Rox. Send in her Lord, to calm her troubled Brest:

[Exeunt *Roxolana*, *Haly*; several ways.]

Iant. Now his departing life may stay;
But he has Wounds. Yet she did say
They were not deep, and are securely Drest.

Enter Haly, Alphonso, his Arms bound.

Haly. Fate holds your Dice; and here expect the Cast,
Your chance, if it be bad, will soon be past.

[Exit.

Alph. My doom contains not much diversity.
To live, to dye, to be a slave, or free?
Death sums up all! by Dying we remove
From all the frowns of Pow'r, and griefs of Love.

Iantbe, are you here?

I will dismiss my fear.

Deaths dreaded Journey I

Have ended e're I Dye.

Death does to Heav'n the virtuous lead;
Which I enjoy e're I am Dead.

For it is Heav'n to me where e're thou art,
And those who meet in Heav'n shall never part.

Iant. Stay, stay, *Alphonso!* you proceed too fast;
For I am chang'd since you beheld me last.
In *Rhodes* I wholly did my self resign

To serve your pow'r, but you are now in mine.

And that you may perceive how soon I can

Melt the Obdurate heart of *Solyman*;

Let this confirm your restless Jealousie:

You came in bound, and thus I make you free.—

[Unbinds him.

Alph. By this, *Iantbe,* you express no more
Dominion o're me than you had before.

In *Rhodes* I was a Subject to your will:

Your smiles preserv'd me, and your frowns did Kill.

Iant. I know your Tongue too well; which should deceive,
One who had Study'd all the Art

Of Love rather than her whose heart

Too simply would your very looks believe.

But now you know, that though you are unbound,

Yet still your walk is on the *Sultans* ground.

Alph. *Iantbe,* you are chang'd indeed

If, cruelly, you thus proceed.

Iant. In tracing humane Story we shall find
The cruel more successful than the kind.

Whilst you are here submitted to my sway,

It safe discretion were to make you pay

For all those Sighs and Tears my Heart and Eyes

Have lost to make you lose your Jealousies.

But I was bred in Nature's simple School;

And am but Loves great Fool,

With whom you rudely play,

And strike me hard, then stroke the pain away.—

How are your Wounds? I hope you find them slight?

Alph. They scarce will need the rip'ning of a Night:

Unless, severe *Iantbe,* you

By chiding me, their pains renew.

Iant. Was it not Jealousie which brought you here?

Alph. It was my Love, conducted by my fear.

Fear of your safety, not of virtue, made.
The *Rhodians*, by surprize, this Camp invade.
In hope, by bringing home great Pris'ners, we
Might set the *Rhodians* greater Mistrers free.

Iant. The safety of *Iantbe* was not worth
That courage which misled the *Rhodians* forth.
The Worlds Contagion, Vice, could ne'r infect
The *Sultans* Heart: but when you did suspect
His favours were too great for me to take,
You then, *Alphonso*, did unkindly make
My merit small; as if you knew
There was to that but little due.

Or if he wicked were,
What danger could you fear?

Since Virtues force all vicious pow'r controles.
Lucrece a Ponyard found, and *Porcia* Coals.

Alph. How low to your high virtue shall I fall?

Iant. What chance attended in this fatal Night.
The *Master*, *Marshal*, and the *Admiral*?

Alph. I lost them in the thickest Mist of Fight
Yet did from *Haly* this short comfort get
That they to *Rhodes* have made a brave Retreat.
As Love's great Champions we must them adore.

Iant. Be well, *Alphonso*, I will chide no more.

Enter *Solyman*, *Roxolana*, *Multapha*, *Pirrhus*, *Haly*, *Rustan*.

Soly. Haly, I did declare that I would see
The jealous Pris'ner e're he Dy'd.

Rox. Look there! you are obey'd. Yet pardon me
Who, e're you pardon'd him, did make him free.

Soly. In this I have your virtue try'd.
If *Roxolana* thus revengeless proves
To him whom such a beauteous Rival loves,
It does denote she Rivals can endure,
Yet think she still is of my heart secure.
Duke, this example of her trust may be
A cure for your distrustful thoughts of me.
You may embark for the *Sicilian* Coast;
And there possess your Wife when *Rhodes* is lost.

Alph. Since freedom, which is more than Life, you give
To him, who durst not ask you leave to Live;
I cannot doubt your bounty when I crave
That, granting freedom, you will Honour save.
My honour I shall lose, unless I share
In *Rhodes*, the *Rhodians* worst effects of War.
To *Sicily* let chaste *Iantbe* steer:
And sing long Stories of your virtue there:
Whilst, by your mercy sent, to *Rhodes* I go,
To be in *Rhodes* your Suppliant, not your Foe.

Iant. *Alphonso*, I have honour too;

Which calls me back to *Rhodes* with you.

Were this, through tenderness, by you deny'd

For soft concerns of Life,

Yet gracious *solyman* will ne'r divide

The Husband from the Wife.

Soly. Both

Soly. Both may to *Rhodes* return; But it is just
That you, who nobly did my honour trust,
(Without my Pass, or plighted Word)
Should more by your advent'rous visit get
Than Empires int'rest would afford,

Or you expected when you came to Treat.
Go back *Iantke*; make your own
Conditions boldly for the Town.

I am content it should recorded be,
That, when I vanquisht *Rhodes*, you Conquer'd me.

Iant. Not Fames free Voyce, nor lasting Numbers can
Disperse, or keep, enough of *Solyman*.

Soly. From Lovers Beds, and Thrones of Monarchs, fly
Thou ever waking Madness, Jealousie.

And still, to Natures Darling, Love
(That all the World may happy prove)

Let Giant-Virtue be the watchful Guard,
Honour, the cautious Guide, and sure reward:

Honour, adorn'd in such a Poets Song
As may prescribe to Fame

What loyal Lovers name
Shall far be spread, and shall continue long.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

EPILOGUE.

THough, bashfully, we fear to give offence;
Yet, pray allow our Poet confidence.

He has the privilege of old Servants got;
Who are conniv'd at, and have leave to Doat;
To boast past service, and be chol'rick too,
Till they believe at last that all they do
Does far above their Masters Judgments grow:
Much like to theirs, is his presumption now,
For free, assur'd, and bold his Brow appears,
Because, he serv'd your Fathers many years.
He says he pleas'd them too, but he may find,
You Wits, not of your Duller-Fathers mind.
Which, well consider'd Mistress-Muse will then
Wish for her old Gallants at Fri'rs agen;
Rather than be by those neglected here,
Whose Fathers civilly did Court her there.
But as old Mistresses, who meet disdain,
Forbear through Pride, or Prudence, to complain;
And satisfy their hearts, when they are sad,
With thoughts of former Lovers they have had:
Even so poor Madam-Muse this night must bear,
With equal pulse, the fits of hope and fear;
And never will against your Passion strive:
But, being old, and therefore Narrative,
Comfort her self with telling Tales, too long,
Of many Plaudits had when she was young.

FINIS.

THE

Play-house to be Let.

PROLOGUE.

*Since you affect things new, what I'm to say,
 Shall be as great a Novel as our Play,
 Custom would have me speak a Prologue now,
 But that we may intire adherence show
 To Novelty (which in the Mode of Plays
 Like sovereign Nature over Custom sways)
 I mean my Prologue shall a Riddle be;
 And thus propound it to the Company.*

*A teeming Muse big with imagination,
 Conceiv'd a Monster of so new a fashion
 That of the hasty birth, b'ing brought to Bed,
 We found it neither had a Tail or Head.
 The Limbs are such, as no proportion bear,
 No correspondence have, and yet cohere:
 Of several use, and several forms they be,
 Tet in the whole contexture they agree:
 They are disjoyn'd and yet united too,
 Which cannot but a Monster seem to you;
 Tet such a Monster 'tis, as you'l admit
 For Pleasure, and still pay for Nursing it.*

*I see y'are puzzl'd; but we so dispise
 Th'advantage we might make by a surpris,
 That to unriddle this, you here may come
 And joyn your Heads together in one Room,
 Where, for your Money, you shall sit at ease,
 Two hours a day, till Christmas if you please.*

The First ACT.

The *SCENE* opens, and upon two Stools are discover'd the *Tire-woman* and *Chair-woman*, one shelling of Beans, and the other Sowing.

Enter Player and House-Keeper.

Play. **W**Hat, shelling of Beans? 'tis a proper work
 For the Long Vacation. You may e'en dry 'em
 In the Sun, and lay 'em up in the Tiring-house
 For the Players: they may get Bacon to 'em
 When the Term comes.

Hous.K.

Hous.K. Nay you may work on too, 'tis Hospital ware,
Course shirts for the poor Poets. [*Knocking hard at Dore.*]

Play. Are they mad? sure they take the Play-house for
The Church-yard o're the way; and mean to wake
Our dead Neighbours. What would you have? [*Knocking agen.*]

Tir.W. Pray knock civilly. I believe it is
Some Country Poet with a stock of Plays.
He brings his Ware to sell when the Fares's done. [*Knocking agen.*]

Play. Some University Muse is in hard labour,
And she takes our *Tire-woman* for a Midwife.
Open the Dore.— [*Exit Hous.K. and enter again with Monsieur.*]

Monf. Be you von, two, tree of de Teatre.

Hous.K. We are standing properties of the Play-house,
Which, in vacation, lye in pawn for the Rent,

Monf. Dat is vel, bi de Bill de House is to let.

Play. 'Tis to let, but you, Sir, knock'd so hard
As if you meant to take it by assault.

Monf. Sir, me besesh your pardon, and vill give
De good mony vor de Rent dis Vacation.

Hous.K. What would you do in't? we must like your Trade
Before we let our Shop, lest we should ride
With *John Dory* to *Paris* to seek Rent.

Monf. Mi.vil make Presentation of de Farce.

Tir.W. Farces, what be those? New *French Bobs* for Ladies?

Play. Pray peace; I understand the Gentleman.
Your Farces are a kind of Mungril Plays.

But, Sir, I believe all *French Farces* are
Prohibited Commodities, and will
Not pass current in *England*.

Monf. Sir, pardon me; de *Engelis* be more
Fantastick den de *Fransh*. De Farce
Bi also very fantastick, and vil passe.

Play. The *Monsieur's* in the right; for we have found
Our Customers of late exceeding humorous.

Monf. De vise Nation bi for tings heroique,
And de fantaistique, vor de Farce!

Tire.W. I like not that these *French* pardonne-moys
should make so bold with old *England*.

Hous.K. Peace, Woman; Wee'l let the House, and get money.

Play. But how will your *French Farce* be understood?
For all our travell'd Customers are gone
To take the Air with their own Wives, beyond
Hide-Park a great way; a homely Country mode
Of their Fore-fathers.

Tir.W. With grief we speak it;
They may be aham'd to leave their poor Mistresses
And us behind 'em without Customers.

Play. Pray save your tears for our next Tragedy.
The *Monsieur's* all for merry Farces, but
(As I said, Sir,) how shall we understand 'em?

Monf. Me have a Troop of *French Comœdien*
Dat speak a litle very good *Engelis*.

Tir.W. Bless us! a Troop?

Play. Woman, thou art no Linguist; they in *France*

Call a Company of Players, a Troop.

Tir.W. I thought he had ta'ne our long Tennis-Court
For a Stable.

Play. And you are shelling Beans for his Horses.

[*Knocking without again.*]

Housf.K. Our Bill at the Door draws in more Customers.

[*Exit House-Keeper.*]

Play. House-Keeper, look out!

Monsieur, you may draw up your Troop of Farces

Within the Pales, they may chance to give us

A short trial of their prowess in Poetry.

Mons. Vel, Sir, you sal see trange ting.

[*Exit Monsieur.*]

Play. Who is't that knock'd?

[*Enter House-Keeper.*]

Housf.K. Nay there's a couple.

Play. What are they?

Housf.K. Men in their shirts doing Penance,

For the most scandalous sin of Poverty;

Two very hot Fencers without doublets:

They would hire our Play-house.

Play. For what use?

Housf.K. For a School, where they'd teach the Art of Duel.

Which is a fit trade in the long Vacation;

For nothing makes young Gentlemen so quarrelsome

As want of money.

Play. Tell 'em the *Red Bull* stands empty for Fencers.

There are no Tenents in it but old Spiders:

Go bid the men of wrath allay their heat

With Prizes there.

Housf.K. I told 'em of *Pancras-Church*, where their Scholars
(When they have kill'd one another in *Duel*)

Have a Church-yard to themselves for their dead. [*Knocking again.*]

Play. Bid 'em march off.

[*Exit House-Keeper.*]

We'll let this Theatre and build another, where,

At a cheaper rate, we may have Room for Scenes.

Brainford's the place!

Perhaps 'tis now somewhat to far i'th' Suburbs;

But the mode is for Builders to work slight and fast;

And they proceed so with new houses,

That old *London* will quickly overtake us.

*Enter House-Keeper, Musitian and Porter bearing Cases for
Instruments.*

Housf.K. I've brought the man, who, without the Merchandize
of two Cats, shall make us all rich *Whittingtons*.

Play. Hey, what have we here?

A load of Tombs for dead Fiddles?

Musf. I find, Sir, by your Bills you'd let the Play-house.

Play. We would find means to live, this dead Vacation.

Musf. That is, you wou'd have a good round Rent for it.

Play. Which you'll scarce pay by playing *Sellingens-round*.

Musf. Your wit, Sir, will never grow up to madness:

'Tis only the fume of an empty stomach.

You may recover in the Term, when you

Get money to get meat.

Play. Pretily well said; but however, Sir,
You should have been sure of our Shop before
You brought in your Ware.

Mus. Rest you merry.

There is another Play-house to let in *Vere-street*.

Hous.K. This man of musick has more in his head
Than meer Crotchets. I pray a word, Sir:
I am the House-Keeper.

Mus. You may sleep out your Office, Sir.
Y^e are not like to be wak'd with visitants.

[*Going out.*]

Play. Sir, under your favour, let's not part thus.
Please but to clear the mist which you brought with you.

Mus. Well, Sir, be brief.

Play. Why came you with such confidence to take
The House, as made you bring your Furniture
Before we treated for the Rent?

Mus. Because I thought you had been more in love
With your profit, than with your wit.

Play. I, that's the point? whence should our profit rise?

Mus. I meant to entertain the People with
A Novelty; which I suppose is no
Ill bait for those small Fishes, which I thought
Mine own, and purpos'd you a share i'th' Net.

Play. But what's the composition of your Bait?

Mus. I wou'd have introduc'd Heroique story
In *Stilo Recitativo*.

Play. In *Stilo Recitativo*? 'tis well;
I understand you, Sir. But do you think
That natural?

Mus. Because 'tis not in custom
You therefore think, Sir, it is out of Nature?

Play. It seems so, Sir, to me; unless you would
Metamorphise men into Birds. Suppose
I should not ask, but sing, you now a question,
And you should instantly sing me an answer;
Would you not think it strange?

Mus. Well, Sir, as how?

[*Plays and Sings:*]

Play. Take out your Watch, and tell me, Sir, the hour?
Then you reply,

My Watch, Sir, is at Pawn, but 'tis past Four.

Mus. Your heart is good, Sir, but y^e are an ill Mimick
In Musick, and your voice does breed some doubt
Of your Virginity.

Play. You'd make me blush
If there were strangers here; but if you please
Cease your rebukes, and proceed to instruction.

Mus. Recitative Musick is not compos'd
Of matter so familiar, as may serve
For every low occasion of discourse.
In Tragedy, the language of the Stage
Is rais'd above the common dialect;
Our passions rising with the height of Verse;
And Vocal Musick adds new wings to all
The flights of Poetry.

[*Knocking within again.*
Hous.K.]

Houf.K. Look out again! there's a fresh Customer.

[Exit Tire-Woman.]

Play. Be pleas'd, Sir, to retire awhile, and tune
Your Instruments. You shall make trial of
The length and depth of all the Ears we have.

Mus. I'll chuse the Womens Tiring-Room for privacy.

Play. You may; for they are gon, Sir, to rob Orchards,
And get the Green-sicknefs in the Country. [Exit Musician and
Porter at one Door, Enter Tire-Woman at the other.]

Tir.W. There's such a crowd at door, as if we had
A new Play of *Gundamar*.

Play. See who they be. [Exit House-Keeper.
Our Bill has been up but two days, and I perceive
We shall have use again of our Wardrobe.
Go Woman! drive away the Moths;
For they are grown as big as Butterflies. [Exit Tire-Woman.]

Enter House-Keeper with a Dancing-Master.

Houf.K. All the dry old Fools of *Bartholomew Fair*
Are come to hire our house. The *German Fool*;
Tau Boridge of Hamb'rough, and numberless
Jack-Puddings; the new motion men of *Normich*,
Op'ra-Puppets; the old Gentlewoman
That professes the Galliard on the Rope;
Another rare Turke that flies without wings,
Rich Juglers with imbroider'd Budgets; Hoop-men,
And so many Tom-Tumblers that you'd think
Lincolns-Inn-Field a Forest of wild Apes.

Play. Your Tumblers may trot hence, your Jugglers too
May e'en pass and repass away to *Southmark*;
But, till the nation be more civiliz'd,
Your Fool and Devil may be entertain'd;
They'l get money; none now but very choice
Spectators will vouchsafe to see a Play
Without 'm. Pray, what is that Gentleman?

Houf.K. Not a spectator, Sir; but one that would
Fain hire our House to draw spectators hither.

Play. What is your Mystery?

Danc.Ma. Historical dancing.

Play. How? high History upon Ropes?

Danc.Ma. Fie no, Sir; I'm for down-right plain history
Exprest in figures on the floor, a kind
Of morals in dumb shows by Men and Beasts.

Play. Without any Interpreter?

Danc.Ma. Pardon me, Sir; the Audience now and then
Must be inform'd by Chorus's in Rhime.

Play. O, dumb-shows with speeches?

Danc.Ma. Yes, Sir, the same: but very short.

Play. I apprehend you, Sir, if these be not
Novelties, I'll to Sea, and strait seek out
A new World to find 'em. These will take rarely,

Houf.K. Wee'l buy Shovels to keep our Money from rusting.

Play. Well, my dear fantastick friends of *London*,
Who love Novelty, and would scorn to look

Even on the Moon, but that she changes often
And becomes new; I hope we shall please you now. [*Knock again.*

Hous.K. Another man of Mystery! [*Exit Hous.K.*

Play. Sir, pass the back way over to the Grange;
An Inn where you may bait your Men and Beasts;
And wee'l be for you strait. [*Exit Danc.Ma.*

Enter, at the other door, House-Keeper.

Hous.K. Here is one Goodman *John Leyden* desires
To speak with you; and he does promise great satisfaction
By a word to the Wife.

Play. Tell him, the Wife are not at leisure now
To hear his Sov'raignship. What would he have?

Hous.K. He would hire the Turband, Scepter, and
Throne of our *Solyman* the Magnificent; and reign
This long Vacation over all the dominions
In *Portugall-Row*.

Play. He was an Enemy
To the exil'd Comicks: I will not hear him.

Hous.K. Consider well! He'll draw spectators hither.
Play. Yes, such as will give no more to see him here
Than in the street to see a Blazing Star.
Money is the main material of Rent:

Your Kings of *Munster* pay in prophecies only.

Hous.K. He has a Ream of Paper about him:
They are Bills of Exchange or Prophecies.

Play. Bills of Exchange sign'd long ago at *Munster*.
Bid him be gone.

Hous.K. He's not such an enemy to the Comicks,
As one without is a Foe to him;
One who desires admittance too.

Play. What is he?

Hous.K. A man of Meeter, a Poet.

Play. Dismiss your Doling, and let in your Poet.
We must be ever civil to the Muses:

Hous.K. The Poet has a special Train behind him,
Though they look lean and empty,
Yet they seem very full of invention.

Play. Let him enter, and send his Train to our
House-Inn, the *Grange*. [*Exit House-Keeper.*

Virgil himself, as ancient Poets say,

Was once a Groom, and liv'd by Oats and Hay.

Enter House-Keeper and Poet.

Poet. The Bill upon your door shews that
Your House was not of late much haunted.

Hous.K. Not with Play-visitors, nor is it now
With Spirits, for you see none are afraid
To hyre it.

Poet. I did not suspect, Sir, it could be haunted
With Spirits, for you Players never hide money.

Play. You Poets do; for 'tis but seldom, Sir,
That any has been found about ye.

Poet. D'you set up of your selves, and profess Wit

With

Without help of your Authors? Take heed, Sirs!
You'll get few Customers.

Hous.K. Yes, we shall have the Poets.

Poet. 'Tis because they pay nothing for their entrance.
But, my friends, leave off the endeavour to
Grow witty without occasion. I pray
Be in earnest. Do you mean to get money?

Play. That's the cause why we endeavour at wit.

Poet. Wit will not do your work alone.
You must have something of a newer stamp to make your
Coyn current. Your old great Images of
Love and Honour are esteem'd but by some
Antiquaries now. You should set up with that
Which is meer new. What think you
Of Romances travesti

Play. Explain you self.

Poet. The Garments of our Fathers you must wear
The wrong side outward, and in time it may
Become a fashion.

Hous.K. It will be strange, and then 'tis sure to take.

Poet. You shall present the actions of the Heroes,
(Which are the chiefest Theams of Tragedy)
In Verse Burlesque.

Play. Burlesque and Travesti? These are hard words,
And may be *French*, but not *Law-French*.
Take heed, Sir, what you say; you may be question'd for't.
We would do nothing, Sir, but what is legal.

Hous.K. If it be *French*, I pray translate it to us.

Play. Good, Sir, no *French* translation till the Term;
It is too precious for Vacation-ware.

Most of the men of judgment are retir'd
Into the Country, and the remainder that
Are left behind, come here not to consider
But to be merry at such obvious things
As not constrain 'em to the pains of thinking.

Poet. Would you avoid Translations out of *French*?

Play. We had a trial here of so much force
As humane wit could bring, but truly, Sir,
The number of our Customers (for whom
Our Shop is chiefly open in Vacation)
Affect Commodities of lesser price.

Poet. You meet my judgment in a direct line.

Play. The *French* convey their arguments too much
In Dialogue: their speeches are too long.

Poet. Indeed, such single length in their debates
Bears some resemblance with that famous Duel,
Which, in the fields of *Finsbury*, was fought.
Whilom at Rovers with long Bow and Arrows:
It began at Day-break, and ended at
Sun-setting; whilst they each did gather up
The weapons which the other shot, and sent
Them back again with like effect.

Play. Such length of speeches seem not so unpleasing
As the contracted walks of their designs.

Poet. Which are as narrow as the Allies in
Our Citty-Gardens.

Play. I perceive you take the
Air sometimes within the Walls of *London*.

Poet. If I agree with you in finding your
Disease, it is some sign that I may know
Your remedy; which is the *Travesti*,
I mean *Burlesque*, or, more t'explain my self,
Would say, the *Mock-heroique* must be it
Which draws the pleasant hither i'th *Vacation*,
Men of no malice who will pay for laughter.
Your busie *Termers* come to *Theatres*,
As to their *Lawyers-Chambers*, not for mirth,
But, prudently, to hear advice.

Play. You'd take our House for Poetry-burlesque?

Poet. I would, and introduce such folly as shall
Make you wise; that is, shall make you rich.

Play. Well, we'll be content, like other rich Fools,
To be laught at. There is an old tradition
That in the times of mighty *Tamberlane*,
Of conjuring *Faustus*, and the *Beauchamps* bold,
You Poets us'd to have the second day,
This shall be ours, Sir, and to morrow yours.

Poet. I'll take my venture, 'tis agreed!

Play. You bring materials with you to set up?

Poet. My *Mock-Burlesquers* are without.

Play. Conduct 'em to the Wardrobe, Sir, where you
May take your choice of Cloaths and properties:
Only, give way, Sir, to your Predecessors:
The proverb does appoint the first that come
To be first serv'd. Here is a *Monsieur* with
His Farce; A spiritual Musician too
With his seraphick Colloquies exprest
In *stilo recitativo*.

Hous.K. And historical Dancers that disperse
Morality by speeches in dumb-shows.

Poet. Well I will take my turn, I must come last.
But, to declare my self a linguist, Sir,
I dare pronounce, *Finis coronat opus*.

[Exit Poet.]

Enter Tire-woman at the other door.

Tir.W. The crowd are hast'ning to our doors, as if——

Play. It were to see an old acquaintance hang'd.
What is the bus'ness?

Tir.W. They would come in, and see strange things for nothing.

Hous.K. They follow'd the Porter that
Brought the load of Musick.

Play. A man may bring a *Pageant* through the streets
As privately upon my Lord Mayor's day,
As a burden of *Viol-cases* hither.

Tir.W. The fat Gentleman desires he may come in;
He that has but one hand.

Play. He is our constant friend;
A very kind and a hearty spectator;
One who ne'r fails to clap at ev'ry Play.

Hous.K.

Hous.K. How can he clap with one hand?

Play. Troth, the good man makes shift, by laying his Plump cheek thus--- then with such true affection Does so belabour it--- He shall come in.
Woman, bid him hasten to the back-door.

Hous.K. We have some half hearted friends who clap softly As if they wore furr'd Mittens.

Play. We must provide our Party 'gainst to morrow;
Watch at the doors before the Play begins,
And make low congies to the cruel Criticks
As they come in; the Poets should do that;
But they want breeding, which is the chief cause
That all their Plays miscarry.

Hous.K. There is least malice in the upper Gallery,
For they continually begin the plaudit.

Play. We'll hire a dozen Laundry-Maids and there Disperse 'em, Wenches that use to clap Linen;
They have tough hands, and will be heard.

Hous.K. They shall be heard, or els we'll make 'em bring
Their Laundry-Battledores.

Play. Go, Guardian of the house, bestir your self;

Hous.K. And bid our new Projectors to make haste:
If you will lend 'em clothes and properties,
I'll fit some of our Scenes for their occasions.

Play. Let them begin in order, and to work.
This is their day of trial, whilst we sit
Like two judicious Magistrates of wit.
The *spanish* Poet had six hours to do,
What we dull *English* undertake in two.

[*Exeunt several ways.*]

The Second ACT.

Enter Gorgibus, Celie weeping, Servant.

Celie. A H tinke not myn Art vill constant to dat.
Gorg. Doe you grom-bell littel impertinant.
Vat would your young fantasque braine govarne mi
Raïson paternell. Vich sold give de Law
De Fader or de Chile. You sold be glad
Of fush a Husband. You will say you be ignorant
Of his humeur, bute you know he is rish,
He has terty tousand Duckat, and derefore
Is honest Gentill man.

Celie. Helas! my Arte!

Gorg. If de colore soud mi transport, I soud
Make you sing belas in anoder facon.
Dis is de fruit of de Romance, fling me
In de fire, dos papiers dat vill your head
Vit Colibets, ende rede de Stanzas of *Pibrac*.
Ende de Tablets of de Confilier *Matieu*
Viche vill teach you to follow mi direction.
Am I not *Gorgibus* your Vader.

Celie.

Celie. Ah Vader vill you dat I forgete d'amitie
Dat I vow to *Lelie*, I sould be blame
If vit out your constant I dispose min person,
Bute your self did give min fait to his oar.

Gorg. *Lelie* is vell accomplis bute all ting
Must submit to de good occasion of
Riches; de rishe person vill come dis nite,
If I see you regard him vit de belas
I fall— vell I say no more—

[Exit.

Serv. Madam, I finde tis convaniant to have
De Husband to ly vit one in de cold nite.
De Ive Berry viche show finely on de Tree
Ven seperate is good for no noting; peace be
Vit min dead *Martin*. I did tinke it redicule
To use de cerimony of ayding de sheer
In de vinter, bute now I shake and quiver
In de Dog days.

Celie. Sall I comit de forfat of de vou
In abandon *Lelie* vor dis uglea person?

Serv. Your *Lelie* is but Assé to let his
Voyage stop him so long, de length of his distance
Make me sugest some shange.

Celie. Ah do not sink me dead vit de presage.

Serv. I know you love him mush tenderly. [*Celia draws forth*

Lelie's Picture and gazing on it falls into a sound.
Madam, from vence procede dis. Ah! ce falls
Into a sonde! Hey quickely, Ho la
Help some bodey.

Enter Sganarelle.

Sgan. Vat is de matter.

Serv. Myn Matresse is dying.

Sgan. Is dat all? I did tink all vas lost to hear
Sush cry, but mi vill aprosh her. Madam, tell me
If you be dead. Hey! see say noting.
Can I believe her vit out her vorde.

Serv. I vill veche some body to carry her a vay.
Vill you old her uppe?

[Exit Servant.

Sgan. See is cold every vere. I vill feel if
Her mout give de breat. Leta me feel a littel. { *Lays his hand on her*
By my trot me know not, bute me doe finde { *Breast.*
Some signe of de life—

Sganarelle's Wife looks out of the Window.

Wife. Ah! vat I see, a Damoselle in de armes
Of myn Usband? I will goe doone. He betray me,
Ende I will surprise de villaine Husband.

Sgan. Vee must depeeth to sucor her; she vil
Be to blame to let her self dy: to goe
To toder vorlt is grand sottise van vee
May tarry in dis.

[Exit carrying her out.

Enter Sganarelle's Wife.

Wife. Ha! is he already flay vay vit his
Dilicate Minion. Mi vonder not mushe
At de strange coldness of his late affection.

De ingrate doe reserve his careffe for oder.
 Ah how angry be I dat de Law does not
 Permet de Vife change Husband as de Smock:
 Dat vould be commode. But vat doe I finde—
 De Enamail is singuliar, de Graving
 Charming; me vill open it.—

[Opens the Picture.

Enter Sganarelle.

Sgan. Dey tought her dead ande see is live again
 As de Harang in de Sea. Ha! min vife here!

Wife. O even! a Picture of man, of fine personage?

[Sganarelle looks over his wifes shoulder.

Sgan. Vat does see consider vit so muche attention.
 Dis Picture speake no good ting to min honeur;
 I feel de littel horne on mi bro.

Wife. De vorke is more vort den de Gold. It smiels suet.

Sgan. Vat a plague! does see kisse it?

Wife. Vou vould not be attacque by fush fine man?

Ah vy has not min Usband fush bon mien.

But min Usband has de vil'd palt-pate.

Sgan. Ah Curr Beech!

[Snatches the Picture from her.

Doe mi surprise you in your vantones,

In meditation to injure your usband,

Is not min morsell sufficient to

Stay your stomach, but must you tasse de

Haut gout of a Gallant.

Wife. Dat is good jeaft; you tink bi 'tis finees

To evade min complaint.

Sgan. Let oders be made Tom-foole, de case is

Plane in min hand, a token of your Amours.

Wife. Min anger has allready too mush occasion,

Tink not to keep dat from me.

Sgan. May I not as vell make mush of de

Copie, As you of de Originall.

Wife. Verefore you say dis, you keep de

Mistris in your arms. Vell I can see your trick.

Sgan. 'Tis is de fine boy, de minion of de

Bed, de dainty Drolle vit vome.—

Wife. Vit vome? proceed.—

Sgan. Vit vome, I fall tell tee in time.

Wife. Vat does de good man drunkard means by tis?

Sgan. Goody slutt you understand me too vell.

My name fall be no more *Monsieur Sganarelle*,

But mi lore Cuckol; mi fall make your body lessé

By vone arme, ande two ribe.

Wife. You dare continew dis discours to put

Me off, of de tought of your Mistris.

Sgan. Ande you dare play me dis divellis trick.

Wife. Vat divilis trick, speaka?

Sgan. 'Tis not vort min labeur to complaine now;

Bute you provide min brou vit a fine

Feadar of a Buck.

Wife. Vell, after you give me de most sensible injure

Dat can invite a Voman to great vengeance.

You vould amuse me vit counterfeit anger

To prevent d'effect of myn resentment.

You make de offence, and begin de quarrell.

Sgan. Rare impudence, you carry it cunningly
To make me tink you vertuous voman.

Wife. Goe to your Mistresses ande careffe dem;
Bute returne min picture vit out more trick.

[She snatches away the Picture and runs out.]

Sgan. You tink to scape me, bute I vill ave it once more. *[Runs after:]*

Enter Lelie.

Lelie. Min Arte does abandon me too mush
To feare. De Fader has promesse allwaies,
And *Celie* has manifeste dat love
Viche support min hope.

Enter Sganarelle.

Sgan. I ave got it from de baggage mi wife. *[Starts at the sight
of Lelie, and compares the Picture with his face.]*
De Devil is not so like de Devil, as dat face is to dis.
Dat is de Villain dat make me de trange

Ting call'd de Cuckol. *[Lelie spies the Picture in his hands.]*

Lelie. Vat do I see? if dis bi min picture:

Ah *Celie* vat soud I tink of ti love? *[Aside.]*

Sgan. Ah pauver *Sganarelle*, to vat destine
Is dy reputation expose now? *[Aside.]*

Lelie. Dis token does alarme mi credence. *[Aside.]*

Is it departed from de faire hand,
To viche I gave it one time.

Sgan. I fall be discern'd between two fingers,
In de Ballade vit horus on mi bro. *[Aside.]*

Lelie. Do min eies deceive min heart? *[Aside.]*

Sgan. Ah Villain hast dow de courage to make
A Cuckol of *Sganarelle* in de fleur of his age. *[Aside.]*

Lelie. Min eies dos not sheate me; 'tis min owne picture.
[Sganarelle turning his back to him.]

Sgan. De man is cunning.

Lelie. Min surpris is exceeding.

Sgan. Vat voud he ave.

Lelie. I vill accoste him. *[Aside.]*

May I—— Hey! of grace, a vord. *[Aside.]*

Sgan. Vat voud he say?

Lelie. May I obtain de faveur to know now
How dat picture came to your hande?

Sgan. Pardon me; I vill advise a littel—— *{ He compares the
Picture and Le-
lies face together.*
Begar, tis mi man, or rader tis
Mi Vives man.

Lelie. Put me out of paine and say from veme it came.

Sgan. Dis picture viche does vex you, is your resemblance.
It vas in de hand of your acquaintance.

De sweet ardeur betweene mi Lady ande you, is known

To me, bute, I fall desire you hereafter

To maks no more fush kine of love to injure

De Husband, and to abuse our marriage.

Lelie. Vat do you meane her, from vome you had dis token?

Sgan. See is min Wife, and I am her Husband.

Lelie. Her Husband?

Sgan.

Sgan. Yes, her Husband; and a very melancholique Husband, you know de occasion.

Ande I sall acquaint her Parents vit it:

[Exit.

Lelie. Ah vat have I heard? I vas told her new Esponse Vas ugly as de Devil. After tousant protestation From de unfaitful mout couds don shange me For sush a vile object. Dis sensible affront Togeder vit de toyle of mine long voyage Does give me on de sodains a chocque of sush Violence dat min Arte begin to sayle.

Enter Sganarelle's Wife.

Wife. I vill seek min perfidious husband; did you not see An ugly knave passe dis vay?— Helas! Vat is it dat troubls dis fine Gentelman? You are ready to fall downe vit sickness.

Lelie. Tis sickness dat take me on de sodaine.

Wife. I be feare you vil fall in de sound: In compassion let me lead you to the Porch of min House, You may sit down a vile to recover.

Lelie. Vor a moment I accept dis faveur. [*Spies them at his Porch.*

Enter Sganarelle.

Sgan. Ah! vat do I see? I dy! dere is no question Of de coppie of de picture, now I finds Min Vife vit de original. I not Dare enter in mine house, vor fear of mine collere And vor more fear dat his collere should be Greater then mine own.—

Wife. Maks not sush halte away, your sicknesse [*Exit Wife.* If you depart so soon vil take you agen.

Lelie. No, no, I give you all tank imaginarie Vor dis obligeing faveur. I am recover'd.

Sgan. Dit is cunning? dey disguise all vit civillitees; He perceive me; let see vat he vill say.

Enter Celie, and Lelie gazes on her

Lelie. Min Art revive, dis object mi inspire. But I foud now min selve condamne vor min Injust transport; see can not be blame. If be de error of fortune dat vill No let me ave a Vife so delicate.

[Ex.

Sgan. sees not Celie, but looks after Lelie's going out

Sgan. Ven he casts Seep Eies toward min house, Den I foud tink he vould make me one Ramme.

Celie. *Lelie* has appear just now to min Eie; Min cruel Fader has conceale from me His returne from his voyage.

Sgan. Vat min Vife doe may be in civilitie Ande compliment to him; de compliment Be good sometime: but 'tis no good fason To make de Usband Cuckol. Vel sal I Lament vit out revenge?

Celie. Sir, de Gentilman dat vas before you Just now, vere did you know him?

Sgan. Helas! 'tis not mi, Madam, dat know him; But it is he dat kno min Vife.

Celie. Vat does give tro-bell to your Esprit?

Sgan. Madam, I ave great disposition to cry.

Sganarelle is rob of his honeur, bute
Figa for honeur, I be rob of min reputation

Vit de Nabeurs.

Celie. Vit your permission tella me how?

Sgan. Dat young Gentil-man (I speak it vit reverence
To his qualitee) make bole vit min Vife.

Celie. He dat now passe by?

Sgan. De same, he make mushe of min vife in corner.

Celie. Ah, mi did judge dat his secret returne
From his voyage vit out min knowledge,
Vas presage of loose trick.

Sgan. Madam, you take min part vit mushe sharitee,
You grieve vor poor Cuckol, bute oders
Of de vicked vorlt made laugh at dem.

Celie. O Even! Is it possibel dat he tinke
To live after dis perfidie?

Sgan. Madam, he is not dying: he is steale vay
To eate de good pottage to make him abel
To make me more Cuckol.

Celie. Ah Traitre, vicked man vit dobill Art.
Ende vit no Soule.

Sgan. Mi not kno if he ave soule, bute mi
Vife be acquainted vit his body.

Celie. No torture is sufficien vor his grand crime.
He deserve to ly on de Rack.

Sgan. He doe ly already at Rack an Manger.
But dat doe him good ande me hurt.

Celie. Helas de inconstancy!

Sgan. Hey! Bute de sigh vit out revange be [Sighs aloud.
To no more propose den de bray of de Ass.

Celie. Ah, injure de Arte dat never vas infidel.

Sgan. De man dat make Cuckol ave no justice.

Celie. 'Tis too mushe, ende de Arte cannot tink
On it vit out dying vit grief.

Sgan. Be not too much in colere, Madam, I pray,
My grief give you too great impressiion.

Celie. Tinke not I vill dy vit out mi revange;
I vill instantly about it.

[Exit.

Sgan. Trange ting dat her goodness prompts her to be
Revenge vor me! mi tink her anger does
Augment min disgrace, ande teache mi vat to doe.

Begar I vill be revange vit grand fury: § [Steps two or three steps
Bute, *Sganarelle*, softly if you please! § forwards & returns back,

De Cuckol-maker may be muche valiant,
Ande lay de Baston on de back as he doe lay de
Horne on mi head. He may kille me.

'Tis better to ave de Horne den no life.

If my vife has done injure, let her grieve:

Vy soud I cry dat doe no rong? But agen

I begin to be sensible and vil ave de vengeance,

Ande soundely, vor I vill virst tell de vorlt

Dat he ly vit min vife.

[Exit.
Enter

Enter Gorgibus, Celie, Servant.

Celie. I am prepar'd to submit to your vill;
Dispose, Fader, of min vous ande of me;
Ordonne mi vedding ven you please.

Gorg. In trot de joy of dis doe transport me.
If I not feel de Gout, my leg voud caper
Vor joy of your obedience: you make mi
Young as de chile, and I vill goe make de
Preparation to make you gette de chile.

serv. Dis shange be ting of vonder.

[*Exit.*

Celie. Ven you sall kno de motive dat constrain me
To dis fason of doing you vill not vonder mush.

serv. Dat may vell be.

Celie. Kno *Lelie* invad min Art vit perfidie,
He is come from de voyage and vas vit—

serv. Look vere he come.—

Enter Lelie.

Lelie. Before dat vor perpetual time I sall depart
From you, I sall reprosh you justly.

Celie. Vat can you ave de confidance
To speak vit me agen?

Lelie. If I sould not reprosh you for your shoice,
I ver vicked man, live! live contant
Ende make mush of vort mor espouse.

Celie. Vell Traitre, mi vill live, ande mi desire
Soud be dat your Arte be troubell to see it.

Enter Sganarelle in Armour.

Sgan. Bigar mi be desp-rate, ende de-sy
Man, Voman, and Chile dat make de Cuckol.

Celie. Vat doe you turn your eies vit
Same ende not anser mi.

Lelie. Ah I ave see too mush.

Celie. Do dis object suffice to confond ti.

Lelie. But it oblig you to blush rader.

Sgan. My colere care not noo one littel
Pudding vor his valeur.

Lelie. Vat man be you dat tro-bill me? ende make
Mi angry! vit vom vod you vite?

Sgan. Vit some body, bute mi be cunning
As de Devil and vill no tell.

Lelie. Vi be you armed in dis fason?

Sgan. Perhaps 'tis my fason vor fear it sould rain;
Vat contantmant it vod be to kill him?

Sganarelle tak corage.

Lelie. Vat you say?

Sgan. Mi say notin bute about buffnes
Vit min selfe.

[*He beats his stomach and face.*

Lelie. Dat is strang man!

Sgan. If mi had tayle like de Lyon, mi voud
Beat min body into courage.

Celie. Dat object sould make you ane shame,
From vich your eyes seem to be vonded.

Lelie. Yes mi know bi dat object, dat you be
Guilty of infidelite inexcusable.

Sgan.

Sgan. Min Arte is littel as de Pin head.

Celie. Ah, cease before mi Traitre dis
Cruel insolence in your discour.

Sgan. Begar see be more angry for mi, deh
I be vor mi selve. Be generous, *Sganaril*,
Ands kille him a littel as soon as he
Sall turne his back—— [*Lelie passing two or three Steps without de-
sign, makes Sganarelle return, who did approach to kill him.*]

Lelie. *Celie*, since min discour move your colere,
I vill seem vell satisfait of your Arte,
Ende praise de choice it has made.

Celie. Yese, my choise is sush as noting can allter.

Lelie. Yese, you doe vell in defending it.

Sgan. See is stout voman ende does vel to defend
Min cause: Sir, your amours bi not legall.
But I'm vise, else strange slaughter voud proceed.

Lelie. From vence dis plaint ende brutal anger?

Sgan. Min vise is min in publique and yours in privat.

Lelie. Sush suggestion be redicule.

Celie. Ah Traitre! dou kno vell to disembel.

Lelie. Vat be you also angry because mi
Teache him discretion?

Celie. Make your discour to him: he kno too mush.

Sgan. In trot, Madam, you oblige mi vit your
Trobel in mi defence [*Enter Sganarelle's Wife, and speaks to Celie.*]
Wife. Vell ave I found you now one oder time?

Mi see vat doe passe; bute you soud doe vell
Not to seduce de heart of min veak Usband.

Celie. Vat is de occasion of dis tempeste?

Wife. You ave as mush conscience as de Devil,
Ven he be seeke vit eating vlesh on Fryday.

Celie. Vat conscience, speaka boldly.

Sgan. No body send for your Company *Caroyne*.
Doe you kerelle vit her vor defending mi?
Dont feare, dy Gallante sall be taken away.

Cel. Goe, be not feare mi ave sush intantion.
Dit be vone extraordinarie dreame.

Lelie. Vat extravagance be dis. [*Turning towards Celie.*]

Serv. Vat be de ende of dese Galantries. [*Servant steps between*]
De more mi listen, de lesse mi understand. [*Lelie & her Mistress.*]
I see mi must be concerne.

Lelie. Vel, vat you say?

Serv. Make response in order and leta me speak.
Vat is it dat you reprosh to my Maitress?

Lelie. De Infidel has change me vor anoder.
Ende upon de rumour of her being mary'd
Mi vas transport vit grief not to be egall'd.

Serv. Marry'd? to vome?

Lelie. To dat vonderfull Gentilman. [*Points to Sganarelle.*]

Serv. Vat, to him?

Lelie. Yese, en verite!

Serv. Voo told you sush ting?

Lelie. Himselfe.

Sgan. Begarr dis be true as de Sun shina,

Dat I may be marryd to min Vife.

Lelie. Mi did see you vit great tro-bell of Arte snash min picture.

Sgan. Vell, ende here it be.

Lelie. You tolda me de person from vome You did snash dis Token, vas bond to you Vit de knot of mariage.

Sgan. Mi vas cunning to snash it; vor Vit out dat, mi now discover her vile amour.

Wife. Vat story bi tis, mi found it by thance Under myn veet; ande presantly after Mi got Monsieur in his weaknesse into min house. Mi kno not vome de picture resemble.

[*Shewing it Lelie.*]

Celie. I vas de cause of dis adventure Of de picture; vor mi let it fall ven mi Vas by your care convey to your house.

Serv. Vit out me dere had bin strange misprision.

Sgan. Sall vee take dis as currant money of France, Ende tinke de horne vas imaginaire.

Wife. Min feare, is not depart so quickaly.

Sgan. Bi mi trot let us tinke our selve onest-puple. Accept vit out delay de berregaine propose.

Wife. Take heed den of de Cudgel, if I learn new ting Of your designe in corner. [*Celie having talkt aside with Lelie.*]

Celie. O Evens! if it be so, vat ave I done?

Vor tinkin you vit out true fait, mi ave Take in revange de unhappy resolution Viche I did alway reject. Mi ave promesse

To min Vader——bute here he come.

[*Enter Gorgibus.*]

Lelie. Mi vill speak vit him. Sir, you see me returne Vit min first ardeur of true love, ende nou Mi hope you vill accomplis your promesse Touchant mi mariage vit *Celie*.

Gorg. Sir, I see you returne vit de same ardeur, Bute mi resolution ave found occasion—— Sir, your hum-bill serviteur.

Lelie. Vat, Sir, vill you shange min felicitie?

Gorg. Yes, Sir, min daughter fall follow de Law.

Celie. Helas! how fall min duty be expresse? Against de honeur of min love?

Gorg. Be dis spoken like de daughter to min Commandements. Vell you vill den retreat from Your inclination to Monsieur *Valere*?—— [*Enter Villebrequin.*]

Bute dere be his Vader, sure he is come

To condus de business.—— Vat bring you here? Monsieur *Villebrequin*?

Ville. One important secret dat I be tell Dis morning viche does break min promess to you. Mi Son'vome your Daughter did accept vor Espouse, has in private deceiv'd us all.

Gorg. Vat be de intantion of dis?

Ville. He has bin espoused four mont to *Lise* Ende de Lady being of goot alliance, Mi vant de power to break de Contract Mi made to you.——

Gorg.

Gorg. Vell let it broken, if so, vit out
Your leave your son *Valere* be first ingage
To anoder; mi cannot conceale from you,
Dat my felve did make promesse to my
Daughter, dat Monsieur *Lelie* sould marry her,
Hoo is come riche in virtu from his voyage,
Ende fall ave her.

Ville. De choice please me vell.

Lelie. Ende it vill crowne min life vit happinesse.
Min Arte is leap out of min Breast for joy.

Sgan. Did ever some body tink himself more
Cuckol den I. Vell; a wise man may be
Deceiye sometime, derefore to de Huilbands
As a presant I fall dis council bring,
Dat is, tho you see all, believe no ting.

Gorg. Bi mi trot it fall be a new proverb,
Ende vor de joy of dis conclusion
Let us have a dance a la ronde.

Ville. Mi vill make one.

Gorg. Mi vill make two.

Wife. Ande mi vill make vone, two, tree.

Sgan. Mi cannot dance, but fall veche one
Dat fall dance rare *Sarabrand* vit *Castiniet*.

[Exit Sganarelle.]

They dance a la Ronde. After the Dance *Sganarelle* returns in a
Buffoon habit, and dances a Jig, and so the Farce ends.

The Song to the Dance a la Ronde.

I.

Mrs. Gosnel.

A H, Love is a delicate ting,
Ah, Love is a delicate ting,
In Vinter it gives de new Spring.

Chorus.

It makes de dull Dush vor to dance
Nimbelle as Monsieur of France.

2.

Mrs. Gosnel. Ande dough it often doet make,
Ande dough it often does make,
De head of de Cuckol to ake;

Chorus.

Tet let him bute vinke at de Lover,
Ande de paine vill quickly be over.

3.

Mrs. Gosnel. De Husband must still vink a littel,
De Husband must still vink a littel,
Ande sometime be blinde as a Bee-tell;

Chorus.

Ande de Vise too some time must be,
Ven he play trick as blinde as he.

The End of the second ACT.

The Third ACT.

Enter House-Keeper, Player.

Play. **W**'Are now to take a farther voyage than
From *England* into *France*, and think
Our selves with Captain *Drake* in the *West Indies*.

Hous.K. Now we shall be in *Stilo Recitativo*.
I'm in a Trance, when I hear Vocal Musick;
And in that Trance, inclin'd to prophesie
That 'twill bring us inundations of shillings.

Play. Thou understand'st Recitative Musick,
As much as a *Dray-horse* does Greek.

THE
HISTORY of S^r FRANCIS DRAKE.

Express'd by Instrumental and Vocal Musick, and by Art
of Perspective in Scenes, &c.

THE
DISCRIPTION of the FRONTISPIECE.

AN Arch is discover'd, rais'd upon stone of Rustick work;
upon the top of which is written, in an Antick Shield, *PERU*;
and two Antick Shields are fix'd a little lower on the sides,
the one bearing the Figure of the *Sun*, which was the Scutcheon of the
Incas, who were Emperors of *Peru*: The other did bear the *spread-*
Eagle, in signification of the *Austrian Family*.

The First ENTRY.

THE preparation of the opening of the Scene is by a Prelude and
Corante. Afterwards the Curtain rises by degrees to an ascend-
ing Ayr, and a Harbour is discern'd, (which was first discover'd by
Sir Francis Drake, and called by him Port-pheasant) where two Ships
are Moor'd, and Sea-Carpenters are erecting a Pinnace, whilst others
are felling Trees to build a Fort. The narrowness to the entrance of the
Harbour may be observ'd, with Rocks on either side; and out at Sea a
Ship towing a Prize. And likewise on the top of a high Tree, a Mar-
riner making his Ken. This Prospect is made through a Wood, differing
from those of European Climats, by representing of *Coco-Trees*, *Pines*,
and *Palmitos*. And on the Boughs of other Trees are seen *Munkies*,
Apes, and *Parrots*.

The Introduction of the Entry is by a Martial *Saraband*.

The Saraband being ended, Enter Drake Junior, and Boatswain.

Drak. jun. Climb, *Boatswain*, climb! and from the height
Of that steep Rock inform thy sight!

From yonder Point our Master call.

I'll here attend our Admiral. [Exit Boatswain.]

The Mist ascends, and south'rd it grows clear!

Methinks at distance somewhat does appear,

Which wakens us with hope.

Boatsf. A Sail! a Sail!

Drak. jun. 'Tis *English* built, or else my sight does fail.

Boatsf. within. Oho! Oho! another Ship I spy,
And, by their Course, both to this Harbour ply.

Dak. jun. She lowrs her Main-sail, the wind does rise!

Boatsf. within. She now bears in, and she does tow a Prize!

Enter, Drake. Senior.

Drak. sen. To Sea, to Sea! Man out the Boat!

Drak. jun. It has not Tyde enough to float.

Drak. sen. Stir, Mates! stir, stir! and bring more hands:

Shove, shove! and roul her o're the Sands!

Lanch forth, and make your Ken!

Both by her Rigging and her Mould

She brings our Country-men;

And has a rich and heavy Hould.

[Exeunt.]

Enter a Marriner.

I Mar. Ho, Mate! ho, ho! what canst thou see
From the top-Gallant of that Tree?

Mar. within. The Ship does Anchor cast;

And now her Boat does haste

To reach the Shore.

I Mar. What seest thou more?

Mar. within. Enough to make me hasten down:

For if my eyes prove true,

The bowels of *Tern*

Shall be ript up and be our own.

The *Lion Rouse* is landed here.

I Mar. I'll run to meet him at the Peer.

A Tun of yellow Gold,

Conceal'd within our Hold,

For half my share I scorn to take,

When he is joyn'd with *Dragon-Drake*.

[Exit.]

*Two Marriners having met with another newly landed, dance to
a Rustick Ayre.*

*The Dance being ended, Enter Drake senior, Captain Rouse,
Drake Junior, and Page.*

Drak. sen. Welcome to Land my brother of the Sea!
From childhood rockt by winds and waves like me.

Who never canst a danger dread,

Since still in dang'rous Tempests bred.

Yet still art safe and calm within thy breast,

As Lovers who in shady Coverts rest.

Thy

Thy fame about the world does make her flight,
And flies as swiftly as the wings of light.

Rous. My fame does lay her Trumpet down,
When yours does publish your renown.

Drak. sen. What is your Prize?

Rous. 'Tis fraught with Spies:
A Carvel rigg'd at *Sivell* for this Coast,
To fetch from hence
Intelligence;

But, meeting me, she has her voyage lost.

Drak. sen. Brave friend, wilt thou now guided be
By that bright Star which ushers me?

Rous. What man is that, Lov'd Admiral,
Who does not hasten at your call?

He must be either deaf, or ever lame,
Who follows not your loud and leading fame:

Drak. sen. My course must now not be
Upon the open Sea:

Our Country's foes we must invade
Through Woods, and seek them in the shade;
And follow them where *Phœbus* never shines,
Through depths as dark and winding as their Mines.

Chorus of all. That which enlightens, and does lead
The World, and all our Vict'ries breed,
We in those Caverns shall behold,
In seeing Man's bright Mistress, Gold.

Drak. sen. Boat all our Guns! haste, haste aboard!
Unlade! then let our Ships be Moor'd!
To raise our Fort, some hew down Trees!
Whilst others rig our Pinnaces.

Their watchful Guards let ev'ry Sentry keep,
That, after labour, all may safely sleep.
Some o're remoter grounds
Walk, and relieve their Rounds:
Whilst some secure each Post
On out-lets of the Coast.

That, after wandring long to trace
Wild Rivers, we may find this place
For our imbarkment free,
To wander more at Sea.

Drak. jun. The jealous *spaniards* long have understood
The danger of this Harbour's neighbourhood.

'Tis therefore fit
That thou shouldst leave behind,
To govern it,
A great experienc'd mind.

Drak. sen. I know it is of high import.
My second thoughts conclude, thou *Rouse* shalt itay,
To finish and secure the Fort;

Whilst we to *Venta-Cruz* enforce our way.

Chorus of all. We must the Main forbear,
And now a Coasting go,
Then up with Rivers steer,
To watch how far they flow.

But if landing we pass
Where *Recoes* through Foords are long wading.
Then we in pitty, alas,
Their Mules must ease of their lading.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

The Second ENTRY.

A Symphony variously humour'd prepares the change of the *Scene*.*The SCENE is chang'd.*

In which is discern'd a Rockie Country of the Symérons, who were a Moorish People, brought formerly to Peru by the Spaniards, as their slaves, to dig in Mines; and having lately revolted from them, did live under the government of a King of their own Election. A Sea is discover'd, and Ships at distance, with Boats rowing to the shore, and Symérons upon the Rocks.

The Prospect having continu'd a while, this Song is sung by a Steers-man in the foreost Boat, and the Chorus by Marriners rowing in it.

I.

Steers-
man. **A** Loof! and aloof! and steady I steer!
'Tis a Boat to our wish,
And she slides like a Fish,
When chearily stem'd, and when you row clear.
She now has her trim
Away let her swim.
Mackrels are swift in the shine of the Moon;
And *Herrings* in Gales when they wind us,
But, timeing our Oars, so smoothly we run,
That we leave them in shoals behind us.
Chorus. Then cry One and all!

Amain, for *Whitehall*!

The *Diegos* we'll board to rummidge their Hold;
And drawing our Steel, they must draw out their Gold.

2.

Steers-
man. Our Master and's Mate, with Bacon and Pease,
In Cabins keep aboard;
Each as warm as a Lord:
No Queen, lying in, lies more at her ease.
Whilst we lie in wait
For Reals of Eight;
And for some Gold Quoits, which fortune must send:
But, alas, how their ears will tingle;
When finding, though still like *Hectors* we spend,
Yet still all our pockets shall jingle.
Chorus. Then cry, One and all!
Amain, &c.

Steers-man.

3.

steers- But oh how the Purser shortly will wonder,
man. When he sums in his Book
 All the wealth we have took,
 And finds that we'll give him none of the Plunder;
 He means to abate
 The Tyth for the State:
 Then for our Owners some part he'll discount:
 But his fingers are pitcht together;
 Where so much will stick, that little will mount,
 When he reckons the shares of either.
Chorus. Then cry, One and all!
 Amain, &c.

4.

steers- At sight of our Gold, the *Boatswain* will bristle,
man. But not finding his part,
 He will break his proud heart,
 And hang himself strait ith' chain of his Whistle.
 Afast and afore!
 Make way to the shore!
 Softly as Fishes which slip through the stream,
 That we may catch their Sentries napping.
 Poor little *Diegos*, they now little dream
 Of us the brave Warriors of *Wapping*.
Chorus. Then cry, One and all!
 Amain, &c.

This Song being sung, Enter the King of the Symérons, Drake Senior, Pedro, and Page.

King. Great Wand'rer of the Sea,
 Thy walks still pathless be.
 The Races thou dost run,
 Are known but to the Sun.
 And as the walk above,
 Where he does yearly move,
 We only guess, though him we know,
 By great effects below.
 So, though thy courses traceless are,
 As if conducted by a wandring Star,
 Yet by thy deeds all Climes acknowledge thee;
 And thou art known and felt as much as he.
Drak.sen. So narrow is my merit wrought,
 That when such breadth you thus allow my fame,
 I stand corrected and am taught
 To hide my story, and to shew my shame.
King. As tireless as thy body is thy mind:
 No adverse current can thy progress stop.
 Thy forward courage leaves all doubts behind.
 And when thy Anchor's lost, thou keep'st thy Hops.
 Welcom! and in my Land be free,
 And pow'rful as thou art at Sea.

Drak.sen.

Drak. sen. Monarch of much! and still deserving more
Than I have coasted on the Western shore!
Slave to my Queen! to whom thy virtue shows,
How low thou canst to virtue be;
And, since declar'd a Foe to all her Foes,
Thou mak'st them lower bow to thee.

King. Instruct me how my *Symerons* and I
May help thee to afflict the Enemy.

Drak. sen. Afford me Guides to lead my bold
Victorious Sea-men to their Gold:
For nothing can afflict them more,
Than to deprive them of that store
With which from hence they furnisht are
T'afflict the peaceful world with war.

King. Here from my bosom *Pedro* take,
And him thy chief Conductor make.
Who once was an unhappy slave to them;
But now is free by my deserv'd esteem.
He is as watchful as the Eye
Of Age still wak'd with jealousy;
And like experienc'd Lovers wisely true
Who after long suspicion find,
They had no cause to be unkind,
And then with second vows their loves renew.

Drak. sen. He is, since so deservingly exprest,
Remov'd but from thy bosom to my breast.

King. All other ayds requir'd to thy design,
Chuse and receive, for all my strengths are thine.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Four Symerons, who dance a Morisco for joy of the arrival of Sir Francis Drake, and depart. Then this Song is sung by a Chorus of Marriners within.

Chorus of Marriners within. { Winds now may whistle, and waves may dance to 'em,
Whilst Merchants cry out, such sport will undo 'em.
And the Master aloud bids, Lee the Helm Lee!
But we now shall fear nor the Rocks nor the Sand,
Whilst calmly we follow our Plunder at Land,
When others in storms seek Prizes at Sea.

The Third ENTRY.

The change of the Scene is prepar'd by a Symphony, consisting of a Martial Ayr, which having continu'd a while, the Scene changes, and represents a Peruvian Town, pleasantly scituated, with Palmeto-Trees, Guavas, and Cypresses, growing about it, whilst English Land-Souldiers and Sea-men seem to be drawn up towards the West end; whilst the Peruvians are feasting their Guests, and Two of their Boys bearing Fruit towards the Strangers.

Thi

This Object having continu'd a while, Enter Drake Senior, Drake Junior, Pedro, Page.

Drak. **M** Arch! March! wheel to the right hand still,
sen. To shun loose footing on that Hill.
From thy Meridian run,
O thou inflaming Sun!

The Ayre above us else to fire will turn,
And all this Sand beneath like Cynders burn.
Now give the word!

Drak. jun. Stand!

Within. 1. Stand. 2. Stand. 3. Stand.

Drak. sen. All firm and sudden to command!
Halt for our Reer a while, and then
West from that Wood draw up our Men.
Stand to your Arms till we send out
Our trusty *Symerons* to scout.

Pedro. Scouts I have chosen, who can trace
All the Retreats, which in the chace
The hunted seek all shades to which they run,
When strength leaves them, and they the Hunters shun.

Drak. sen. Are these *Peruvians* friends, or, by surprize,
Must we secure them as our enemies?

Pedro. Great Chief, they rev'rence thy renown,
And thou mayst quarter in their Town.

Yet so advance with care;
In all the shapes of War;
That when the *Spaniards* know
How well they treat their Foe,
The entertainment may appear,
Not the effect of Love, but Fear.

Drak. jun. Their dwelling seems so fresh and flourishing,
As if it still the Nurs'ry were
Of all the seeds that furnish out the Spring
For ev'ry Clime, and all the year.

Drak. sen. Here Nature to her Summer Court retires:
Our Northern Region is the shade,
Where she grows cold, and looks decay'd,
And seems to sit by artificial fires.

Drak. jun. Advance, Advance,
And in the Rear,
To make our number more appear,
Let all our trusty *Sym'rons* spread
Their Ranks, and be by Pedro led.

Chorus of all. All order with such clemency preserve,
That such as to our pow'r submit,
May take delight to cherish it,

And seem as free as those whom they shall serve. [Exeunt.

Five *Peruvians* Enter, and dance to a Rustick Ayre, after which,
this Song is sung by a *Peruvian*, and the Chorus to it by his Country-
men, whilst they dance again in a Round.

1.

Peru. With Boughs and with Branches trim up our Bows,
 And strew them with Flowrs:
 To receive such a Guest
 As deserves for a Feast
 All that the Forest, or the Field,
 Or deeper Lakes and Rivers yield.

Chorus. Still round, and round, and round,
 Let us compass the ground.
 What man is he who feels
 Any weight at his heels?

Since our hearts are so light, that all weigh'd together,
 Agree to a grain, and they weigh not a feather.

2.

Peru. The Lord of the Sea is welcome to Land,
 And here shall command
 All our Wealth, and our Arms;
 For his name more alarms
 The *Spaniards*, than Trumpets or Drums:
 Hark how they cry, *Drake comes, Drake comes!*

Chorus. Still round, and round, and round,
 Let &c.

3.

Peru. Though to his Foes like those winds he is rough,
 That meet in a huff:
 Yet that storm quickly ends,
 When embrac'd by his friends:
 Then he is calm and gentle made,
 As Loves soft whispers in a shade.

Chorus. Still round, and round, and round,
 Let &c.

The Fourth ENTRY.

A Wild Ay by way of Symphony, prepares the change of the Scene: which having continu'd a while, the Scene is chang'd; wherein is discern'd upon a Hill, a Wood, and in it a Tree, which was famous in those times for extraordinary compass and height; on the top of which, Pedro (formerly a Slave to the Spaniards, but now employ'd by the Moorish King to conduct Sir Francis Drake towards Panamah) had promis'd Sir Francis Drake to shew him both the North and the South Atlantick Seas. English Souldiers and Marriners are reposing themselves under it. At distance the Natives are discern'd in their hunting of Boats; and at nearer view, two Peruvians are killing a Stag. This Object having remain'd a while,

Enter

Enter Drake Senior, Drake Junior, Page.

Drake senior. **A** Boar so fierce and large
No Hunter e're did charge.
Advance thy Spear,
And turn him there.

Drak. jun. This last encounter he has bravely stood;
But now has lost his courage with his blood.

Drak. sen. He foams, and still his Tuks does whet,
As if he still disdain'd retreat.

Drak. jun. The wound you gave him makes him turn his head,
To seek the darker shades, where he was bred.

Page. Follow, follow!

Drak. sen. Stay my Victorious Boy!
When a courageous Beast does bleed,
Then learn how far you should proceed
To use advantage where you may destroy:
To courage even of Beasts some pity's due;
And where resistance fails, cease to pursue.

Enter Pedro.

Pedro. Our men have firmly stood and swiftly run:
The Game was plenteous and the Chace is done.

Drak. jun. *Pedro* in sev'ral forms has all
That ev'ry where we merit call.

Drak. sen. Wary in War as Chiefs grown old;
And yet in suddain dangers bold.
Civil and real too in Courts;
Painful in bus'ness and in sports.

Pedro. Behold that Tree which much superiour grows
To all that in this Wood
Have many Ages stood:

Beneath whose shade your Warriours may repose.

Drak. jun. There let us stay
And turn our Prey
Into a Feast
Till in the West

The Cypress curtain of the night is drawn.

Then forward march as early as the dawn.

Drak. sen. Is this that most renown'd of Western Trees
On whose Main-top
Thou gav'st me hope

To view the North and South *Atlantick* Seas?

Pedro. It is; therefore with speed
Thither, my Chief, proceed:

And, when you climbing have attain'd the height,
Report will grow authentick by your sight.

Drak. sen. When from those lofty branches I
The south *Atlantick* spy
My vows shall higher fly,

Till they with highest Heav'n prevail,
That, as I see it, I may on it sail.

Drak. jun. No *English* Keel hath yet that Ocean plow'd.

Pedro. If Prophecie from me may be allow'd,

N

Renowned

The Play-house to be Lett.

Renowned *Drake*, Heav'n does decree
 That happy enterprize to thee
 For thou of all the *Britans* art the first
 That boldly durst
 This Western World invade;
 And as thou now art made
 The first to whom that Ocean will be shown,
 So to thy Isle thou first shalt make it known.
Chorus of all. This Prophecie will rise
 To higher Enterprife.
 The *English* Lion's walk shall reach as far
 As prosperous valour dares adventure War.
 As Winds can drive, or Waves can bear
 Those Ships which boldest Pilots fear.

[Exeunt.]

This Song is sung by two Land Souldiers, and two Seamen.

Seam. How comes it you Landmen, and we of the *Sea*,
 Though oft mixt together yet seldom agree?
Landm. A Riddle, which we can find out no more
 Than you can why Seas contest with the shore.
Seam. We give a shrewd guess how our quarrels have grown;
 For still when at Land we are joyntly design'd
 To the dainty delight of storming a Town,
 You run to the Plunder, and leave us behind.
Landm. Alas, our dear Brothers! How can we forbear?
 But aboard when you have us, where wonderful Gold
 Is shovell'd like Ballast, y'are even with us there:
 We fight on the Decks, whilst you rummidge the Hold.
Seam. But now we shall march where the *Diegos* (though loth
 To part with it civ'ly) may soon oblige both. (gers,
Landm. They so much are scar'd from their wits with their dan-
 That now they want wit to be civil to strangers.
Chorus Come let us joyn hands then, and nere part asunder,
of all. But, like the true Sons of trusty old Mothers,
 Make equally haste to a snap of the plunder,
 Then justly divide, and spend it like Brothers.

*This Song being ended, the two Land-Souldiers and two Sea-men dance
 a Jigg, to intimate their future amity.*

The Fifth ENTRY.

*This Entry is prepared by an Ayr and Corante; and then the Scene
 is chang'd, in which is discover'd the rising of the Sun through a
 thick Wood, and Venta-Cruz at great distance on the South side. This
 being discern'd a while,*

Enter Drake senior, Drake Junior, Page, Souldier.

Drak. **B**Old Rouse, doubting our safety by our stay;
jun. **B**Thinking his patience longer than our way;

And

And having well secur'd our Port,
Our Trenches digg'd, and rais'd our Fort;
Is here arriv'd, resolving still to be
A sharer in your worser destiny.
He was conducted by a *Symeron*;
And bows for what his rather Love has done.

Drak. sen. I shall be very slow
When I must backward go
With punishment to overtake
The errours which my friend did make:
Tell him I know his fault is past;
And now I cannot but go fast,
When I shall forward move
To meet approaching Love.

[Exit Souldier.

The morn begins her glory in the East;
And now the World prepares
To entertain new cares;

Though th'old suffic'd to hinder all our rest.

Drake jun. Benighted Seamen now their course reform
Who, Coasting, were misguided by a storm.

Now Merchants to imported stowage haste,
Whilst Plowmen drive from Cottages their Teams.
The Poor in Cities rise to toyl and faste;
And Lovers grieve to leave their pleasant dreams.

Drak. sen. Be careful not to let
The Camps Revelie beat
To make our Warriours rise and move:
But as Heav'ns Traveller above
Unheard begins, and silently his way
Does still continue till he perfects day,
So all this progress must be calmly made.
The winds, which still unseen
Have in their motion been,

Off pass without a whisper through the shade.

Drak. jun. Each, dutious as your slave,
Does to your Orders grow;
And all, as in the Grave,
are hush'd and private now.

Drak. sen. E're we begin to march, send out
The *Symerons* again to scout:
Let not our Wings be loosely spread:
The Van I'll at some distance lead.
Those who the Baggage bear
Let *Pedro* still relieve, and close
Secure their haltings in our Grofs.
You shall command the Rear.

Enter Rouse.

Rouse. Arm, Arm! make haste, and bring me to my Chief

Drak. sen. What great distress does hasten for relief!

Rouse. I come not now thy pardon to receive,
Because my rather love without thy leave
Durst venture for a share
Of thy mishaps in War.

Drak. sen. What wildness more
 Than I have seen before
 In Deserts openly expos'd
 Or Woods with ancient growth of shades inclos'd,
 Or Seas, when nought but light'ning has appear'd,
 And only Thunder and the Winds were heard,

Does now thy wond'ring looks possess?

Drak. jun. What more than yet thou canst express?

Rousf. Drake, thy belov'd renown is lost,
 Of which thy Nation us'd to boast:
 Since now where thou a sword dost wear,
 And many marks of pow'r dost bear,
 The worst of license does best Laws invade:
 For Beauty is an abject captive made;
 Even whilst those flowry Ornaments are worn
 Which should the Bridal dignity adorn.
 If thus the crowd be suffer'd to deride
 The sacred Rites and Honours of a Bride,
 Let savage War devour all civil Peace,
 Love fly from Courts to Camps, and Sexes cease.

Drak. sen. Thy mystick meaning thou dost less
 By words than by thy looks express.

Drak. jun. That we may better know
 Thy thoughts, make haste to show
 The object of our wonder, and thy fear.
Rousf. Turn your unhappy eyes, and see it there.

The Scene is suddenly changed into the former prospect of the rising of the Morning, and Venta Cruz; but about the Middle, it is vary'd with the discov'ry of a Beautiful Lady ty'd to a Tree, adorn'd with the Ornaments of a Bride, with her hair dishevel'd, and complaining, with her hands towards Heaven: About her are likewise discern'd the Symmerons who took her prisoner.

Drak. sen. What dismal beauty does amaze my sight,
 Which from black sorrow breaks like Morn from Night?
 And though it sweetest beauty be

Does seem more terrible to me
 Than all the sudden and the various forms
 Which Death does wear in Battels and in storms.

Rousf. A party of your *Symmerons* (whose eyes
 Pierce through that darkness which does night disguise
 Whom weary toyls might sleepy make,
 But that revenge keeps them awake)
 Did e're the early dawning rise,
 And close by *Venta-Cruz* surprise
 A Bride and Bridegroom at their Nuptial Feast,
 To whom the *Sym'rons* now
 Much more than fury show;

For they have all those cruelties exprest
 That *spanish* pride could e're provoke from them
 Or *Moorish* Malice can revenge esteem.

Drak. sen. Arm! Arm! the honour of my Nation turns
 To shame, when an afflicted Beauty mourns.

Though

Though here these cruel *Symerons* exceed
Our number, yet they are too few to bleed
When Honour must revengeful be
For this affront to Love and me.

Drak. jun. Our Forces of the Land,
Brave Chief, let me command.

Drak. sen. March on! whilst with my Seamen I advance;
Let none, before the Dice are cast, despair;
Nor after they are thrown, dislike the chance;
For Honour throws at all, and still plays fair.

Rous. In beauties noble cause no Seamen doubt,
If Poets may authentick be.

For Sea-born *Venus* sake let them march out:
She leads them both at Land and Sea.

Drak. sen. Long yet e're night
I shall in fight

Their stormy courage prove:
Each Seaman hath his *Mermaid* too;
And by instinct must love,
Though he were never taught to woo.

Enter Pedro.

Pedro. Stay! stay! successful Chief! my heart as low
As the foundation where thou tread'st does bow:

But 'tis not for my own offence;
For if I should offend
My King, in thee his friend,
I would not with my self dispence.
Thy mercy shall our pattern be,
Behold th'afflicted Bride is free.

The Scene is suddenly chang'd again, where the Lady is vanisht, and
nothing appears but that Prospect which was in the beginning of the
Entry.

She is as free and as unblemisht too
As if she had a Pris'ner been to you.

Drak. sen. What are they who disguis'd in nights dark shade,
Unlicens'd, from our Camp this sally made?
Strait to the stroke of Justice bring me those!

Pedro. They thought their duties was to take their foes.
Be merciful, and censure the offence
To be but their mistaken diligence.

Drak. jun. Suspect not *Pedro* in this crime, who still
Has shewn exact obedience to thy will.

Pedro. And noble Chief, the cruelties which they
Have often felt beneath the *Spaniards* sway
(Who midst the triumphs of our Nuptial feasts,
Have forc'd our Brides, and slaughter'd all our guests)
May some excuse even from your reason draw:
Revenge does all the fetters break of Law.

Drak. sen. The future guidance and the care
Of their demeanour in this war,
Is strictly, *Pedro*, left to thee:
The gentle Sex must still be free.

No length of study'd torments shall suffice
 To punish all unmanly cruelties.
 March on! they may e're night redeem
 By vertuous Valour my esteem.

[*Exeunt Drake Senior,
 Drake Junior, Rouse, and Page.*]

Pedro. Ho! ho! the Pris'ners straight unbind,
 And let the Bride all homage find;
The Father and the Bridegroom hither bring.
 E're yet our Van shall far advance,
 Know *Diegos* you must dance.
 Strike up, strike up, in honour of my King.

Enter the Father of the Bride, and her Bridegroom; the Bridegroom dancing with Castanietos, to express the joy he receives for his liberty, whilst the Father moves to his measures, denoting the fright he had receiv'd from the Symerons, when he was surpriz'd at his nuptial Entertainment.

The Sixth ENTRY.

This Entry is prepar'd with a Martial Ayre, and presently the Scene is chang'd; wherein is discover'd the Prospect of a hilly Country, with the Town Panamah at a distance, and Recoes of Mules, in a long train, loaden with Wedges of Silver and Ingots of Gold, and travelling in several Roads down a Mountain. There likewise may be discern'd their Drivers and Guards.

Enter Drake Senior, Drake Junior, Page.

Drak. jun. **T**HE Reco is not yet within our Ken.

Drak. sen. It will be strait. Draw up our men,
 And in low whispers give our orders out.

Drak. jun. Where's *Pedro* now?

Drak. sen. Upon the brow

Of that high Hill, I sent him there to scout.

Enter Rouse.

Rous. Chief, we are all into a Body drawn,
 And now an hour is wasted since the dawn.

Drak. sen. The time will yet suffice. We halted here
 To stay for our tir'd Baggage in the Reer.

Rous. If ought from new resolves thou wilt command,
 Speak, Chief, we now in expectation stand.

Drak. sen. If English courage could at all be rais'd,
 By being well perswaded, or much prais'd,
 Speech were of use: but Valour born, not bred

Cannot by art (since being so,
 It does as far as Nature go)

Be higher lifted, or be farther led.

All I would speak, should tell you, I despise
 That treasure which I now would make your Prize:

Unworthy 'tis to be your chiefeft aim.

For this attempt is not for Gold, but Fame;

Which

Which is not got when we the *Reco* git,
But by subduing those who rescue it.

Enter a Souldier.

Sol. *Pedro* descends the Hill, and does desire
That from this open plain you would retire,
And wheel behind that Wood a little space.

Drak, sen. Divide our Forces to secure the pass. [Exit.

*Enter Drake Junior, a Souldier, Rouse, and a Mariner, the Souldier
and Mariner being brought to be plac'd as Sentries.*

Drak, jun. This must your station be;
Stand steadfast as that Tree!

Rous. Bravely alive upon this ground,
Or greater else in death be found. [Exit *Drak, jun.* and *Rouse.*
The Bells of the Mules are heard from within.

Mar. Mules! Mules! I hear their walking chime, Ting, Ting!—
They love sad Tunes, how dolefully they ring?

Sol. This sound seems single, and from far does come.
Would I were leading one rich Mule at home.

Mar. Still one and all I cry.

Sol. The rest are passing by.

Hark! hark! this mournful toling does foretel
Some *Diegos* death, it is his passing-Bell.

Enter Pedro, leading a Symeron to be plac'd as a Sentry.

Pedro. Here *sym'ron*, you must bold and watchful be,
Two Foes resist, but if oppress'd by three,
Then strait fall back to that next Sentry there:
Or if in Gross th' Enemy does appear,

Both to the third retirement make,
Till we th' Alarm, advancing, take.

Mar. Friend *Pedro*, friend! Is't one and all?

Pedro. Speak softly, Sentry, dost thou call?

Mar. How many golden *Recoes* didst thou spy?

Pedro. But two: in which I guess
By distant view no less

Than ninety loaden Mules are passing by.

Sol. What number is their Guard who march before?

Pedro. Five hundred Foot, their Horse may seem three-score. [Exit.

Sol. Friend of the Sea, their number is not small.

Mar. 'Twill serve our turn, they crying one and all!

But brother of the Land,
We now must understand
That *Basta* is the Word.

Sol. Would thou wer't safe aboard.

Mar. Asleep under Deck, and danc'd on a Billow,
With two silver Wedges, each for my Pillow.

Enter Drake Senior, with his Sword drawn.

Drak, sen. That Volly was well fir'd,
Our out-Guards are retir'd.
Draw all our Sentries in!
The Skirmish does begin.

[Exit.

Clashing of Arms is heard afar off.

Enter

Enter Drake Junior.

Drak. jun. More Pikes! more Pikes! to reinforce
That Squadron, and repulse the Horse.

Enter Rouse.

Rous. The Foe does make his first bold count'nance good.
Our charge was bravely made, and well withstood.

Enter Pedro.

Rous. Your *Sym'rons*, valiant *Pedro*, seem to reel.

Pedro. Suspect your Rocks at Sea. They do but wheel.
Haste! haste! brave *Sym'rons*, haste to gain that bank,
And with your Arrows gall them in the flank.

[Clashing of Arms within again. Exeunt.]

Enter Drake Senior, Page.

Drak. sen. How warmly was this strife
Maintain'd 'twixt Death and Life,
Till Blood had quench'd the flame of Valours fire?

Death seeming to advance in haste,
Whilst Life, though weary, yet stood fast;
For Life is still unwilling to retire.

My Land-men bravely fought,
And high renown have got,
For twice my Sea-men they from death reliev'd.

As oft my Sea-men have
Preserv'd them from the grave,
And did requite the rescue they receiv'd.

Enter Drake Junior.

Drak. jun. They fly! they fly! yet now they seem to face
All those who them pursue,
And would the Fight renew. *[Enter Rouse & Ped.]*

Rous. They fly, they fly!

Drak. sen. Away, make good the Chase. *[Exeunt omnes.]*
Chorus of all within. Follow, follow, follow!

Enter Drake senior, Drake Junior, Rouse, Pedro, Page.

Pedro. The Mules are seis'd, and in our pow'r remain.

Drak. sen. Draw out new Guards, and range them in the Plain.
Those who hereafter on our Legend look,
And value us by that which we have took,
May over-reckon it, and us misprize.

Our dang'rous course through storms and raging floods,
And painful march through unfrequented Woods,
Will make those wings by which our fame shall rise.

Your glory, valiant English must be known,
When men shall read how you did dare
To sail so long, and march so far,

To tempt a strength much greater than your own.

Drak. jun. And now by making our Retreat,
We shall new Wreaths and Statues get.

The Grand Chorus, first sung by Drake sen.

Chorus of all. Our Course let's to victorious England steer!
Where, when our Sails shall on the Coast appear,

Those

Those who from Rocks and Steeples spy
Our Streamers out, and Colours fly,
Will cause the Bells to ring,
Whilst chearfully they sing
Our story, which shall their Example be,
And make Succession cry, To Sea, to Sea. *Exeunt omnes.*

The Grand Dance begins, consisting of two Land-souldiers, two Seamen, two Symerons, and a Peruvian; intimating by their several interchange of salutations, their mutual desires of amity.

The Fourth ACT.

The Cruelty of the SPANIARDS in PERU.

The Argument of the whole design, consisting of six
ENTRIES.

THE Design is first to represent the happy condition of the People of *Peru* anciently, when their inclinations were govern'd by Nature; and then it makes some discovery of their establishment under the Twelve *Incas*, and of the dissensions of the two Sons of the last *Inca*. Then proceeds to the discovery of that new Western World by the *spaniard*, which happen'd to be during the dissention of the two Royal Brethren. It likewise proceeds to the *spaniards* Conquest of that *Incan* Empire, and then discovers the cruelty of the *spaniards* over the *Indians*, and over all Christians (excepting those of their own Nation) who landing in those parts, came unhappily into their power. And towards the conclusion, it infers the Voyages of the *English* thither, and the amity of the Natives towards them, under whose Ensigns (encourag'd by a Prophecy of their chief Priest) they hope to be made Victorious, and to be freed from the Yoke of the *spaniard*.

The First ENTRY.

THE Audience are entertain'd by Instrumental Musick and a Symphony (being a wild Ayr suitable to the Region) which having prepar'd the Scene, a Lantchap of the West-Indies is discern'd; distinguished from other Regions by the parcht and bare tops of distant Hills, by Sands shining on the shores of Rivers, and the Natives, in feather'd Habits and Bonnets, carrying in Indian Baskets, Ingots of Gold, and Wedges of Silver. Some of the Natives being likewise discern'd in their natural sports of Hunting and Fishing. This Prospect is made through a Wood, differing from those of European Climats, by representing of Coco-Trees, Pines, and Palmitos; and on the boughs of other Trees are seen Munkies, Apes, and Parrots; and at farther distance, Vallies of Sugar-Canes.

The Symphony being ended: The chief Priest of Peru enters. The Priest is cloth'd in a garment of Feathers, longer than any of those that are worn by other Natives, with a Bonnet whose ornament of Plumes does likewise give him a distinction from the rest, and carries in his hand a gilded Verge. He likewise, because the Peruvians were worshippers of the Sun, carries the Figure of the Sun on his Bonnet and Breast.

Enter House-Keeper, Player.

Play. **N**OW, Friend, we must still suppose
Our selves at *Peru*.

Hous.K. What's he? a humane Bird.

Play. A feather'd Priest, who must speak in the
Dumb show, and describe the condition of *America*,
Before the *Spaniard* surpriz'd it.

The First Speech,

Spoken by the Priest of the Sun:

Taking a short view of their condition, before the Royal Family of the Incas taught them to live together in multitudes, under Laws, and made them by Arms reduce many other Nations.

THUS fresh did Nature in our world appear,
When first her Roses did their leaves unfold:
E're she did use Art's Colours, and e're fear
Had made her pale, or she with cares lookt old.
When various sports did Man's lov'd freedom show,
And still the free were willing to obey;
Youth did to Age, and Sons to Parents bow.
Parents and Age first taught the Laws of sway.
When yet we no just motive had to fear
Our bolder *Incas* would by Arms be rais'd;
When, temp'rately, they still contented were,
As great examples, to be only prais'd.
When none for being strong did seek reward,
Nor any for the space of Empire strove:
When Valour courted Peace and never car'd
For any recompence, but publique love.
We fetter'd none, nor were by any bound;
None follow'd Gold through Lab'rins of the Mine:
And that which we on strands of Rivers found,
Did only on our Priests in Temples shine.
Then with his Verge, each Priest
Could, like an Exorcist,
The coldest of his students warm,
And thus provoke them with a Charm.

[Exit.

The

The First Song.

*In pursuance of the manner of their Life, before their Incas brought
them to live in Cities, and to build Forts.*

I.

WHilst yet our world was new,
When not discover'd by the old;
E're begger'd slaves we grew,
For having silver Hills, and strands of Gold.

Chorus. We danc'd and we sung,
And lookt ever young,
And from restraints were free,
As waves and winds at Sea.

2.

When wildly we did live,
E're crafty Cities made us tame:
When each his whole would give
To all, and none peculiar right did claim.

Chorus. We danc'd and we sung,
&c.

3.

When none did riches with,
And none were rich by bus'ness made;
When all did Hunt or Fish,
And sport was all our labour and our trade.

Chorus. We danc'd and we sung,
&c.

4.

When Forts were not devis'd,
Nor Cittadels did Towns devour:
When lowly sheds suffic'd,
Because we fear'd the weather more than pow'r.

Chorus. We danc'd and we sung,
&c.

5.

When Garments were not worn,
Nor shame did nakedness resent:
Nor Poverty bred scorn:
When none could want, and all were innocent.

Chorus. We danc'd and we sung,
&c.

The Second ENTRY.

AN Alman and Corante are play'd: after which a Trum
changes the Scene; where a Fleet is discern'd at dista

a prospect of the sea and Indian Coast; the Ships bearing in their Flags the Spread-Eagle, to denote the Austrian Family; and on the right side are seen some Natives of Peru, pointing with amazement to the Fleet, (as never having had the view of Ships before) and in a mourning condition take their leaves of their Wives and Children; because of an ancient prophecy amongst them, which did signifie, That a Bearded People (those of Peru having ever held it uncomely to wear Beards) should spring out of the Sea, and conquer them. The object having remained a while, the Priest of the Sun enters.

The Second Speech,

Describing briefly the pleasant lives of the Incas till this season of fulfilling that prophecy, when a Bearded People should come from the sea to destroy them; and two of the Incan Family ruine that Empire, which twelve of the Emperours had erected.

IN all the soft delights of sleep and ease,
Secure from War, in peaceful Palaces,
Our *Incas* liv'd: but now I see their doom:
Guided by winds, the Bearded People come!
And that dire Prophecy must be fulfill'd,
When two shall ruine what our twelve did build.
'Tis long since first the Sun's chief Priest foretold,
That cruel men, Idolaters of Gold,
Should pass vast Seas to seek their Harbour here.
Behold, in floating Castles they appear!
Mine eyes are struck! Away, away
With gentle Love's delicious sway!
The *Incas* from their wives must fly!
And ours may soon believe
We mourn to see them grieve,
But shall rejoyce to see them dy.
For they by dying safety gain:
And when they quit,
In Death's cold fit,
Love's pleasure they shall lose Life's pain.

The Second Song,

Intimating their sorrow for their future condition, (according to the Prophecy) under their new Masters the Spaniards.

I.

NO more, no more,
Shall we drag to the shore
Our Nets at the ebb of the Flood;
Nor after we lay
The toyls for our Prey,
Shall we meet to compass the Wood.
Nor with our Arrows e're delight,
To get renown
By taking down
The soaring Eagle in his flight.

Make

2.

Make haste! make haste!
 You delights that are past!
 And do not to our thoughts appear:
 Lest vainly we boast
 Of joys we have lost,
 And grieve to reckon what we were.
 The *Incas* glory now is gone!
 Dark grows that light,
 Which cheer'd our fight,
 Set is their deity, the Sun.

Chorus. All creatures when they breed,
 May then with safety feed:
 All shall have times for liberty but we.
 We, who their Masters were,
 Must now such Masters fear,
 As will no season give us to be free.

This Song being ended, a doleful Ayr is heard, which prepares the entrance of two *Indians*, in their feather'd habits of *Pern*! they enter severally from the opposite sides of the Wood, and gazing on the face of the *scene*, fall into a Mimick Dance, in which they express the Argument of the Prospect, by their admiration at the sight of the Ships, (which was to those of *Pern* a new and wonderful object) and their lamentation, at beholding their Countrymen in deep affliction, and taking their leaves of their Wives and Children.

The Third ENTRY.

A Symphony, consisting of four tunes, prepares the change of the *Scene*; the prospect consisting of a plain Indian Country, in which are discern'd at distance two Peruvian Armies marching, and ready to give Battel, being led by the two Royal Brethren, Sons of the last Inca, Arm'd with Bows, Glaves, and Spears, and wearing Quivers on their backs. The object having continu'd a while, the Priest of the Sun enters.

The Third Speech,

Intimating the unhappy event of the love of the last Inca; for he (contrary to the custom of all his Royal Ancestors, who always marry'd their own Sisters) had chosen to his second Wife the beautiful Daughter of an inferiour Prince: his Priests and People having always believ'd no blood less distant than that of his Sisters, worthy to mingle with his own for propagation of the Imperial Race. This foreign Beauty so far prevail'd on his passion, that she made him in his age assign a considerable part of his Dominion to a younger Son, his Ancestors never having, during eleven Generations, divided their Empire: This Youth, growing ambitious after his Fathers death, invaded his
 elder

elder Brother at that unfortunate time when the Spaniards, pursuing their second discovery of the Peruvian Coast; landed, and made a prodigious use of the division of the two Brethren, by proving successful in giving their assistance to the unjust cause of the Younger.

HOW fatal did our *Inca's* passion prove,
 Whilst long made subject to a foreign love?
 Poor Lovers, who from Empire's arts are free,
 By Nature may entirely guided be,
 They may retire to shady Cottages,
 And study there only themselves to please:
 For few consider what they mean or do;
 But Nations are concern'd when Monarchs woo.
 And though our *Inca* by no Law was ty'd
 To love but one, yet could he not divide
 His publick Empire as his private bed.
 In Thrones each is to whole Dominion bred.
 He blindly pris'd his younger son's desert,
 Dividing Empire as he did his heart.
 And since his death, this made the younger dare
 T'affront the elder's sov'rainty with war.
 Ambition's monstrous stomach does encrease
 By eating, and it fears to starve, unless
 It still may feed, and all it sees devour.
 Ambition is not tir'd with toyl, nor cloy'd with pow'r.

The Third Song,

Which pursues the Argument of the Speech, and farther illustrates the many miseries, which the Civil War between the two Royal Brethren produc'd.

I.

TWelve *Incas* have successively
 Our spacious Empire sway'd;
 Whose power whilst we obey'd,
 We liv'd so happy and so free,
 As if we were not kept in aw
 By any Law,
 Which Martial Kings aloud proclaim.
 Soft conscience, Nature's whispering Orator,
 Did teach us what to love or to abhor;
 And all our punishment was shame.

2.

Our late great *Inca* fatally,
 Did by a second Wife
 Eclipse his shining life,
 Whilst reason did on love rely.
 Those Rays she often turn'd and check't,
 Which with direct

Full beams should have adorn'd his known
And first authoris'd Race: But Kings who move
Within a lowly spear of private love,
Are too domestick for a Throne.

Chorus. Now rigid War is come, and Peace is gone,
Fear governs us, and jealousy the Throne.
Ambition hath our Chiefs possess'd:
All now are wak't, all are alarm'd:
The weary know not where to rest,
Nor dare the harmless be unarm'd.

After this Song a Warlike Ayr is play'd, to which succeeds a Martial Dance, perform'd by four *Peruvians*, arm'd with *Gloves*, who enter severally from opposite sides of the Wood, and express by their motions and gestures the fury of that Civil War, which, by the ambition of the younger Brother, has engag'd their Country; and then depart in pursuit of each other.

The Fourth ENTRY.

A Symphony, consisting of four tunes, prepares the change of the scene; which represents a great Peruvian Army, put to flight by a small Body of Spaniards. This object is produc'd in pursuance of the main Argument; for the Spaniards having first bred an amazement in the Natives, by the noise and fire of their Guns, and having afterwards subverted the elder Inca by assisting the younger, did in a short time attain the Dominion over both by Conquest. The object of this scene having remain'd a while, the Priest of the Sun enters.

The Fourth Speech,

Intimating the amazement of the Peruvians at the sight of the Spaniards in Arms: the consideration of the great distance of the Region from whence they came; of the ill effects of Armour worn by a People whom they never had offended, and of the security of innocence.

What dark and distant Region bred
For War that bearded Race,
Whose ev'ry uncouth face
We more than Death's cold visage dread?
They could not still be guided by the Sun.
Nor had they ev'ry night
The Moon t'inform their sight;
How durst they seek those dangers which we shun?
Sure they must more than mortal be,
That did so little care
For life, or else they are
Surer of future life than we.
But how they reasons laws in life fulfill
We know not; yet we know,
That scorn of life is low,
Compar'd to the disdain of living ill.

And

And we may judge that all they do
 In life's whole scene is bad,
 Since they with Arms are clad
 Defensive and Offensive too.
 In Nature it is fear that makes us arm;
 And fear by guilt is bred:
 The guiltless nothing dread,
 Defence not seeking, nor designing harm.

[Exit.]

The Fourth Song,

Pursuing the Argument of the amazement and fear of the Natives, occasion'd by the consideration of the long Voyage of the Spaniards to invade them.

1.

THose foreign shapes so strange appear,
 That wonderful they seem;
 And strangeness breeds esteem;
 And wonder doth engender fear:
 And from our fear does adoration rise:
 Else why do we encline
 To think them Pow'rs divine,
 And that we are ordain'd their sacrifice?

Chorus. 1. When we our Arrows draw,
 It is with dreadful awe:
 2. Moving towards them whom we are loth to meet,
 As if we marcht to face our destiny:
 3.
 4. Not trusting to our Arrows but our feet,
 As if our bus'ness were to fly, to fly!

2.

All in We thought them more than human kind.

Chorus. That durst adventure life
 Through the tempestuous strife

Of Seas and ev'ry raging wind.

Through Seas so wide, and for their depth so fear'd,

That we by leaps as soon

May reach th'ascended Moon,

As guess through what vast dangers they have steer'd.

Chorus. When we our Arrows draw,
 &c.

This Song being ended, a Saraband is play'd, whilst two *Spaniards* enter from the opposite sides of the Scene, exactly cloth'd and arm'd according to the custom of their Nation: and to express their triumph after the victory over the Natives, they solemnly uncloak and unarm themselves to the Tune, and afterwards dance with *Castanietos*.

The

The Fifth ENTRY.

A Doleful Pavin is play'd to prepare the change of the Scene, which represents a dark Prison at great distance; and farther to the view are discern'd Racks, and other Engines of torment, with which the Spaniards are tormenting the Natives and English Mariners, which may be suppos'd to be lately landed there to discover the Coast. Two Spaniards are likewise discover'd, sitting in their Cloaks, and appearing more solemn in Ruffs, with Rapiers and Daggers by their sides; the one turning a Spit, whilst the other is basting an Indian Prince, which is rosted at an artificial fire. This object having remain'd a while, the Priest of the Sun enters.

The Fifth Speech.

The horror of the Natives, bred by the object of the diversity of new torments devis'd by the Spaniards.

THese study arts of length'ning languishment,
And strength'ning those for pains whom pain hath spent.
They make the Cramp, by waters drill'd, to cease
Men ready to expire,
Baste them with drops of fire,
And then, they lay them on the Rack for ease.

What Race is this, who for our punishment
Pretend that they in haste from Heav'n were sent,
As just destroyers of Idolatry?
Yet will they not permit
We should our Idolls quit,
Because the Christian Law makes Converts free.

Or if, to please their Priests, some Chief permits
A few of us to be their Profelytes;
Yet all our freedom then is but deceit.
They ease us from our Chains
To make us take more pains,
Light'ning our legs to give our shoulders weight.

And other Christian strangers landing here,
Strait, to their jealous sight, as spies appear:
And those, they so much worse than Heathens deem,
That they must tortur'd dye.
The world still waste must lye,
Or else a Prison be to all but them.

The Fifth Song.

Pursuing the Argument of the Speech, by a farther detestation of that cruelty, which the ambition of the Spaniards made them exercise in Peru.

1.

IF Man from sov'reign reason does derive
 Or'e Beasts a high prerogative,
 Why does he so himself behave,
 That Beasts appear to be
 More rational than he!
 Who has deserv'd to be their slave.

2.

How comes wild cruelty in humane breasts?
 Proud Man more cruel is than Beasts;
 When Beasts by hunger are enrag'd,
 They no long pains devise
 For dying enemies,
 But kill, and eat, and are asswag'd.

3.

So much is Man refin'd in cruelty
 As not to make men quickly dye.
 He knows by death all pains are past.
 But as he hath the skill
 A thousand ways to kill,
 So hath he more to make pains last.

Chorus. When Beasts each other chase and then devour,
 'Tis Natures Law, necessity,
 Which makes them hunt for food, and not for pow'r:
 Men for Dominion, Art's chief vanity,
 Contrive to make men dy;
 Whose blood through wantonness they spill,
 Not having use of what they kill.

This Song being ended, a mournful Ayr is play'd, preparing the entrance of three *Peruvians*, limping in silver fetters. They are driven into the Wood by an insulting *spaniard*, with a Truncheon; then enter again loaden with *Indian* baskets full of golden Ingots, and silver Wedges, and lying down with the weight of their burthens, are raised by the blows of the *spaniard*, and fall into a halting dance, till the *spaniard* reviving their weariness with his Truncheon, drives them again into the Wood.

The Sixth ENTRY.

A *Symphony* prepares the last change of the Scene, and an Army is discern'd at distance, consisting of English and Peruvians; the Van is led by the English, who are distinguished by the Ensignes of England, and their Red-Coats. The Reer is brought up by the Peruvians, who are known by their feather'd Habits, Glaves, and Spears. There is likewise discern'd a Body of armed Spaniards, their backs turn'd, and their Reer scatter'd as if put to flight. These imaginary English Forces

Forces may seem improper, because the English had made no discovery of Peru, in the time of the Spaniards first invasion there; but yet in Poetical representations of this nature, it may pass as a Vision discern'd by the Priest of the Sun, before the matter was extant, in order to his Prophecy. This object having remain'd a while the Priest of the Sun enters.

The Sixth Speech,

Intimating their first adoration of the Spaniards when they landed, the behaviour of the Spaniards towards them, and a Prophecy that they shall be reliev'd by the English.

WE on our knees these *spaniards* did receive
 As Gods, when first they taught us to believe.
 They came from Heaven, and us o're heights would lead,
 Higher than e're our sinful fathers fled.
 Experience now (by whose true eyes, though slow,
 We find at last, what oft too late we know)
 Has all their cou'sning miracles discern'd:
 'Tis she that makes unletter'd mankind learn'd,
 She has unmask't these *spanish* dark Divines:
 Perhaps they upward go,
 But hasten us below,
 Where we, through dismal depths, must dig in Mines.

When first the valiant *English* landed here,
 Our reason then no more was rul'd by fear:
 They streight the *spaniards* Riddle did unfold,
 Whose Heav'n in caverns lies of others Gold.
 Our griefs are past, and we shall cease to mourn,
 For those whom the insulting *spaniards* scorn,
 And slaves esteem
 The *English* soon shall free;
 Whilst we the *spaniards* see
 Digging for them.

The Priest being gone, a wild Ayr is play'd, (differing from that in the First Entry) which prepares the coming in of a *spaniard* out of the Wood, loaden with Ingots of Gold, and Wedges of Silver. He makes his footing to the tune of the Instruments; and after a while he discovers a weariness and inclination to sleep, to which purpose he lies down, with his basket for his pillow. Two Apes come in from opposite sides of the Wood, and dance to the Ayr. After a while, a great Baboon enters, and joyns with them in the dance. They wake the *spaniard*, and end the Antique Measures with driving him into the Wood.

The Sixth Song,

Pursuing the Argument of that Prophecy, which foretells the subversion of the Spaniards by the English.

WE shall no longer fear
 The *spanish* Eagle darkly hov'ring here;

For though from farthest Climes he hither fled,
And spaciouſly his wings has ſpread :

Yet th' *Engliſh* Lyon now
Does ſtill victorious grow,
And does delight

To make his walks as far
As th'other e're did dare

To make his flight.

Chorus. 1 High, 2 high, 3 and high

4 Our Arrows ſhall flie,

And reach the winged for our prey.

Our Nets we'll caſt, and Sprindges lay :

The Ayr, the River, and the Wood,

Shall yield us ſport and change of food.

All in Chorus. After all our diſaſters

The proud *Spaniards* our Maſters,

When we extoll our liberty by feaſts,

At Table ſhall ſerve,

Or elſe they ſhall ſtarve;

Whiſt th' *Engliſh* ſhall fit and rule as our gueſts.

This Song being ended, an Ayr conſiſting of three Tunes, prepares the grand Dance, three *Indians* entring firſt, afterwards to them three *Engliſh* Souldiers, diſtinguiſht by their *Red-Coats*, and to them a *Spaniard*, who mingling in the meaſures with the reſt, does in his geſtures expreſs pride and fullenneſs towards the *Indians*, and pays a lowly homage to the *Engliſh*, who often ſalute him with their feet, which ſalutation he returns with a more lowly gravity; whiſt the *Engliſh* and the *Indians*, as they encounter, ſalute and ſhake hands, in ſign of their future amity.

The Fifth ACT.

Enter Houſe-Keeper, and Player.

Play. NOW we muſt have one voyage more from
Tern to *Alexandria* (which in good troth,
Is but a ſtep to ſwift imagination)
And then we may ſleep in our empty Inn
Until next Term.

Houſ.K. We have no Scene of *Alexandria*.

Play. A Canopy of State to ſhew the Maſteſty
Of thoſe who are preſented will ſerve turn.

Houſ.K. Have w'ee quoth the blind Harper,
When he wiſht to be as little ſeen as he ſaw others,
Draw 'ho!

The Scene of the Canopy where Cæsar, Anthonius, Lepidus, Ptolomy, and Cleopatra appear, and their several trains on each side of them.

play. This Vision should have been enabled too
By a short speech t'acquaint the doubtful Spectators
With *Cæsar, Antonius, and Lepidus,*
Ptolomy, Cleopatra, and their train.

Hous.K. That w'are to make this a kin to the dumb show.---

Enter the Gypsies, Men and Women.

*These are the *Gypsies* with which *Cleopatra*
Entertain'd *Cæsar*, as blind Authors say.

The Gypsies dance.

The Dance being ended, the Gypsies depart, and the Scene changes into a Parrad or Court du Guard.

Play. But where are now our *Bullies* the *Burlesquers*,
That show the wrong side of the *Hero's* outward?

Enter two Ev'nuchs.

Oh, here comes two of *Ptolemies Ev'nuchs.*

Enter Nimphidius, and another Ev'nuch.

Ev'n. You of your news *Nimphidius* are so dainty!

Nimp. If I had news, in troth I would acquaint ye.

Ev'n. Then I have some, but oh, 'tis doleful matter!

Nimp. Hab nab's the word! All castes are not *Cinque quater.*

Ev'n. *Rome* now of *Egypt* quickly will beguile us,

Tyber is come to play her pranks in *Nilus.*

Nimp. If *Tyber* brings her plund'ring base *Burgonions*,
Farewell on *Nilus* Banks our Leeks and Onions.

Ev'n. A cruel wight; whose name is *Mark Anthony*,

(So hard of heart that it is held all bony)

Is here arriv'd for love of our black *Gypsy*,

On *Cleopatra* he has cast a Sheeps-eye.

And *Cæsar* too with many a stout *Terpawling*
Landed with him and comes a *Catterwawling.*

Nimp. How she will simper, at the sight of *Cæsar*?
And oh, how trusty *Tony* means to tease her?

Ev'n. Ah fickle fortune! who would e're have dreamt this,
Rome's roaring Boys will swagger now at *Memphis.*

Nimp. Behold they come who quickly can inform us.

Ev'n. *Nimphidius*, mum, be silent as a *Dormouse.*

Enter Cæsar, Mark-Anthony, Cleopatra, Ptolomy, Anthonio
leading Cleopatra.

Nimp. There *Tony* is, our *Cleopatra* leading;
Her eyes look blew; pray Heav'n she be not breeding?

Ev'n.

Ev'n. There's *Cæsar* too, and *Ptolomy* behind him,
Proud Princcock-*Cæsar* hardly seems to mind him.

[*Exeunt* Nymph, *Ev'nuch*.]

Anth. Which is your Brother dear? I prethee shew me?
Cry mercy, Sir, are you the King *Ptolomy*?

Ptol. I am as surely he (most mighty *Tony*)
As she is my sweet Sister, and your hony.

Anth. Great *Cæsar* come, shake fists with stripling Royal,
Though *Pompey* was betray'd, this Imp was loyal.

Cæsar. Know tender *Springal* (I'll not chide but frump ye)
You play'd at Trap, when Traps were lay'd for *Pompey*.
With finger in eye his Wife had not wept here
If stead of Trapstick you then had us'd Scepter.

Ptol. When Fortune frumpish is, who e're withstood her?
Cæsar, this bus'ness makes too great a pudder:

I would not slander *Pompey* now he dead is;
Yet let me tell, what by my people said is,
You'll say the prating people fallly charge men;
But all report that *Pompey's* Barge and Bargemen
Had plunder'd *Nilus* banks till there was scarce one
Turky or Pigg left for the tyth of Parson;
Of which even *Pompey* muncht his share in Cabin,
Where, from the shore, he becken'd many a drab in:
Under the *Rose* I speak't, he was Dragon,
When he brown Damsel got, with scarce a rag on;
And came not here for rescue, but to rob us;
Yet we at last bob'd him who meant to bob us.

Cæsar. Youth, you are to young to sit in the Saddle,
And crow in a Throne, go cry in a Cradle.
Tutor should teach you to speak well of dead men,
Go learn to rob Orchard, not to behead men.
With blood of *Roman*, your *Ev'nuch* does grow fat;
Such knaves wax cruel, having lost --- you know what.
He rules the roste, but some body go call him!
I swear by Hector *Haunch*, I mean to mall him!

Cleo. Is this your *Cæsar*? tell me dearest Bunting?
I faiks I must have leave to speak of one thing.
Can he that's Cock of *Rome* be so mistaken
As thus to threaten poor *Egyptian* Capon?
I scorn, though but a Female and no *Roman*,
To meddle with an *Ev'nuch* who is no man.
When first we saw you sailing to our *Haven*,
We little thought to find your cock a *Craven*.

Anth. Peace Lamb, and be like Lamb-kine meek, and humble,
Cæsar like Wolf, will bite when he does grumble.
Where place does not itch, I seldom do rub ye,
Nay, you are strait blub'ring if I but snub ye.
If *Cæsar's* blood be up, Blade will not spare ye,
Egypt will then be in a fine quandarie.

Cleo. I'll not be scar'd, though he look ne'r so hideous,
He may go snick-up if he hates *Nymphidious*.

Anth. His stomach bears not long the wrongs he swallows,
But, if you'll not be counsell'd, take what follows.

He'd

He'll strait be all for plunder and for forage.

Cleo. *Cæsar* may spare his breath to cool his porridge ;
He'll be the worse, the more one him beseeches.

Anth. Chuck, I have done, I see you'll wear the Breeches.

Cæsar. What have I heard? shall it be said in Hist'ries,
That *Marcus Tony* squabl'd with his Mistress.

If Love be out of joynt, I'll be the Joyner,
Say son of Scepter, speak thou Monarch-Minor!
Shall Lovers fall to scratch like midnight Puffs.

Let's turn their frowns and wrath to leers and buffes.

Ptol. Most puissant Plund'rer! know the short and long is,

That all who know thee, find thy breath so strong is,

As meerly with a word it quells the mighty,

And stuns them past the cure of *Aqua-vite*.

Cleo. *Egypt*'s no fool for *Rome* to put her tricks on,

And you shall find that I can be a Vixon.

Must warbling *Ev'nuch* dye, who ne'r was sick long;

And sing short Psalm in Rope, who taught me prick-song?

Ptol. Shall he who can read, and love lessons taught her,

Be now deny'd Book, and dye for Man-slaughter?

Anth. *Cæsar*, things are not as th' World now supposes;

The case seems plain as on your Face your Nose is.

Great *Pompey* near shore, for Poultry was gaping,

Did count without Host, and so was tane napping.

Cleo. What *Ev'nuch* has done, he did for your sake then:

As *Pompey* did brew, he made him to bake then.

Cæsar. Let *Memphion* Mistress look but blithe and bonny,

On *Cæsar* smile, as she does smirk on *Tony*

Then *Ev'nuch* plump shall live, and grow still thicker,

Like Hostess fat, who sits in chair of Wicker.

Cleo. *Cæsar*, Gramercy, you now shew your breeding,

Invite him sweet heart, I pray to our Wedding.

I thought my self truly quite under hatches.

But now call Maid to bring her Queen new patches.

Bring Kirchief lac'd? I'll no more be a Mourner!

And *Cæsar*, you shall find—a friend in corner.

Anth. Great son of slaughter leers? he'd fain be at her,

I'll dash his chops, if mouth begin to water. [Enter Cornelia.]

Cæsar. Sly scowling look (though men of *Mars* ne'r mind it)

Hat black and broad, long *Cypress* down behind it,

Gown short and loose, and her hair under Pinner,

(As if locks on Cheek, were token of Sinner)

Where Bodkin is stuck in fashion so odly

As though out of zeal, Dame layd the *French* mode by.

'Mafs now I think on't, 'tis *Pompey*'s rich widow.

Anth. Of mumping *Minx*, would we were fairly rid hoe!

Cleo. Lord, how she looks? she could cut us in Collops:

Shall *Tony*, and I, fear ev'ry fat Trollops?

Like hard hearted heart she over us hovers,

As Kite watches Chickens, she watches Lovers.

Corn. What have I caught ye! how all of ye stare on't,

I'faith I'll to *Rome*, and their do your errant:

By Senate y're sent to follow your calling,

They think you are now their Enemies mauling:

Man, Woman, and Child, you chief should be killing,
 But 'stead of bombasting you are a billing
 With Queen who should be her Parish's pattern,
 Good Housewife in House not sauntering young flatern.

Cleo. Bodikins! pray why a gog Mistress Pompey?
 As high as you are; a Joan may out-jump ye,
 Be an example before y'are a Tutrefs!
 You want a Tarquin to make you a Lucreff.

Corn. Marry come up, Goodman Ptolomey's daughter,
 Faith in your Wine, I perhaps, may put Water;
 For all your new Gown, y'are but a black Gypsey,
 Sure Tony and you have drunk till y'are tipsey.
 Nay take the whole Mefs, y'have yet but a spoonful,
 I'll bate not an Ace, as Widow of Consul.

For though you now perk it, as daughter of King,
 Birlady, I'll give you as good as you bring:
 I know your back's broad enough, I'll put you to't.

Cleo. Well, Gossip, I know too the length of your foot.

Cesar. Hey for Cornelia! she's still for old Rome.

Corn. Cesar, yo'd cog now, but some wiser than some,
 Your crony and you in Egypt now flant it,
 Spending like Roysters, whilst honest ment want it.
 Leave off your hestring with Heirs whilst you fool 'um,
 And drinking Beer-glasses *super naculum*:
 Drowning of sorrow like negligent Debtors,
 Sending to Provinces short begging Letters,
 Which being deny'd, then with Armies you goe
 And take what you'll pay back to morrow to mow.

Cesar. Your Tippet's up, but Bilbo Wights ne'r mind ye,
 Turn Buckle of Girdle, wear it behind ye.

Anth. Let Gossips shake hands, and Cesar appoint her
 Some Blade that has house to make her a Joynture.
 Widow, be friends, make no more such a hot coyl;
 We'll find out rich Husband to make the Pot boyl.

Cleo. If the wound be sew'd up, I'll not unrip it,
 I'll keep my tongue in, if she'll pin down Tippet.

Cesar. Proud Pompey (whom now we never shall lack more)
 Came in at a Gate, sneakt out at a Back-dore.
 Great was the mortal, and long cock-a-hoop too,
 But down he did fall, whom all men did stoop too.
 Yet Fortune has done, but what does become her;
 In Winter w'are Hay, and Grass in the Summer.

Corn. In troth it is true! we are of that sort all!
 Then farewell sweet Pompey since thou wert mortal.

Cleo. Well said, Cornelia, I see you are heart whole,
 Hang up all care, which from Body would part Soul!
 Where are the Fidlers? what Tune shall we fix on?
 Faith, let's have the round of merry Mall Dixon.

Cesar. Call in the Fidlers but heark ye friend Tony,
 Whilst now I think on't, have you any money?
 For though in War I did bear all before me,
 Cash stays behind, and I'm fain to cry score me!

Anth. Cesar, my plunder (I speak it with sorrow)
 Is squander'd with Girles, and I'm forc't to borrow,

Yet let 'em play us but princum and prancum,
And we'll pay at last, or els we'll thank 'um.

The Dance.

Cæsar. Let's to the Ale-house go, where Tapsters know me,
Fat Hostess there wil trust; lead King *Ptolomey*.
Fiddlers will thither come, and never grumble;
In Play-house they are proud, in Ale-house humble.
Gossips shall tattle there, while tongues will wag on,
And to my *Gypsies* health I'll drink a Flaggon.

[*Exeunt.*]

Hous. K. What is all done?

Play. I, and we are undone, some body has let
Our neighbours in--- 'Night the House is e'en full,
Stop 'em! they're like to hear, if they will stay
An Epilogue, since they have seen a Play.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

EPILOGUE.

Since you at Land no more can hurry'd be,
The shifted Scene should turn us now to Sea:
Where our small Bark does strike, where we d'spy
Tow're the Admiral, with your Main-Top high.
Our Pilot-Poet should his Laurel vail,
(Which is his Flag) as low as we our Sayl.

To shew you things yet newer, we did mean
To represent a Mermaid in that Scene;
Not proudly combing, with a Comb of Gold,
Her long wet hair, till the vain wretch takes cold,
(For so she's painted by each bungling Rogue)
But in her hand an humble Epilogue;
Which thee by signs (for Mermayds seldom speak)
Should recommend to Criticks on the Deck:
And by a court'sie, should a Plaudit beg;—
Note, female fishes never make a leg.

But that's an observation by the by.
And now, methinks, I hear some ask me why
That observation's made? Our Author says
'Tis just like those which Criticks make at Plays.
He said he wisht for our sakes, not his own,
(Yet that's a charity but rarely known)
Such Audiences as learning doe forbear;
I mean, who never strive to shew it here.

This Landscchap of the Sea (but by the way)
That's an expression which might hurt our Play,
If the severer Criticks were in Town;
This Prospect of the Sea, cannot be shown:
Therefore be pleas'd to think, that you are all
Behind the Row, which men stile Portugal.
The title at our dores was that which drew
You hither by the charm of being new.
You'l spoil the jest, unless the Play succeed;
For then we may, e'en let our House indeed.

FINIS.

Q

THE

T H E
 Unfortunate Lovers.

The Prologue spoken at *Black-Friers*.

WEre you but half so humble to confess,
 As you are wise to know your happiness;
 Our Author would not grieve to see you sit
 Ruling, with such unquestion'd power, his wit:
 What would I give, that I could still preserve
 My loyalty to him, and yet deserve
 Your kind opinion, by revealing now
 The cause of that great storm which clouds his brow,
 And his close murmurs, which since meant to you,
 I cannot think, or mannerly or true.
 Well; I begin to be resolv'd, and let
 My melancholy tragick Monsieur fret;
 Let him the several harmless weapons use
 Of that all-daring trifle, call'd his Muse;
 Yet I'll inform you, what this very day,
 Twice before witness, I have heard him say.
 Which is, that you are grown excessive proud,
 For ten times more of wit, than was allow'd
 Your silly Ancestors in twenty year,
 T' expect should in two hours be given you here:
 For they he swares, to th' Theatre would come
 Ere they had din'd, to take up the best room;
 There sit on Benches, not adorn'd with Mats,
 And graciously did vail their high-crown'd Hats
 To every half dress'd Player, as he still
 Through th' hangings peep'd to see how th' house did fill.
 Good easy judging souls, with what delight
 They would expect a jig, or Target fight,
 A furious tale of Troy, which they ne'r thought
 Was weakly written, so 'twere strongly fought.
 Laught at a clinch, the shadow of a jest,
 And cry a passing good one I protest.
 Such dull and humble-witted people, were
 Even your fore-Fathers, whom we govern'd here;
 And such had you been too he swears, had not
 The Poets taught you how t'unweave a plot,
 And tract the winding Scenes, taught you to admit
 What was true sense, not what did sound like wit.
 Thus they have arm'd you 'gainst themselves to fight,
 Made strong and mischievous from what they write:
 You have been lately highly feasted here
 With two great wits, that grac'd our Theatre.
 But, if to feed you often with delight,
 Will more corrupt than mend your appetite;
 He vows to use you, which he much abhors,
 As others did, your homely Ancestors.

The

The Persons in the Tragedy.

<i>Heildebrand</i>	King of the <i>Lombards</i> .
<i>Ascoli</i>	Prince of <i>Verona</i> .
<i>Altophil</i>	A Duke and General.
<i>Rangone</i>	A Count, Captain of the Guard to <i>Ascoli</i> .
<i>Galeotto</i>	A politick stout ambitious favorite to <i>Ascoli</i> .
<i>Morello</i>	A Gentleman, and creature to <i>Galeotto</i> .
<i>Gandolphe</i>	Brother to <i>Morello</i> , Captain of the Fort of <i>Verona</i> .
<i>Rampino</i>	A young gallant Souldier, much indebted and vexed by Creditors.
<i>Brusco</i>	An old Captain his companion.
<i>Hirco</i>	A Souldier, companion to them both.
<i>Frisklin</i>	An ambitious Taylor, to whom <i>Rampino</i> owes money.
<i>Arthiope</i>	Mistress to <i>Altophil</i> .
<i>Amaranta</i>	Her Rival, daughter to <i>Galeotto</i> .
<i>Orna</i>	Cousin to <i>Amaranta</i> .
	A <i>Cartougan</i> .
	Souldiers to <i>Heildebrand</i> .
	The Guard to <i>Ascoli</i> .

The SCENE *Verona*.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter *Rampino*, *Brusco*, *Hirco*.

Ramp. **C**ome Gentlemen, I'll shew you the whole Court,
Hirco (I think) was never here before.

Brusco. Never? he takes these o'r-grown babes,
 These sucking Giants of the Guard
 For Colonels of *Switzerland*: And all
 The Ushers of the Presence for famous Leaders.

Hirco. Yes, of Women in the dark.

Ramp. Why dost thou sneak and tread so bashfully
 Behind? Come boldly on, they'll think thee else
 A City-dunn that sues for leave to arrest'em.

Brusco. He looks as if he had a black Jack under
 His Cloak, and came to beg budge at the Buttery.

Ramp. Move on, this is the Presence, Gentlemen,
 Hence is your passage to the privy Chamber,
 You should erect your fingers to your hair,
 Which being order'd thus-----or, having us'd
 You Tortoise-combes to titubate

You empty heads, you may salute those of
 But half a fortune thus but with half a face,
 The favorite with your full Body thus.

Hirco. *Rampino*, walk no farther into sight,
 Our Generals pleasure was, we should not be
 Discover'd yet, lest his arrival here

Should be made known : tis suddain and by stealth.

Enter Ascoli, Galeotto, Amaranta, who whisper together.

Ramp. Young *Ascoli* our Prince, *Brusco*, retire.

Brusco. Me thinks, since our last visit to the Camp,
He is much grown : and we, *Rampino*, who
Pursue the sullen business of the War,
Long now to shew him to the foe ; not in his
Perfume and Silks ; but in his Iron Vest.
There he must change his gentle looks, and learn
To frown ; men think his courage great.

Ramp. *Brusco*, he will make good in future Acts
Of chivalry mens best belief : he has
A nature virtuously inclin'd ; and well
The false *Galeotto* knows how to subdue
A heart unpractis'd and whose innocence
Is all the Armour of his Breast.

Brusc. Is *Galeotto* his dear favorite ?

Ramp. He is, and was a Souldier in his youth,
Having the luck of early victories,
Which rais'd him to a restless pride, such as
He since maintains by wicked arts of power ;
The horror of his thoughts oft makes him sad,
His sadness is with midnight groans attended.
But, *Brusco*, they are Mandrakes groans and still
Bode death, nor is his mirth less dangerous ;
Which, like the wanton play of Porpoises ;
Denotes a storm : he is familiar with
His foe ; but when he shakes him by the hand
Tis not in kindness but to reach his Pulse
That he may feel how soon nature would kill
Whom he hath long proscrib'd.

Brusc. What Lady's that ?

Hirco. I could lye perdue with her all night ith Snow !

Ramp. 'Tis *Amaranta*, *Galeotto's* daughter ;
The beauty of her mind shines in her face :
For she is good as fair, and more to show
Her excellence, her vertues are so great,
They overmatch his vice ; but luckless maid,
She mourns within, and loves the noble Duke,
Our General, with a distressed sad heart.

Ascol. This news hath much of joy, and somewhat too
Of wonder in't, Duke *Altophil* our General
So near the Town, stoln hither to prevent
The triumphs due to his late victory.

Galeot. It is your Highness custom to give trust
To my intelligence, and this hath truth
Enough to merit your belief ; but as
You ever have vouchas'd your help to make
Me prosperous so I now beseech you
T' assist my Daughters mourning Love. This Duke
Is high in worth, as in his blood, and may,
(When wrought by you to choose her for his Wife)
By his alliance so confirm my family.
That I shall need to fear no change of time.

Nor angry fate, but from your princely tell

Ascol. Fair *Amaranta*, do you love Duke *Altophil*?

It is a choice so excellent, as you

Shall need no blush to cover your confession.

Amar. Since, Sir, it was his virtues taught me how

To love, I hope my modesty may give me

Licence to confess it to the world.

Ascol. His judgment dwells too distant from his eyes,

If he can look on so much beauty, and

Not wish to make it his; but, gentle mayd,

I shall in this perswade him to his happiness

With all my pow'r and skill!

Amar. I cannot doubt

Your pow'r in any thing, but where I am

More justly doubtful of my own desert.

Galeot. I am the elder beggar, Sir, and by

Continual practice want no confidence,

To crave your help in all necessities.

Ascol. This, *Galeotto*, is a kindness to my self,

I long to see those Nuptials consummate,

Where each deserves so much the others love:

Let's in to make enquiry of the cause,

Why his arrival is so much conceal'd.—

[*Exeunt Ascoli, Galeotto, Amaranta.*]

Brusc. But why *Rampino*, since this Lady is

So rarely qualify'd, and being heir

To all her Fathers wealth and hopes, does not

Our General make her his Wife?

Ramp. The cause is evident: for his

Affections and his faith already are

Engag'd to beautiful *Arthiope*.

Brusc. *Arthiope*? the daughter of our old

Dead General? alas, his fame was greater

Than his fortune, for he has left her poor.

Ramp. Most true:

So poor, she was constrain'd to live conceal'd

here in *Verona*, and become ('tis thought)

Her Lovers chaste and thankful pensioner;

And you have heard what strange reports were oft

Dispers'd into our Camp of her disloyalty:

Some saucily would stile it lust, and those

Were punish'd for their loose and slippery tongues.

Brusc. It seems then, our Duke *Altophil* retains

Her still in his thoughts with's former confidence?

Ramp. She grows the faster to his heart, for he

Had strong suspicions to believe these tales were

Forg'd by *Galeotto*, who strives, it seems,

By this poor Ladies infamy, to make more

Easie way for his fair daughters love!

Hirco. How full of mischief are these wise men, *Brusco*?

Brusc. It would be long, *Hirco*, e're I could squeeze

Such another plot out of thy lean head.

Hirco. Well! gentlemen, you'll find

Our General an angry man e're night,

Take

Take that from my intelligence, though I
Receiv'd it since we came to Town ith' streets!

Brusc. How *Hirco*? come, the news?

Hirco. The Lady whom
You call *Arthiope*; this morning, was
Arrested in her chamber, by the officers
Of the *Purgation-house*, and is sent thither
To suffer for Unchastity!

Ramp. Thou art drunk *Hirco*.

Hirco. I'm sure this is the peoples language now,
And talkt on too, by children in the streets.
And more, Three witnesses (whom they believe
Brib'd and suborn'd.) have all depos'd against
Her Maiden-head; that was the phrase.

Ramp. Here will be knocks 'ere long.

Brusc. Away, let's to Saint Laurence Port, it was our
General's will we should attend him there.—— [*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter Galeotto, Morello.

Galeot. *Morello*, I'm subdu'd with thy fine arts;
Thou art as swift to execute as to
Contrive, how did our witnesses behave
Themselves when they beheld *Arthiope*?

Morel. My Lord, like faithful valiant Rogues,
Who had often o'come their consciences before;
And therefore to resist her blushes, thought
It but an easie victory. The Articles
Were many which they drew against her chastity.
All these they read and swore to in a breath,
And wish'd them longer for your Lordships sake!
Protesting their good natures checkt them, 'cause
They earn'd their mony with so little pains.

Galeot. How did the Governours of the
Severe house, digest th'employment my
Request did lay upon their gravities?

Morel. They are a kind
Of more solemn Villains, and like old Fishes
Seem'd to demur and swim about the bait
A while, e're they would catch what afterwards
They swallow'd greedily.

Galeot. I thank their tendernefs!

Morel. It seem'd at first as if her innocence
And beauty would pervert their justice to
Rebel against your Lordships power,
But then, (presuming pity was a little too
Effeminate for ancient Magistrates,)
They thought upon your Gold, and had decreed
Her to the whip, but that I interpos'd
To mitigate their purchas'd wrath!

Galeot. 'Twas safely done, for such severity
Would much exasperate her friends.

Morel. Their sentence is, she must from that
Devout chaste Colledge march, vested in white,
And with a purifying Taper in her hand
To the Cathedral Church!

Galeot. If

Galeot. If *Altophil* is true to his own honour,
Or have but any taste of wisdom
In his love, this imputation will divorce
Him from her eyes. My *Amaranta* then
Hath no impediment to terrifie her hopes;
These mischiefs make me more indebted
To my brain, in that they are obscurely laid,
And I their guilty Author am unknown.— [Enter *Amaranta*.

Amar. O, Sir, if either tears, or fervent prayers
Can move you to compassion, shew it now!
My woman (half depriv'd of breath with
Her astonishment and haste) imperfectly
Hath told me news so sad, would make a fierce
Young *Thracian* Souldier weep before his Bride.

Gal. This news were sad indeed! what is't? speak.

Amar. My vertuous Rival, poor *Arthiope*
Is in distress, she suffers shame, such vile
Abuse, as lips, well taught, will blush to utter of
Afflicted Enemies.

Gal. What's this to me?

Amar. Sir, she's guiltlessly betray'd;
I'll gage my yet unspotted fame, nay, all
The treasures of my Soul, she's innocent:
Therefore I beg you would employ your power
To take her from the rigour of the Law,
And punish those that have perverted it
To exercise their cruelty!

Galeot. Away! thou meek religious fool,
Strait to thy Closet go.

Amar. Injur'd *Arthiope*! Alas! thou canst
Not hope for truer grief than mine,
When other Virgins shall lament thy death.

[Exit.

Galeot. *Morello*! haste, dispose our spies to watch
For *Altophil*'s approach, and bring me word
To whom his earliest visits are address'd.

[Exeunt.

Enter *Altophil*, *Rampino*, *Brusco*, *Hirco*.

Altop. Hah! gone? there's treachery of State in this!
From her small solitary mansion ta'ne,
Where she liv'd cloyster'd up, cag'd like a Bird,
Forc'd thence, and by stern officers?

Hirco. what did the people say?

Hirco. Nay, I know not;
There is but little truth in what they say;
Their murmurs are but noise, uncertain, Sir,
And not to be believ'd?

Altop. Good Souldier speak;
Deal justly with my griefs, what did they say?

Hirco. Why, Sir, they talk'd as if--- pray do not hear't.
All they discourse is out of rage or drink.

Altop. I pray thee vex me not with thy o'rewise
Ill-manner'd love; Be clear; what did they say?

Ramp. *Hirco*, tell the General!

Hirco. Why, if you needs will know, 'tis given out
She was convey'd to the holy Colledge, Sir,

The

The new Purgation house, where witnesses
Have severally depos'd she was unchast.

Altoph. Blisters and rottenness consume thy Tongue,
Vain Villain, thou hast talkt away thy life. [Draws upon him.

Brusco. Oh! hold Sir, can you enforce
A slander from him, and then punish it?
Your Sword upon your Vassal too.

Hirco. If Rogues will bear false witness, can I help't;
Cause they lose their Souls, must I lose my Life?

Ramp. *Galiotto*, the great Favorite, Sir, may be,
By many arguments, suspected chief
In this conspiracy.

Altoph. Thou dost revive
My jealous fear with truth too naked, and
Too evident to be conceal'd. What is
That holy Colledge which he nam'd?

Ramp. A place to whip offenders for their lust.

Altoph. O heaven! why is your business so remote
And high, that you can take no notice of
Such wrongs as these? was such a house thought fit
To entertain *Arthiope*? you Fiends
And Furies rise, take up your dwelling here:
For all this goodly City I'll convert
Straight to one spreading flame, away.
Kill all you meet, and burn the rest that are
Imprison'd or asleep.

Ramp. Let's think of rifling first, then fire Shops after,
Though I would fain wear Silks, I do not like
Flame-colour'd Taffata.

Hirco. I'll to the Mercers straight
And fall a measuring with my Iron yard.

Altoph. Why, *Brusco*, dost thou stand so tamely now;
As if thou did'st not feel my injuries?
Draw up the scatter'd Troops that winter'd here
Since the last Siege.

Brusco. O Sir! cure your distemper with
Your wiser thoughts; the Prince you know is here,
He's gracious, and will do you right, lose not
The fame your noble youth hath justly gain'd
With one rash Act, which must be Treason call'd
And so interpreted by all the Court:

Then think what danger a comotion here
Would breed, since *Heildebrand* the Lombard King,
(Our watchful Enemy) is now within
Ten leagues strongly encamp'd—

*Enter a Carthusian, Arthiope, who is held by him, clothed in
White, a Taper in his hand, people and boys following her.*

Altoph. What means this sad and bashful spectacle?
My friends, What penitential Lady's that
You wait on with such needless courtesie?
Speak, you Sir, can you tell? are you all dumb? [They run from him
as afraid.]
Her's one whose habit promises so much
Civility as will afford me a reply. [Speaks to the Carthusian.
Pray, Sir, instruct me in this Ladies name,

And

And what's the cause she thus in penance is
Expos'd to be the publick Scorn.

Ramp. He's a *Carthusian*, and by order ty'd
To silence, Sir, he must not speak.

Altop. Sure I have had some knowledge of her face !

Arthiop. 'Tis *Altophil*, the Lord of all my Vows,
Sweet Heaven let fall a cloud and hide me in't,
That so my shame, since undeserv'd, may be
Conceal'd from all but you. I ask not for
Revenge from men, their justice I have felt
So cruel on my self, that I'll not wish
It now to those who thus have injur'd me !

Altop. Mine Eyes have been too bold ;
It is not fit they should discover her
In so much shame : But yet, it must be she.
O heart ! heart ! if ever thou wert made for love,
Thou wou'dst have brook with half that weight
Which hangs upon thee now, *Arthiope* !

Arthiop. Fly ! fly ! my Lord, and follow not this light,
It is that walking fire which in the night
Misleads the Traveller, and I, like an
Unwholesom Mist about it, needs must blast
Whom it shall tempt to wander after me.

Altop. Stay ! stay ! tis instant death to take her hence :
Though all your Tyrants of the Law were here,
They should fall down, down at her feet and hide
Their antick faces in the Earth.
Forgive me, reverend Sir, I know, in this
Your Office, you but execute some high command.
Lend me this Lady for a short discourse,
And, on my honour, I'll restore her to
Your charge : The Law shall be exactly satisfi'd. [*Takes her a sick.*]

Arthiop. Sure, *Altophil*, you lately came from Heaven ;
For this is more than humane courtesie
To own a luckless Virgin, so much lost
In sorrow and distress !

Altop. Preserve thy tears :
This is a wicked place ; such pretious drops
Should not bedew unhallow'd ground, thy infamy
Is meant to me, and thou art punish't for
My envi'd love ; it must be so, the proofs
Are too apparent that perswade my faith.

Arthiop. My sorrows will seem easie to me, though
Accompani'd with death, Such is the joy
I take, that you believe me guiltless of
A crime, which, though I blush to name, yet I
Must owne before the World
In this disgraceful punishment.

Altop. And I *Arthiope*, to vindicate
Thy fame (yet shew obedience to the Laws)
In these injurious penitential weeds,
Will lead thee boldly to that Church
To which thy penance is prescrib'd ; and there
I'll marry thee, in scorn of all the dull

Mistaken world, go on——

[*Shee kneels.*]

Arthiop. O! Sir, though I am chaste,
And to your love most strictly true, yet you
Should have respect to th' honour of your house,
Renown'd in War and foreign Courts;
How will it be defil'd when they shall hear you are ally'd
Not only unto me, but to my shame?
Which is a stain so deep and publick now,
That all my tears, though they could fall in showrs,
Will never wash away.

Altop. Go on; my resolution needs no vows!

Brusc. Where is your reason, Sir?
You that are wise enough to govern Armies in
Their rage, should have some care to rule
Your self: Though this fair Ladies truth
And vertues are sacred, and firm to our
Belief; yet in the high importance of
A Wife, you should be sure to match when not
A single doubt, though ne're so weak, could be
By envy urg'd?

Arthiop. Sir, you have borrow'd much
Of time, much have you seen, and speak from
Long experience; I know
You love your Duke; therefore in this advice
You have my thanks sincerely from my soul!

Altop. Old man, could'st thou convey thy heart into
My breast, and so possess my grief, could'st thou
With my afflicted eyes behold the great
Gonsalvo's daughter, Mistress of my life,
Disgrac'd thus, like the peoples sinful off-spring,
Here in the street: how would it stir thy blood,
When thou didst know her suffrance treacherously
Contriv'd by him, whose malice would have blasted all
Our holy vows; I'll not indure't:—burn—burn
The Town; kill, kill all you meet.——

Hirc. Rampino, raise the old Garrison i'th' Citadel.
I'll to the Sconce behind the Bridge!

Ramp. Since they affect to see a Souldiers Mistress
In a white sheet, wee'll see their wives in their
Smocks too, before night.

Brusc. Stay! stay! is this your love unto your General?
Or thirst to pillage and to blood.——

Arthiop. Sir! let me quench your anger with my tears:
Let me request you on my knees to leave
Me to mine own misfortune, and the Laws,
This dangerous act at once will violate
All your Allegiance to the Prince.

Brusc. Think on your self, and us that must depend
Upon your better hopes!

Altop. My fair white mourner rise,
You with your Priestly office, lead the way,
'Tis to the Church, she shall obey the Law.
Hold high the Taper, and move boldly on;
That injur'd *Hymen* is thy Torch, and this

My wedding-day, diswade me not, my soul
Hath vow'd it, and 'tis seal'd in Heaven, you that
Affect your General, follow, and afford
Me strait your shouts of joy. Not wealth,
Wisdom nor honour, is to me above
The fame and resolution of my love!——

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Several shouts are heard within.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Brusco, Hirco.

Brusc. **H***irco!* have you appeas'd the mutiny
Which by our Generals discontents
Were rais'd amongst his friends.

Hirc. All's quiet now;

They sadly wear their fingers in their pockets,
Which they did hope should have been exercis'd
In telling Duckets and Chiqueens.

[*Enter Rampino.*

Brusc. Rampino! 'tis suspected you bring peace!

Ramp. Two howrs I have been preaching
On a stall, to a Conventicle of courteous Car-men,
Who take ill, that in so good a cause
They might not joyn with our Cast Troops to pull
Down prophane houses and Idolatrous Churches.
But they're gone swearing, and well edified:
What news? is our General marry'd?

Brusc. Not yet.

Ramp. How? not marry'd?

Brusc. No, Sir, some civil spy, who watch'd
Which way the current of his discontents
Would run, convey'd it to the Court, and streight
The Prince himself sent to forbid the Banes.

Ramp. The Embers are but cover'd yet, I fear
When they are stir'd the fire will flame again.

Brusc. Our Duke did lead the Lady to his house;
Repair'd to Court, where the kind Prince, with
Praise and joy, receiv'd him in his open arms.

Ramp. This qualifies the heat of our affairs!

Brusc. He then sent out to seek those witnesses
That were suborn'd against his Ladies fame;
Who, being by severe enquiry found,
Were by the Prince examin'd; and a while
They justified their pretious oaths; but still
Falshood betrays it self: for when

He urg'd for names of persons, time, and place,
With doubtful terms, and words disjoynted, they
Began to stammer out their evidence;

Then *Altophil* claims leave he may present
Their worthips with an odd Engine of pleasure.

Ramp. Which courteous politicians call a Rock!

Brusc. The same and each with painful care

Was slowly, Sir, wound up. ————— [Call Guard.

Ramp. Like a huge Jack-weight by a weak sick wench!

Brusc. Right, Sir, and then they both confess'd,
That Saint *Galeotto* brib'd them to their perjury.
And know, my wanting men of War, he is
By th' Prince imprison'd in the Fort.

Ramp. Brave Prince, by this hand he shall never want.
First, I'll forgive him all my pay; then, *Hirco*,
Thou shalt lend him money!

Hirc. Excuse me, Sir,
Upon security not els; I've been
Too often bit that way already. Retire.

Enter Ascoli, Alrophil, Galeotto, who is held by the Guard.

Ascol. Though thou hast so behav'd thy self in War
(Wisely designing what thy valour wrought)
That fortune cannot boast a share in thy
Fam'd victories; yet I must chide thee *Altophil*,
Since being mine, and in my bosom lodg'd,
Thou to a beauty hast thy freedom given,
E're my consent had said thy power was free,
To give thee from thy self, or else from me.

Altop. Sir, I have askt your pardon, and believe
My joys you did a litle lessen with your frowns,
To make them by your kindness now more full.

Ascol. This separation will be short, for since
Your Mistress *Innocence* is by her false
Accusers clear'd to the suspicious world,
Your Nuptials I will celebrate, with all
The glory I can add to th' triumph of
A friend; and you, *Galeotto*, shall receive
Such punishment, as will declare
My justice equal to your crime.

Galeot. Sir, I confess your favour list'd me
To hope allyance with the noble Duke;
Which had I lawfully contriv'd; perhaps
Th'ambition had not much been blam'd?
I am too justly lost; yet I'll not beg
Forgiveness of your Laws, but of your self,
And next my Lord of you; be pleas'd to think
The wrongs were not of malice, but of pride.

Altop. Not the Diel himself with his long practice
Had the skill to lay on me so great a wrong,
But I could pardon it; unless when thus
I see the vertue of my Mistress stain'd,
Betray'd to penance too; that was a deed
The most cruel would sooner blush at than commend!

Galeot. Then I'll provide to suffer, and to scorn
That fate, I cannot alter with my prayers!

Ascol. Thou once the health, art poyson now to sight;
'Tis wholesomer to look upon the Basilisk;
Perfidious to my friend! but where's *Rangone*,
Who went to fetch your Mistress *Altophil*?
I never saw her yet, trust me you are
A cunning Lover, that so long conceal

The beauty you admire.—

Enter Rangone, Arthiope, richly attir'd.

Rangon. Madam! your sweetness doth deserve the best
Of joys, and I have brought you where they are.

Ascol. What light is this, which e're the day is spent
Breaks like a second morning to our eyes?

All other beauty seems but like a shade.

Rang. You sent me for this Lady, Sir, will you
Not speak to her? see where she kneels!

Ascol. O! rise! if I have trespass'd by neglect,
Forgive in pard'ning me, your beauty too,
Which forc'd my wonder to adore a while
What I (perhaps) by rules of courtesie
Should first salute.

Arthi. Sir, though I never fear'd my stock
Of modesty so small, that I could want
It for my necessary use; yet I
Shall need to borrow blushes, if you lay
More beauty to my charge than I dare own.

Ascol. Where have I liv'd that I could never
Hear sweet musick until now? O *Altophil!*
I find the treasure of thy love so great,
That were it mine, I should not blame
The envy of a friend, since from excess
Of judgment, when it values things at full,
Our envy grows.

Altop. What means the Prince?

Ascol. Was the thought fit
T'indure the rigour of perverted law?
Convey that Traitor hence, and never more
Presume to set thy treacherous foot upon
The confines of my Land!

Arthi. If you'll vouchsafe to make my mercy an
Example, Sir, to yours, I shall forgive
His cruelty.

Ascol. It were an injury to Heaven;
Away, when next in my dominions I behold
Thy loathed face, thy life is forfeited.

Galeot. Sir, I presume you'll think my daughter had
No share in my acknowledg'd crime, therefore
It were not like your usual justice, she
Should suffer in my punishment.

Ascol. She is too good for thy society:
Her virtues shall preserve her still.

Galeot. Peace crown you here, and victory abroad.—

[Exit with the Guard.]

Ascol. Know, *Altophil*, I have no thoughts which are
So secret to my self, but I dare trust
Thy knowledge with them, and rest safe.
Why then should thy intentions or desires
Be hid from me? I fain would know thy
Thoughts, thy private thoughts.
Will you discover 'em my *Altophil*?

Altop. Sir, I was born to follow your commands:

Ask what you please; if I want knowledge how
To satisfy your doubt, I'll study to know more.

Ascol. Is it decreed by the resolv'd authority
Of Heaven, (which no mediation here on earth
Can e're diswade or alter) that you needs
Must marry fair *Arthiopa*?

Altop. I lookt for comfort, Sir,
From your consent, not trouble from your doubts.

Ascol. Is it inevitable then, as the
Conjunctions of the pow'ful Planets are;
Speak, must it be? Is it decreed?

Altop. It is: and naught can alter it but death.

Ascol. How hardly then hath nature dealt with us:
For we are Prisoners all; all circumscrib'd,
And to our limits ty'd: the fortunate,
And luckless, are alike; for thou art with
As strict necessity unto thy happiness
Confin'd, as others to their evil fate.

Altop. To be her Prisoner, Sir, is more than
To be free: nor can I wish my bondage off,
Whilst I am fetter'd in her arms.

Ascol. You'll give me leave
To try how far your Mistress hath engag'd
Her faith, and not be jealous, *Altophil*.

Altop. I'll trust such vertue with mine enemy.

[*Ascoli withdraws with Arthiopa.*]

Where is a Lovers wealth? what joy
Is there of beauty, when conceal'd, more than
Of Jewels in the dark? and when reveal'd
We stand the hazard of anothers claim.

Rang. I do not like this alteration in the Prince,
If he doth love, I fear it is too late.

Ascol. Oh do not promise so much comfort in
Your looks, and in your language, breathe despair;
'Tis like fantastick *April*, that e're while
With gawdy Sun-beams smil'd upon the Spring,
And in a minutes space gathers a black
Thick clowd about his brow to make a storm;
Have you no pity left?

Arthi. My pity, Sir, you'll hardly entertain;
Since it must come alone without relief!

Ascol. Why were you trusted with such beauteous wealth,
And make such hasty bargains for your self?
Could you have skill to know the value of
Your love, and give it all away at once?

Arthi. Sir, I beseech you do not urge me
To deny, what in your gentle clemency
You should forbear to ask; Heav'n made my vows,
And they are *Altophils*.

Ascol. No more, my trespass, I'll decline, though I
Augment my griefs, my *Altophil*, farewell; [*Takes him by the hand.*]
When thou dost hear I'm sick; think what disease
Arthiopa's neglect might once have bred
In thee, then mourn me at that rate;

Rangone follow me.

[*Ex. Alcol, Rangone.*]

Altophil. I'm as unfortunate as she is fair.

But yet the Prince is noble, and he may
Digest this fit that shakes him out of frame:

These Gentlemen have shar'd with me the sharp

Calamities of War; give them your hand. [*Brusco. Ramp Hire.*]

Take care my valiant friends here in the Town; *kiss her hand.*]

You give example of a sober discipline. [*Exeunt Altophil, Arthiopa.*]

Brusc. A rare Creature.

Ramp. No sweet meat in the World
Is like the Conserve of a Ladies hand.

Hirco. She'll think ot'h *Hircos* this Twelvemonth by way
Of a full bus; I laid it roundly on.

Ramp. You come after me, and kiss but her Wrist;
Her hand was melted before into my mouth, ah! [*Enter Frisklin.*]

Brusc. What Planet-struck. [*Ram. spies him and falls back.*]

Hirco. 'Tis his Tayler, he owes him money.

Ramp. How did the Rascal find me out? I shift
My lodging as often as conveniently

I can remove my Trunks; thrice in two days;
Would's needle stuck a cross his Throat.

Frisk. Signior *Rampino*——

Ramp. Signior *Frisklin*—— I thought it should be you.

And how dear heart, and how, how does thy Wife?

My god-Son too at Nurse, I've a Silver Whistle

For him, tis coming in the Generals Waggon.

Frisk. All well Signior. But do the Wars thrive Sir?
Is there any money stirring?

Ramp. Some of us have had some plunder in private:
And keeping the Kays of other mens Trunks
Can know a Ducket from a Doyt. We have
Mauld King *Heildbrand*.

Frisk. We hear he is incamp'd some Ten leagues hence.

Ramp. Yes, we have put him to his Sallades, like
A faucy Frog on another mans Meadow.

Frisk. Signior there's an old debt!

Ramp. Do'st think I have forgot it? I prethee
What skirt's in fashion now; the Jacket-way,
Down to the hams?

Frisk. Eight Sir, and short. But Sir the debt is long.

Ramp. I, I, with all my heart; how are their Cloaks?
A Square full Cape.

Frisk. Just as you left e'm, Sir,
Would you would think upon your debt.

Ramp. Do'st think I do not; I prethee bring me but a pattern of
A Field Coat, I'd wear it loose. I pray Gentlemen know my
Friend; believ't I'd rather see him sit cross-leg'd then any
Man in *Lombardy*; his Thimble on, and's Needle thus——
He'll run a tilt through cloath two inches thick.

Brusc. Is he so excellent? he shall make my Cloaths.

Hirco. And mine too if he please.

Frisk. Have they any sorts, Sir, are they well stor'd?

Ramp. A brace of rich close curmudgingly fellows.
Thou see'st they care not what their outside is,

So their pockets be well lin'd.

Frisk. It seems they are a little careless, Sir, indeed.
Where is your Lodging now?

Ramp. It may be in my Summer Mansion near
The Palace-yard, till six a clock at night,
But then I must remove; the Fidlers do
So often waken me with their grating Grydirons,
And good morrows, I cannot sleep for them;
I'll send thee word where I shall fix.

Frisk. And you'll remember, Sir, my bill?

Ramp. Dost think I'll fail?
I prethee bring thy Weights along with thee,
We may chance wrangle els about light Gold!

Frisk. Y'are welcome, Sir, to Town.

Ramp. Away, lest we be vext again with new
Solicitors for the old Cause.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter Galeotto, Gandolpho, Morello.

Galeotto. Is *Amaranta* sent for by the Prince?

Morello. She is, but for what cause I could not learn;
My Brother, whom your former bounties have
Prefer'd, and late made Captain of the Fort,
Is come, Sir, to bewail your miseries,
And to make proffer of his service to you.

Gandol. My Lord from low deservings you have rais'd
Me to the best command, this place affords
A Souldiers hope, but if my life can pay
Your bounty, I will keep it for that use.

Galeot. Your Natures are so thankful, Gentlemen,
For little courtesies, that I am taught,
If ever I can reach my former power,
T'oblige my friends with greater benefits.

Morel. My Lord, your wisdom hath the skill to cure
Distempers, stronger than your fortune feels.

Galeotto. The Princes favour turns to a disease
When our ambitious greediness he seeds,
Till it does surfeit with his love: and still
The medicine for that sickness we apply
Like Weapon-salve, not to our selves but him,
Who was the Sword, which made the Wound; and this
State medicine is our seeming industry,
When with false cares resembling false alarms,
We him of dangers warn when none are near;
Whilst tutors wake, we, with our undisturb'd
Authority, sleep safely and at ease,
And, to content our selves, the world displease.

Morel. *Gandolpho*, these wise lectures shew a brain
Which will preserve him, spite of pow'r; my Lord,
My Brother is your own, and we will share
The hazards of your fortune.

Galeotto. The Captain hath a valiant Soul, and I
Perhaps shall use him in a dark design,
Which with success may richly pay his love.

Gandol. When of my faith you are most confident,
You can't expect so much as I'll perform.

Galeot. Enough

Galcot. Enough, *Morello*, Sir, shall undertake
For my belief to all you dare
Make promise of, if you will please to bring
Me to the Port, where now the remnant of
My time constrains me to a short farewell,
I'll breathe my love, and business to you both.

[*Exen.*]

Enter *Altophil*, *Arthiope*.

Altop. The Count *Rangone* from the Prince is at
My Gates, and happily arriv'd I hope;
For though we live as in a Covent here,
You as my Nun, to morrow may proclaim
This house a Court, and you my cheerful Bride.

Arthiop. The frowns of Heaven are to the vertuous like
Those thick dark Clouds, which wand'ring Seamen spy,
And often shew the long expected Land
Is near.

[*Enter Rang. Amar. her face Vail'd*]

Rang. Felicity and everlasting fame
Betide the Noble General: thus I
Am bid salute you from our gracious Prince.

Altop. I am the Creature of his Power and Will.

Rang. I with this gentle greeting, must present
The richest treasure Nature in her last
Declining stock of beauty could afford
The world; behold it and admire — [Unveils, *Amar. who weeps.*
Her Eyes dissolving thus in tears, should teach
Your heart to melt, for know, most cruel Lord,
She chafely has lamented for your love.

Altop. Alas! unlucky Maid! how can your griefs
Expect comfort from him, who knows not how
He can redress his own?

Amar. Yet, Sir, I hope 'tis in your
Power to excuse th' unwilling error of
My modesty; I surely am the first
Sad Lady that has been constrain'd to seek
Her Lover, and then woo him too; but 'tis
The Prince hath forc'd me hither to nourish my
Affection with your sight, which else
Had been conceal'd, and with your shadow fed.

Arthio. Fair *Amaranta* I must needs lament
The malice of your fortune, though
My pity shews unkindness to my self.

Rang. Sir, my Commission is to ask, if you
Can love, and entertain this Lady for
Your wife; and our kind Prince, besides the forfeited
Possessions of her Fathers wealth, will to
Her Dowry add honours, and Lands until
You share his dignity.

Altop. Too soon this am'rous Riddle is resolv'd;
He has design'd this Lady for my wife,
To make his way more easy to *Arthiope*.

Arthio. O! *Altophil*! were I not well
Instructed in your loyalty, how soon
Her beauty and these soothing hopes, would send
Me cold into the Arms of Death?

§

Altop. Sir,

Altop. Sir, you must carry to the Prince, what I
Ne're us'd to send; a harsh denial of
His sute; which give me leave to say, is too severe.

Amar. How am I lately hard'ned with the use
Of sorrows, that I thus can listen to
My angry doom, and live?

Rang. Summon your wife
And kinder thoughts, and send such answer back,
As I may joy in the delivery;
And soon procure a mutual happiness.

Altop. To court me to a better knowledge of my bliss,
Than I already understand,
Were but a vain attempt; I am resolv'd
Within the chaste embraces of these arms,
To live or dye.

Amar. My ears have forfeited their faculty;
Why should they still preserve their sence, that could
Not for a while be deaf, but needs must hearken
To my evil fate?

Rang. Sir, pardon my obedience to my Prince,
For I must execute a harsh command.

You of the Guard lay hold upon the Duke. [*Enter Guard and seize*

Altop. Fear not, *Arthiope*; some joy remains *Altop.*
Yet in the hope they will not sever us.

Rang. She is my Prisoner, Sir,
And must to Court, whilst you and *Amaranta* stay
Confin'd together in this house.

Altop. O cruel Prince!

Arthi. Left we should courage have t'expect an end
Of our calamities, this way was found
To make us yet more certain of despair.

Rang. In this, Sir, you perceive the intricate,
And pow'rful influence of love, which doth
Pervert most righteous natures to attempt
Unjust designs. His God-head is not fully known,
And all his mysteries but imperfectly
Are taught: for I am charg'd to say this new
Constraint is but the first experiment
To try if you to *Amaranta* can

Pay equal love for hers, and fair *Arthiope*
Will to the Prince return th'affection which
The truth of his may challenge as a debt?

Arthi. O, my true Lord, shall we never meet again,
And interchange the story of our loves,
Which still we found so like, as if we two
Had but one heart, wherein we gave them forms?

Altop. 'Twere sin to have no hope, we'll change
Our staves, for there are many more will
Gladly take protection of our Loves.

Rang. My time was limited; your Mistress is
Become my charge, and must to Court.

Arthi. Sir, give me leave but to salute this Lady,
Whose friendship, though of noble worth, I shall
Too soon receive, too soon (I fear) forsake;

You, gentle *Amaranta*, must enjoy
Your blessed habitation here, here with my Lord,
Whom I would fain commend, not to
Your care, but your neglect, for know,
We in our Virgin bashfulness esteem
Solicitation, and address a more
Undoubted sin than our disdain.

Amar. Madam! I'm here a prisoner too, and will
Expect, like others, in harsh times distress,
His pity, not relief; I'll hope for that,
If you'll permit it without jealousy.

Arthi. Preserve me in your kind remembrance, *Altophil.*

Altop. What other use have I of memory?

Arthi. Sir! I am loth to leave this Lady here,
Imprisonment is cruel to a Mayd;
Was it the Princes will she needs must stay?

Rang. Yes, I receiv'd it in a strict command.

Arthi. In pity, *Altophil*, I'll hide mine eyes;
For though they have unhappy been to me,
Yet I to them will not so cruel be
As to permit, they heedful view should take
Of all thy love, and must at once forsake. [*Exeunt Rang. Arthi.*]

Altop. Since, *Amaranta*, we are here inclos'd,
And I must learn to wooe with love impos'd;
Let us contrive a way of wooing so,
That from constraint love may to freedom grow.
Our mortal love (which narrowly extends
No farther than life's lease, and quickly ends)
We will draw out to vast eternity;
But to begin that progress, we must dy.

ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter Brusco, Rampino, Hirco, their Swords drawn, a noise of
Drums first heard afar off.*

Ramp. **A**Ll's lost, the Town's surpris'd, we are betray'd,
And by the Traitor *Galeotto* sold to *Heildebrand*
The *Lombards* King; to whom *Morello* (false
As his false Lord) gave in the darkest hour,
Of night, a secret entrance through the Western Port.

Hirco. No hope is left? the Citadel's betray'd.

Brusco. Past all recovery? *Gandolpho*, he
Who was prefer'd to the command of it
Some two hours since, by the false favourite;
Has, like a treacherous Coward, sold it to
The *Lombards* King, who hath not overcome
But stoln us to captivity.

Ramp. What drowsie ignorance possess'd the Prince
To trust, with such important power, one whom
He knew a Subject to that Villains will?

Brusc. I, there his reason shew'd her self bewitch'd,

When he had banisht *Galeotto*, and
Incens'd his very soul to all malignity,
That his invenom'd gall could e're produce;
Then to put trust in those he had prefer'd?

[Enter Rangone.

Rang. O Gentlemen! to what unseasonable use
Doe you advance your Swords, as if you meant
To make the furious Victor sport? when we
Are so much past the likelihood of help,
That all resistance you can shew, is but
To hasten now the slav'ry of your lives!

Brusc. If Channels must o'reflow with blood;
Their veins, who come to empty ours, shall open too.

Ramp. Why should we calmly dye, as if we meant
To breathe our fighting Souls out in our sleep,
Departing with less noise than men who dream
They dye? let's venture to regain the Fort.

Hirco. Well if we must fall, it is as good
We do it climbing, as thus standing still.

Rang. Your forces are too weak, 'tis fortified
Already with two Regiments of *Switz.*
I know you think I am as much inclin'd
To hazard, as that man, who dares the most
In glory or revenge: but this attempt
Will only serve t'incense stern *Heildebrand*,
Against our Prince and *Altophil*; who with
Arthiopa are prisoners now, and given
To *Galeotto's* power, as a reward
First promis'd him to purchase his lost faith.

Brusc. The Prince, our General, and his Mistress too;
All ta'ne? the destinies are grown too cruel,—— [Drum afar off.
Stand close, and make this passage good.

Enter *Heildebrand*, *Galeotto*, *Morello*, *Gandolpho*, *souldiers.*

Heil. What furious fools are these, who being but
A scatter'd remnant of discourag'd strength,
Presume defiance still, when all the rest
Have safely yielded to our power? Bid them
Submit, and give their weapons up.

Galeot. Why, Gentlemen, will you thus vainly tempt
A danger from his wrath, who still forbears
Destruction where his mercy is implor'd?
Present him your unprofitable swords,
And I'll procure a full assurance of
Your lives and liberties.

Rang. Kindness sounds harshly from a Traitors tongue,
If you had still been loyal to your Prince,
Such mediation had been out of use.

Galeot. This language is too bold; it does denote
Your anger great, and your discretion small:
But such untimely choler, know, I can
As easily forgive as scorn; and will
Advise you by submission, to enjoy
Your lives, and to continue free.

Morel. The counsel that he gives you is
Not fit to be refus'd.

Gandol.

Gandol. You, brothers of the Camp, is it not better
To live and spend your pay, when you can get it,
Than dye, and hav't laid out in Funeral plums?

Heilde. If y'are in love with death, we can afford
It you with taking but a little pains; if you'll
Deserve to live, you shall enjoy the same
Conditions we afford the Town; be free,
And still protected by your former laws;
But first yield up your Swords.

Brusc. Our swords are all our wealth, take those away
And we are left to poverty and shame.

Heil. Your grant already hath allow'd our Citizens
The preservation of their Lands and Goods.

Ramp. Shall Souldiers fare worse than dealers in small wares?

Heil. The tribute of your arms we'll but possess
Till night, and then, on the honour of a King,
They shall be all restor'd.

Rang. In our resistance, Gentlemen, vainly
We give away our lives; let us preserve
Them rather for our Princes future use.

Brusc. Since 'tis decreed, make answer as you please.

Rang. Upon your Kingly word we yield!

Heil. Disarm, and lead them to the Citadel,
Where, when you have enroll'd their names, take care
That our engagement be made good. [*The Souldiers take away their*

Ramp. I pray look to the Ribband on the hilt, *swords.*]
It was a Widows favour. *Exit Rang. Brusc. Ramp. Hirc. souldiers.*

Heil. Where, *Galeotto*, are your prisoners?

Galeot. Safely confin'd in my own house, and now
(Great Sir) according to your Royal grant,
I crave the full disposing of their lives.

Heil. Take our consent, we cannot lessen what
At first our bounty did assure; but then
Your secret promise must be straight perform'd.

Galeot. At night, or let me forfeit all your trust.

Heil. Lead to the City-Senate, that we may
Receive their homage, and confirm their Laws.
Still wear your secret promise in your thoughts.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Amaranta, Phoebe.

Phœb. Madam, your litle Cousin, *Orna*, is
Without, and comes to visit you.

Amar. Attend her in.

[*Exit Phoebe.*

This dreadful storm of War has frighted her.
Can childhood, in a Cloyster bred, fear danger;
Not being grown to the unhappy sence
Of love neglected and disdain'd.

[*Enter Orna.*

Orna. How doe you, Madam?

Amar. Alas, sweet Cousin, you look pale.

Orna. We have been praying all night in the Nunnery
For fear of the Souldiers.

Amar. The Souldiers will not hurt ye.

Orna. I hear they are cruel black men, Cousin.

Amar. Fear nothing, you are safe.

Orna. I dare stay any where but in the dark.

Amar.

Amar. You come in season hither ; prethee sing
That Song which *Gartha* taught thee e're she dy'd.

Orna. I'm out of breath.

Amar. Pause and recover it.

The Song.

Orna. Run to Loves Lott'ry ! Run, Maids, and rejoyce :
When, drawing your chance, you meet your own choice ;
And boast that your luck you help with design,
By praying cross-leg'd to old Bishop Valentine.
Heark, heark ! a Prize is drawn, and Trumpets sound !

Tan, ta, ra, ra, ra !

Tan, ta, ra, ra, ra !

Heark Maids ! more Lots are drawn ! Prizes abound.
Dub ! dub a, dub a, dub ! the Drum now beats !
And, dub a, dub a, dub, Eccho repeats.
As if at night the God of War had made
Loves Queen a skirmish for a Serenade.

Haste, haste, fair Mayds, and come away !

The Priest attends your Bridegrooms stay.

Roses and Pinks will be strewn where you go ;

Whilst I walk in shades of Willow, Willow.

When I am dead let him that did slay me,

Be but so good as kindly to lay me

There where neglected Lovers mourn,

Where Lamps and hallow'd Tapers burn,

Where Clerks in Quires sad Dirges sing,

Where sweetly Bells at burials ring.

My Rose of youth is gon,

Wither'd as soon as blown !

Lovers go ring my knell !

Beauty and Love farewell !

And left Virgins forsaken

Should, perhaps, be mistaken

In seeking my grave, Alas ! let them know

I lye near a shade of Willow, Willow.

Enter Page.

Page. Madam, your Father expects you in the Garden.

Amar. I fear his pity of me will undo him.

Orna. I pray desire him to speak to the King,
That the Souldiers may leave drumming. I'm sure
We can't sing Matins for 'em in the Nunnery.

Amar. Come Cousin, I will teach you grief betimes,
Lest when your growth admits of love, it then
Should meet you unprepar'd.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Ascoli, Altophil, Arthiope, their arms bound.

Ascol. My fall from Sov'reign title and command,
My loss of that which nature worst can miss,
Delightful liberty ; thus being bound
And sold, like a cheap slave ;
Not all these sufferings make me mourn so much,
As did that separation when I
A while divided you from each others sight,

Yet

Yet when I saw your faiths were both oblig'd,
And to your virtues knit, then, *Altophil*,
I did resign my nuptial hopes, and gave
Her loyalty the praise, and reverence due
Even to a Saint.

Arthi. Your usage, Sir, I have confess'd,
Was noble, though unfortunate, and I
Shall scarce find tears enough left to
Lament my own Captivity! when I
Behold my mourning Lords and yours.

Altop. Would there were here
Some flowry bank, shaded with Cypress:
Ewe and Sycamore, whose melancholy brow
Hung o're a little discontented brook,
Which murmur'd still, as if it wisely knew
It travell'd to some River that must soon
Convey it to the Sea; where they would both,
Involv'd with troubled waves, be lost. Here we
Would sit, comparing mighty Courts to greater Seas,
Where Lovers like small Rivolets are vex'd
A while and then o'rewhelm'd. A rural residence
Near Woods and Meads, though it be humble, is
The place where we might love, and be secure.

Arthi. Why then did my too valiant Father, and
Your self, disquiet all the peaceful world
With hunting after fame? loaden and crush'd
In heavy Armour for the chase of it;
Toying to get us so much eminence
As since has ruin'd our content? oh that
We first had met in Shepherds homely weeds!

Altop. I, my *Arthi*ope, or that we now
Might so enjoy our liberty; then if
Ambition did inflame my thoughts to aim
At victories, I should not combat for a Crown,
But wrestle for some Chaplet wreath'd by you.

Ascol. How kindly I
Should take it from the Celestial pow'rs, if they
Would make your ayrie wishes real truths;
And me some Neighbouring Villager, who came
Gladly to wonder at your loves, and court
The beauties of your Mistress mind, my *Altophil*,
Such Rivalship is noble, though 'tis new.

Enter Galeotto, Gandolpho, Morello, souldiers.

Altop. Appear, and let thy rage inflict her worst;
How weak, dull Traitor, all thy mischiefs are,
Who canst invent no other punishment
To quit thy Daughters still neglected love,
But what we'll suffer, and embrace with scorn.

Ascol. Perform thy malice; come, that we may
Smile to think how after ages will record
Thy deeds in scornful proverbs to express
Disloyalty.

Arthi. And Maids, when they but hear thy name,
Shall cross themselves in superstitious fear.

Morel. These

Morel. These are but crabbed **Complements**
To him who has your lives at his **Command.**

Galeot. Right Sir, if I could easily remove
My gall from off my Liver to my Heart;
But now I take no joy in bitterness:

Thus I requite their wrath, unbind them streight. [*Souldiers un-*

Altop. How's this? what may this courtesie portend? [*bind them.*]

Galeot. Wast not your wonder, Sir; it is no dream.

Altop. His sinful Nature is converted sure?

Galeot. Now being all made free, you *Altophil*,
And fair *Arthiope*, have but exchang'd

These Fetters, to be joyn'd in everlasting Bonds;

Start not, they are but Matrimonial Cords;

And easie to be worn, though ne're untid:

Such Manacles you'll gladly enter in.

Arth. My prayers did find the nearest way to Heaven:
How quickly they were heard?

Altop. Those stains are all

Wip'd off, which did disfigure thee, thy brow

Is quite unwrinkled, and is grown so smooth,

That thou wilt hardly know it in thy Glass.

Ascol. *Galeotto*! this restores thee to my kind
Esteem again; whilst I behold their happiness,
I can forgive thy Treason unto me.

Galeot. Convey those Lovers to their Bridal-Chamber,
And let the Cerimonial rites be such as I directed.

Altop. Come my *Arthiope*, gladness must leave
No room for Virgin-blushes in thy Cheeks. [*Ex. Morel. Altop. Arthi.*]

Ascol. Is my employment void, must I not go
And help to Celebrate this blessed hour?

Galeot. No Sir, you have a greater business of your own,
And may be thought as happy too,
If you will prove as wise in your consent,
As I am kind in what I streight shall offer.

Ascol. Instruct me better what you mean.

Galeot. You see how your most rigorous doom upon
My person and my wealth, enforc'd me to
Such ways in my revenge, as since have made
Me apt for more ambitious hopes than those
I lost: This froward Duke held my alliance in
Disdain: Now he is more in my contempt;
For you (his master, Sir,) I think
Fitter t'imbrace my daughter as a wife.

Ascol. There's mystery in this discourse!

Galeot. 'Tis easie Sir, when you conceive, that I
By marriage have remov'd *Arthiope*,
From your possession.

Ascol. But I have made a vow
Since she severely did refuse the first
Most Lawful passions that I ever felt,
All other beauty shall appear too late,

Galeot. Those are rash vows, which lovers
In despair, or Choler make.

Consider, this perform'd, my power with *Heildebrand*

May keep you yet in your dominions free,
Some little yearly tribute being paid.

Ascol. It is not in your power to force my love?

Galeot. Sir, if I should, it were but justice, and
Divine; since in my absence you conspir'd
T'inforce the Duke to make my daughter his,
That your desires might suffer no impediment,
When they should court *Arthiope*.

Ascol. Thou rudely dost awake

Those thoughts, which tain would sleep; I'll hear no more.

Galeot. Go! bind him then! and lead him where he was
Before restrain'd; you shall have time to meditate
And make your resolutions of more worth.

Gandol. My Lord! I'll watch him like your Sentinel.

Ascol. Slave! dost thou use me as fond Children do
Their Birds, shew me my freedom in a String;
And when thou'st play'd with me a while, then pull
Me back again, to languish in my Cage?
This insolence will make thee chief in Hell——

[*Exeunt:*

Enter Hirco, Frisklin.

Frisk. Well, this is a good King, the Laws shall have
Their course; it matters not who Reigns, as long
As every one may come by his own! if
Signior *Rampino* pay me not, I can
Arrest him now.

Hirco. Signior *Frisklin*, y'are in the right.
For thus to faill his day, is a most vild thing.
Heaven will ne'ar bless him.

Frisk. Never, 'tis impossible he should come to good
That fails his day. Heaven keep my friends
From failing of their day!

Hirco. Who would have thought, 'thad bin so great a sin?
But the truth is, I n'er studi'd the Casuists.
All that I read is in the Muster-book.

Frisk. But as you told us, Sir, is he so great
Already with the King?

Hirco. Upon my honour he sent him just now
A Sword for a Present, and this to me,
Because I am his friend!

Frisk. Yours (Seignior) is not very rich!

Hirco. No, a plain Vandal hilt, 'twas his great Grandfires. [*Enter*
I've told your friends here, how much you are *Ram.*]
In favour now at Court, and they rejoice
Kindly at it. Bear up, and make it good.

Frisk. Sir, we have reason to be glad, I pray
How cam't about? may we learn a little
Of the state devices?

Ramp. Troth partly merit, for you know
I wear my cloaths as well as another man;
Besides I had the luck to be most near
Akin to him who did betray the Fort.

Frisk. Ah! Signior! if you could have betrai'd it
Your self, then we had been all made.

Ramp. Well! there's no time lost, we may have occasion

To betray somewhat hereafter ; men that
Will rise, must not be tender of
Their labour and good will!

Frisk. Signior! y'are in the right:
For if we labour in our Calling, Heaven
Will help us to betray something or other
For our good.

Ramp. Signior *Frisklin*, I owe you
For much profitable counsel.

Frisk. I, Sir, and mony for other things!

Ramp. We'll talk of that anon.
It shall cost me four Duckets but I'll
Get thy Picture, and by thy side I'll have
Young *Tony*, thy Son drawn too,
Eating of Cherries in a green Coat.

Frisk. Signior! this was the day you promis'd me?

Ramp. I, d' you hear, you shall work for the King.

Frisk. Who: I Sir. Alas.

Ramp. Come, it must be so, his Taylor dy'd this morning.

Frisk. I pray Signior.

Hirco. 'Tis very true,
He fell mad with studying of new fashions.

Frisk. I shall be thankful if you'll use your pow'r.

Ramp. You can i'th long vacation every year
Travel to *Paris*, and instruct your self
In the newest mode and the best cut?

Frisk. I have a Brother lives there, Sir. He is
A Shoo-maker, and lately sent me Post
A pattern of the finest Spur-leathers;
'Twas so admir'd at Court.

Ramp. Write for him straight he shall be prefer'd too,
If he be known so trim at's payring knife,
He cannot miss th' reversion of that place.

Frisk. If the house of the *Frisklin*'s rise, your Sons
Sha'not want. They shall be Pages, Sir, to mine.
Signior, my Money's due since *Lammis* last.

Ramp. I'm studying to prefer your wife
At Court: if she will chuse any employment
In the Queenside, her hopes stand fair, the Queen
Lies in at *Mantua*: let me see ——— what think
You of a Rockers place to the young Prince.

Frisk. Why truly, Sir, if she may carry my
Small Son along, I would be loth to leave him
Behind in a lone house.

Ramp. You must by him a new hat, and d'you hear
Let him abstain from Ginger-bread, 'twill spoil
His growth.

Frisk. A litle, Sir, on holy days.

Ramp. You will be self will'd.

Frisk. He always had a care of my Son.

Ramp. You may visit me tomorrow
And know more.

Frisk. I'll bring my measure with me. 'Tis two years
Since I wrought for your Worship!

Ramp. Do,

Ramp. Do, do, farewell! *Hirco* make haste, and shift the Air;
There's nothing so unwholsom, after fasting,
As the breath of Creditors.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Morello, *Altophil*, *Arthiope*.

Altoph. Rich *Persian* Hangings, *Venetian* Tapers, the Bed too
Of *Italian* Nuns embroidery, purld and imbo's'd.

Galeotto shews his bounty great to deck
Our Bridal Chamber, with such foreign pomp;
But where's the Priest, who with his holy words
Should make us fit to enter here?

Morel. Roasting the Pig he receiv'd in his last Tythes.

Altoph. Your mirth is somewhat strange: does it become you?

Morel. How little are you practis'd in the affairs
And souls of men, to think this sumptuous Bed
Within, and Furniture could entertain an Enemy?

Altoph. For whom was it prepar'd?

Morel. For mighty *Heildebrand*, the *Lumbard's* King,
Who, when he gave the Prince and you to be
Obedient Pris'ners to my Masters will,
Receiv'd a promise that th'ensuing night,
He should enjoy this Lady in his Arms.

Arthio. Ay me! what prodigies are here?

Altoph. Villain, take that for thy intelligence. [Strikes him.]

Morel. So fierce in your rewards! What hoa! seize on the Duke,
Then bind him; and the Lady too. [Enter Souldiers and lay hold on

Altoph. My sense is with affliction so much dull'd, (him.)
That injury is now become my sport.

What follows? I beseech you to proceed.

Morel. Souldiers avoid the room.

[*Exeunt* Souldiers.]

Know Sir, the wise *Galeotto* to advance
His gratitude, with wit and novelty,
To his new Master, the victorious King,
Ordain'd that you, this Ladies Lover, should
Upon your knees present her to his arms.
Your proud neglect of *Amarantha* then
He justly has repay'd.

Altoph. O! damn'd infernal Dog!

Morel. I'll leave you Sir, take leisure, and resolve
T' accept of this employment, or to dye.

[*Exit.*]

Altoph. How divers are the changes of his tyranny;
Ere while he flatter'd us with pleasant shows
Of comfortable hope, then suddenly
Presents us with more horrid forms than death.

Arthiop. Death is our happiest expectation now. [Enter *Amaranta*.]

Amar. The chiefest blessings that are bred above
Fall on you both, like Summer showers, which come
To ripen what before was but in infancy
Of growth: first, *Altophil*, on you, who are
Most noble to the world, though much unkind
To me; next on your Bride, whose virtues shine
So clear, that I must check my envy, and confess,
I have some joy to see her fortunate.

Altoph. Can this be *Amaranta's* voice? is she
Perverted too, and taught to mock at our distress?

Arthi. This ill becomes a Maidens modesty!

Amar. Forbid it goodness; if you suffer ought,
That I should make your miseries my scorn;
For just Heaven knows, my Father, seeming full
Of kindness, and of haste, lately disturb'd
My Orizons, with news he had design'd
The Prince to marry me, which, *Altophil*,
Was but unwelcome hope, since my best Love
Must dye with your disdain; then told me all
These preparations were to celebrate
Your nuptials with *Arthiope*.

Altop. My nuptial rites! that was a feigned disguise
To hide his foul lascivious purpose from
Your bashful sight.

Amar. My Lord, though he hath wrong'd you much,
Do not misconster him, as fit for all impieties.

Altop. Alas! it is too dire a truth!
Witness these Bonds, witness those griefs
Which hang upon *Arthiope*, like black
Wet clouds upon the mornings cheek; she is
Appointed for the lust of *Heildebrand*;
And I, by your obdurate fathers will,
Must be inforc'd to see and suffer it.

Amar. Horror! why should I tarry here,
And listen to such things as are not fit
To be believ'd?

[*She is going out.*]

Altophil. Stay! *Amaranta*! stay!
If you are pitiful, and have that heaven
Within your breast, which with such lively truth
Is figur'd in your face, express it now!
You know the secret passages and dores
Of this your Fathers house, convey, with your
Best skill and trust, my Mistress to some dark
Unusual place, where she may rest secure
And safe from violence!

Arthi. Upon my knees I beg,
If yet the softness of your Mothers nature
Have any residence within your breast:
Look like a Virgin on a Virgins grief;
And let your mercy find some way to hide
My honour from the reach of wicked men.

[*Kneels.*]

Altop. In hope of your compassion, see how low
I fall to be my Mistress Advocate.

[*Kneels*]

Amar. Let me henceforth in darkness dwell;
For why should I again make use of light,
That can endure to see the Monarch of my
Heart thus humbl'd at my feet?

Rise, Sir, rise sweet *Arthiope*, though it
Seems strange (since you my Rival are)
I should assist your fortune, whose felicity
Must ruine mine, yet I will justly do't
With hazard of my life,

Altop. What strange malicious courtiesie (you stars)
Was this, when you did make the first election

Of My love so excellent, and with *Arthiope*
So fill'd my breast, that there no room was left
To entertain, this Ladies true
Affection, till it came too late.

Arthi. And I could not confirm
My own chief happiness, but whilst I did
Oppose the chaste proceeding of her hope.

Amar. First, I'll untie these mis-becoming bonds. [*She unbinds them.*]
Now follow me! The watchful Guards are so
Dispos'd about the house, that you have yet
No season for escape; but there's a Vault,
Deep bury'd under yonder Turrets Arch,
Where I'll conceal you both, till with my tears
I quench my Fathers irreligious wrath.

Altoph. This kindness to your Rival will become
(In all succeeding times) a story fit
To soften those who are obdurate made
By frequent torments of successful love.
Fame loud shall sing it, and preserve it long;
Whilst lovers make it their eternal song.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. Scene I.

Enter Heildebrand, Galeotto.

Heild. **T**Hese Ornaments shew much Magnificence
And wealth: the prosp'rous Monarch of the East
Might here vouchsafe to sleep, though when his bold
And superstitious fables made him think
The Sun was marry'd, and would fend
His glist'ring Wife to be his Concubine.

Galeot. These Tapers, Sir,
And these refulgent Stones, will all grow dark
When you behold *Arthiope*, who now
(That you may find my promise just) you shall
Embrace; where is she? ha! death on this slave.
Morello, told me that he left her here;
Her Lover too! fast bound to my dispose ----- [*Enter Amaranta.*]

Amaranta! what Devil counsel'd thee
To this untimely visit in the night?

Amar. It was a careful Angel, Sir, who to
Prevent the dangers near your Soul, hath given
Me order to dehort that rage, which does
Pursue *Arthiope*.

Galeot. Where is she? speak?
Where's *Altophil*? remov'd and hid by thee?

Heild. Her beauties make his faint description shew more
Like envy, than just praise;
My wife her self who was thought beautiful
Shews foul and tauny to her.

Galeot. Why dost not speak, I know she can't escape
The Confines of my house, my Guards are made

Too

Too watchful, and too strong; where is she? speak? [*she kneels.*]

Amar. Sir, I confess, I've hid her from your wrath,
And, till this great distemper of your mind be cur'd,
It is not safe she should appear.

Heild. Why dost thou let her kneel? such excellence
Should not so humble be.

Galeot. The posture's comely, Sir, it is my Daughter.

Heild. Hah! his Daughter! this courtesie is new
And exquisite, I love a parent for my Bawde!

Galeot. Tell me! thou troublefom and virtuous fool,
Where thy bewitching Rival is conceal'd,
Or I'll torment thee, till thou wake thy dead
Unlucky Mother with thy groans.

Heild. *Galeotto!* hold, dost thou use force?

Galeot. The Lady whom I promis'd for your bosom, Sir,
She has presumptuously remov'd from hence!

Heild. What Lady's that?

Galeot. The fair *Arthiope*.

Heild. There's none so fair as this, all beauty else
She turns to black Companions of the night.

I need not thy opinion in a beauty,
Nor care I for the Musick of a name.

My gentle Excellence, waste not those tears,
Whose Sov'rain pow'r would an amendment give
To Nature, where she weakly does reside;
And, falling in the Spring, quickly convert
A Canker to a Rose. Come, mourn no more.

Amar. Sir! you are merciful.

And by the great prerogative of your
Command, may soon procure an easier weight
Than he hath laid upon the Innocent.

Heild. Believ't he shall not practise Violence;
To bed sweet Beauty, go, he is reclaim'd;
Upon thy life pursue her not: thy looks
Are grown too terrible to court her now.

[*Exit Amaranta.*]

Galeot. But will you then forego my promise, Sir!

Heild. Your first assurance was, her Lover should
Present her willingly into mine Arms,
And that I must expect: there is no ease
Nor pleasure in Constraint.

Galeot. You mean *Arthiope*.

I'll fetch her Sir, if you'll but let me force
This peevish Girl, to tell where she's conceal'd.

Heild. This is that fair *Arthiope* whom I'll enjoy.

Galeot. Perswade my Daughter to your Bed;
You are marry'd Sir.

Heild. Or thy ambition else
Perhaps would be so bold to think, I'd chuse
Her for my Wife!

Galeot. In troth the other way
Is but a shameful kind of love;
Yet may be fit enough for lost *Arthiope*;
If you'll take leisure till I find her out;
But to betray a Daughter?

Heild.

Heild. You lately would betray
Your Country, Sir, why not your daughter now?
Mock not my rais'd desires, bring her to night;
Not forc'd by terror, or outrageous strength,
But, by the soothing of thy Tongue, wrought to
A willing and a free consent; go! do't
Or thou shalt bleed.

[Exit,

Galeot. Peace to your Majesty!
This Fool in a religious pity hath
Destroy'd her self, i'th choicest hour of time,
When I design'd she should be wedded to
The Prince: for dull loos *Heildebrand*,
If th'other had but satisfi'd his lust,
In drunken bounty would surrender all
His Conquest here, t'endow and make her great.
What is our humane cunning, our obscure,
And vicious Wisdom, worth? since at this Play
Of policy a gamester cannot win
By having skill, but power to help his sin.

[Exit.

Enter Ascoli unbound, Rangone, Gandolpho.

Rang. I hear the Lady, Sir, and *Altophil*
Are Pris'ners still, and by that Traytor were
But led to counterfeit delights.

Ascol. My own afflictions quickly vanish from
My thoughts, when I remember theirs; you see
This Captain gives my hands their liberty;
But I believe him now so far reclaim'd,
That he'll contrive the freedom of
My person too.

Rang. Gandolpho, know
The counsel I have given, will shortly, when
Your reason and your piety consult,
Advance your profit much, your honour more.

Ascol. Your error past I have forgiven; as well
Assur'd *Galeotto's* cunning did seduce
Your easie Nature in pretence of gratitude:
To use your Country ill, and me your Prince.
But your amendment now shall have as full
Reward as if the memory were lost
Of all your former guilt.

Rang. How excellent repentance show's! it may
Perhaps proceed too slow, but when
'Tis reall never comes too late.

Gandol. Sir, thus dejected on the Earth, I beg
Your pardon, and should rise made happy, though
Not innocent, if you believe that I
Was wrought into my crime, by him who found
A subtle use of my unskilful Love.

[Kisses his hand.

Ascol. My faith is willingly confirm'd, and you
Call'd back to all the favour you forsook;
The Citadel continues still in your command,
Though now with Strangers re-inforc'd;
And by your power a secret entrance may
Be soon devis'd for a surprise.

Rang. The

Rang. The absence of your person, Sir, which is
So much lamented now, when you appear,
Will add a courage equal to the joy
Our Souldiers shall receive, and though dispers'd,
The Town may yield enow for this design.

Gandel. What valour, or long practice in the War,
(Made perfect with much doubtful enterprize)
Can do, we shortly will atchieve: but yet
A while you must rest close in durance here.

Ascol. My patience is so wise, it will perswade
Me to't, *Rangone*, come; the dangers which
These Lovers fear, are such, as we will soon
Prevent, or else endeavour to revenge.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter *Amaranta*, *Phæbe*, *Orna*.

Amar. Send back my little Cousin to her Cloister;
She has a soul too musical for mine.

Phæbe. Shall she go to night Madam?

Amar. I, presently. My discords are
Unfit Companions for her harmony.

Orna. Call for the Coach. I am grown weary of you.
'Tis merrier being in the Nunnery
Then here. *Phæbe* pray call for the Coach?

Phæbe. First sing the song to her you promis'd me.
It may put her out of this dull humour,

Orna. Cousin leave your melancholy and hear me.

The Song.

'Tis, in good truth, a most wonderful thing
(I am e'en asham'd to relate it)

That Love so many vexations should bring
And yet few have the wit to hate it.

Loves weather in Maids should seldom hold fair:

Like Aprils mine shall quickly alter.

I'll give him to night a lock of my hair,

To whom, next day I'll send a Halter.

I cannot abide these malapert Males.

Pirats of love, who know no duty;

Tet Love with a Storm can take down their Sails

And they must strike to Adm'ral Beauty.

Farewel to that Maid who will be undone

Who in markets of men (where plenty

Is cri'd up and down) will dy even for one.

I will live to make Fools of Twenty.

Amar. Musick to her who does all comforts lack
Is like to whistling winds before a Wrack.

Orna. Cousin farewell, I'll go sing with the Nuns. [*Exeunt sever-
ral ways.*]

Enter *Heildeband*, *Galeotto*, *Arthiope*.

Galeot. The beams of your bright beauty could not be
So hid, but I must find them out.

Arthi. My life I now esteem not worthy of my care,
Since you have sever'd me from *Altophil*.

Galeot. Your

Galeot. Your Lover yet is safe; but if you use
The King with cruelty, expect the like
On him ----- I knew, when he beheld
Her lustre shine, my *Amaranta* would
Be free; already he grows hot: this fire
Like those which Chymists keep, must still
In secret burn, whilst gazers void the room —

[Exit.

Heild. How shall I now redeem the error of
My former wonder, which, in ignorance,
Comitted fond Idolatry to one
Who in her greatest beauty may become
Your Worshiper, and not decline her own
Prerogative; though she excel a Throng
Of others that are comely too.

Arthio. Sir! I am hither forc'd
By a perverse and treacherous Counsellor;
His Tongue hath much envenom'd your chaste Ears,
And would perswade you to a horrid sin:
But all my comfort is, your Nature hath
Been still so rightly taught, you'll easily
Resist temptations of a greater strength.

Heild. Know you are hither come, to lay your white
Attractive hand upon my Scepter, whilst
You make your resolute decrees of War
Or peace: fold up my Ensigns, and command
Them streight unfold again, untill they spread
Their bloody Colours in a foreign Land:
But then, my pretious sweetness, you must love.

Arthio. Your goodness, Sir, I will; but if your thoughts
Are prompted to attempt unlawful deeds,
Sure all the righteous world must hate you then;
Nor would I be the last, should frown upon
A wicked Lover though a King.

Heild. Such cold discourse befits an Hermitage,
Where age and hunger make a reverend pretence,
To hate the pleasure, when (alas)
They have out-liv'd the appetite; you must
Come nearer yet —

Arthio. O think upon your honour, Sir, and what
Protects it, Heaven.

Heild. It is some pleasure to
Delay those thoughts a while, draw near, make me
Acquainted with your lips: why should they want
Impression that so eas'ly swell; that are
So soft, and fit to take the Seal of Love?

Arthio. You'll fright my Soul
From this unhappy Tenement, where she
Is shaken so with that strange tempest in
Your looks, as she'll no longer stay.

Heild. Let her come forth, and in my bosom rest.

Arthio. No, Sir, her second dwelling is above
The Stars, where she will tell such tales of you,
If you persist, that th' Earth shall grow too hot
For your abode, and shortly after, Hell

Too cold; they'll mend, and multiply their fires
Against you come.

Heild. Were you less fair, such coyness would diswade.

Arthio. If you continue in this exercise
Of impious power be still a King; but may
You live to know your Title given you for
A scorn, no subjects left you to obey;
Nor Enemies to conquer what you have,
'Twill be so little and so cheap: this in
Your age, when miseries do most perplex,
And strength is quite decay'd that should support
The weight, which younger patience thinks no load.

Heild. Are you so excellent at curses, Lady?

Arthio. But better far at blessings, Sir; if you
O'recome the furious danger of your will,
Be still a King; and may your Scepter grow
Within your hand, as if it had a root.
May it bud forth, and spread in boughs, till 't yield
A comfortable shade, where other Kings
May sit delighted, and secure, from all
The storms of War, and Tyranny.

Heild. Leave me! away!

That closet make your Prison until night,
Where you shall harbour safe, from him that would
Betray your Virgin-wealth; but look not back:
For then you share the guilt of my next crime;
You carry in your face the fire that feeds
My flame, which if I see, 'twill kindle soon,
What I will strive to quench.

[*Exeunt several ways.*]

Enter Rampino, Hirco at one dore, Brusco at another.

Brusco. What Cabin'd up like Sea-sick Ladies in
A storm? abroad! abroad! if you can find
No business now, you may ask leave to sleep
For ever.

Ramp. Right reverend *Brusco* what news?

Brusco. The Count *Rangone* has had conference with
Th'afflicted Prince. We must meet at his house,
Where we shall find Confed'rates, and with hearts
Of as resitless metal as our own.
We only want now a convenient Store-house where
We may convey the Arms and Amunition.

Ramp. You may have *Frisklins* house.
You could not find a safer Magazin,
If you should travel through the whole Town Map. [*Enter Frisk.*]
See where he comes.

Frisk. Signior, my wife remembers her to you;
And desires you of all loves I may take
Measure of the King immediately;
And you know, Signior she's (as they say)
A kind of longing Woman.

Ramp. Well, you shall,
But I've another employment for you
First. This night you must watch at your back dore,
Where you shall see, come gliding down the Stream

A Boat fraught with the Princes Arms and Amunition
Which we have stole. Receive 'em, for you know
Men that will thrive must labour in their Calling
Frisk. Signior, you say right; I have ever found
It the best way.

Ramp. To morrow I will send you Customers,
Whom you may sell 'em too, and afterwards
Pay your self my debt.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Altophil, bound again.

Altoph. *Arthiope, Arthiope!* O that
The double Concave of this dismal place
Could but reverberate her name; I would
Be mock'd, though with a sound of happiness,
Rather than quite depriv'd; the Ghosts
Of impious men walk and revisit their
Abodes on Earth: but she is gone like things
Most excellent: the Souls of Votaries,
Who, when departed, know this vile, this corrupt world
So much unfit to mix with their pure Air
As they will ne're return. *Arthiope!*

[*Enter Amaranta with a
Sword drawn.*]

Amar. What voice is that, which with
Such fatal accent does bemoan some great
Eternal loss.

Altoph. *Arthiope* is gone,
The secret Vault, where thou did'st leave us safe
Enclos'd, was by *Morello* found; who with
Rude help of Murderers enforc'd her from
Mine Arms, and left me bound.

Amar. I fear'd some danger near,
Which made me haste to your relief; once more
(My Lord) let me give freedom to your strength----- [*Unbinds him.*]
Here, take this Sword, 'tis a most pretious Jewel,
And like a Relick has hung long within
Our Armoury. If false *Morello* shall
Return to threaten death, defend your self.

Altoph. I would this bounty had been earlier brought.

Amar. My fears are so increas'd, I dare not stay
To see the end of your uncertain fate.
Be watchful and conceal'd -----

[*Exit.*]

Altoph. Th'unweari'd curtesies
Of this soft Maid, afflict my memory:
Since my affections were so far engag'd,
E're they become her due, that now
I cannot pay her equal love for love,
But to anothers loss.----- What noise is that?
A second Door reveal'd? it opens too---- [*He steps behind the Arras.*]

Enter Galeotto, Morello.

Morel. He's tru'd and pinion'd like a Pullet, Sir,
And you may Spit him when you please.

Galeot. Yes, he must dye, for *Amaranta* loves
Him so, her wishes else will he're be quieted,
Nor she admit the Prince, though I could win
His heart: he suffers for disdain of her;
She shall appear, and see it too, 'twill breed

Her up to greatness, whose chief nourishment
Is blood, when you have lockt the dore, give her
This key, and send her hither.

Morel. If she suspect the cause, she will not come.

Galeot. I say she must, and wait you close about
The King, to watch th'event of his hot enterprize. [*Exit Morello.*
Duke Altophil, where is your mighty grace?

Altop. Who is't that makes my title his bold mirth?

Galeot. His fetter's off! his sword too is in his hand!

This argues treachery. ——— { *Strives to go back to the dore,*
Altop. Nay, no retiring yet, { *Altophil steps between.*

I have been here reserv'd your prisoner, Sir,
But your dull bounty now has made you mine.

Galeot. The very sword I won in duel from
The fam'd *La Roch*, i'th' Vale of *Chamberie*,
If I were taught t'observe as Wizards do,
This chance is so sinister, 'twould infuse
A superstitious trembling through my veins.

Altop. What is it makes your admiration still
Employ'd? this object of your cruelty?

Galeot. Who furnisht thee with such a rich defence
For rescue of thy life?

Altop. Your daughter, Sir!

Galeot. So true to him that hates her!
And so false to me! destruction on her heart!

Altop. Your curse will find so little entertainment
Where her vertues are, that it must soon return
To your own breast, the memory of her
Would fain diswade my just revenge on thee,
Where hast thou left *Arthiope*?

Galeot. With *Heildebrand*!

Altop. That fatal word calls back my absent
And relenting spirits to my arm, which grew
With thoughts of mercy weak, but now it hath
A force too strong for thy resistance. [*They fight a while and part.*

Galeot. I am glad to find you are so active, Sir.

Altop. And you too are known a Master in
This angry art: your Rapier-miracles are chronick'd
By the hot fencing *French*; but I'll adventure
Some small practice, Sir. ——— [*Fight again and sever.*

Galeot. Pause! pause! a while, and keep your little breath
Since 'tis your last, to make your friend more sport.

Altop. So merry? 'cause your Divil is so learn'd,
And taught you fence in subtle lines proportion'd by
A rule; still Statue-like, standing as stiff as if
Your posture were in brass, I'll discompose
It strait. [*Fight again, Galeotto is wounded— sever.*

Galeot. I did not think your skill so excellent.
I shall drop down without revenge, hewn with a
Hatchet, like a senseless log, this to requite
Your kindness, Sir! ——— [*Fight, Gal. is wounded again--- they sever.*

Altop. Laugh and be merry now;
You are not tickled with a straw, you see
This is a kind of sport will make you bleed.

Galeot.

Galeot. O my false fame, where art thou now? he bores
And drills me where he list, as if I were
Already dead, my breast a board us'd to
An Augur, not a Sword; as if he had
Forecast how many holes would serve to make
My obscure heart transparent to the world.

The Furies greet you, Sir—

[*Fight, Galeot. falls.*]

Altop. This for my much wrong'd Prince----this for *Arthiope*----
And though a glorious Villain, yet like to
A Villain fall, despis'd upon the Earth;
Not pity'd in thy parting groan.

Galeot. Oh! oh! your wrath and I together end—

[*He dies.*]

Altop. 'Tis strange I escap'd without a Wound, he was
A cunning duellist; whose tread is that?

[*Enter Amaranta.*]

Amar. Fear still makes others swift to fly from danger,
And me still slow t'encounter it, sure I
Have stay'd too long, where are you, Sir?

Altop. Sweet, *Amaranta*, hide thine Eyes!

Amar. Can they be weary grown of seeing you?

Altop. But here's another object, that will make them start
Till they have crackt their strings.

Amar. My Father slain! mercy! how far is thy
White Throne remov'd from Earth, that wretched I,
Thy daily Orator, could not be heard?

Altop. My blood will turn to tears at her dire obsequy!

Amar. O *Altophil*! thou cruel Lord, did I
For this, with several hazards of my life,
And filial faith, keep thee from death? that Sword
I gave you for defence, and straight,
Perverting all my courtesies, you did
Present it to my Fathers breast.

Altop. He was a wicked man!

Amar. Were your uncivil accusation true;
Yet for my sake you might have spar'd his life.
For me, whom, though you could not love,
Yet you might well have pity'd, or at least
You should have soon consider'd, that I ne'er
Deserv'd your hatred in such high extreams.

Altop. There was no help, but one
Of us must fall, and I preserv'd my self.

Amar. On such wise cautions my
Indulgent nature scorn'd to meditate,
When I deliver'd you from murd'ring hands;
But made the danger hastily mine own.

Altop. Those words like subtle Light'ning pierce, and soon
Will kill me, though they make no wound;
Here, take this Sword, revenge thy Fathers cause,
Revenge thy cause, whose love I have been forc'd
To pay with some neglect, kill me and be just—

Amar. Did you but call't neglect? and said that you
Were forc'd to it?

Altop. So forc'd, as I shall ever be, since my
First plight was seal'd; there is no end of that
Constraint.

[*Amar.*]

Amar. Still to lament, and never to be lov'd?

Altop. I am the cause of all thy grief; make haste,

'Tis fit I dye——

Amar. That sentence is my doom—— [She falls on the sword.

Altop. Hold, *Amaranta*, hold!

Where are our better Angels at such times

As these? Sweet Virgin, breathe awhile!——

Amar. Go tell *Arthiope* she needs not fear
Her Rival now, my Bridal Bed is in the Earth.

Altop. Oh stay! there may be help!

Amar. When you come near my grave, if any Flower
Can grow on such unlucky ground, pray water't with
A single tear, that's all I ask: Mercy Heaven——

[Dies.

Altop. For ever gone! make much of her you Stars!
She is the brightest e're shall come into
Your numberless Society. Her last

Salute was sent unto *Arthiope*:

Till she be safe I must not follow thee,

But I will hasten, gentle Maid, to wear

Immortal wings, and thy new lustre then

Will be so known above, that if I stray,

It can direct and light me to my way.

[Exit.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Ascoli, Altophil.

Ascol. **W**Hilst we confine our selves to this obscure
Division of the House, we may be safe.

The Guards beneath, *Rangone* did corrupt,
And made my entrance hither easily
Atchiev'd: but thou hast told a piteous tale;
The latter part will give posterity
A lasting Cause to mourn; for though
Galeotto suffer'd justly for his crimes,
(And I must ever praise that Victory)
Yet *Amaranta's* fate was too severe.

Altop. Alas! it is not good to name her, Sir;
It will corrupt our thoughts, and urge them to
A desperate belief.

Ascol. Can your intelligence
Arrive at no report which may declare
Your Mistress usage with the King?

Altop. All passages are stop'd, no Souldiers voice
Is louder than a whisper now, and those are
Breath'd too in the dark.

[Enter *Arthiope*, her hair hanging
(loose about her.

Ascol. Look where she comes.

Altop. If that be she
Who gives her sorrow so much ornament
With Hair dishevel'd, and her bashful looks
Declin'd; with sighs which soon would penetrate
The highest vault of Heaven,

If that be she I would preserve her still
A stranger to my sight.

Arthiop. I come to seek
You *Altophil*, but you are found too soon.
Why should I vex a Lovers tenderness?
My lamentations are so great, they'll serve
T'infuse a virtue in a Fury's Ear,
If pity may be call'd a virtue, but
I hope it is not so, for then the world's
Deficient, which too long has wanted it.

Altop. What dismal story hangs upon thy Tongue?
Speak it aloud, to wake the Destinies,
Who sure are now asleep, thy sufferance else
Will make us think they take no care of what
They can so easily create.

Arthiop. Fierce *Heildebrand*,
That Tyrant King! O! that my memory
Can keep a Name, should be forgot by all
The World.

Ascol. He finds our martial souls are now
Grown tame, and meek as Doves; he'll shortly use
No Iron Scepter here, we can be aw'd
And govern'd by a Reed.

Arthiop. To this perfidious King I was convey'd
By *Galeotto*, falser than himself,
Endur'd his sinful Courtship, and subdu'd
At first with threatening Vows, the fury of
His will: so that he seem'd restor'd to grace.

Altop. And did he fall again?

Arthiop. His piety
Grew soon too high a bliss for him,
With tedious steps he labour'd up the Hill;
Whose top being reach'd, his elevation shew'd
So strange, that it amaz'd his ignorance,
And giddily he tumbl'd down, in far
Less space than he could climb.

Ascol. Ah swift inconstancy!

Arthiop. In a short moment, Sir, he fell
From all that's good, to the extremity of all that's ill,
For in the darkest and most guilty hour
Of Night, he came and found my Curtains drawn;
But so uncomely rude were his intents,
That though I there had slept as in a shrine,
(A place which death or holiness did privilege
With reverend esteem) yet he would force
His way; you sacred powers conceive how fit
It is the rest should make me ever dumb.

Altop. I have begun
In blood, and must go on; inhumane guilt
Is so dispers'd and grown so strong, that now
Revenge from every valiant hand will be
Acknowledg'd lawful and divine!

Ascol. Let's hasten to our furious business, come,
I have some strength in Ambush near the Fort;

And

And bold *Rangone* waits within t'expect
 What hidden troops I will command t'assault
 That place which this vilde Monster hath usurp'd.

Altop. That charge confer upon my care;
 Away; let's give him swift and silent death,
 Like Cannons, which destroy e're they are heard;
 Yet since we're sever'd in our enterprise,
 We'll take a solemn leave. For ever, Sir,
 Farewell! — our usual fortune can perswade
 Us to no better confidence.

Ascol. Yes! noble *Altophil*,
 We'll meet again, I'll find thee, though i'th' clouds.

Altop. I have of late been so much us'd
 To weep, that I suspect the chrystal
 Of mine eyes is but a kind of Ice,
 Which ev'ry warmer change of weather thaws.

Ascol. The sweetest, though most injur'd of thy sex,
 Farewell! and think such comfort yet remains,
 As must not be despis'd, though but in hope.

Arthi. Oh, Sir, my grief my reason would destroy
 If I had any left. 'Tis said the chaste
 And cleanly Ermine never will endure
 To live, after the Hunter has
 Her whiteness soil'd.

Altop. *Arthiope!* we both are Lovers still,
 Though two so much unfortunate; Time ne're
 Could find in his Records.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter Brusco, Gandolpho, Rampino, Hirco.

Brusco. What lazy Elephants are these? huge rogues
 That cannot dig through mould as soft as dough.

Ramp. Is not the Mine yet finish'd?

Gandol. Have patience, Gentlemen, I'm confident
 It has already reach'd the Parapet,
 And streight the powder will be lay'd.

Rump. But is the ambush well supply'd which should
 Break in upon the Garrison when fire is given?

Brusco. Those follow my direction, and are all
 Prepar'd to execute at their just time.

Hirco. Then our success is sure, for the old troops
 Have private message sent, that they'll assault
 The City-gates, before the Sun can rise
 To shew them to the enemy.

Gand. I know they're led by brave *Piscaro* the
 Lieutenant to our General, and I have
 Planted those will give them entrance, though
 They tread upon their mothers and their wives.

Brusco. It recreates my soul to think
 How this luxurious stupid *Heildebrand*
 In pleasure snores, and little thinks
 He shall be wak'd with an alarm.

Gandol. You, Sir, must take important care, lest in
 The streets your consultation be with throngs
 Of friends betray'd: for busie numbers will be soon
 Observ'd; your quarter is the Western-bridge.

Brusco. But

Brusc. But first attend about the Palace; to
Expect orders, they must be given you there.

Ramp. Direct your selves;

Hirco, along with me.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Heildebrand, Morello, Rangone.

Morel. This is the Count *Rangone*, Sir, who was
Before your Conquest; here chief Captain of
The Guard unto the Captive Prince.

Heild. From *Galeotto*, Sir, is your affair?

Rang. This Ring he humbly sends a present [*Gives him a Ring.*]
To your Majesty, it was the first rich pledge
You gave him to confirm his new integrity;
By which he would persuade your royal thoughts
I am a Messenger of trust, with hope
It may procure me privately your ear.

Heild. Leave us, *Morello*, and attend within. [*Exit Morello.*]
What is the cause he can so soon neglect
His duty here? he did not
Wait to day!

Rang. His Daughter, Sir, is sick,
O're whom so fondly he laments, that he
Supplies both her Physitians art and diligence.

Heild. Proceed to his request!

Rang. Your wisdom, Sir, will much admire,
To what a calm and easie sufferance
He hath reduc'd *Arthiopo*! reclaim'd
Her frosty nature to such warm, such soft
And feminine desires, as it is fit
Her beauty should possess.

Heild. Thou dost bewitch me with thy news.

Rang. Sir, she no more retains the seeming
Frowardness and peevish rigor of a Maid,
But wonders why the Roman *Lucrece* did
Complain, because enforc'd, since boldly she
Concludes it now the only subtil way
To compass pleasure without sin.

Heild. Wife *Aratmes* Philosophy, he read
It to his Niece.

Rang. No question, *Galeotto* had
Good modern Authours for his doctrine, Sir,
Else 'twould not thrive so well. His instant Suit
Unto your greatness is, you would prepare
To humble your occasions so this night,
As you may visit him; and you shall find
The Lady alter'd to your wish.

Heild. It lay not in the power of all his skill
And vigilance, to send me a request
I would so willingly receive: this glad
Assurance render him with my best thanks,
And then return to be my guide.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Rampino, Hirco.

Ramp. Stay here, and watch for more supplies, the word
Is gone about, I've drawn to our Confed'rates
From an obscure blind Lane, a race of such

Indebted men, as have not seen the Sun
Since the last great Eclipse, when wonder, more
Than business brought them out.

Hirco. Have they any clothes?

Ramp. Why dost thou think they go to play a Prize?
Is't of necessity they must appear
In Scarlet Breeches, and clean lac'd Shirts?
Swords they have all, although their Scabards are
A little torn about the Chape, they'll serve
To poke; unless men are squeamish, and will
Not suffer them to enter their bodies
Because th' are rusty.

Hirco. I would not be a Bailiff in their way!

Ramp. Strait when the hurry shall begin to rise,
Beware my Gossip-Goldsmiths Shop; there be
Among us that will drink our Mornings draughts
In plate, without asking how much an Ounce. [Enter Frisklin.

Hirco. Look there, you must wear an invisible Ring.

Frisk. The Chapmen are come, Sir, but let me tell you
I do not like 'em. They look rustily,
Each wears a pound of hair on's upper Lip.
Pray Signior let 'em not deal on the Ticket.
You know ready Mony makes the Pot boil
Though the Devil piss out the Fire.

Ramp. They shall pay ready money, Farewell.

Frisk. But heark you Signior, I may tell you in private!—
One of them took my Wife into the Colehole,
And about an hour after she shriekt abominably.

Ramp. No more words.

Frisk. But I hope, Sir, you will remember my Bill. [Exit Frisklin.

Ramp. Away, I will.

Hirco, if thou meet'st *Frisklin* in the dark,
Prethee give him a prick in the belly-piece;
For he has prickt me there often.

Hirco. I will do him that kindness for thy sake. [Ex. several ways.

Enter Heildebrand, Rangone.

Rang. He said I should receive the Lady here,
'Tis strange he fails: if, Sir, it will become
Your greatness to expect a while, I'll seek
Galeotto out and send her hither.

Heild. The object may deserve my patience, but take care
Y'are swift in your return.

Rang. If wishes can

Procure prosperity to the design,
Thou shalt not want them, *Altophil*, I'll guard
The Gates below to hinder all impediments. [Exit.

Heild. This sure is some preparative, although
The sound's not very amorous. [Strange Musick is heard above.

The SONG.

I.
YOU Fiends and Furies come along,
Each bring a Crow and massie Prong,

Come

Come, drag your shackles and draw near,
To stir up an old Sea-coal Cake,
Which in our hollow Hell did bake,
Many a thousand, thousand year.

Chorus. Until your Harvest day at doom,
No grief like this will ever come,
From whom you may that pleasure find,
Which does your malice feed 'gainst humane kind.

2.

In Sulph'rous broth Tereus hath boil'd;
Basted with Brimstone, Tarquin hath broyl'd
Long, long enough; then make more room:
Like smoakie Flitches hang them by

Upon our sooty walls to dry,
A greater Ravisher will come.

Chorus. Until your Harvest day, &c.

3.

If you want Fire, fetch a supply,
From Ætna and Puteoli!

Yet stay awhile, you need not stir,
Since if his glowing Eyes shall chance,
To cast on Proserpine a glance

He is so hot he'll ravish her.

[Enter Altophil.

Chorus. Until your Harvest day, &c.

Heild. My senses are grown sick! speak! what art thou?

Altop. Men call me *Altophil*.

Heild. He I encounter'd in a Battel on
The Banks of *Sibaris*? I'de rather meet
Thee in that River, stemming against the Tyde;
Than thus wall'd in where horror dwells:
I am betray'd!—

Altop. Stir not! you are confin'd;
And cannot scape me now; for such events
As are prescrib'd i'th' secret Book above,
We here shall both receive.

Heild. I fear not mine, my single valour is
Enough, if thou art all mine Enemies?

Altop. You come to visit *Galeotto*, Sir: [Draws the hangings.
See where he rudely sits, ill manner'd Lord,
That will not rise to welcome such a Potentate!

Heild. How, dead? the object likes me not.

Altop. Survey him well; he was your Traytor, Sir.
Go hug him now; cherish that falshood, which
Could ruine States, and draw a Nation to
Captivity; open his head, where all
His plots and policies are treasur'd up.
And take them out, it is not fit such wealth
Should dye conceal'd and useles in the Grave.

Heild. Is there no more
Remaining of those sweating toyls, danger,
And studious Wit that helps ambition to
Ascend, than such a pale Complexion and
A cold dumb mockery of what he was?

X 2

Altop.

Altop. Now, Sir, to entertain your pretious time
With new variety (although I know
You are in haste) see, *Amaranta*, here. ——— [Draws the Hangings.

Heild. Is she so alter'd, and grown silent too?

Altop. This was a noble beauty once, repleat
With all those ornaments which Lovers in
Their kinder passion, or our Poets in
Diviner Fury, have proclaim'd with praise.
And this so sanctify'd a thing, you did
Endeavour to corrupt. Pray court her now,
And thrid her tears for Oriental Pearls,
Take Rubies from her Lips to darken all
The Jewels in your Crown, y'ave undertook
To do't in counterfeit Hyperbole's.
Blast her fair Eyes with your false sighs, and swear
'Tis no Idolatry. You may, for look
How like a Goddess a dead Lady shews.

Heild. I'll see no more; since they are fit for Monuments,
Why were they not interr'd before I came?

Altop. Yes! you must needs behold all that is gay
And pleasing here, 'twill make your welcome seem
More absolute: come forth *Arthiope* — [Enter *Arthiope*, her hair

Heild. That living spectacle disturbs and frights (dishevell'd as
My senses more, than all that's dismal near (before.
The dead. There is no Traytor like to that
Within: my courage fails me now, which till
This hour I trusted most.

Altop. Look on the ruine you
Have made of such a building, Cherubins
Would strive to dwell in, but that they knew
They then must dispossefs a soul as good
As they; see how it droops!

Heild. The period now
Of my injurious life draws on apace.

Altop. Prepare your Valour and your Sword, for love
Unto that sacred Title which you bear,
You shall not dye surpris'd without defence,
But try what useful strength is left you now
Your Virtue's gone.

[Both Draw.

Heild. Stay then, I'll call to my remembrance all
The noble deeds of my heroick youth,
Whilst growing mighty with those thoughts, I may
Behave my self as if I had no guilt.

Arthiop. O hold! my Lord! why should you hazard thus
The treasure of your life? impoverishing
The needy remnant of the virtuous world
In my revenge, leave it to holy Powers.

Heild. Wilt thou be courteous to her, and desist?

Altop. Move but a little back, *Arthiope*!
Couldst thou believe me worthy of thy love,
Yet doubt my fortitude t' encounter him,
Whose Crimes have left him no assistant, but
What comes from Hell; all that was good forfook
Him when he injur'd thee. ———

Arthiop.

Arthiop. 'Tis an offence to beg your safety now!

Altoph. By all the fervour of our mutual Vows,
I charge thee give me liberty to try
What anger can perform when it is just.

Arthiop. I cannot disobey, though when I see
Your dangers, I can dye——

Heild. I am resolv'd for thy assault, yet stay:
That Lady's suff'rings hang so heavy on
My Soul, that it foretels a longer sleep
Than I would willingly begin; I wish
Thou couldst prepare me with a little wound,
That might let out my lustful blood, and leave
The rest to strengthen me for this dire cause——

Altoph. I'm good at opening of a Vein; there, Sir—— [They fight,

Heild. Had that afflicted terror in her face
(Heild. falls.)
Been hid, thou shouldst have found more trouble in
This conquest, though high justice made it thine.

I feel desires of bliss, and those I hope
May prosper, though presented very late---- [He Dyes.

Altoph. Depart forgotten, and forgiven----

Arthiop. Why dost thou shrink? speak *Altophil!* why dost
Thou bow like weary and unweildy age?

Altoph. His Sword has been too busie here, just here
About the heart——

Arthiop. The region of thy love,
I find thou hast a wound by perfect sympathy,
For mine grows sick, and does desire to bleed.

Altoph. How fares my Mistress? sweet *Arthiope.*

Arthiop. Your pulse must give account of all my health;

Altoph. Take't not unkindly, I must leave you now,
My Eyes grow dim, and I would furnish them
With everlasting light.

Arthiop. O my dear Lord!
Let me not think that voice was yours.

Altoph. Alas! that in a loyal Lover, death
Must argue some inconstancy, since 'tis
The first occasion to forsake what we
Can ne'er enjoy again.

Arthiop. I shall not be forsaken; for I feel
I can decay apace, and keep you company.

Altoph. First let me seek my Vows where they were seal'd,
They were so strictly kept, that I shall find
Them warm, as if but newly breath'd—— [Kisses her hand.

These are the Funeral Rites of Love—— [He Dyes.

Arthiop. Break heart.

It is the way to shew that thou wert true. [She Dyes.

Within. Victory! the Fort is taken! Victory!——

Enter Ascoli, Rangone, Gandolp, Rampi, Brusco;

Hirco. Guard.

Ascol. Your Brother dy'd, *Gandolpho*, in the first
Assault: you and the Souldiers still shall share
My best affection and rewards.

Omnes. Long live your Highness.

Rang. O, Sir, the splendour of our triumphs is

Eclips'd

Eclips'd, we came too late; behold
The Tyrant is not only slain, but here
The valiant General lies, his Mistress too,
Embracing, though insensible of love.

Ascol. Friendship and love are dead; I find
My sorrows are too mighty for my tongue.

Rang. The King thus sever'd from them, it appears
He first was kill'd by *Altophil*, who streight
Fell after of a lingring hurt, *Arthiope*!
Discerning this, did surely need
No other wound but grief.

Brusc. The glorious Wreath of War is wither'd.

Ramp. No Prince had e're a braver General;
His Valour made you no less fear'd abroad,
Than lov'd; and obey'd at home.

Hirco. But now we may hang up our Arms,
And yield to every Enemy.

Rang. Sir, though 'tis fit you mourn, yet take some care
So to proceed, as that your Subjects may
Be perfectly assur'd of our late Victory!

Ascol. Bear hence these woful objects of our first
True Elegy; thy Statue, *Altophil*,
Shall in my Palace stand, with sad *Arthiope*
Lamenting still; and *Amaranta* fixt
On th' other side, hiding her Eyes, which found
Too much of beauty in her Rival's face.
In lasting Gold, by old *Ephesian* Art
Design'd, this Triple Figure I'll advance:
Though it will little credit add to Fate
That made such Lovers so unfortunate.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

EPILOGUE.

O Ur Poet in his fury hath profess'd,
Yet gravely too, with's hand upon his breast,
That he will never wish to see us thrive,
If by an unhumble Epilogue we strive
To court from you that privilege to day
Which you so long have had to damn a Play.
'Las, Gentlemen, he knows, to cry Plays down
Is half the business Termers have in Town;
The reputation of their wit grows strong,
As they can first condemn, be't right or wrong,
Your Wives and Country friends may power exact,
To find a fault or two in every Act:
But you by his consent most kindly shall
Enjoy the privilege to rail at all:
A happy freedom, which y'esteem no less
Than Money, Health, good Wine, or Mistresses;
And he, he hopes, when age declines his wit
From this our Stage; to sit and rule i'th' Pit;

Heaven

He willingly, shall assume a Charter firm,
 As yours, to kill a Poet every Term.
 And though he never had the confidence,
 To tax your judgment in his own defence,
 Tet the next night when we your money share,
 He'll shrewdly guess what your opinions are.

FINIS.

The Wits.

To the Chiefly Beloved of all that are Ingenious, and Noble, ENDYMION PORTER, of His Majesty's Bed-Chamber.

SIR,

THough you covet not acknowledgments, receive what belongs to you by a double Title: your goodness hath preserved life in the Author; then rescued his Work from a cruel Faction; which nothing but the Forces of your Reason, and your Reputation could subdue. If it become your pleasure now, as when it had the advantage of Presentation on the Stage, I shall be taught, to boast some merit in my self: but with this inference; you still (as in that doubtful day of my tryal) endeavour to make shew of so much Justice, as may countenance the love you bear to

Your most obliged, and thankful

humble Servant,

WILLIAM D'AVENANT.

To the Reader of Sir William D'avenant's Play.

IT hath been said of old, that Plays are Feasts,
 Poets the Cooks, and the Spectators Guests,
 The Actors Waiters: From this Similie,
 Some have deriv'd an unsafe libertie
 To use their Judgments as their Tasts, which chuse
 Without controul, this Dish, and that refuse:
 But Wit allows not this large Priviledge,
 Either you must confels, or feel its edge;

Nor

Nor shall you make a current inference
 If you transfer your Reason to your Sense;
 Things are distinct, and must the same appear
 To every piercing Eye, or well-tun'd Ear.
 Though sweets with yours, sharps best with my taste meet,
 Both must agree this meat's or sharp or sweet:
 But if I sent a stench or a perfume,
 Whilst you smell nought at all, I may presume
 You have that sense imperfect: So you may
 Affect a sad, merry, or humerous Play,
 If, though the kind distaste or please, the Good
 And Bad, be by your Judgment understood;
 But if, as in this Play, where with delight
 I feast my Epicurean appetite
 With relishes so curious, as dispense
 The utmost pleasure to the ravish'd sense,
 You should profess that you can nothing meet
 That hits your taste, either with sharp or sweet,
 But cry out, 'tis insipid; your bold Tongue
 May do its Master, not the Author wrong;
 For Men of better Pallat, will by it
 Take the just elevation of your Wit.

T. CAREW.

The Prologue, spoken in *Black Fryars*.

Bless me you kinder Stars! How are we throng'd:
 Alas! whom hath our long-sick-Poet wrong'd,
 That he should meet together in one day
 A Session, and a Faction at his Play?
 To Judge, and to Condemn: For't cannot be
 Amongst so many here, all should agree.
 Then 'tis to such vast expectation rais'd,
 As it were to be wonder'd at, not prais'd:
 And this, good faith, Sir Poet (if I've read
 Customs, or Men) strikes you, and your Muse, dead!
 Conceive now too, how much, how oft each Ear
 Hath surfeited in this our Hemisphere,
 With various, pure, eternal Wit; and then
 My fine young Comick Sir, y'are kill'd agen.
 But 'bove the mischief of these fears, a sort
 Of cruel spies (we hear) intend a sport
 Among themselves; our mirth must not at all
 Tickle, or stir their Lungs, but shake their Gall.
 So this join'd with the rest, makes me again
 To say, You and your Lady-Muse within
 Will have but a sad doom; and your trim Brow
 Which long'd for Wreaths, you must wear naked now;
 'Lest some resolve out of a courteous pride,
 To like and praise what others shall deride?

So they've their humour too; and we in spite
Of our dull brains, will think each side i'th' right.
Such is your pleasant judgments upon Plays,
Like Parallels that run straight, though several ways.

Prologue spoken at the Duke's Theatre.

WIT, which is all the Gold a Poet has,
Can seldom far by any Standard pass.
Nor can great Pow'r by any Stamp enjoy
Wit to the World as universal Coyn.
For though most Nations oft have enmity,
And in most things: yet always all agree,
And ev'n like Subjects of one Pow'r submit,
That all may differ in the price of Wit.
'Tis by allay, like Gold, more currant made:
But Poets, join'd with States-men, should persuade
You, our Free-States, and all great States t'agree
How much allay in Gold and Wit should be.
Pure Wit, like Ingots wrought without allay,
Will serve for hoord, but not for common pay.
Th'allay's coorse metal makes the finer last;
Which else would in the Peoples handling waste.
So Country Jigs and Farces mixt among
Heroique Scenes make Plays continue long.
But there are some who would the World persuade,
That Gold is better when the Stamp is bad;
And that an ugly ragged piece of Eight
Is ever true in metal and in weight:
As if a Guinny and Louis had less
Intrinsic vallue for their handsomness.
So divers, who outlive the former age,
Allow the coorseness of the plain old stage;
And think rich Vests and Scenes are only fit
Disguises for the want of Art and Wit.
Since Wit's extrinsic vallue amongst all
Has seasons, Money-like, to rise and fall;
And since our Poet found his did begin
To lessen, he, Prince-like, did call it in.
And then he quickly melted it again:
For what is hotter than a Poets brain?
He hopes the second stamp has brought it forth
With decoration and will raise the worth.
Or it, at least, by being Mill'd, does get
Form so exact as none shall counterfeit.
For as in dearth of money, States grow bold
With Laws, and suffer Coiners of false Gold;
So you, our States, in want of Wit, he says
Permit some publick Coiners of false Plays.
If glistering shows, or jingling sounds you pass
For current Plays, we justly pay you Brass.

*Well, Gentlemen! Let him to others give
His wit for Gold; I by your Silver live.
I'm of your Party and these shifts abhor:
Poets are Princes but are very poor.
He may, at last, endeavour to enjoin
You, as his Subjects, to take Leather coin.*

The Persons of the Comedy.

<i>Pallatine</i> the Elder,	Richly Landed and a Wit.
<i>Pallatine</i> the Younger,	A Wit too, but lives on his exhibition in
<i>Sir Morglay Thwack,</i>	A humerous rich old Knight. (Town.
<i>Sir Tirant Thrift,</i>	Guardian to the Lady <i>Ample</i> .
<i>Meager,</i>	A Souldier newly come from <i>Holland</i> .
<i>Pert,</i>	His Comrade.
<i>Engine,</i>	Steward to <i>Sir Tirant Thrift</i> .
The Lady <i>Ample,</i>	An Inheretrix, and Ward to <i>Sir Tirant Thrift</i> .
<i>Lucy,</i>	Mistress to the younger <i>Pallatine</i> .
<i>Ginet,</i>	Woman to the Lady <i>Ample</i> .
<i>Snore,</i>	A Constable.
Mistress <i>Snore,</i>	His Wife.
Mistress <i>Queasse,</i>	Her Neighbour.
Watchmen, &c.	

The Scene LONDON.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Young Pallatine, Meager, Pert.

To. Pall. **W**elcome o'shore *Meager*! Give me thy hand.
'Tis a true one; and will no more forsake
A Bond or Bill than a good Sword; a hand
Which will shift for the Body, till the Laws
Provide for both.

Meag. Old Wine, and new Cloaths, Sir, have made you
Wanton! D'you not see *Pert*, my Comrade?

To. Pall. Ambiguous *Pert*! hast thou danc'd to the Drum?
Could a Taffeta Scarf, a long Estridge wing,
A stiff Iron Doublet, and a Brazeel Pole,
Tempt thee from Cambrick sheets, from Caudles
Where the pretious Amber swims?

Pert. Sir, we have been to kill we know not whom,
Nor why; Led on to break a Commandment,
With the consent of Custom and the Laws.

Meag. Mine was a certain inclination, Sir,
To do mischief, there, where I found no Judges
To fright Juries, nor Juries to fright me.

To. Pall.

To. Pall. Nothing but Honour could seduce thee, *Pert*;
Honour, which is the Darling of the youthful,
And the old Souldiers wealth; a jealousy
In the Noble, and my'st'ry to the Wise.

Pert. It was, Sir, no Geographical fancy,
(Cause in our Maps, I lik'd this Region here,
More than that Country lying there) made me
Partial which to fight for.

To. Pall. True, sage *Pert.*
What is't to thee, whether one *Don Diego*,
A Prince, or *Hans van Holm*, Fritter-seller
Of *Bombell*, do conquer that Parapet,
Redout or Town, which thou ne'er saw'st before?

Pert. Not a clipt Doyt to me, but Honour, Sir.

To. Pall. Why right; else wherefore shouldst thou bleed for him,
Whose Money, Wine, nor Wench, thou n'ere hast us'd?
Or why destroy some poor Root-eating Souldier,
Who never gave thee the lye, deny'd to pledge
The health of thy poor Mistress, nor return'd
Thy Tooth-pick ragged, which he borrowed whole.

Pert. Never to my knowledge.

Meag. Comrade, 'tis time—

To. Pall. What to unship your Trunks at *Billingsgate*?
Fierce *Meager*, why such haste? Do not I know
That a Mouse yolk'd to a Pescod, may draw
Your Goods?

Pert. Why we have Linen, Sir.

To. Pall. As much, Sir, as will fill a Tinder Box.
I like not, Friends,

This modest, quiet posture, of your shoulders.
Why stir you not, as if you were both fencing;
Or do you poorly hide your Cattel, lest
The Skipper make you pay their passage over?

Pert. Know, *Palatine*, Truth is a naked Lady,
She will shew all, *Meager*, and I have not—

To. Pall. The Treasure of Saint *Mark*, I believe, Sir;
Though you are as rich as cast Servingmen,
Or Bawds led thrice into Captivity.

Pert. Thou hast a heart of the right stamp, I find,
It is not comely in thine Eyes, to see
Us Sons of War sneak by a Tavern with
Remorse, because we can't unpawn the Oaths
We left at the Bar for the last Reckoning.

Meag. And abstain from Flesh, as if *English Beef*
Were all reserv'd for Sacrifice.

Pert. Whilst Colon keeps more noise than Mariners
At Plays, or Apple-Wives that wrangle for
A Sieve.

Meag. Contribute, come contribute, *Pallatine*.

To. Pall. Stand there, close on your lives; for in this House
Lives a rich old Hen, whose young Egg (though not
Of her own laying) I have in the Embers.
The Niece and I would quickly marry and
To bed, if th' Aunt, who has sat up too long,

By threescore years, would go but to her Grave.

Pert. No Plots upon generation ; we two
Have fasted so long, that we cannot think
Now of begetting any thing ; unless,

Like *Canibals*, we might eat our own Issue.

To. Pall. I say close ; shrink in your Morions, go !

Meag. Why hidden thus ? A Souldier may appear.

To. Pall. Yes, in a Sutlers Hut on the pay day.

But do you know the silence of this House ?

The gravity and awe ? Here dwells a Lady,
Who has not seen a Street, since old King *Harry*
Call'd her to a Mask ; I never saw her yet,
And to arrive at my preferment first

In your sweet Company, will (I take it)

Add but little to my hopes. Retire, Go.

[*They step aside, he calls
(between the Hangings.*

Pert. We shall obey.

To. Pall. What *Luce*, *Luce* ! my Mistress ! now is the old Beldam

Misleading her to a Cushion ; where she

Must sigh and fast. *Luce*, *Luce* !

No hope ; she is undone. She'll number o're

As many Orisons, as if she had

A peck of Beads to her Rosary. *Luce* !

Luce, *Luce* ! My *April* Love ; dear Mistress, speak ! [Enter *Luce*.

Luce. Pallatine, for Heavens sake keep in your voice ;
My cruel Aunt will hear you, and I'm lost.

To. Pall. What can she hear, when her old ears are stuff'd
With as much warm Wax, as will seal a Lease.

What does she list'ning upon Earth ? she should
Gossip under ground, with such crawling creatures
As Heaven provides t' accompany old people.

Luce. Still worse ! were not my heart unwilling to
Consent to that which might disfigure thee,
I could wish thy face were blasted.

To. Pall. How now ? from whence this tempest, *Luce* ?

Luce. Thou dost out-drink

Dames at their Weddings, and outswear *French* Gamesters

When their first misfortune rages ; out-quarrel

One that rides Post, and is stop't by a Cart :

Thy walking hours are later in the night

Than those which Drawers, Traytors, or Constables

Themselves do keep ; for Watchmen know thee better

Than their Lanthorn. And here's your Surgeon's Bill,

Your kind thrift (I thank you) has sent it me

To pay ; as if the narrow exhibition

My Aunt allows for Aprons, would maintain

You in Sear-clothes.

[*Pall. surveys the Bill.*

Meag. Can the Yefrows of *Utrick* chide so prettily ?

Pert. *Meager*, I shall need (if I stay long here)

No Elixir of Beef to exalt nature,

Though I were leaner than a Groat,

To. Pall. This Surgeon's a Rogue, *Luce* ; a Fellow,
That has no more care of a Gentlemans

Credit, than of the Lint he has twice us'd.

Luce. Well Sir, but what's that Instrument he names ?

To. Pall.

To Pall. He writes down here, for a Tool of injection,
Luce, a small water Engine, which I bought
 For my Taylor's Child, to squirt at Prentices.

Luce. I, I, Sir, he wants wit, as well as virtue,
 Who knows not how t'excuse his wickedness.
 I shall be old at twenty, *Pallatine*,
 My grief to see thy manners and thy mind,
 Has wrought so much upon my heart.

To Pall. Fy *Luce*! I'd rather keep our marriage Supper
 In a Church-yard, and beget our first Child
 In a Coffin, than hear thee prophecy.

Luce, thou art drunk, *Luce*, far gone in Almond milk.
 Give me thy hand.—

Pert. Now do I dissolve like Sugar in Sack.

Meag. He's ploughing the Indies, good Gold appear!

To Pall. I'm a new man, *Luce*. Thou shalt find me
 In a *Geneva* Band, that was reduc'd

From an Aldermans Cuff, with no more hair
 Than a Puritan wears; this debasht Whinyard,
 I will reclaim to comely Bow and Arrows;
 And shoot with Haberdashers at *Finsbury*;
 And then be thought the Grandchild of old *clim*.
 And more, my *Luce*, hang at my Velvet Girdle,
 A Book wrapt up in Sea-green Dimmity,
 And squire thy untooth'd Aunt to an exercise.

Luce. Nothing but Law and Age can make you tame.

To Pall. What Money hast thou, *Luce*?

Luce. I, there's your business?

To Pall. It is the business of the world; for all
 Great injuries grow but to get more money.

And does not Justice sit for the same end?
 Men are not wise without it; for it makes
 Wisdom more known; but when a Fool is poor,
 'Tis next old Aches and bad fame:

Luce, think on that, and rob thy Aunt
 E're she has time to make an Inventory.

Pert. A good Pioner, he works to the bottom.

Luce. Hast thou no taste of Heaven? wert thou begot
 In a Prison, and bred up in a Galley?

To Pall. I am loth, for thy sake, to mount a Coach
 With two Wheels, whilst the Damsels of the Shop
 Cry out, a goodly strait chin'd Gentleman.
 He dyes for robbing an Attorneys Cloak-Bag
 Of Copper Seals, and foul Night-Caps, together
 With his Wives Bracelet of Mill-Testers.

Luce. There, Sir— [Flings him a Purse.
 'Tis Gold, my Pendants, Carkanets, and Rings,
 My Christning Cawdle Cup, and all my Spoons,
 Are melted in that lump; Nay, pray take all!
 And with it all my anger.

[Exit.

To Pall. This Baggage sleeps
 Cross-leg'd; and the Devil has no more power
 O're that charm, than dead men o're their lewd Heirs;
 I must marry her, and spend my Revenue

In

In Cradles, Pins, and Soap.

Meag. *Pallatine*, how much?

Pert. Honourable *Pall*!

Yo. Pall. Gentlemen, you must accept without gaging
Your corp'ral Oaths to repay in three days.

Pert. Not we *Pall* in three Jubilees, fear not.

Yo. Pall. Nor shall you charge we with loud vehemence
(Thrice before company) to wait you in
My Chamber such a night, for then a certain
Drover of the South, comes to pay you money.

Meag. On both our Faiths.

Pert. On our Allegiance *Pall*.

Yo. Pall. There then; go both and shift,
And brush your skins. Meet me at the new Play,
Fair and perfum'd. Strange words are hanging
On the lips of Rumour!

[Gives them Gold.

Pert. Language of joy, dear *Pall*?

Yo. Pall. This day is come to Town

The Minion of the Womb, my Lads, my elder Brother;
Witty, as youthful Poets in their Wine;
Bold as a Centaur at a Feast; and kind,
As Virgins that were ne'er beguil'd with love.
I go to seek him; meet me and rejoice.

Pert.

Meag. } Prince *Pall*!

[Exeunt Omnes.

*Enter Sir Morglay Thwack, Eld. Pall. new and richly
cloath'd but'ning themselves.*

Eld. Pall. Sir *Morglay*, come; the hours have many wings;
The Town does look, me thinks, as if it would
Invite the Country to a Feast.

Thw. At which, neither the Serjeants nor their Yeomen
Must be the Waters, *Pallatine*, lest some
Of the Guests pretend business. How dost like me?

Eld. Pall. As one whom ancient Women shall no more
Forbear, than they can warm Furs or Muscadine.

Thw. *Pallatine*, to have a volatile Ache
Which removes oft'ner than the *Tartars* Camp;
To have a Stitch, that sucks a man awry;
Till he seems crooked as a Chestnut bough;
Or stand in the deformed guard of a Fencer,
To have these hid in Flesh that has liv'd sinful
Fifty long years: yet husband so much strength
As could convey me hither fourscore Miles;
On a design of wit, and glory, may
Be registred for a strange northern act.

Eld. Pall. I cannot boast those noble maladies
As yet; but time, dear Knight, as I have heard,
May make man's knowledge bold upon himself.
These Clothes and Jewels are the snares in which
Your Lady Wits, and their wise Compeers Male,
May chance be caught!

Enter Yo. Pall.

Yo. Pall. Your welcome, noble Brother,
Must be hereafter spoke; for I have lost

Much of my breath with haste to find you out.

Eld. Pall. Your joy becomes you, it has Courtship in't.

To. Pall. Sir *Morglay Thwack!* I did expect to see

The Archer *Cimbeline*, or old King *Lud*

Advance his Falchion here again, e're you,
'Mongst so much smoak, diseases, Law, and noise.

Thw. What your Town gets by me, let 'em lay up
For their Orphans, and record in their Annals.

I come to borrow where I'll never lend, and buy
What I'll never pay for.

To. Pall. How? will you pay nothing?

Thw. No, I'll pay no body.

Eld. Pall. Nor shall he lend money to a sick friend.

To. Pall. This gives me newer wonder than your Clothes.

Why in such shining trim, like men who come
From rifled Tents, loaden with Victory?

Eld. Pall. Yes, or like eager Heirs, new dipt in Ink,
Who seal'd in haste, lest Parchment should grow dear.
We come to be the bus'ness of all Eyes; to take
The wall of our Saint *George* on his Feast-day.

Thw. Yes, and then imbark at *Dover*, and do
The like to Saint *Dennis*: all this, young Sir,
Without charge too; I mean to us: we bring
A hum'rous odd Philosophy to Town,
Which says, pay nothing.

To. Pall. Why, where have I liv'd?

Eld. Pall. Brother, be calm, and edifie: But first
Receive a principle; never hereafter
Will I disburse for you one limber Groat.

To. Pall. Faith give me something, though it be no more
But what may enable me to make you
A Present for this comfortable news.

Eld. Pall. Brother, though you should send me more Epistles,
Than younger Factors write in their first Voyage,
To all their short-hair'd Friends; or absent Lovers
Pen near their marriage week, t'excuse the slow
Arrival of the License, and the Ring:
Yet not one penny should depart my reach.

To. Pall. This Doctrine will not pass. How shall I live?

Eld. Pall. As we intend to do, by our good Wits.

To. Pall. How, Brother, how?

Eld. Pall. My Friend, Sir *Morglay*, and my self, have leas'd
Out all our Rents and Lands for pious uses.

To. Pall. What, Co-founders; give Legacies e're death?
Pallatine the pious, and old Saint *Morglay*.
Your names will sound but ill in Kalendars.

How long, Sir, must this raging zeal continue?

Eld. Pall. Till we no more subsist here by our Wits.
Then we'll renounce the Town, and patiently
Return again unto our Mother Earth,
There swagger in the Wool which we shall borrow
From our own Flocks.

Thw. But, e're we go, we'll leave some Monuments
Of the vast treasure, purchas'd by our Wit,

I have a mind, Sir, to re-edifie
The decays of *Fleet-Ditch*; from whence I hear,
The roaring vestals are but lately fled
To shun the scourge of persecution.

To. Pall. What an obscure small Star have I,
Which never yet could light me to to this way?
Live by your wits?

Eld. Pall. So live, that Usurers
Shall call their moneys in, remove their Bank
T'Ordinaries, *Spring-Garden*, and *Hide-Park*:
Whilst their glad sons are left heaven for their chance,
At hazard, Sir: a hundred, and all made at Sent:
Three Motley Cocks of *Darby* strain,
Together with a Foal of *Peggibridge*.

Thw. Sir, I will match my Lord Majors Horse, make *Jockeys*
Of his Hench-boys, and run 'em through *Cheapside*.

Eld. Pall. What Girles are gracious now, what Beauties, hah!

Thw. Not Sir, that if we woo, we'll be at charge
For looks, or if we marry, make a Joynture.

Eld. Pall. I could keep thee,
(I mean in such a garb as may become
An honest Gentleman), with the sole Tithe
Of Tribute, I shall now receive from Ladies.

Thw. Your Brother and my self have seal'd to Covenants.
The female youth I yield to him, but all
From forty to fourscore are mine; a Widow
You'll say, is a wise, solemn, wary Creature;
But though she has clos'd up nine Husbands eyes,
And has possesst their wealth, yet, in one month,
I will waste her, to her first Wedding-smock.

To. Pall. Amazement knows no ease but in demands,
Pray tell me, Gentlemen, to all this vast
Designment (which so strikes my Ear) deduct
You nought from your revenue, nought that may,
Like Fuel, feed the flame of your expence?

Eld. Pall. No more than serves to feed a Jew with Bacon.
These gaudy Clothes and radiant Stones, bespoke
'Gainst our arival here, together with
A certain stock of Crowns in eithers purse,
Is all the charge that from our proper own
Begins or furthers our design; and of
These Crowns, not one shall be usurp'd by you.

Thw. No, no relief, but wit, and some good counsel.

Eld. Pall. The stock my Father left you, if your care
Had purpos'd such a sollid course, might well
Have rais'd you in the Trade, but we spend light;
Our Coach is yet unwheel'd: Sir *Morglay*, come
Let's suit those *Friesland* Mares with our own strain.

To. Pall. Why, Gentlemen, will the design keep horses?

Thw. It may be they shall live by their wits too.

To. Pall. Their Masters are but bad Tutors else.
Well, how you'll purge our Ladies and weak Gentry of
Their treasure, by your gilded Pills, a head
That is not old may comprehend. But, Sirs,

The coltive City, tak't from my experiment,
Will not be purg'd your way; that is, not gull'd?

Thw. Not gull'd? they dare not be so impudent.
I say they shall be gull'd, and trust, and break,
And pawn their Charter too.

To. Pall. Is't lawful, Brother,
For me to laugh, or smile, who have no money?

Eld. Pall. Yes, Sir, at your self.

To. Pall. You both have tasted Natures kindness, Arts,
And men, have shin'd in moveing Camps, have seen
Courts in their solemn business, and gay pomp,
Are so acquainted with the Town, that in the
Dark you know the Signs of ev'ry Street:
And can such Sages lease out Lands to feed Cripples,
Whilst you your selves will live here by your wits?

Thw. Where we were cheated in our youth,
We mean to couzen in our Age.

Eld. Pall. Brother, I came
To be your wise example in the Arts
Which lead to thriving glory, and supream life;
Not through the humble ways, wherein dull Lords
Of Lands, and Sheep do walk: But you are warm
In anothers wooll, and think your tame ease
Vertue, call it content, and quietness.

Thw. Write Letters to your Brother, do; and be
Forsworn in every long Parenthesis,
For Twenty pounds sent you in Butchers silver.

Eld. Pall. Counsel is pretious, cast it not away. [*Ex. Eld. Pall. and*

To. Pall. Sure neither of these wondrous Wits were born (Thwack.
To more than to five Senses, yet they aim
To do far greater things and newer in the
World than I. Well, they are strangely wise,
And I am but the Lady *Fortunes* Fool,
Whom she, perhaps, does for her pride, or spoit,
Keep gaudily sometimes; and then condemns
Me to her usual Livery; and yet,
Though but her Fool, if my design succeeds,
I'll turn to solid Gold their airy dream:
They by their Wits shall live, and I by them.

[*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Lady Ample, Ginet, Engine.

Amp. MY Guardian hors'd? this evening say'st thou, *Engine.*
Eng. 'Tis two how'rs, Madam, since he left the Town.

Amp. Saw'st thou his slender leg in the Stirrop?
His Iv'ry Box, on his smooth Ebon staff,
New civeted, and hanging to his wrist?
With his warp'd face, close button'd in his Hood,
That men may take him for a Monk disguis'd,

Z

And

And fled Post from a Pursuivant?

Eng. His crafty Age may be reveng'd, and triumph
'Ore your wit. To-morrow night
The utmost minute of your Wardship ends.
And I, his old Interpreter, expound
The meaning of this hasty Journey which
He took, is to provide a Husband for you.

[Knocking ready.]

Amp. Such as my judgment and my eyes must hate,
That then he may enlarge my composition.

Eng. Madam, I am constrain'd to call him Master,
But I am servant to fair Truth and You.

Amp. I'll make election to delight my self:
What composition strictest Laws will give,
His Guardianship may covenen from the Bank
My Father left; and not devour my Land.

Gin. Your Ladyship has liv'd six years beneath
His roof, therefore may guess the temper
Of his heart; But *Engine*, Madam, is
Your humble Creature.

Amp. Thou shalt begin to know my bounty when the
Next Sun sets, for then my Wardship ends.

[Knocking within.]

That speaks command or haste, open the dore.

[Enter Luce.]

Luce, weeping, alas poor wench?

Luce. Madam, undone beyond all hope, but what
Your pity will vouchsafe to minister.

Amp. Hast thou been struck by Infamy? or dost thou
Come a Mourner from some Lovers Herse?

Luce. I am the Mourner and the Mourned,
Dead to my self;

My cruel Aunt has banisht me her Roof;
Expos'd me to the night, the winds, and to
All griefs which follow common Wanderers.

Amp. But has she, *Luce*, no motive for this anger;
No cause, which you would willingly conceal?

Luce. Suspicious of my chastity, which
Heaven would disallow as false; though she
Accus'd me only for my thoughts.

Amp. What ground had her suspicion?

Luce. Young *Pallatine*, whom vertuously I love,
Was falsn into such want, as generous youth
Does seldom patiently endure without
Offending Law. I, to prevent my fear,
Sold all my Jewels, and my trifling wealth,
To pay his debts; and she believes that some
Uncivil consequence attends the Gift.

Amp. This, *Luce*, is such Apostacy in Wit,
As Nature must degrade her self in Woman
To forgive it? shall love put thee to charge?

Eng. How she is stung with this?

Amp. Thy feature and thy wit are wealth enough
To keep thee high; but thou invert'st their use,
Thy Lover like the foolish *Adamant*
The Steel, thou dost allure and draw
To waste thy virtue, not to get by it.

Luce. This

Luce. This Doctrine, Madam, is but new to me.

Amp. How have I liv'd thinkst thou? E'en by my Wits.

Ginet. Your Guardian had starv'd me, but that the green Sicknes Took away my Stomach.

Amp. Thy Disease, *Ginet*, made thee in love with morter, And thou eat'st him up a piece of an old wall.

Eng. A priviledge my Master only gave To her; none else of all the House durst do it.

Amp. When I did feel the torment of his thrift, Nature, my Steward, I did call t'accompt; And took from her Exchequer so much Wit As kept me since. I made my Bearded-males To offer up, and bow, then laugh'd At their Idolatry.

Gin. A Jewel for a smile, and that but counterfeit.

Luce. I feel I am inclin'd t' endeavour in A calling, Madam, I'd be glad to live.

Amp. Know, *Luce*, this is no Hospital for Fools. My Bed is yours, but on condition, *Luce*, That you redeem the credit of your Sex; That you begin to tempt, and when the snare Has caught the Fowl, you plume him, till you get More Feathers than you lost to *Pallatine*.

Luce. I shall not waste my time in vain, While I imitate your Ladiship.

Amp. Give to a Suitor! I would fain behold That man who durst Woo me with so much impudence, as to Expect a tribute from me.

Eng. Madam, you are Not far from the possession of your wish. There is no language heard, no bus'ness now In Town, but what proclaims th' arrival here, This morning, of the elder *Pallatine*.

Luce. Hah! sure he is Brother to my vain Lover.

Engin. He brings with him a Buskin-Knight, who does Outface all objects of Antiquity.

Amp. What's their design?

Eng. They mean to shine in Jewels: If you demand who pays for 'em. Why, Ladies. They talk of keeping publick Banquets, where They ever purpose to be cloath'd like Bridegrooms; Ask 'em who pays for 'em, they answer, Ladies. They mean to ly'e with all those Ladies too, And pay 'em but with issue male, who shall Inherit nothing but their wit, and do the like To Ladies when they grow to Age.

Amp. *Engin*, how shall we see 'em, *Engin*?

Eng. 'Tis, Madam, in the power of time to shew 'em.

Amp. Attempt it, *Engin*, and be prosperous.

Gin. I'd lose my wedding to behold these Dagonets.

Amp. My Guardian's out of Town. I mean to live Like *Cæsar*'s Mistress till to morrow night. I would, like a departing Lamp, before

I leave you in the dark, spread in a blaze.

Eng. Madam, command the Keys, the House, and me.

Amp. Come, *Luce*, let us contrive to tempt 'em hither.

[*Exeunt* *Amp.* *Ginet*, *Engine*.]

Young Pall. beckens *Luce* from behind the Hangings.

To. Pall. *Luce*, *Luce*!

Luce. Death on my Eyes! how came you hither?

To. Pall. I am a kind of Fly, *Luce*,

Which still shifts place to follow the Sun-beams :

I must needs play in the flames of thy beauty.

Luce. Y'ave us'd me with a Christian care, have you not?

To. Pall. Come, I know all. I've been at thy Aunts House,

And there committed more disorder than

A storm in a Ship, or a Cannon-Bullet

Shot through a Kitchen, amongst shelves of Pewter.

Luce. This madness is not true, I hope.

To. Pall. Too true; witness a shower of Malmsey Lees,

Dropt from thy Aunts own Urinal on this

New Feather.

Luce. You have seen her then?

To. Pall. Yes, and she looks like the Dame of *Babylon*.

I told her she must dye, and her belov'd

Old Velvet-hood be sold to some Dutch Brewer

Of *Ratcliff*, to make his Yefrow Slippers.

Luce. Speak low. I am depriv'd,

By thy rash Wine, of all attonement now

Unto her after Legacies, or love.

To. Pall. My *Luce*, be magnify'd, I am all Plot,

All Stratagem. My elder Brother is in Town;

The Lady *Ample*'s fame hath caught him, Girl:

I'm told he means an instant visit hither.

Luce. What happiness from this?

To. Pall. As he departs from hence,

Meager and *Pert* are laid t' encounter his

Long Ears, with Tales less true than those of *Troy*.

Luce. You are too loud. Whisper your news within.

[*Exeunt*.]

Enter *Engine*, *Eld. Pall.* Thwack.

Eng. You call and govern Gentlemen; but pray

Take notice where you are.

Eld. Pall. Sir Tyrant *Thrift*

Dwells here, the Lady *Ample* is his Ward;

She is within, and we must see her.

Thw. Tell her, a devout Knight, who, to prevent

Temptation in others, made himself gray

By a charm, would speak with her.

Eng. I shall deliver both your Errands.

They come as if our very wish had brought 'em.

[*Exit*.]

Eld. Pall. Sir *Morglay* you have broke our Covenants.

Thw. However, do but hear what I can say.

Eld. Pall. From forty to fourscore, the written Law

Runs so; this Lady's in her nonage yet,

And when you press into my company,

Where visitations are decreed mine own,

It argues heat which my rebukes must cool.

Thw.

Thw. What should I do? would't have me keep my Chamber
And weigh Gunpowder. Solitude leads me
To nothing less than Treason. I had rather
Dig, till I blow up all, than thus sit still.

Eld. Pall. Follow your task. You see how early I
Have found this young Inheritrix; go seek
The aged out, bones unto bones. And then
Like Cards ill packt, shuffle your selves together,
Until you both dislike the Game.

Thw. Well, Sir, a wither'd Midwife, or a Nurse, are those
I would find here, so they be rich.

Enter Ginet.

Ginet. My Lady understands your haste, and she
Her self consults now in Affairs of haste,
But yet will hastily approach to see
You Gentlemen, and then in haste return.

[*Exit.*

Eld. Pall. What's this, the superscription of a Packet?

Thw. Now does my blood wamble. You, Sucket-eater!

[*Offers to follow her, Pall. stays him.*

Eld. Pall. These Cov'nants, Knight, will never be observ'd,
I'll sue the Forfeiture. [Enter Ample, Luce, Ginet.

[*Eld. Pall. and Thwack address to kiss them, and are thrust back,*

Amp. Stay Gentlemen. Good Souls, they have seen, *Luce,*
The Country Turtles Bill, and think our lips
In Town and Court, are worn for the same use.

Luce. Pray how do the Ladies there? poor Villagers,
They churn still, keep their Daries, and lay up
For embroider'd Mantles, against th' Heirs birth.

Amp. Who is begot in *Christmas* Holydays.

Eld. Pall. Yes Lady's, when Spirit of Mince-Pye reigns in the blood.

Amp. I hope old Penny-Gleek is there
In fashion yet, and the treacherous foot
Not wanting on the Table-frame, to jog
The Husband, lest he lose the Noble which
Should pay the Grocer's man for Spice, and Fruit?

Luce. The good old Butler shares too, with his Lady
In the Box, bating for Candles that were burnt,
After the Clock struck ten?

Thw. He does indeed.

Poor Country Madams, they are subject still
To those dull beasts their Husbands.

Luce. And then the Evenings, warrant ye, they spend
With Mother Spectacle, the Curate's Wife;
Who does inveigh 'gainst curling, and dy'd Cheeks;
Heaves her devout impatient Nose at Oyl
Of Jesamin; and thinks powder of *Paris*
Prophane, as th' Ashes of a Romish Martyr.

Amp. And in the days of joy and triumph, Sir,
Which come as seldom to them as new Gowns,
Poor humble wretches, they still frisk and dance,
In narrow Parlers, to a single Fiddle,
Which squeaks forth tunes, like a departing Pig.

Luce. Whilst the course Hinds shake from their feet more dust,
Than fell from roots of Trees which danc'd to *Orpheus*.

Amp.

Amp. Do they not pour their Wine too from an Ewer,
Or small gilt Creuse, like Orange-Water kept
To sprinkle holy-day Beards?

Luce. And when a Stranger comes, send seven Miles Post,
By Moon-shine, for another Pint?

Eld. Pall. All these, indeed, are doleful truths; but what
Do you, th' exemplar Madams of the Town?
Still Play away your youth, as hasty Gamesters
Stake their light Gold, not with desire to lose it,
But in a fond mistake that it will fit
No other use?

Thw. And then preserve your age,
As superstitious sinners ill got wealth,
Part for the Church, and part for Hospitals.

Eld. Pall. If you are rich, you begger thousands by
The ill example of your costly vanities.

Thw. If you are poor,
Like wanton Monkeys, chain'd from fruit,
You feed upon the itch of your own Tails.

Luce. Rose-Vinegar to wash that Ruffians mouth!

Amp. They come to live by their Wits; let them use 'em.

Luce. They have so few, and those they spend so fast,
That they will scarce leave any to maintain them.

Eld. Pall. You shall maintain us then. 'Tis a design
The subtle have decreed of late. You shall
Endow us with your persons, and your goods;
Without your matrimonial Manacles,
Which would oblige affection against Nature.

Amp. Most excellent resolves!

Eld. Pall. But if you'll needs marry; do not expect
A single Turf for a Jointure.

Thw. I would no more doubt to possess you two
(Were't not for certain Cov'nants lately sign'd)
Than I would fear usury in a small Poet.

Amp. You would not?

Thw. But look to your old Widows:
My title there is good: see they be rich;
For fear I leave their Twins upon the Parish;
To whom the City will deny Blew-Coats,
Because a Country-wit begot 'em.

Amp. Why all for Widows, Sir? can nothing that
Is young invite your mouldy appetite?

Th. No, in sooth; Damsels at your years make love
Too lowd; your passions fill the Town with so much talk;
A man may with less noise lie with a Drum.

Amp. Think you so, Sir?

Thw. Give me the silence of a rev'rend Widow. [*Amp. takes Pall.*

Amp. Pray, Sir, allow me but your Ear aside. (*aside.*)
Though this old Archer of the North does boast
Of more than all his strength can justify:
Yet you have nobler breeding, than to think
All Ladies relish of an appetite,
Bad as the worst your evil chance has found.

Eld. Pall. All are alike; or else if any are

More virtuous than others, 'tis not my fault.

Amp. I would to Heav'n you'd mend your bad opinion:
I have the confidence to wish you well.

Eld. Pall. And I've the confidence to wish you ill,
As your opinion judges of mens wishes.
But, Lady, 'tis partly for my own sake.

Amp. Are you thus free to other Ladies too?

Eld. Pall. Troth, Madam, I am but a man; but yet
Would be an honest man, and do you all,
As far as I am able, equal justice.

Amp. Y'offend me, Sir; yet I'll not shew it by
Offending you with staying in your sight.
Sir, those who are unkind need not be cruel.

[Exit.

Thw. She's caught, *Pallatine*; wilt thou leave her thus?

Eld. Pall. I sprinkle water on her passions Fire:
Disdain allays love's flame to raise it higher.

Luce. Is't not good, Sir, to make a Lady angry?

Eld. Pall. 'Tis Womanhood to be but seldom pleas'd.

Luce. *Ginet*, does this become the Gentleman?

Gin. As age and half a Smock would become me. [Enter Engine.

Luce. Engine, shew them their way.

Eng. It lies through this door, Gentlemen.

Eld. Pall. Sir, we shall need no Guide. But, do you hear?
We'll receive no Letters.

Thw. Nor no message from th' old Widow, your Mother,
If you have any, no, though she send for me
When she is dying, and does lie half drown'd
In Rheum.

[Exeunt Engine, Eld. Pall. Thwack.

Luce. Alas good old Knight! we shall see him shortly
In as many Night-Caps as would make
Sick *Mahomet* a Turband for the Winter.

[Enter Ample.

Amp. Are they gone *Luce*?

Luce. Yes, but will both return e're long. Madam,
You feign pretty well the first qualms of love:
But the next fit you must dissemble more.

Amp. How rude these Village Gentlemen are grown?

Luce. Sure if they did not hunt all day, and sleep
All night, their Wives would e'en grow weary
Of their company.

Amp. Come, *Luce*, I have a thousand busie thoughts
More than a Hood of Sarsnet can keep in.
If I make not these Universal Lovers
Curse the vain cause that brought 'em now to London,
I'll my self go a milking in the Country.

[Exeunt.

Enter Snore, Mrs. Snore, Mrs. Queasy.

Queas. Master *Snore*, pray hear me; you are Constable.

Snore. Lord, Neighbour *Queasy*, what need this? D' you think
I do not know my own Office?

Queas. Who you? I warrant you,
As well as the proudest of 'em, and no man
Is more hearty to the poor; for no man
Gives 'em more good Counfel, to forbear coming
Near the Parish, for the good of us all.

Snore. Well, well, be brief;

I protest I'm so full of weighty matters,
That my head grows e'en too big for my Hat.
You must be brief, Neighbour *Queasie*, I say,
In short, you must be brief.

Mrs. Snore. My Husband has but too much of the Kings business.

Queasie. Alas, I know't! but you being as I said,
In your Office.

Snore. Again? will you still go a Mile about
To my Office, before you come next dore
To the matter? where is the Warrant?
Come, give me the Warrant.

Queasie. Pray stay; 'tis wrapt up
In a clean Handkerchief, and I'll be sworn
'Tis of the best sort of Warrants; the Justices
Own hand is to't. I scorn but t' have the best,
And from the best. I am sure it cost me
A round shilling.

Snore. Let me see, let me see. Well—— 'twill serve turn.

Mrs. Queasie. My Rent has been long due, and you must get
Into the house to search for Harlotry people——
Nay but Gossip, hear me a little.

Snore. O wretched Authority! must thou ever
Have thy Ears open, and thy Eyes ne'er shut?
Still all noise and no sleep? no rest in Office?

Mrs. Snore. Bodikins! can't you hear a Neighbour speak?

Queasie. You may say to the old Housewife; why, Mistress,
(For you must give good words) my neighbour *Queasie*
Has forborn you day after day; she has
Children and you have none. The Baggages
About you are able to earn their own living,
And, to say truth amongst our selves,
Too easily; the more's the shame.

Snore. What's all this to the matter?

Mrs. Snore. Gossip *Queasie*, had I my Husbands Office,
I would not for the versal world endure you.
Truly, truly you have too many words.
Husband, you only need to say, Mistress,
(For the truth 'is, she goes like any Lady)
You know that my Neighbour *Queasie* has still
Forborn and forborn, and has had good words
After good words; but where is the money to make
The Pot boy! her Husband is a weak
And sickly Man with getting many Children:
And you are able to work for your living;
Nay, they say your Maids work day and night;
And for my part——

Snore. Your part is too long.

Mrs. Snore. How? what a murrain ails you trow? may not
One make use of ones own tongue for a Neighbour?
I knew what's what before you were my Husband.

Snore. O Parrish, Parrish! how art thou mistaken?
Thou buildst Schools to breed poor Children to Latin,
The Pope's language; but I say, and say't again,
Come, fall to work; and build me Schools to breed

Old women to speak no language.

Queaf. Truly, Gossip, your Husband's in the right;
There's no care taken of women in years.

Mrs. Snore. Faith they shall never breed me to be old
Whilst I live, nor to be dumb till I'm dead.

Snore. Wife, Wife, be patient, Wife! D'you think
I am to serve no more Warrants but this? I have
Four more for searches, impossible searches:
I am to search for four of the most dangerous
And the most invisible Knaves that ever
Carry'd a dark Lanthorn.

Mrs. Snore. Nay, thou hast a hard task, that's the truth oft!

Snore. One of 'em (somewhat deaf, as I am told,
For I have spies) has lodg'd above twelve months
In a Belfry. The second has corrupted
A Tankerd-bearer, and lies in a Conduit.

The third to change his complexion, is turn'd
Chimney-sweeper, and skulks all days in Chimneys,
And at night trains Horse and Foot under ground.

The fourth (if spies may be believ'd) does lye
At Anchor in a Sculler on the Thames:

I shall know where; and will prove to his face
(In spite of *sathan*) that he lies not there
To bob for Griggs, but to bob for the People.

Mrs. Snore. Nay, for those under ground, or on the water,
I know not what to think; but if there be
Any Knaves above ground, thou'lt find 'em out
I faith; that I'll say for thee.

Queaf. If any man in Town can do't, he'll do't;
And bring 'em face to face, alive or dead,
To make their answer to the Law.

Mrs. Snore. Well Gossip; If the Harlot pays no Rent,
Shall my Husband carry her to Prison?

Queaf. In truth I know not what to say. I would
Be loth to be too cruel; for the woman
(Bating her overcourteousness in bringing
Youth together) does seem an honest woman,
And keeps a very orderly house.

Mrs. Snore. Berlady, and that's a good thing.

Queaf. No flesh comes there o'Sundays; powder'd or
Not powder'd: no I warrant ye, though n'er
So brave; nor Apprentices but on Holy-days,
When their hands are rid of their Masters business.

Mrs. Snore. And none can live without some recreation.

Snore. She shall have recreation too in *Bridewell*.

Queaf. Nay, pray Master *Snore*, let her labour on
In her Calling, els she can't pay her Rent.

Mrs. Snore. Husband, that's very true; Rent must be pay'd.

Snore. Well, Neighbour *Queafie*, go home with my wife,
And when 'tis late and dark I'll serve the Warrant. [*Ex. several*

Enter Yo. Pall. Meager, Pert. *The two last* (*ways.*
being newly clothed.

To Pall. Mounseur *Meager*, and Mounseur *Pert*;
You had not embroider'd ikins in your Mothers womb;

A a

Surely

Surely Nature's Wardrobe is not thus lac'd?

Pert. We flourish when thy favour shines, and are
A little exalted with our new Plot.

Meag. The Chamber's bravely hung.

Pert. To thy own with. The Bed has an Alcove.
Our stock is all laid out : If it miscarry,
Meager and I, poor Snakes, must be content
With our old skins again.

Meag. If I have more left to maintain a large
Stomach, than one comely shilling,
I am the Son of a Carman.

To. Pall. Do you suspect my invention?

Pert. Pall. no suspicions, *Pall*; but we, who embark
Our whole stock in one Pinnace, would be glad
To have all Pyrates ashore.

Meag. When shall we, tame Town-Fools, encounter this
Country Hector, who would live by his Wits?

To. Pall. I left both at the Lady *Ample's* House;
They needs must pass this Street, if they reach home.

Pert. May we not yet contrive 'gainst the old Knight?
Can we not share him too?

To. Pall. That Wheel must move
Alone, Sir *Morglay Thwack's* too rugged yet;
And would obstruct our other motion now;
But time may file him smoother for our scruce.

Pert. Shrink off *Pall*; I see 'em.

Enter Thwack. Eld. Pall.

Eld. Pall. You want the patient leisure to proceed
By wise design. My temp'rate abstinence
Will make her passions grow more violent.

Thw. But *Pallatine*, I do not find I have
The cruelty, or grace, to use a Lady so. [*Pert. takes Eld. Pall. aside.*]

To. Pall. Now, now, my pretious *Pert*!

Pert. Sir, I have bus'ness which may much concern you.

Eld. Pall. From whom?

Meag. From a young Lady, Sir.
The secret needs your care in hearing it,
And mine in the delivery. You may
Be pleas'd, Sir, to dismiss that Gentleman.

Eld. Pall. A young Lady? good!
Our Coach attends us, Knight, i'th' bottom of
The hither Street, you may go home alone.

Thw. I'll sooner kill a Serjeant, and chuse my Jury
In the City.

Eld. Pall. Wilt thou destroy all that our Fortune builds?

Thw. Come, what are these? I heard 'em name a Lady.

Eld. Pall. You heard them say then she was young, and what
Our Covenants are remember.

Thw. Young? how young?

Eld. Pall. Sir *Morglay*, our Cov'nant is all I ask.

Thw. For ought I know she has a mind to me.

Eld. Pall. Our Covenants still I cry.

Thw. I will away to morrow to the North.

Eld. Pall. Why so?

Thw.

Thw. These silly Covenants, you know,
I seal'd to in my drink; and I perceive the
Game will all be yours.

Eld. Pall. But what success canst thou expect, since we
Have scarce enjoy'd the City a full day?

Thw. I say let me have woman, be she young
Or old, Grandam, or Girl, I must have woman.

Eld. Pall. Carry but thy patience like a Gentleman,
Let me but singly manage this adventure,
And I'll to morrow cancel our old Deeds,
And leave thee to subscribe to that which thy
Free pleasure shall direct.

Thw. We'll equally enjoy
Virgin, Wife, and Widow.

Eld. Pall. What I have said, if I had leisure now
I'd ratify with Oaths of thy own chusing.

Thw. Well, go, and fill the Shops with thy notch'd Issue;
That when our money's spent, we may be trusted,
Break, and cozen in our own Tribe.

Eld. Pall. Leave me to Fortune. *{ Thw. goes forward and turns
back again suddenly.*

Thw. D' you hear, *Pallatine*! perhaps this young Lady
Has a Mother.

Eld. Pall. No more. Good night. *[Exit Thwack.]*

I have obey'd you, Gentlemen, no Ears
Are near us but our own. What's your affair?

Meag. We'll lead you to the Lady's Mansion, Sir;
'Tis hard by.

Eld. Pall. Hard by?

Pert. Yes, Sir.

That is the House.

Eld. Pall. These appear Gentlemen,
And of some rank. I will in. *[Exeunt Eld. Pall. Meag. Pert.]*

To. Pall. So, so, the Hook has caught him, and the Line
Will hold, though's wits were stronger than his Purse-Strings.

Sir *Morglay Thwack's* gone home, his Lodging I
Have learn'd, and there are Gins prepar'd for him.

My Brother's enter'd, and e're this amaz'd

To see the strange complexion of the House;

But 'twas the best our treasure could procure. *[Exit.]*

Enter Eld. Pall. Meag. Pert. with a Light.

Eld. Pall. Lead me no farther, for this seems so much
Unlike the Mansion of a Lady, that

I think poor wither'd witches better lodg'd.

Pert. Sir, you shall see the inner Room is hung.

Eld. Pall. You mean with spacious Cobwebs, where, perhaps,
There's a race of old *Norman*

Spiders that came in with the Conqueror.

Meag. This Chamber will refresh your eyes, when you
Are more prepar'd to enter it. *[Leads him to the Hangings:]*

Eld. Pall. A sudden change indeed.

I see some shew of entertainment there.

There Lovers may have place for their warm wishes,

And not take cold: But, Gentlemen, why are

These other Rooms so naked and deform'd?

Pert. What you have seen fit for your wonder, does
 Declare the hasty shifts to which she is
 Expos'd, who now pursues your love. She has
 Honour and wealth, but would not cheapen either,
 By making her dull Servants witnesses
 Of her desires with you. Therefore, t' avoid
 Suspicion, she has hither sent this part
 Of her neglected Wardrobe.

Meag. And will, e're time grows older by an hour,
 Guild all this homely Furniture at charge
 Of her own Eyes; her beams can do it, Sir.

Eld. Pall. My manners will not suffer me doubt it.

Pert. We hope so too: besides, though every one,
 Who has a heart of's own, may think his pleasure;
 We would be loth your thoughts should throw mistakes
 On us, the very humble Ministers
 Of your kind Stars.

Meag. Sir, you may suppose us Squires of the Kerchief.

Eld. Pall. Excuse my want of courage, Gentlemen:
 I am not bold enough to think you so.

Pert. Nor will, I hope, be wrought to that mistake.

Eld. Pall. Not all the art of your submission can
 E're render you to my belief worse than
 My self: Good Gentlemen, do not invite
 My thoughts to any abject apprehension.

Pert. Excuse us, Sir; it is not our intent.

Eld. Pall. I would not be provok'd to do you wrong.

Pert. Well, Sir, enough. You shall know all.
 This Lady has a noble mind, but so
 O're master'd by her blood, that we believe
 Nothing but death, or you, can be her remedy.

Eld. Pall. And she is young?

Meag. Sir, as the *April* Bud.

Eld. Pall. 'Twere pity then she should be cast away.

Pert. You have a just compassion, Sir; and, to
 Prevent so sad a period of her beauty,
 We have assembl'd in a trice, our selves,
 The habit of this Room, the Bed within,
 And your most fortunate person.

Eld. Pall. In my opinion more could not be done
 Were she Inheritrix of the whole City.

Pert. But, Sir, allow us to request, that if
 You can reclaim her appetite with chaste
 And wholsom Homilies, such counsel as
 Befits your own morality, you'll please
 To save her life, and not undo her honour?

Meag. We hope you will afford her comfort by
 Your grave and loving Lectures, rather than
 By any other exercise.

Eld. Pall. Brothers and Friends! a stile more distant now
 Cannot be giv'n; I must embrace you both.
 Y' have hit the very Center unto which
 The toys and comforts of my Studies tend.

Pert. Alas, we drew our Arrows but by aim.

Eld. Pall. Know, Gentlemen, I have converted more
Than ever *Aretine* mislead.

Pert. And can you mollifie the Mother, Sir,
In a strong fit?

Eld. Pall. Sure, Gentlemen, I can;
If Books, penn'd with a clean and wholsom mind,
Have power to edifie. Would they were here.

Meag. What Sir?

Eld. Pall. A small Library,
Which is Companion to my idle hours.

Pert. Your Books have Titles, Sir?

Eld. Pall. A Pill to purge the pride of Pagan Patches,
A Lozenge for the lust of loytring love,
And Balsoms for the bites of *Babel's* Beast:
With many more, which though not writ by men
Recluse and shav'd for Cloysters, yet were penn'd
By separated Wights, who wear short hair,
Long Cloaks, and little or no Cuffs.

Pert. But, Sir, if this chaff means cannot restore
Her to her healthful temper, then I hope,
You will vouchsafe your lodging in that Bed. [*Points to the Bed.*]

Eld. Pall. Much would be done to save a Lady's longing.

Meag. 'Tis late, Sir, I pray uncase. [*They help to uncloath him.*]

Pert. Your Shoo—Good Sir—'tis fit for my exercise.

Eld. Pall. Well, 'tis your turn to labour now, and mine
Anon, for your sakes, Gentlemen, I profess—

Pert. My friend shall wait upon you to your Sheets,
Whilst I depart to lead the Lady hither:
Whom if your doctrine cannot well reclaim,
Pray hazard not her life; you have compassion.

Eld. Pall. Oh, think me not cruel!— [*Ex. Meag. Eld. Pall.*]

Enter Young Pallatine.

Pert. Pall. Come in *Pall*!

To. Pall. Is he in Bed?

Pert. Not yet.

But he does strip himself with more delight
Than an old Snake that longs for a new skin.

To. Pall. If we could laugh

In our Coffins, *Pert*, this would be a jest
Long after death: he is so eager in
His witty hopes, that he suspects nothing.

Pert. O, all he swallows now is melting Conserve!

To. Pall. *Meager*? what news? [*Enter Meager.*]

Meag. Laid, gently laid? he is all Virgin, Sir,
From the Crown of his head to his very Navel.

To. Pall. Where are his Breeches? speak! his Hatband too?
It is of price, the Stones are Rosial and
Of the white Rock.

Meag. I hung 'em purposely aside,
Th' are all within my reach. Shall I step in?

To. Pall. Softly, *Meager*; softly, Rogue,
As if you were to tread on gouty Toes.—

[*Meag. takes out his Hat and Breeches, the Pockets and Hatband
being rifled.*]

Meag.

Meag. Hold *Pall*! th' Exchequer is thine own! we will Divide when thou art gracious and well pleas'd;
It glitters like the stalls of *Lombard-street*.

Pert. This was the product of his Heards and Flocks.

To. Pall. His Flocks were many; but see what they come to:
A little room contains 'em all at last.

So, so, convey the Garments in again!
Because he is my Mothers Mayden-head,
And a great Country Wit, he shall not be
Expos'd to naked thighs, and a bare head.
What noise is that? *Pert*, look out!

[A noise without.]

Pert. Make haste! old *Snore*
The Constable, his Wife, a Regiment of Halberds,
And Mistress *Queasie* too, the Landlady
Of this dark house, are at the door.

Meag. Belike then they have heard that our dear friend,
The Bawd, fled hence last night; and now they come
To seize upon her moveables for Rent.

To. Pall. The Bed within, and hangings, which we hir'd
To furnish our design, are all condemn'd,
My Brother too; they'll use him with less pity
Than a Court-Gamster does a City-heir.

Pert. No matter, our adventure is well pay'd!
Follow! I'll lead you a back way, where you
Shall climb o're Tiles, like Cats when they make love.

To. Pall. Some patiently get wealth by tedious thrift;
Others inherit Land; but my poor Stock
Grows greater when my Brother's Flocks increase:
He sheers the Sheep, I get the Golden Fleece.

[Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE. I.

Enter Snore, Mrs. Snore, Queasie, Watchmen.

Mrs. Snore. **D**Ays o'my breath, I have not seen the like;
What would you have my Husband do?

'Tis past one by *Bow*, and the Bell-man has gone twice.

Queas. Good Master *Snore*, you being the Constable,
May do't as they say, be it right or wrong.

'Tis four years rent, come *Childermas* Eve next.

Snore. You see, Neighbour *Queasie*, the doors are open,
And all are fled; I would fain see the Bawd.

Mrs. Snore. I, or the Whores; my Husband's in Authority,
And still takes care to hunt the wicked out.

If one shews him but a Whore at this time
Of night (good man) you bring him to bed.

Queas. I pray Mistress *Snore* let him search the Parish,
They are not gone far; I must have my rent;
I hope there are some Whores and Bawds in the Parish.

Mrs. Snore. Search now? 'tis too late, a woman had
As good marry a Cowl-staff as a Constable;
If he must nothing but search, and search, follow!

His

His Wenches all the day, and never comfort
His Wife at night. I prethee, Lamb, let us to bed.

Snore. It must be late; for Gossip *Nock* the Nailman
Had catechis'd his Maids 'ere we set forth.

Queas. Good Mistress *Snore*, forbear your Husband but
To night; and let the search go on.

Mrs. Snore. I will not forbear; you might ha' let your house
To honest Women, not to Trulls! fie upon you!

Queas. Fie upon me! 'tis well known I'm the mother
Of Children! scurvy *Fleak*! 'tis not for nought
You boyl Eggs in your Gruel, and your man *sampson*
Ows my Son-in-Law, the Chirurgeon, ten Groats
For Turpentine, which you promis'd to pay
Out of his *Christmas*-Box.

Mrs. Snore. I defie thee!
Remember thy first calling; thou sett'st up
With a Peck of Damfens, and a new Sieve;
When thou brok'st at *Dowgate* corner, 'cause the
Boys flung down thy Ware.

Snore. Keep the Peace, Wife! Keep the Peace!

Mrs. Snore. I will not peace; she took my silver
Thimble to pawn when I was a Mayd; I paid her
A penny a month use.

Queas. A Mayd? yes sure;
By that token, Goody *Tongue* the Midwife,
Had a douzen of Napkins of your Mothers best
Diaper, to keep silence; when she said
She left you at *Bartholomew* Fair, where
You long'd for Pig.

Snore. Neighbour *Queasie*, this was not
In my time: what my Wife has done, since
I was Constable, and the Kings Officer,
I'll answer: therefore I say keep the Peace.
We'll search the two back Rooms, and then to bed.

Mrs. Snore. Well, I'll make thee know that none,
But a Sow would have thought of that Pig.

Snore. Bunting, in very deed,
You are too blame, she's an honest mans wife;
'Twas ever said *Christopher Queasie* was
An honest man. He takes pains to get Children
For the good of the Common-wealth.

Mrs. Snore. Marry come up!
There be others take pains as well as he.

Snore. Prethee be quiet Wife! I do confels
Thou art a great pains-taker.

Mrs. Snore. Take pains, quoth he?

Snore. I say, go to! no more words! go to, I say.

Mrs. Snore. I will not go to! bid me go to?

Snore. How now Housewife? do you light Authority?
Behold this Staff? in very truth, I shall
Swadde you with the Kings Wand of Office.

Mrs. Snore. Strike a marry'd Woman? I defie thee!
For though thou art my Husband, thou shalt know
That I'm a marry'd Woman.

Snore.

Snore. What quarrel with the Kings Watch, Goody-Hector?

Queaf. Woe to us when Constables break the peace! [*Goes to strike*

Snore. I'll make her know authority. (*her.*)

Queaf. Neighbour *Snore*, pray hear reason; would you have Authority over your own Wife? [*He makes at his Wife again.*

Mrs. Sno. Do, do, kill the Child I meant to go withall!

Queaf. Hold, hold, Neighbour *Snore*!

Mrs. Sno. Thou a Husband? bear witness, Gossip *Queaf*, That he strikes a marry'd Woman.

Queaf. Nay, I hope, he has murder'd you. If there Be Law in the Land I'll follow't against him When you are dead; therefore take comfort.

Mrs. Sno. Nay, I've my death's wound.

Queaf. Out alas! where is it?

Mrs. Sno. Truly, Gossip, I think——in my Crupper.

Queaf. You a Constable? y'are a Cuckoldly Cut-throat! How do you Gossip? Th'art a murderer! I ever said, that if cruel *Cain* were A Constable, he look'd like thee.

Snore. Will you turn Traytor too against Authority?

Queaf. Do, Tyrant, do! kill thy whole Parish!

Snore. In truth, I shall also find out your Crupper.

Queaf. Mine? do thy worst for all thy power! my Crupper?

Snore. I shall find it, if you provoke me more.

Queaf. Out Tyrant! strike thy Wife? The comfort is That thy Reign lasts but a year.

Snore. Thou She-Satan! wilt thou tempt Authority?

Queaf. Do, kill me too! th'ast a *Judas* Face, my Husband Compar'd to thee, looks like any Justice.

Mrs. Sno. Your Husband, Goody Tripe, compar'd to mine?

Queaf. How now, Mistress? i' faith I cry you mercy! Are you so quickly come to life again?

Mrs. Sno. Yes, seeing how ill you would use me After my death. My Husband look like a Constable, And yours like a Justice? I will try, Houfwife, How your Face will look, when I've fled off Your tawny mask, my Nails are whetted for't.

Queaf. Are they so sharp? 'Tis well I'm provided for a good occasion. You'll find mine have not been par'd This Twelve month.

Mrs. Sno. Why Husband! art not asham'd not to part us? [*They fight at arms length.*

Snore. During my reign, I'll sometimes be for the peace, And sometimes for the liberty of The Subject. They shall be mad if they please. [*Exit Snore.*

Mrs. Sno. Hold, Gossip *Queaf*, hold! By my consent Let's not be mad, because he'd have us so.

Queaf. Beshrew your heart for putting me out of breath. But I'll follow him as fast as I can, That he may help me to my Rent. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Elder Pall. cloathing himself.

Eld. Pall. 'Tis time to flye! not Thunder, Women, Wolves, And Drums, make more confusion in one noise, They cry'd out Bawds! The sweet young Lady is,

Perhaps,

Perhaps surpris'd by her officious Kindred,
And both those friends to Lovers, whom she sent
To me, are soundly cudjell'd. Well, if I
Am t'ane, I'll say and swear, I purpos'd her
Conversion.

Enter Snore, Mrs. Snore, Queasie, Watchmen.

Snore. Here's a Room hung, and a fair Bed within;
And I believe that is the Harlots Husband.

Queasie. Seize on the lewd thing! Seize on the Goods too.

Mrs. Sno. Who would not be a Bawd! t' have proper men
To their Husbands; how well she maintains him?

Eld. Pall. What are you?

Snore. I am the Constable.

Eld. Pa'l. The Constable?

I begin to scratch my long ears, and find
I am an Ass. Good Master Constable,
Your Gown-Militia here seem courteous Gentlemen;
And well bred, but they embrace me too hard.

Snore. You owe Mistress *Queasie* Rent for four years.

Queasie. Yes, and for three Bed Teeks and a Brafs Pot,
Which your Wife promist me to pay this Term,
For now, she said, sh' expects her Country Customers!

Eld. Pall. My Wife? what, have I taken woman by
The pretty Thumb, and given her a Ring with
A Posie, and my self, for better and
For worse? Pray, who do you think I am?

Snore. The Bawd's Husband.

Eld. Pall. You may as soon
Take me for a Whale, which is something rare,
You know, o' this side the Bridge!

Mrs. Snore. It is indeed; yet our *Paul* was in the belly
Of one i'th' Lord Mayors Show; and then, Husband,
He becken'd you out of the Filhes mouth,
When the poor Soul had like t'have choakt for thirst.

Eld. Pall. Mistress, I saw't; and cool'd him with a Pippin.

Mrs. Snore. Indeed? why, I was but a tiny Girl then!
I pray how long have you been a Bawd?

Eld. Pall. Again! how am I chang'd since my own Glafs
Render'd me a Gentleman? Master Constable,
Though ev'ry Stall is made your wooden Throne,
Yet here y'are humble and on foot; therefore,
I will put on my hat! pray reach it me! [*Misses his Hatband of*
How? my Hatband! a row of Diamonds [*Diamonds.*

Worth two thousand Marks. Nay it is time then
To doubt, and tremble too. My Gold! my Gold!---- [*Searches his*

Mrs. Snore. Good man, he is distracted for his Wife. [*Pockets.*

Eld. Pall. A Curse upon my courteous mid-night Leaders.

If *Morglay* hear this, I shall be no Wit.

Is there no expedient?----O, I have it.—— [*Takes off his Ring.*

Snore. Come along! 'tis late.

Eld. Pall. Whither must I go?

Queasie. To the Compter, Sir, unless my Rent be paid.

Snore. And for being a Harloteer.

Eld. Pall. Well Master Constable, do you behold this Ring?

It is worth all the Bells in your Church Steeple,
Though your Sexton and Side-men hung there too,
To better the peal. [Snore shows the Ring to his Wife and

Snore. Well, what's your request? (Mrs. Queasy.

Eld. Pall. That you will let me go to fetch the Bawd,
The very man who owes this Rent. When I
Have brought him here, you shall restore my Ring;
And think me then an arrant Gentleman;
Who, for his Arms gives Horns and Hounds, and for
Supporters, two tall Eaters in Blew Coats.

Queas. Let him go, Master Snore; we'll keep the Goods.

Mrs. Snore Do, Husband, for I'd fain see a Harlotteer.

Snore. Come, Neighbours, light him out. [Exeunt.

Enter Young Pall. Ample, Pert, Luce, Ginet,
Engine, with Lights.

Amp. Thy Lover, Luce, deserves a Garland for
His Victory. He had in this design
Enough of Wit to bring a Ship of Fools
To Shore again, and make them all good Pilots.

To. Pall. Madam, this Gentleman may justly share
In your kind praise; he was a merry Agent
In the whole plot; and, Madam, does deserve
A high reward, which is to kiss your hand.

Amp. Sir, you are friend to Pallatine, which gives
You an undoubted title to much worth.

Pert. The Title, Madam, will grow better when
I am become a Servant to your Beauty.

Luce. Your friend Pert is courtly; but did you leave
Your wife Brother surfeiting on lewd hopes?

To. Pall. He lay prepar'd a while in perfum'd sheets,
Stretcht like a wanton Snake in Camomile.
But straight he was so us'd, that he could shew
No other certain signs of living by
His Wits, but his full hopes and empty Pockets,

Pert. Well, I admire how any man of honour
Can bear the thought of living by his Wits.

[Enter Meag.

To. Pall. Upon my conscience thou ne'er liv'st by thine.

Meager, what news? Madam, allow the favour
Of your fair hand t'another man of War;

One that has fasted in the very face
Of Spinola.

Amp. Sir, Men of valour can do any thing.

Meag. Your Ladship will excuse his new plenty;
It has made him pleasant.

To. Pall. Meager, what hopes? how do our Spies succeed?

Meag. I've trac'd your Brother; you shall hear rare news.

Ginet. Madam, your new design will call you early.

Luce. Good, Madam, hasten to your rest.

Amp. 'Tis late indeed. The silence of the night
And sleep be with you Gentlemen.—

To. Pall. The splendour of your Beauty, Madam, does
Require a shade, and night should cover it.

[Ex. Amp. Gin.

Luce. I pray dismiss your Friends,
I'd speak with you.

To. Pall.

To. Pall. Men of the puissant Pike; follow your Leader. [Points to
[Exeunt Eng. Meag. Pert. another way. (Eng.

Luce. Pall, you are rarely natur'd to me, Pall.

To. Pall. Why so, my Lady Luce?

Luce. In this free booty, got by lawful War,
You have bright Gold, with brighter Jewels too;
And must poor I, have no part of the Plunder?

To. Pall. What need have you of money, Luce?
The Maid of Gaunt fed on the scent of Roses,
And as for Gowns, in my opinion, Luce,
Beauty like truth, shews best when it is naked.

Luce. If thou hadst so much fence of shame, as to
Believe poor nakedness a punishment,
I then could with the world might see thee naked.

To. Pall. How? naked, Luce?

Luce. Well, all I had is gone but my Aunts anger;
That's like to last. My grief will make me old. [Weeps.

To. Pall. Come, take comfort, Luce; for I will give thee—

Luce. Pray unhand me! what is't you can give?

To. Pall. Arsnick my Girl to strengthen thy Aunts Broth.
This Aunt I must see cold; and grinning Luce,
Her eyes seal'd up with her last wink, t'avoid
The sight of Feathers and gilt Coaches.

Luce. How many Angels of your Family
Are there in Heaven? but few I fear.

To. Pall. Why, is there ne're a Pue there, Luce,
But for your coughing Aunt and you?

Luce. If thou hadst eyes as large as flaming Beacons,
A Tail some two yards long, and thy feet cloven,
Thou couldst not be more Devil than thou art now.

To. Pall. You lie, Luce; you lie. [Flings her a Purse.
There's Gold; the Fairies are thy Mint-men, Girl.

Luce. Good night, Sir; I will lay it up though but
T'encounter your next Chirurgeons Bill; yet know
Our Wits ar plowing too; and in a Ground
Which yields as fair a Grain as this.

To. Pall. Farewel, and let me hear thy Aunt is stuck
With Rosemary and Bay-leavs, like a dry'd

Westphalia Gammon. [Exeunt several ways.

Enter Eld. Pall. and Thw. dressing himself.

Eld. Pall. Quick, dispatch Knight! thou art as tedious in
Thy dressing, as Court Brides. Can one so full
Of hope and wise design be caught asleep?
Thou keepst earlier hours than roost Hens in Winter.

Thw. Troth the design became all Dream, Magick,
And Alchymy to me; I gave it lost.

Eld. Pall. The house is near; dispatch that we may go.

Thw. Thou thinkst I have lain round like a Spaniel;
And that one yawn, a stretch, and a scratch
Under my left ear makes me ready for all day.

O for the Biscain Sleeve and Bulloign Hose
I wore, when I was Shrieve, in Eighty Eight!

Eld. Pall. Knight, thou art comly, and the Ladies know it.

Thw. Well, I complement, I will wear my Limbs

In the same skin which I have had from Nature:
If she, to whom you lead me, does not like
The grain of it, I will not flea my self.

Eld. Pall. I thought to have prevail'd by having youth,
But when I came to meet her beauties with the eyes of Love,
She despis'd me, and cry'd she meant the more
Authentick Gentleman; the reverend Mounseur!

Thw. The reverend Mounseur?

Why, does she take me for a French Dean?

Eld. Pall. Her Confessor at least, her secrets are
Thine own; but by what charms I know not.

Thw. Charms! yes Sir, if this be a charm--- or this--- [Leaps and
Or here again--- to shew a poor activity. (frisks.

Eld. Pall. No Ape, Sir *Morglay* after a whole years
Obedience to the Whip, is better qualify'd.

Thw. Limber and sound! besides, I sing *Musgrove*;
And for the *Chevy-chase*, no Lark comes near me.

Eld. Pall. Come Sir, let us make haste. [Exeunt.

Enter Snore and two Watchmen.

Snore. Pray get the edges of your Halberts chalk'd
To make them look sharp; for I fear a Rescue:
These lewd Houses have friends amongst the Hectors. [Exit.

Enter Eld. Pall. and Thwack at the other door.

Eld. Pall. This is the house.

Thw. This seems but a blind Palace, I hope, Sir,
The Lady is not half so blind that owns it.

Eld. Pall. This Mansion is not hers, but a conceal'd
Retirement which she chose to hide her Love.

Thw. Give me a Baggage that has brains.
But did not I at first perswade thee, that those
Two Gentlemen, her Ushers, were mistaken;
And that their message was design'd to me?

Eld. Pall. Thou didst! and thou hast gotten, Knight,
I think, the *Mogul's* Niece; she cannot be of
Less descent, her portly state seems foreign.

Thw. What should the *Mogul's* Niece do here?

Eld. Pall. Alas! thy ears are bury'd in a Woolfack:
Thou hear'st no news: 'tis all the voice at Court,
That the *Mogul*, a hum'rous Prince, did send
A Niece disguis'd, a year since into *Europe*
To learn to play on the *Gitarrah*;
And 'tis thought this is that Niece;
But 'tis not quite confirm'd.

Thw. Thou said'st thou found'st her on a *Persian* Quilt.

Eld. Pall. Yes, shredding a *Carkanet*, of round Pearl,
As big as Pidgeons Eggs.

Thw. Those I will sell!

Eld. Pall. Her Maids with little rods of *Rosemary*
And stalks of *Lavander* were brushing *Ermines* skins.

Thw. Furs for the Winter, I will line my Breeches
With them. This must needs be the *Mogul's* Niece.

Eld. Pall. I found her Waiters on their knees drinking
Her health in cool *Cerbet*, the *Turks* own *Julip*.

Thw. Knock, Rogue! I cannot hold! I little thought

The *Thwacks* of the North should inoculate
With the *Moguls* of the South.

[*Pallatine knocks.*

Enter Snore.

Eld. Pall. Master Constable, I have brought the Merchant
Of small ware, that trades in Women.

Snore. My Watch are playing above at Trea-trip,
For some *Suffolk* Cheese, and a few Black Puddings,
They'll ha' done straight. Stay, Sir, I'll call 'em down.

[*Exit.*

Thw. Pallatine, What's he?

Eld. Pall. The Lady's Steward, Sir:

A grave Philosopher, and her chief Pandar.

Thw. Half of the treasure which I get is yours.

Eld. Pall. My friend, when you are once possést
Of all, 'tis as your conscience will vouchsafe.

Thw. Dost thou suspect? I'll stay here till thou fetch
A Book and a Cushion, and will swear kneeling.

[*Enter Snore.*

Eld. Pall. My faith shall rather cozen me. Walk in
With this Philosopher: No words; for he's
An Indian Pythagorean, and professes

Silence. My Ring, Master Constable. [*Snore gives him his Ring, and*

Snore. Take it; I'll take the man of modesty. (*then Ex. with Thw.*

Eld. Pall. My credit yet is safe. Should he have heard
Of my mischance, and not accompany'd

With this defeat upon himself, he would
Have kill'd me with the tyranny of mirth.

Now for the Lady *Ample*, she, I think,
Looks on me with propitious Eyes: she's rich;
And could I work her into profit, 'twould
Procure my wit immortal memory;

But to be gull'd, by men so humble, that
They hardly e're drunk Wine, but on some day
When Conduits piss it at the City's charge.

Well, one short stop cannot my speed disgrace,
It may provide me breath to win the Race.

[*Exit.*

Enter Constable, and eight Watchmen.

Snore. Here has been goodly care taken to night
Of the Kings bus'ness. Eight of our Watch are missing.
Call 'em over.

1. *Francis Fumble?*

2. Here.

1. *Barnaby Belch?*

3. Here.

1. *Simon Sleep?*

All. Not here.

Snore. Put down *Simon Sleep*. There have been complaints
Against that *Simon Sleep*; Neighbours he is
To blame in his own house. He snorts so lowd
That he wakes half the Parish.

1. Indeed his Wife has often told him of it,
With tears in her Eyes, but, alas,
'Twould not do.

Snore. I've excus'd him because he is my Kinsman;
Yet, under the Rose, the kindred comes only
By a Bastard Daughter of my Grandmothers.

I. Bryan

1. *Bryan Buzzer?*

4. Here.

1. *Anthony Ale?*

5. Here.

1. *Timothy Toft?*

6. Here.

1. *Leonard Lazy?*

7. Here.

1. *Gregory Grumble?*

8. Here.

1. *Nathanael Nod?*

All. Not here.

Snore. *Nathanael Nod's* too ancient to look after
State-matters in Winter nights. He must e'en
Give up his *Lanthorn*.

1. He has been a good *Watchman*:

The *Parish* should maintain him now he's old.

Snore. The *Common-wealth* should do't; for I am sure
That the last *Coronation* day he drunk
Out an *Eye* heartily in the *Kings* service.

1. Old *Nat. Nod* is a very hearty man;
And will be loth to give over a loser:
He may perhaps drink out another *Winter*.

Snore. No, no, he's gone, he's gone; and *Neighbours*,
We must all go; for when we have drunk
Our full measure (as they say) we must e'en
Lye down and sleep with our *Forefathers*.

1. He has yet an *Eye* left.

Snore. An ill one, poor man. He sleeps as he walks.
'Tis not long since he lighted his young *Wife*,
And led her so much out of the right way,
That she came not home above a week after.

1. But truly, *Sir*, he often askt her pardon.

Snore. You always excuse *Nod*: The *Common-wealth*
Must be better serv'd; he shall watch no more.

1. Then farewell a true *Subject*! Old, as he is,
He will ring all night, once every year, for
Queen Elizabeth's Birth-day; and he had like
To have been hang'd for't.

Snore. Come, come, 'twas his own fault: he wore his *Beard*
Too long, and the *Bell-Rope* caught hold of it. [*Enter Eld. Pall.*
Who goes there?

Eld. Pall. Master *Constable* you'll excuse my care
Which wakes me for the *Common-wealth*; I could
Not chuse but come back and enquire a little
After your *Pris'ner*; who I hope is safe?

Snore. I've chosen for his *Guard* four men of blood,
The leanest of our *Watch*, and youngest too,
Whose wrath ne'er let's 'em sleep but at a *Sermon*.

Eld. Pall. My man shall be at your *House* in the morning
With a *Med'cine* of money left you should
Be sick with watching.

Snore. E'en what you please, as a means of prevention;
If your man pass that way, or so; but, *Sir*, I would

Be loth to trouble him. I think I'm well.
I've known the time when my poor Watch and I
Danc'd a Round with our Rug-Gowns, in the Snow,
Till we lookt like a cluster of white Bears.

Eld. Pall. You and your Watch were the Dutch Painter Sketch
Who drew the Berwood and his dancing Bears;
For I remember all those Beasts were white.

Snore. What are these? [Enter Fiddlers with Instruments under

Eld. Pall. By the long Spreading of their Cloaks (their Cloaks.
I take 'em for men of Melody, loaden with Musick.

Snore. Stand! stand!

Eld. Pall. What are you?

Snore. Peace Sir, a whole age
Of experience is short enough t' examine
Some kind of shrewd fellows. Sir they may be
Most dang'rous Thieves.

Eld. Pall. How Sir, Thieves?

Snore. Yes, for ought I know.

Eld. Pall. If these are Thieves, 'tis but in stealing
Tunes from the Theatres which they spoil in Taverns.

Snore. What are you? whence come you? whither go you?
Answer all this together, and at once:
For I shall quickly trap you if you fault
In long speeches.

Fidler. We have been playing at a Wedding.

Snore. The bold knave avoids my questions;
And tells me what he has been doing, as if we men
Of Justice, ever tir'd with business, would be troubled
With what he has been doing.

Eld. Pall. Sir, these are the firkers of the City Fiddles.

Snore. Say you so, Sir? well boys, I hope to see
Old England merry again. Look, look, my wife
And my neighbour Queasie! [Enter Mrs. Snore, Queasie.

Eld. Pall. They come to chide you and your rambling
Watch for keeping late hours.

Mrs. Snore. Truly, my Mowse, I cannot sleep without thee.
'Tis better to be wife to three Justices,
Than to one Constable.

Queasie. I, I, Constables sit in the cold streets
To do justice to Wanderers; but Justices
Do it to their Wives in warm beds.

Mrs. Snore. Alack-a-day! here are Fiddlers! poor Souls!
They put me in mind of my wedding night.

Snore. And me of a dance. I'll dance presently.

Eld. Pall. Well spoken, though but seldom done, by men
Of your long staff.

Eld. Pall. Y'ave a hopeful old husband, he deserves
A singular Patent for all the profits

Belonging to the myst'ry of the Morrice.

After this dance you need no other charm:

Make haste, take him to bed whilst he is warm.

[Exeunt Eld. Pall. one way, they the other way.

ACT IV. Scene I.

Enter Yo. Pall. Eng. Meag. Pert. Pall. richly clouth'd.

Eng. SIR, I expect him straight: the Letter which I sent to tempt him hither, wrought above What we expected. He believes my Lady Is very sick and languishing for him.

To. Pall. Though you have both good faces, Gentlemen, Yet you must hide them now; my Brother's coming, Whom you have us'd not overtenderly.

Meag. He does but seldom drink, and sober men Have dangerous memories.

Pert. Whither shall we march?

To. Pall. To *Snore* the Constable. *Morglay* is still A Prisoner in his house; go and take care For his Release, as I before appointed: But let him not be freed till I am present.

Pert. But will that bloody *Nero* of the night Obey thy Orders, *Pallatine*?

To. Pall. His wife's his Constable, and I am hers.

Pert. Enough, we shall attend thee there. [*Exeunt Yo. Pall. one way, and Engine and the rest another way.*]

Enter Eld. Pallatine.

Eld. Pall. Her house is near, and Fortune is my Guide. 'Tis not the first fair Lady who has long'd; Her Servants Letter does attest her Love. The modesty of Maids is but their pride, A meer disdain of being seen to yield When overcome. Their blushes never rise From their own actions, but from others eyes. [*Enter Yo. Pall.*]
What Vision's this? A French Ghost, *a la Mode*? Sure he has got the Divel for his Tailor.

To. Pall. Good morrow, Brother!

Eld. Pall. You are in glory, Sir, I like this galantry. Lillies may flourish and be gay a month; But you, I hope, will last out a whole year.

To. Pall. What flourishing? be like you mean my cloaths? Meer rags; yet they will serve at Winter, Sir, When I ride Post in *suffex* ways.

Eld. Pall. Have those fair Sprigs, those Branches In your Hat, any root in your Pocket? if they have, Pray be a Lender; I am far from home.

To. Pall. No, I'll lend nothing but Wit and good Counsel.

Eld. Pall. You have no Factors, Sir, in *Amsterdam*, *Leghorn*, *Aleppo*, or the Southern Isles, That can support, by traffick, your expence. All you can get by Law, is Execution After Arrest; and all you gain at Court Is but new debts to vex you with more Law

To. Pall. Men of design are chary of their minutes. Práy, Brother, what does this infer?

Eld. Pall. That you have prosper'd by my documents; Which taught the art of living by your Wits.

To. Pall.

To. Pall. If you had had a *Sybil* to your Nurse,
You could not, Sir, have aim'd nearer the truth.
I saw your Ears and Bags were shut to all
Intents of bounty, therefore was inforc'd
To what, at first, a little checkt my conscience.

Eld. Pall. Pray, Master younger-Brother, why?

To. Pall. I find in no Record, that *Magna Charta*
Allows a Subject to live by his wits.

Eld. Pall. Your common Lawyer was no Antiquary.

To. Pall. And then, credit me, Sir, the Canons of
The Church authorise no such thing.

Eld. Pall. You have met with a dull Civilian too.

To. Pall. Well, I shall pass through these impediments.

Eld. Pall. And you believe the Annals of young Heirs,
Who seal in terror, may be writ by you?

To. Pall. *Cæsar* could best write his own Commentaries.

Eld. Pall. And you suppose your wit has pow'r to tempt,
From bus'ness on the Bench, old Aldermen
To rifle, where you please, for Running Nags?

To. Pall. I can suppose it in a trice.

Eld. Pall. Give me thy hand. This day I'll cut off the Intail
Of all my Lands, and disinherit thee.

To. Pall. Will you so, Sir? I thank you.

Eld. Pall. The resolution is above reproof.
What need you Land, who have a portion in
Your Brain beyond the extent of Heritage?

To. Pall. O, I conceive you.

Eld. Pall. Here you may live, in the Metropolis;
Without your Ploughmans or your Reapers toils;
Making this Isle your Farm, and every man,
Less witty than your self, Tenant for life.

To. Pall. He bears his late defeat so handsomely
That he deserves to be undone again.

Brother, we lose our time: I guess that some
Affair draws you abroad;

Pray whither do you go?

Eld. Pall. That's good i' faith! you may as well enquire
Of Ships lying at *Hull*, without their Sails;
Whither they are steering? 'Tis you are rigg'd
For an appointed Voyage.

To. Pall. Brother, a wary Lover deserves secrets.

Eld. Pall. You speak your own deservings.
Fare you well. [Exit several ways.]

Enter Ample, Luce, Engine, Ginet.

Amp. Quick, Ginet; bring the Pillow and the Chair.
I must be very sick. [They speak to Amp. whilst she is fitted in

Luce. Of a surfeit of love. (the Chair.)

Your sickness must be very dangerous;
A relapse of love, which is incurable.

Amp. You must be very sorry, and mourn heartily.

Luce. O, I! as if you had no Legacies
To leave us, but a Bundle of forsworn [Enter Eng.

Love-Letters. Is he coming Engine?

Eng. Already enter'd. Shall I lead him in?

Luce. Do, do! and play the Crocodile. Madam, [Exit Eng.
Conceive now that y'have lost some pretious Lover;
And therefore pray sigh, like a losing Gamester
After his first sleep. [Enter Engine, Eld. Pall.

Eng. You'll see, Sir, but a sick and faded Beauty.
I'll leave him, and stand Sentinel below. [Ex. Eng.

Luce. Nay, Sir, you well may wonder at your work;
But if you know to cure as quickly as
To kill, you are a rare Physician.

Gin. You may come nearer, Sir.

Luce. He seems a very Mandrake, not a man;
And stands as if his feet had taken root.

Why speak you not? D' you bring no comfort, Sir?

Eld. Pall. If her disease becomes so violent,
Then I must seem to suffer too, or else
My hopes will grow as sick as she.

Luce. Draw nearer, speak to her! ah you men!

Eld. Pall. Alas, how comes it that those blooming beauties
Which yesterday did seem to teach the Spring
To flourish, are so much discolour'd now?

Amp. Sir, 'tis in vain t'enquire the reason of
That grief whose remedy is past. Had you
But felt remorse enough to make you just
You had not been a Mourner now: For, Sir,
I may have some compassion from you, though
I'm certain to have no relief.

Eld. Pall. Am I the cause of this? Forbid it Heaven!

Luce. She listens to you, Sir.

Eld. Pall. If I am guilty of neglect,
Give me a task of duty, and enjoin
All the submissions, that a heart can make.

Amp. Ah, 'tis too late, Sir, now!—

Luce. Beshrew your life
For coming here to play the Murderer!

You might have stay'd at home; the Country could
Have found you Womens hearts tough as your own,
Which would have blunted all your sharpest scorns.

Gin. I, I, your Country Hides are tann'd and tough;
Poor London, thou hast all the tender bosoms!

Amp. Peace, *Ginet*, peace! 'tis partly our own fault:
Confession may become me now at dying.

Luce. Nay if she come to confession, there is
No hope! I said at first she could not live.

Gin. If there be heart-strings in the world, I heard
One crack just now, when her tears fell; e'en like
A Lute-string when it rains.

Eld. Pall. Her Womens griefs seem foolish, but they are
Natural. A strange change! But love is stranger!

Luce. Do you begin to mourn? you may well melt
Hearing how she excuses you, and lays
The fault upon her self. But, to torment
You more, know she will leave you all she has.

Eld. Pall. O insupportable!

Amp. *Luce*, *Luce*, desire the Gentleman to sit.

Luce.

Luce. Sit near her, Sir, you find her voice grows weak.

Amp. Your former scorns could not provoke me then
To anger, nor will now to a revenge.

Gin. O blessed temper! she was too good for you.

Amp. The short remainder of my breath I'll spend—
In giving Legacies, and Sir--- to you—

You shall have all--- that Law will let me give.

Eld.Pall. Who, I? Sweet Saint! take heed of your last deeds.

Luce. Nay Sir, you must have all: the world shall know
How much she lov'd you, though you lov'd not her.

Eld.Pall. She's rich! what, all to me? you make me wonder.

Gin. All, Sir, is yours! your friends shall not report
She dy'd beholding to you.

Luce. We, Sir, must be your faithful witnesses,
That dying for your sake, she gives you all [*Take's Pall. aside.*

Her Jewels, a small parcel which amount,
Perhaps, to some Eight Thousand pounds, I hope
You'll give to us; that will not lessen much
Your great Estate, when joyn'd to what she leaves you.

Eld.Pall. Hum! that will require new thoughts:
Gentle Mistress, you have oblig'd me much; but now
My grief will not allow me to consider what
Is given to me, or what I ought to give.

But I am wholly yours.

Luce. Good Gentleman! 'tis pity that her death
Deprives ye from enjoying one another,
For you had been a happy pair.

Gin. Go to her, Sir, she'll speak with you again.

Amp. Sir, if mine eyes, in all their health, and in
Some glory too--- could never warm your love,
What can I hope when they grow dim and cold?

Eld.Pall. How, not love you? Alas, what shall
I swear to keep you from a jealousy so cruel?

Amp. Some testimony, Sir, I fain would have,
If but t'assure the world that at my death,
My bounty and my love were not despis'd.

Eld.Pall. What is it, Madam, that I would not do,
To make your love more confident of mine?

Amp. That trial of your love which I would have---
Is such--- as is not common, Sir.-----

Eld.Pall. Blest Lady! do but name it.

Amp. 'Tis only this; for fear some other should
Possess your love when I am gone,
I would advise you, Sir, to--- dye with me.

Eld.Pall. How? dye with you? she's mad! stark mad! [*He takes*
The Jewels which you mention'd are your own. (*Luce aside.*

But it were fit, you hasten'd her to write
Down all she can bestow in form of Law:

For I believe her fences are so lost,
That she'll ne'r find them to her use again.

Luce. I pray, Sir, why?

Eld.Pall. Did you not hear what a fantastick fute
She made? she fain would have me dye with her.

Luce. Does this request seem strange? you will do little

For a Lady, when you deny to bring her
Onward in her last journey.

Eld. Pall. Her little head is tainted too. Grief has
Distracted the whole House.

Eld. Pall. And I have made my first wooing in *Bedlam*.

Amp. Is he—not willing, *Luce*?

Eld. Pall. My dearest Lady!

Do not suspect my kindness; but I have
Some bus'ness upon Earth will hold me here
A score or two of years; when that is finisht I
Will follow you. Sweet Lady take my promise.

Amp. If this perswasion cannot suddenly
Prevail—yet, as a token of your love,
Methinks you might a little languish for me.

Luce. Can you do less than languish for her death?
Sit down here, and begin true sorrow, Sir:
If you have any in your breast, 'twill quickly
Bring you low enough.

Eld. Pall. Alas, dear Lady!
You think my sorrow does but now begin.
Heaven knows how I have pin'd since first
Your Letter gave me knowledge of this cause.

Luce. It is not seen, Sir, in your face.

Eld. Pall. My face is a false Glas; I bate inwardly.

Gin. Alas, good Gentleman!

Eng. What shall we do? Sir *Tyrant Thrift* is come.

Eld. Pall. Sir *Tyrant Thrift*?

Luce. My Lady's Guardian, Sir.

Amp. He meets th' expected hour, just to my wish.

Luce. What, has he brought a Husband for my Lady?

Eng. He does expect a one legg'd Gentleman
Whose better half of Limbs is wood.

Luce. Is he so much wood?

Eng. So much, that if my Lady were in health,
And married to him (as her Guardian does
Propose) we then might have a progeny
Of Bedstaves.

• *Luce.* When does he come?

Eng. To night, if his slow Litter can convey him;
For he moves tenderly. Sir *Pallatine*,
I wish you could escape my Masters sight.

Eld. Pall. Is he coming hither?

Eng. He's at the door. My Lady's sickness was
No sooner told him, but he straight devis'd
To proffer her a Will of his own making.
He means, Sir, to be Heir of all. If he
Does see you here, he'll blame my loyalty,
And think you introduc'd by me
To interrupt his covetous design.

Eld. Pall. Well, I'll be gone.

Eng. Then he must meet you in your passage down.
Besides, 'twill lessen you and quite destroy
Your hopes, with my dependancy on both,
If you are absent when my Lady dies;
I know you must have all. My greatest fear

Is likewise left your presence should beget
Some ugly blemish on her reputation.
Sir, I could wish that we might hide you here.
There is a Chest within. I'll draw it out.

But, now, I think on't; Sir, pray Heaven it may [They draw in a
Prove big enough to hold you. O, 'twill serve. (Chest.

Eld. Pall. How, laid up like an Aldermans brusht Gown;
As if I fear'd to be eaten with moths?
You shall excuse me.

Luce. O Sir, be careful of the honour of
Your Mistress fame! What will her Guardian think
If he should find a Gentleman of such
A wanton visage in a Lady's Chamber;
And in a time when he's suppos'd from home?

Eld. Pall. I do, most exceedingly, hate inclosure.

Luce. 'Tis but retirement, Sir, and you'll come forth
More wise and virtuous after contemplation.

Amp. Sir Palatine!—

Gin. Your Mistress calls; go to her and be kind.

Amp. Will you permit the last of all my hours
To pass with blots of infamy? you shew'd
No kindness to my person when I had
Fair hope of life; nor will have mercy on
My fame, when I am dead. Ah cruel man!
What will my Guardian guess, finding you here?

Eld. Pall. Her fear has made her sober; she talks sense.
Madness does seem no more than reason frighted;
For madness frighted does return to Reason.

Thrift. within. Engine! where art thou, Engine?

Amp. Fy—have you no compassion, nor no shame?

Eld. Pall. Madam, I will in— [He enters the Chest Hastily.

Amp. Lock him up, Luce! [Enter Sir Tyrant Thrift.

Thrift. Engine, where's my Charge, Engine, my dear Charge?

Eng. Sick, as I told you, Sir, and lost to all
The help that earthly Med'cine can procure.
Her wise Physicians took their Fees, but shook
Their Heads, as if alas, those Fees had now
Been Legacies.

Thrift. Alas, poor Charge! Come, let me see her Engine.

Eng. At distance, Sir, I pray, for I have heard
Your breath is somewhat slowr, with over-fastning.

Thrift. Ha! what's that Damsel, Engine?

Eng. One whom your Ward desir'd,
For love and kindred sake, t'attend her at
Her death; she will out-watch a long Rush-Candle,
And reads to her all night, the Posie made
Of spiritual Flowers;

Thrift. Does she not gape for Legacies?

Eng. Fye, no. There's a Cornelian Ring, perhaps,
She aims at, worth ten Groats; or a fine Smock
My Lady wrought against her Wedding, Sir;
Trifles which make maids weep, when they tell Tales
Over a Funeral Possit.

Thrift. Thou said'st below, that she made me her Heir.

Eng.

Eng. Of all, even to her Slippers and her Pins.

Amp. *Luce*, methought, *Luce*, I heard my Guardian's voice?

Eng. It seems her senses are grown warm again;
Your presence will recover her.

Thrift. Will it recover her, then I'll be gone.

Eng. No, Sir, she'll streight grow cold again.
You may proceed; pray speak to her.

Thrift. Alas, poor charge! I little thought to see
This doleful day!

Amp. We are all Mortal, Sir.

Thrift. I've taken care and labour to provide
A Husband for thee; he's in's Litter now,
Hast'ning to Town; a fine young Gentleman;
Only a little rumpl'd in the Womb,
With falls his Mother took after his making.

Amp. Death is my Husband: but I thank you, Sir,
For all your tenderness; and wish your care
May now proceed in some few Legacies,
When I am past the pow'r to see it, Sir;
But all my Land is yours.

Thrift. This will occasion more Church-building,
And raising of new Hospitals; there were
Enow before; but charge, you'll have it so.

Amp. I'll make but one request, it is not great.

Thrift. O dear charge! any thing. Your Cousin here
Shall witness the consent and act.

Amp. Because I would not have my vanities
Remain, as fond examples to entice
An imitation in those Ladies who
Succeed me in the Town; I have inclos'd
Within a Chest, my Plumes, fantastick Flowrs,
My rich Embroideries; and Jewels too.

Luce. There, Sir, there the Chest stands.

Amp. And I desire it may be bury'd with me.

Thrift. *Engine*, take care, *Engine*, to see it done.

Amp. Now I beseech you leave me, for it will
But make my death more sorrowful; if I
Continue my converse with one I love
So much, and must forsake at last.

Thrift. Alack, alack! Bury her to night, *Engine*.

Eng. Not, Sir, unless she dies: her Ancestors
Have many years dwelt in St. Bartholomew's,
Whose Parish Church contains a Vault which is
Peculiar to her Family; she must
Be bury'd there.

Thrift. I, *Engine*, I; the Church
Thou know'st joins to my house; it will prevent
A tedious walk, and save the charge of Torches.

Eng. Who are your Fun'ral-Guests? the Neighbours, Sir,
Will all expect to be envited.

Thrift. I'll have no more than will suffice to
Carry down the Corps; and thou know'st, *Engine*,
That she is no great weight.

Eng. What will you have to entertain 'em, Sir?

Thrift.

Thrift. Some Rosemary, which thou rising betimes
Mayst steal and bring us, from the Temple-Garden.

Eng. Some Comfits Sir. A mourning Citizen
Will never weep without some Sugar-plums.

Thrift. They shall have none, *Engine*, nor no burnt Wine,
I like not drinking healths to the memory
Of the dead; 'tis profane.

Eng. You are obey'd. But give me leave
Most humbly to propose that you would trust
To my discretion all your business here,
And get you instantly to horse again.

Thrift. Hah! why *Engine*?

Eng. You know the Writings of your Wards Estate
Ly at her Lawyers, fifteen Miles from hence.
Your credit, he not knowing she is sick,
Will quickly get them in your own possession;
And then y^e are free from all Litigious Suits.

Thrift. I like your counsel, *Engine*. I am gone.

Eng. Sir, if you meet the crooked Lover in
His Litter, as he travails through your Road;
Perswade him now to graft his wooden Off-spring
On a new Stock, for all is wither'd here.

Thrift. 'Tis well thought on, *Engine*, farewell, *Engine*,
Be faithful and be rich.———

Eng. My duty teaches me t^expect your bounty. [Thrift is going out and returns

Thrift. Dear *Engine*; I could wish she would be sure
To dye to night. (hastily.)

Eng. Alas good Soul! I'll undertake
She will do any thing to please you, Sir.——— [Exit Thrift.

Amp. O *Engine*! thou hast wrought above the power
Of Art or Accident.

Eng. Madam, you see how well I have prevented
The tedious visits of the Love-sick Monster;
And have dispatcht my greedy Master hence,
Upon a Journey to preserve this house
Empty; and free to execute the rest
Of our designs.

Luce. This is thy day of triumph, *Engine*! [Luce knocks at the
What ho! Sir Pallatines, are you within? (Cheerfully.)

Eld.Pall. Is Sir Tyrant Thrift gone? open, Lady, open.

Luce. The Casement, Sir, I will, a little to encrease
Your Wit-ships allowance of air: [Opens the Wicket at the end of
But as for Liberty, you may as soon (the Cheest.)
Get it in a Gally after a Murder.

Eld.Pall. How, Lady of the Lawn?

Luce. Sir Launcellot,
You may believ't if your discretion please;
This Tenement is cheap; here you shall dwell,
And be no wicked Wanderer.

Eld.Pall. I like not this.

Eng. Do you know that Lady, Sir?

Eld.Pall. The Lady Ample!
Her Night-dress off too, and in the shape of
Health and merriment! Now, like a poor Snail,

I may e'en shrink my horns into my shell.

Amp. Could you blieve I did grow sick and pine
For the cold love of a dull Northern Wit?

[Enter Yo. Pall.]

Luce. Pall, it is done! the Man whose Land was spacious,
Lies here contracted now to his own length.

Amp. Your Brother's come to see you, Sir.

Eld. Pall. Brother! these are mad Girls! in troth
I love 'em! look I am confin'd like a Salmon Pye,
Sent up from *Devonshire* for a Token.
Come prethee break open the Chest.

Yo. Pall. Stay, Brother, stay! let us consider first;
It may be Felony. Whose Chest is it?

Eld. Pall. You'll ask more questions than a young Constable.
Prethee dispatch.

Yo. Pall. Is't lawful, *Engine*, to break open Chests?

Eng. 'Tis for your safety, Sir, to ask advise.

Yo. Pall. My Lawyer's out of Town; but he'll return
Next Term. Brother, y'ad best stay in till then.

Eld. Pall. O for Dame *Patience*, though she's the Fools Mistress!

Yo. Pall. Brother, you have pray'd well; heaven send her you,
You did forsake your fair Inheritance,
To live here by your Wits.

Luce. And in your dream

Enjoy'd huge Giant-Ladies, three yards high;
With trains behind them ten yards long.

Amp. Cloth'd all in Purple, and embroider'd
With such Imag'ry as ancient Poets drew.

Ginet. And this you would maintain, Sir, by your Wits.

Yo. Pall. Nothing could please your Palat, but
The *Muskatelli* and *Frantiniack* Grape!
Your *Turin* Pheasants, and your *Tuscan* Veal,
With red legg'd Partridge from the *Genoa* Hills.
Then the broad Livers of *Venetian* Geese,
Fatted by Jews; and Carps of the *Geneva* Lake.

Amp.

Luce. } All this maintain'd, Sir, by your Wits.

Gin. }

Yo. Pall. You talk'd too of fat Snails, in shining shells,
Brought from the Marble Quarries of *Ferrara*,
And sours'd in *Luca* Oyl; then long'd for Cream
Of *Switzer-land*, and *Genoa* Paste.

Eng. Is this fit diet for a Northern Wit?

Yo. Pall. Your Angelots of *Brie*.

Your *Marfolini*, *Parmazan* of *Lody*,
Your *Malamucka* Mellons, and *Cicilian* Dates.
And then, to close up your voluptuous Maw,
Marmaled made by cleanly Nuns of *Lisbone*.

Amp.

Luce. } And still you were thus feasted by your Wits.

Gin. }

Eld. Pall. Deafness possess me! will this never end?

Amp. 'Twill end in ending you; you shall be layd
In a Church-Vault, and there keep company
With such dull Ancestors as never knew
The art of living by their Wits.

Eld. Pall.

Eld. Pall. How, bury'd? and alive?

To. Pall. Brother your hand——

Farewell! I'm for the North: I mean to take Possession, Sir, and patiently converse With all those Hinds; those Heards, and Flocks, Which you disdain'd in fulness of your wit.

Luce. Help *Pall* to carry him; he takes it heavily. [*They lift up*

Eld. Pall. I'll not endure't. Fire! Murder! Fire! Treason! [*the Chest.*

Amp. Alas, you are not heard;

The House contains none but our selves. [*Ex. carrying out the Chest.*

Enter Thw. Pert. Meag.

Pert. We bring you, Sir, commends from *Pallatine.*

Thw. You might as well have brought it from the Devil.

Meag. We mean the younger *Pallatine*; one, Sir, Who loves your person, and laments your usage.

Pert. By his command we have compounded with The Constable whose House is now your Prison. But you will find your Gold restorative To liberty more, than it is to health.

Thw. It seems then that small Officers will take An unction in the Palm as lovingly.

As any Grandee who is better bred?

Pert. Even so the moderns render it.

Thw. You ask a hundred pounds; 'tis all I've left.

Pert. Sir, think what an obnoxious blemish it Will prove both to your wit, and fame, to be Betray'd by one less witty than your self, And lye in Prison for——

Thw. Sir, name it not. There is the sum.

Meag. I'll in, Sir, and discharge you.——

[*Exit Meager.*

Thw. If I had had no land I should have been Exempt from means of paying this base Tribute. May I ask if you, and your Friend, have Land?

Pert. No more than we can share within the Map.

Thw. 'Lo you there now. These live by their wits.

Why should not I take the next Key I meet And open this great Head; to try, if my brains Are not turn'd into Plum-broth? I have been Gull'd in my youth, and cozen'd in my Age. Judge, Sir, if I have cause to love this Town?

Pert. These are sad Tales.

Thw. I'll write down to the Country, to dehört The Gentry from coming hither, the Letters You shall disperse, Sir.

Pert. Most faithfully.

Thw. I'll write that our French Wines are so ill mixt, With Brimstone by the Hollander, that they Will hardly serve to cure the Itch in Children: And that the Town affords not Sack enough To mull for a Parsons cold.

Pert. This will be dreadful news.

Thw. That our Theatres are raz'd down; and where They stood, hoarse Lectures now are preacht by Wives Of Comb-Makers, and Midwives of *Tower-Wharf.*

Pert. The Ladies will scarce come so near as *Bransford*.

Thw. And that a new Plantation, Sir, mark me,
Is made in *Covent-Garden*, from Sutleries
Of *German* Camps, and the Suburbs of *Paris*;
Where such a salt disease does reign, as makes
Saphiras dearer than Unicorns Horn.

Enter Yo. Pall. Meag. Snore. Queaf. Mrs. Snore.

Pert. Retire! he's treating for your liberty.

To. Pall. Th' Alcove, Hangings, and the Bed,
Are far above the value of your Rent;
Besides, the Gentleman has been betray'd;
He's none of those who live by wickedness.

Snore. Truly a very civil Gentleman,
Alas he only roar'd, and swore, and curs'd
For being kept a Pris'ner; but he us'd
No kind of wickedness, I assure you.

Mrs. Snore. Why, Neighbour, what a good year would you have?

Queaf. I am content if you and I were friends.

To. Pall. Come, come, agree!

Mrs. Snore. Sweet Master *Pallatine*, hear me but speak,
Have I not often said, why Gossip *Queasie*,
Come to my House; besides, your Daughter *Mall*,
You know, last Pompeon-time, din'd with me thrice;
When my Childs best yellow Stockings were missing,
And a new Pewter Porringer markt with P. L.

Snore. I, for *Elizabeth Snore*.

Mrs. Snore. The Pewterer that markt it was my Uncle.

Queaf. Speak, did my Daughter steal your Goods?

Mrs. Snore. You hear me say nothing; but there is
As bad as this (I warrant ye) learnt at
The Bake-house; I'll have an Oven of mine own.

Queaf. Will you prove this before the Widow *Bran*,
Our Bakers Mother?

Mrs. Snore. I prove? what should I prove? Lord what a fending
And proving there is in your company!

Snore. Your Tongue cuts out more bad work in a minute,
Than these hands of Authority can make
Up in a month.

Mrs. Snore. Why, what have I said?

Queaf. You said my Girl, *Mary Queasie* by name,
Did find your Uncles yellow Stockings in
A Porringer; nay, and you said she stole them;
And by the same good token that your Uncle
Was a Pewterer: And of this I'll take
My Book-Oath: and I've a Clark to my Cousin,
And mihaps can have Law without money.

Snore. What say you? hah! Can you have Law without money?
Do you rob young Clarks of their Masters Fees?
That's fine, i'faith. You have Law without money?
Come now before my Staff, and swear to that.

Queaf. What shall I swear? I scorn to swear untruths.
And I'd have you know I'm of the Laws side.

Snore. You! who you? when you speak slightlying of it,
As if 'twere a poor thing which may be had without money?

Queaf.

Queaf. Did I say so? y'are in authority
And may speak what you please for a year, but,
If you dye out of Office you will dearly
Answer this in th' other world.

Mrs. Snore. I, you with my poor Husband in Heaven.

Queaf. Know, I scorn to be so uncharitable.

To. Pall. Come, Gossips must agree! the very mention
Of Law and money does ever breed quarrels.

Snore. Sir, we who sit in Office
All night, must never hear of money, lest
We should be tempted in the dark.

Queaf. Who should tempt you in the dark? d'you mean me?
I am an honest woman, and tempt no body.

To. Pall. Make peace, Mistress *Snore*, be you the Constable.

Mrs. Snore. Neighbour *Queaf*! pray hear me.
'Troth thou art as froward with sitting up late
As any Child. I said your Daughter came
Too much to the Bake-house, whereby there was
Something missing, whereby, nay prethee mark,
I said your Daughter was to blame to keep
Evil company, for I love *Mary*, I
Care not who knows it; not I: and I'd fain
Give her good Counsel.

Snore. My Wife tells you the very words she spoke.

Mrs. Snore. Come, prethee send *Mary* to me.

Queaf. Why truly I am somewhat thick of hearing;
But if that which you said were all, my Daughter
Can take good counsel as well as another.

To. Pall. Come, no more words! there's to reconcile you——
In burnt Wine and Cakes. Go, get you all in. [*Ex. Sno. Mrs. Sno. Queaf.*]

Meag. Here is a hundred pounds, 'twas all his store;

Pert. We'll share't anon——What need you blush, Sir *Morglay*,
Like a maid newly undone in a dark
Entry? There are disasters to be found,
As bad as yours in the City Annals.

Thw. Your Brother is a man of a sweet temper.
His very blood is Holy Water, and less salt
Than Almond milk.

To. Pall. My silly reprehensions were despis'd;
You, Sir, would follow him, and in a path
Unknown to his own feet: yet I have since
Walk't in it, and have prosper'd as you see.

Thw. Well, I find 'tis possible to live by
Our wits; no chance shall drive me from that faith.

To. Pall. What will you give me, Knight, if I
(Besides concealing of your present shame)
Shall help you to atchieve such store of wealth,
As will in glory keep you a whole year,
Without supply from your Estate? This was,
I think, some few days since, your main design.

Thw. This was, Sir, in the hours
Of haughtiness and hope; but——alas, now——

To. Pall. I'll do't, Sir, whilst my Brother, in his declin'd
Condition, shall both see, and envy it.

Thw. Shall I live high, observ'd, and wonder'd at?

To. Pall. As the very Monster of plenty.

Thw. Then I will make thee Heir of my estate.
Come, Sir, take my right hand, and your two friends
For Witnesses.

To. Pall. Enough; hear me with haste.
The Lady *Ample's* dead----Nay, there are things
Have chanc'd, since your concealment, far more fit
For wonder, Sir, than this: She (to prevent
That pride and wickedness which follow wealth)
Has simply bury'd with her, in a Chest,
Her Jewels, and her Cloaths; besides (as I'm
Inform'd by my Intelligencer *Luce*)
Five thousand pounds in Gold; a Legacy,
Left by her Aunt, more than her Guardian knew.

Thw. Well, what of this?

To. Pall. Your self, and I, join'd, Sir, in a most firm
And loyal League, may rob this Chest.

Thw. Marry, and will.

To. Pall. Then, when your promise is confirm'd by deed,
Take all the treasure for your own expence.

Thw. Come, let us go; my Fingers burn till they
Are telling it. The night will grow upon us.
Your friends must jog off: I'll not trust new Faces.

To. Pall. I shall dismiss them, Sir, in the next Street.

Thw. This seems, at least, a wanton grin of Fortune,
And it may chance to end in a kind smile.
Since the living robb'd me, I'll rob the dead!

To. Pall. Methinks blind Fortune ushers me too fast;
But if she finds the way to bring me rich
From thence where this imagin'd treasure lies,
The Poets shall confess that she has Eyes.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE. I.

Enter To. Pall. Ample, Luce, Engine, with a Torch.

To. Pall. **E**ngine, draw out the Chest, and ope the Wicket.
Let us not hinder him the Air, since 'tis
Become his food.

Eld. Pall. Who's there? what are you? speak?

Amp. Two mourning Virgins, Sir; who (had you dy'd
For love) and in your wits, would now have brought
Roses and Lillies, with the Buds of Briar,
And Summer Pinks to strew upon your Herse.

Eld. Pall. Then you resolve I shall be dead.

Luce. 'Twere good that you would so resolve your self.

To. Pall. She counsels you to wife and pious thoughts:
But you are no more mortify'd, than men
Who are about to dance the *Morrice*.

Eld. Pall. Ladies, and Brother too (whom I begin
To worship now for tenderness of heart)

Can you conceive I am so stupid grown,
And so much Fith, as I can think you dare
Thus murder me, in bravery of mirth?
You have gone far; part of my suffrance I
Confess a justice to me.

Amp. O, do you so?

Has your heart and brain met upon the bus'ness,
And render'd you silly to your own thoughts?

Eld. Pall. I was, perhaps, somewhat mistaken
In my journey hither.

To. Pall. You think that there does need to the support
Of younger Brothers, something besides wit?

Eld. Pall. 'Tis so conceiv'd.

Amp. And that we Ladies, of the Town, or Court,
Have not such waxen hearts, that every beam
From Lovers Eyes can melt them through our Breasts?

Eld. Pall. That is imagin'd too.

Luce. And though some few, Sir, of our Sex have been,
Through weak belief, perverted and did yield
Too much to unlawful love, yet men are not
So scanty, that we need to buy our Lovers?

Eld. Pall. You teach me musick; I am all consent
And concordance.

Eng. And that the nimble packing hand, the swift
Disorder'd shuffle, or the slur, or his
More base employment, who makes love for bread;
Do all belong to men that may be thought
To live, Sir, by their Sins, not by their Wits?

Eld. Pall. Sir, whom I love not, nor desire to love;
I am of your mind too.

To. Pall. Madam, a fair conversion. If you please
Let me beseech you for his liberty.

Amp. He has so gain'd by his retirement, that
I think, he will not willingly come forth.

Eld. Pall. Sweet Lady doubt it not; open the Chest.

Amp. A little patience, Sir.

[Enter Ginet.

Gin. Madam, we are undone, your Guardian is
At door, knocking so loud, as if he meant
To wake all his dead Neighbours in the Church.

Amp. So soon return'd: It is not midnight yet.

Eng. I know the bait which tempts him back with
So much haste, and have, according to your will,
Provided, Madam, to betray his hopes.

Amp. Excellent Engine!

Eng. This Key conveys you through the Chancel to
Your Gallery. My way lies here; I'll let
Him in, and try how our design will relish.

[Ex. Eng.

Amp. Come, Sir, it is decreed in our wise Council,
That you must lie some distance from this place.

Eld. Pall. Pray save your labour, Madam, I'll come forth.

Amp. No, Sir, not yet.

Eld. Pall. Brother, a cast of your voice.

To. Pall. She hath the Key, Brother. 'Tis but one hours
Wife contemplation more.

To. Pall.

Eld. Pall. But hear me speak.

Amp. Nay, no Orations now; for Eloquence
Is a known Enemy to all dispatch.

To. Pall. Brother, no Gen'ral in a Siege has more designs
Than we. Patience is all your portion now. [*Ex. carrying out the Chest.*]

Enter Thrift, Engine.

Eng. None of the Writings, Sir, and yet perplex
Your self with so much speed in your return?

Thrift. Engine, the Lawyer was from home; but I
Had thought to have prevented by my haste,
The burial of the Chest, though not of her.

Eng. All, Sir, that Law allow'd her to bestow
Is yours, unless the Chest; but conscience made
Her bury that; there is the Key, Sir, though
'Tis of no use t' ye now.

Thrift. Hah, *Engine!* give it me. —

Eng. And, Sir (which grieves me more) know there
Is hidden in that Chest a plenteous heap
Of Gold; together with a Rope of Pearl,
Left by her late dead Aunt by Will, and kept
From your discovery.

Thrift. Is this true, *Engine?*

Eng. That precise *Luce*, her Cousin-Puritan,
Saw it interr'd, and did conceal it till
The Fun'ral forms were past; and then she said
It was a pious means, forsooth, by which
She would prevent temptation in the rich.

Thrift. These Fun'ral Tales, *Engine,* are sad indeed!

Eng. I mourn within, Sir.

Thrift. Give me the Key which leads me from my House
Unto the Chancel door.

Eng. 'Tis very late, Sir. Whither will you go?

Thrift. Never too late to pray, my heart is heavy.

Eng. But where shall I attend you, Sir?

Thrift. At my low Gall'ry door; I shall stay long.

Eng. I am no more your Steward, but your spy. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Yo. Pall. Pert, Meag, Snore, and Watchmen.

To. Pall. There, there is money for your Watch, I fear
They drunk not Wine enough, they do not chirp.

Snore. Wine mates them, Sir; they understand it not;
But they have very good capacity in Ale;

To. Pall. Well, let them have Ale then.

Snore. 'Twill make 'em sing, like Silk-Knitters of *Cocklane.*

To. Pall. *Meager*, go you to Sir *Tyrant Thrift's* House,
Luce, and the Lady are alone; they will
Have cause to use your diligence, make haste.

Meag. Pall. I am gone; your Dog ty'd to a Bottle
Shall not out-run me. [*Exit.*]

To. Pall. Pert, stay you here till I return.

Pert. Where is Sir *Morglay Thwack?*

To. Pall. I am to meet him straight in the Church-yard.
He sculks and hovers there like a tame Filcher.

Snore. We will expect your coming in this corner.

To. Pall. No stirring, 'till I either come or send.

Snore.

Snore. Must we stay long?

To. Pall. You shall expect me, or a Messenger.

[Exit.

Snore. Come, Neighbour *Runlet*, fighting pays no Rent
Though the Land-lady be in love. Sing out.

The Constable and Watch sing a Catch.

With Lanthorn on Stalls at Trea-trip we play

For Ale, Cheese, and Pudding till it be day:

And for our Break-fast (after long sitting)

We steal Street Pigs, of the Constables getting.

Enter Younger Pallatine.

To. Pall. Chirping my Birds of night? who could expect
So sweet a consort of old Nightingales?

You sing as if you perch'd in Tavern Bushes.

Snore. Sir, we can sing, and sing without a Fiddle;

And we can cough in tune too. I have seen

Mad Boys in my days, and have sung all night

With them, when *Bownc* the Bell-man has kept time. [En. Musician.

Snore. Who goes there? stand! stand still, and come before me.

Mus. Your pleasure, Sir?

[He advances.

Snore. Did not I bid you stand still?

Mus. Yes, Sir.

Snore. Why did you stir then?

Mus. Because, Sir, you bid me come before you.

Snore. I did bid you stand still and come before me.

Mus. You did, Sir.

Snore. And could you do both together?

Mus. No, Sir.

Snore. How dare you then presume to make your choice,
Which to do first, before my pleasure's known?

Mus. Why truly, Sir—

Snore. O, are you caught? There's one of my new tricks
To make you know the wit of a Constable.

Pert. And a shrewd one.

Snore. From whence come you?

Mus. Who, I Sir?

Snore. You, Sir? who else Sir? what, is there another
Knave behind you? or is the Devil your

Companion? I fear, Master *Pallatine*,

We shall find more of the Pack. Well, I ask

Again, whence come you?

Mus. I come, Sir—

Snore. Quick, quick! are you consid'ring what to say?
Speak, and speak quickly, e're y'have time to think.

Mus. Sir, if you please to have patience—

Snore. Patience? pray note him, Master *Pallatine*,
He tells me of patience, who have been held

The very Lamb of *Ludgate*. Sirrah! Sirrah!

But that I'm loth to break my Staff of Office

E're my year's out, I'd make your Coxcomb know

That I have patience. Come, where have you been?

Mus. Where have I been, Sir? why where have I been?
I'm sure I ha'nt been far.

Snore.

Snore. D'you mark him, Sir?
Here's an answer which might stagger a Horse!
I do protest that I grow weary of
Authority, because night after night;
I meet such intricate and cunning Knaves:

Pert. Shall his reply scape thus?

Snore. In truth I had forgot. O, the Knave answer'd
Where have I been? which does repeat my question.
Then, why where have I been; which is his question
To my demand; and then he said, I'm sure
I ha'n't been far. O most intricate Varlet!

To. Pall. For my part, I think it half charm, half Riddle.

Snore. Observe how he ends like a subtle Divel.
I'm sure I ha'n't been far; as who should say,
That I must take his bare assurance for some
Place which he maliciously conceals.
But come Sirrah,

You'll not confess where you have been?

Mus. An't please your Worship.——

Snore. Worship! that softens the Cake into Custard.

Mus. I have been at a Wedding.

Snore. Thou Knave, why did'st not tell me so before?

Mus. Your Worship would not let me.——

Snore. How, would not I let thee go to a Wedding?

To. Pall. Of what Profession are you?

Mus. A poor Musitian, Sir.

Snore. Still where there are Weddings there will be Musick.

To. Pall. Alas, the marry'd stand in need of comfort.

Snore. Stay, stay! can you sing the Constables Catch?

Mus. I can sing my part, Sir.

Snore. Master Pallatine, I profess by yea
And nay we'll have that Catch: 'twas made of me.

To. Pall. The Songster *Snore* will never be forgotten.

The second Catch is sung, and acted by them in Recitative Burlesque.

1.

1. Stand, who goes there! stand who goes there?

Come over the Kennel, now come near.

Hey ho! I hear a great noise

Like that of the angry Boys.

3. There's one you may think him as well

A Hector of Hell

By the brawling and roaring he wakes,

Stand, stand! now stay till the Constable wakes.

2.

A Coach ho, a Coach! it is gone by;

The Coachman drives till the Horses fly!

Hush, hush, and lye still! lye still! heark, heark!

Newgate's Black Dog

Has worry'd a Hog;

I hear his Brother of Dowgate bark!

3.

Another Coach it drives from the Strand!
Then have at the Harnace; stand ho, stand!
Ha, ha, young Gallant, bring forth your Wench,
And now come before the Bill-Mens Bench.
His Hat is soon off, and his Mistress quakes,
But stay, Sir, stay, till the Constable wakes.

To. Pall. Well sung old Boys! he who likes fighting better
 Is much more the Sexton's friend than his own.

Engine. your coming hastens me away.

[Enter Engine.

Dispatch; give your directions to my Friend.

[Exit.

Eng. Sir, draw down your Watch into the Church,
 And let 'em ly hid, by the Vestry door.

Pert. What is he there already? he made haste.

Eng. Fat Carriers make not more haste to ly down,
 Nor lean Philosophers to rise; I have
 Prepar'd the means to heighten his mistake:

Pert. Close by the Vestry door.

Eng. That is the place.

I'll to my Lady and expect th'event.

Pert. Follow, Master Constable, one, and one,
 All in a File.

[Exeunt.

Enter Sir Tyrant Thrift with a Candle:

Thrift. I cannot find where they have laid her Coffin.

But here's the Chest which keeps the bury'd Gold!

Gold the World's soul! and wisely so esteem'd,

Because it is the All in ev'ry part:

And shall this Soul ly bury'd with the Dead?

Life of Commerce, and by whose secret power

Courts to their Triumph, Camps to conquest move.

Let me redeem thee from the shades of Death. [Opens the Chest and

A Halter! who affronts me with this Emblem? (finds a Halter.

Devil! is this the Rope of Orient Pearl?

Enter Pert, Snore, Watchmen.

Pert. Now I have told you, Master Constable;

Th'intire design; observe how like that Chest

Is to the other, where the female Wits,

Do for a stray, impound Sir Pallatine;

Engine contriv'd them both.

Thrift. Hah! what are these? the Constable and Watch?

Pert. Ceize on him for no less than Sacriledge.

Thrift. Why, Neighbours? Gentlemen!

Pert. Away with him.

Snore. We shall know now, who stole the gilded Chalice,
 The Velvet Cushin, and the Vicar's Surplice.

Pert. Alas, grave Sir, are you become a forfeiture
 To Law for Sacriledge.

Thrift. Hear me but speak.

Snore. No, Sir, not in a cause against the King.

Pert. Come, lead him to his house; he shall be made
 Our Prisoner there; and be lockt up as safe
 As his old Gold.

Thrift. I am undone for ever.

[Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Thwack, Yo. Pall. with a dark Lanthorn, and an Iron Crow.

Thw. 'Tis strange the Lady *Ample* should out-do
The folly of *Brasile*: for there, at death,
The poor wild Ladies use t'inter their Beads,
To make them fine in th'other world; but she,
To stop the pride and vanity of this,
Has bury'd all her Gold and Jewels.

To. Pall. Come, Sir, lay down your Instrument.

Thw. Why, Sir?

To. Pall. I'm so much taken with the freedom of
Your nature, that I cannot now proceed
One step t'abuse you further. All is false
Which I have told you, to mislead you hither.

Thw. How, no treasure, Sir?

To. Pall. Sir, not so much as will defray th'expence
Of this small light, we waste to find it out.

Thw. None, none at all? I thank you, Sir. [*Flings down the Crow*

To. Pall. You shall have cause to thank me (*Of Iron suddenly.*)

When you hear, that I have brought you hither to
Perceive, how little wit (under your favour, Knight)
Your head contains, which could be wrought to such
Vain hopes, as you receiv'd for currant coyn,
From that less witty Gentleman my Brother.

Thw. 'Tis well, Sir; but your brother,
Whose name (let me first tell you) does sound worse
To both my ears, than the voice of a Sergeant
To a Gallant arrested in his Coach,
Near the Court Gate, with's Mistress by him?

To. Pall. You are believ'd: but will you, Sir, confirm
Me in your grace and favour, If I make
It straight appear, that in revenge of what
You suffer'd, I have made him suffer more?

Thw. The *Legend*, *Talmud*, nor the *Alcoran*,
Have not such doubtful Tales as these; but make
It strait appear; I would have evidence.

To. Pall. Then take't on my Religion, Sir, he was
Laid up in durance for a Bawd, before
He did betray you, to the same preferment.

Thw. Shall this be justify'd, when my disgrace
Comes to be known, wilt thou then witness it?

To. Pall. In publick, Sir; and to invite you more
To favour me (who ever kindly mourn'd
For all your sufferings) know you instantly
Shall see him lockt in a blind Chest; where he
Lies bath'd, and in a greater sweat than e're
Cornelius had in his own Tub.

Thw. Here, amongst Sepulchres!
Let me but see't that I may dye for joy,
And then thou wilt be instantly my heir.

To. Pall. Sir, you shall see't; and e're the Sun does rise,
Find him intangled in a new distress.

Thw. Dost thou want money? come call for a Scriv'ner;
Bring me to Parchment straight, and I will seal
A pound of Wax

To. Pall.

To. Pall. Ho. Sir, are you asleep? [Yo. Pall. *knocks at the Chest.*

Eld. Pall. O Brother, art thou come? Quick let me forth.

To. Pall. Here is a certain loving friend of yours,

Who kindly comes to see you, Sir.

[*Opens the Wicket.*

Eld. Pall. Sir *Morglay Thwack!* —————

Thw. What like a bashful Badger, do you draw

Your head into your hole again? Come, Sir,

Out with that sapient Noddle, which has wrought

So warily for me, and your dear self.

Eld. Pall. Here take my Eye-lids, Knight, and sow 'em up,
I dare not see thy face.

Thw. But what think you

Of a new journey from the North, to live

In glory by our Wits; or midnight visits

To the Mogul's Niece?

Eld. Pall. I have offended, Knight.

Come, scourge me with Whip-Cord headed with Rowels

Of *Rippon* Spurs. I'll endure any thing

Rather than thee.

To. Pall. Now give me leave to let him forth.

Thw. If thou lov'st me,

Let him be confin'd thus, but one Month;

I'll send him down to Country Fairs for a

New motion made by German Engineers.

To. Pall. Sir *Morglay*, leave your Lanthorn here; and stay

My coming at yon Door; I'll let him out;

But for the new distress I promis'd you,

Take't on my manhood, he shall feel it straight.

Thw. Finely ensnar'd again, and instantly?

To. Pall. Have a good faith and go.

[*Exit Thwack.*

Eld. Pall. Dear Brother, wilt thou give me liberty?

To. Pall. Upon condition that you kiss this Hilt,

And swear you will not follow me, but here

Remain, until the Lady *Ample* shall

Bestow that freedom, which I can but lend.

[*He kisses the Hilt.*

Eld. Pall. 'Tis done, a vow inviolate. —

[*He opens the Chest and lets him out.*

To. Pall. Now silence, Brother, not one curse, nor thanks. [*Exit.*

Eld. Pall. Fate and a happy Star conduct me hence.

Was ever two legg'd Gentleman thus us'd? —

Enter Snore, Pert, Watchmen.

Pert. Pall and his friend are gone, I must not stay

To be seen, but after you have seiz'd on him,

Lead him a Pris'ner to the Lady too —

Snore. I'll do't, though he were *Gog* or *Heildebrand*. [*Exit Pert.*

Eld. Pall. What mean you, Sirs?

Snore. Yield to the Constable.

[*They lay hold on him.*

Eld. Pall. 'Tis yielded that you are a Constable;

But where have I offended?

Snore. Here, Sir, you have committed sacrilege,

And rob'd an Aldermans Tomb, of himself,

And of both his Children, kneeling in Brass.

Eld. Pall. How, Flea Monuments of their brazen skins?

Snore. Nay, I believe, if we should search the Tomb

Within, we should find somewhat else missing.

Eld. Pall. Why, did the good Alderman bury money,
To buy Alms-Custards, for Posterity?

Snore. No, Sir, but one of his dead Daughters
Had a fine head of Hair, and I am sure
Yours is none of your own.

Eld. Pall. I see you are scandaliz'd at Perewigs;
But the Sexton, being a diligent man,
Was before me at that work.

Snore. O did you come too late? bear witness that
The Gentleman confesses, he was there
With a felonious intent.

Eld. Pall. Master Constable,
When you walk in the night, you need no Lanthorns;
Y'are quick-sighted, and can find truth without 'em.

Snore. Look, a dark Lanthorn, and an Iron Crow;
Fine evidence for a Jury.

Eld. Pall. And all this preparation in the Church
Was to dig for departed Perewigs.

Snore. Say you so, Sir? what shifts young Gallants use
To get Hair from others, and yet they take
More pains to lose their own.

Eld. Pall. I like this trick. The Lady *Ample*, and
My Brother, have triumphant Wits; I grow
In love with both. Well, whither must I go?

Snore. Away with him! Examine
The Kings Constable, away with him——

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Yo. Pall. Thw. Amp. Luce, Meager.

Meag. I am your Guardians Jaylor. He is now
Lockt in the Parlour, where he does out-howle
A Dog that sees a Witch flying in Moon-shine.

Thw. I long to hear, how my wife Tutor thrives,
In this new Plot.

Amp. 'Tis well you are converted.
Young *Pallatine* deserves your double thanks.

Thw. Let me, on your fair hand, seal my conversion.

To. Pall. *Luce*, you must make the proposition good,
Which I shall give my Brother from this Lady.

Luce. Madam, you'll please still to confirm, what I
Did lately mention?

Amp. I'll keep my promise.

[*Enter Pert.*]

Pert. Your Brother's come. This Room must be his Prison.

To. Pall. Away, *Luce*, away; stand in the Closet,
That you may hear us both, and reach my call;

And, Madam, you may likewise please to leave us. [Ex. *Amp. Luce.*]

Thw. I'll stay and see him.

To. Pall. No, Knight, you are decreed Sir *Tyrant's* Judge:
Go that way, Sir, and force him to compound.

Thw. I'll fine him, till his Purse
Shrink like a Bladder in the Fire.

[*Exit another way.*]

Enter Snore, Eld. Pallatine.

Snore. Here, Sir, this is your Jayl; too good for such
A great offender.

Eld. Pall. Sacriledge? very well.

Now

Now all the Pulpit Cushions, all the Hearse-cloaths,
And Winding-sheets, that have been stolln about
The Town this year, will be laid to my charge.

To. Pall. Pray leave us, Master Constable, and look
Close to your other Bondman in the Parler. [Ex. Snore and Watch.

Eld. Pall. This is the wittiest off-spring that our name
E're had. My Father never was a Poet,

I wonder how he got him?

To. Pall. I know you curse me now.

Eld. Pall. Brother, you mistake me.

To. Pall. Indeed you do. No Conjurer in a Circle,
Who has rais'd up a wrong spirit, does curse
So much, nor yet so inwardly.

Eld. Pall. I love thee without measure.

To. Pall. You do not sure.

Eld. Pall. Most certainly I do.

To. Pall. And can you think, all the afflictions you
Endur'd were merited; first for misleading
Morglay, your old friend; and then for your
Neglect of me.

Eld. Pall. Brother, I murmur not. The Traps which you
Did lay, were so ingeniously contriv'd,
That I could wish to fall in 'em again.

To. Pall. The Lady Ample was the great Contriver,
I only wrought by her direction.

Eld. Pall. Ah! that I had that sweet, that charming
Lady, Brother!

To. Pall. Suppose this Lady would become your Wife?
How highly should you be exalted; when,
Besides possession of her heritage,
You might declare, that you had vanquish't her,
Who has so often conquer'd you.

Eld. Pall. Brother, no new Plots.

To. Pall. Six thousand pounds, Sir, is your yearly Rent,
Which is no ill temptation to a Maid,
Who is discreet, and knows the use of wealth.
I have from Luce sufficient hope; besides,
I heard her say, she ne'er should meet a man,
Whom she so much could govern with her wit.

Eld. Pall. That I would venture.

To. Pall. Well, my first gift shall be your freedom, Sir:
The Constable obeys no Law but mine.

And now, Madam, appear! [Enter Ample, Luce.

Amp. You are welcome amongst the living, Sir.

Eld. Pall. Lady, no words; if you have mercy or
Affection for me.

Amp. You are grown arrogant again:---Do you
Believe that you have vanquish't my affection?

Eld. Pall. I have a heart so loving to my self,
As it does with I could. Ah, we should live---

Amp. Not by our Wits.

Eld. Pall. No, no; but with perpetual harmony,
And no more noise, than th' upper motions make.

Amp. Luce, he'll talk sense in time, there is no medicine,

For

For a wild Brain, like darkness in a Chest.

To. Pall. O Madam, you are cruel.

Amp. Well, y'are my Convert, and at least, shall know
That I have made a vow, to marry on
That very day, my wardship did expire;
And two hours since that liberty began.

Luce. Nay hear her out. Your wishes are so forward.

Amp. My Ancestors were of the hasty *French*,
From whom I have the humour of dispatch.

Eld. Pall. Ah make me more than happy, Madam!

Amp. If, Sir, your nature be so full of faith,
As your kind Brother has confirm'd to *Luce*,
And me, follow, and I'll present you straight
With certain Bonds, which you shall, hoodwinkt, seal;
Entirely ignorant of what they are;
This is the swiftest and the easiest test,
That I can make of your bold love; do this,
And I, perhaps, may fairly treat.
The Writings are within.

Eld. Pall. Lead me to tryal.

Amp. But, Sir, if I should marry you, 'tis through
Belief that I've the wit to govern you.

Eld. Pall. I should be much unhappy else.

To. Pall. In *Luce*, our hopes grow strong.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Thrift, Snore, Mrs. Snore, Queasy, Ginet.

Ginet. To him *Mistress Snore*, 'tis he who kept
Your Husband from his Bed so long, to watch
Him for Church-robbery.

Mrs. Snore. Ah! thou old Jew. I thought what thou'dst come to.
Remember the Warrant thou sent'st for me
Into *Duck-lane*; when I was fain't invite
Thy Clark to a Fee-Pye, which was given me
By a Temple-Cook, my Sister's Sweet-heart.

Queas. Nay, and remember who was brought to Bed
Under thy Coach-house wall; when thou deny'dst
A wad of straw, and wouldst not join thy half-penny,
To send for milk for the poor *Chrisome*.

Snore. Now you may sweeten me with Sugar-loaves
At New-years-tide, as I have you, Sir.

Mrs. Snore. And now, Sir, we may tell you, how you imprison'd
The rich Bawd, for offering to corrupt Justice
With half her old Gold, and Mill-money, left
Under your Desk; and you never releas'd her
Till she sent you the other half.

Queas. And you examin'd her
Thrice over too, that you might hear enough
Young wickedness: then your worship seem'd angry,
And call'd out for more stark naked truth.

Snore. Two of your Clarks lye bury'd in this Church---
Who held a long Siege out, of seven years famine
In your Worship's House; and, at last, dy'd bravely
Of a surfeit of Chippins.

Mrs. Snore. I, I, French Chippins! His Clarks were turn'd Gallants,
For they would eat in the mode, as they call it,

And

And have Broths made of shells of new layd Eggs,
And skins of silver Eels.

Queas. Ah, these French! Many an honest womans Son
Has been poyson'd by their Keck-shaws.

Mrs. Snore. Well fare old *Islington* for wholesom Dainties!
Who ever heard of Poyson in stew'd Prunes?

Enter Thwack, Pert, Meag, Engine.

Thw. We'll teach you to rob Churches, Sir; we, of
The Pious, shall be still afraid, to go

T' a long exercise, for fear our Pockets should

Be pickt. Come, Sir, you see already how

The Neighbours throng to find you; will you yield?

'Tis but a thousand pounds a piece to these

Two Gentlemen; and five hundred more't' *Engine,*

Your crime is then conceal'd, and person free.

Meag. No, he may chuse, he'll trust the courteous Law.

Pert. Let him, for though Justice does seem blind,
She'll grope the way out to find his money.

Thrift. There is my Closet Key; do what you please.

Eng. Come, Gentlemen, I'll lead you to his Treasure.

Thw. D' you use to find such sums as these, beneath
An Oak, after a long march?

Pert. Yes, when we dream well, after a full Supper.

Thw. Y' had better trail a Bodkin, Gentlemen,

Under the Lady *Ample*, than a Pike

Under a *German General*.

Pert. We'll fetch the money, Sir,
And talk anon.

[*Ex. Eng. Pert. Meag.*]

Enter Eld. Pall. Yo. Pall. Ample, Luce.

To. Pall. Sir *Tyrant Thrift*, here is your Ward come from
The dead, r' indite you for a Robbery.

Thrift. Ha! is she alive too?

Luce. Yes, and her Wardship out before you proffer'd
Her a Husband, so the best benefit
Of all your Guardianship is lost.

Amp. You could not, Sir, in seven long years,
Provide a man deform'd enough to offer me.

Thrift. Cozen'd of treasure and of fame! *Dog Engine.* [*Ex. Thrift.*]

Thw. We must have you enclos'd again: y' are very
Familiar with the Lady.

Eld. Pall. I shall be, Sir.

This Priest stays very long.

Thw. How's this? then I'll forgive thee heartily.

Amp. Sir, I shall take him for the exercise
Of my weak wit, to chide for recreation.

'Twill keep me in breath now I am past growing.

Eld. Pall. Hearn, Knight! I chuse

None of your Country Madams, who must spend

Their time in study of Receipts, to make

March-pane.

Thw. New wonders yet.

Eld. Pall. What was that, Madam, which I seal'd to hoodwink?
A simple tryal of my confidence and love.

Amp. Your Brother has it, 'tis a gift to him

Of one fair Mannor 'mongst those many you
Possess; and in this Bond, y'are witnesses to
Three thousand Pounds, which I have given to *Luce*.

To. Pall. Yes, Sir, for *Luce* and I must marry too.

Luce. The danger is so near, that I begin
To wish it past.

Eld. Pall. Thou could'st not have betray'd me to a bounty
Which I more love. Brother, I wish thee joy.

[*Thwack takes Young Pallatine aside.*]

Thw. You are the cause of all these Miracles.
I therefore must desire you, Sir, to be
My Heir. I know it is a hard request,
But for convenience you may yield. Sir, though
I love your wit, you shall not live by it.

To. Pall. Sir, humble thankfulness is in the poor
The greatest gratitude.

Mrs. Snore. Heaven give you joy, sweet Master *Pallatine*,
And to you, Sir, a whole Parish of Children.

Queas. And send you both many more such rich Wives.

Enter Pert, Meag. Eng. with money-bags.

Pert. Loaden with composition, *Pall.*—

Meag. 'Tis for your sake we groan beneath these burdets. —

To. Pall. The offal of Sir *Tyrant's* Trunks. Pray, Brother,
Be pleas'd to know these Gentlemen, they owe
You more than they intend to pay you now.

Eld. Pall. I know 'em both. But, Cavaliers, no words
And you are safe. Where shall we dine to day?

To. Pall. At *Luce's* Aunts, we'll make her shake her Purse,
When she beholds a Jointure, and fair hopes.

Eld. Pall. Now Lady, let us hasten to the Church,
Your pleasant arts upon me, may become
A good Example, and a Moral too;
To shew that their design but seldom hits,
Who aim to live in splendour by their Wits.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Epilogue, spoken at *Black-Fryars*.

THE office of an Epilogue, is now
To smooth and stroak the wrinckles from each brow,
To guide severer judgments (if we could
Be wise enough) until they thought all good,
Which they perhaps dislike; And sure this were
An over-boldness, rais'd from too much fear.
You have a freedom, which we hope you'll use,
To advance our youthful Poet, and his Muse
With a kind doom; and he'll tread boldly then
In's best new Comick Socks, this Stage agen.

Epilogue

Epilogue spoken at the Duke's Theatre.

I Am so constant to you, Gentlemen,
 That, in pure kindness, I am come again.
 I'll tell you now my judgment of the Play,
 And not ask yours; for yours the Poets say
 (If Poets can speak truth) is very small:
 Lord! how I've heard 'em swear y've none at all?
 All Prologues cry, the Criticks are undone!
 Nay, I my self was offer'd to be one;
 But, since so many write, I did eschew
 Th'uncivil pow'r of judging some of you.
 'Tis strange that you are thus turn'd back again
 To Infant-stature from Gigantick-men.
 The time has been you threw great Poets down,
 But now are by small Poets overthrown.
 Ours boasted that he felt your strength decline
 Since he made War; but this he said in Wine:
 I mean in fumes of such a frantick fit
 As Poets have, when Poems do not hit.
 I think, like Women, they grow cholerick,
 And scold because they hurt not whom they strike.
 Long have the Poets made rebellious War
 Against the Senates, who their Princes are.
 And though the Poets have still losers been,
 Yet after loss, Reserves are still brought in.
 Such is our Play; consisting of a few
 Old rally'd Forces, with as many new.
 He's weary of this War; and being near
 The danger of his Climacterick year,
 Does parley, and would urge, since he must treat,
 How little you will gain by his defeat.
 He will not of his weakness more declare
 To those, with whom he held so long a War;
 The Conquer'd who too much themselves debase,
 Do rudely then the Victors pow'r disgrace.

FINIS.

Love and Honour.

PROLOGUE.

BUT that the Tyrant custom bears such sway,
 We would present no Prologue to our Play:
 Since we have learn'd in Prologues all the scope
 Is with weak words to strengthen weaker hope,
 When with sad solemn phrase we court each ear
 Not to observe, but pardon what you hear:
 Or if there were but one so strangely wise,
 Whose judgment strives to please, and trust his eyes,
 Him at an easie charge we could provoke
 To a kind doom with this grave long old Cloak.
 Now for the over-subtle few, who raise
 Themselves a trivial fame by a dispraise,
 Our bold opinion is, they may descry
 Some easie wit, but much more cruelty.

Dramatis Personæ.

The old Duke of Savoy.
 His Brother, }
 The Duke of Millain, } Disguised like Ambassadors.
 Alvaro, Prince of Savoy.
 Leonel, Prince of Parma.
 Prospero, a young Count.
 Caladine, and old Counsellor.
 Vasco, a Colonel.
 Altesio, }
 Frivolo, } Officers and Souldiers.
 Tristan, }
 Evandra, Heir of Millain.
 Melora, Sister to Leonel.
 An old Widow.
 Lelia, her Maid.
 Boy.
 Musitians.
 Souldiers.
 Servants.

The SCENE Savoy.

ACT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Retreat being sounded as from far,

Enter Vasco, Altesto, Frivolo.

Vasc. **H**Eark Boys! they sound us a retreat! this skirmish
Was not a pastime to continue at;
'Tis safer wrastling in a Bed; give me
Henceforth your whitefac'd Foe, a fair Enemy,
That wears her Head-piece lac'd; I'm for a Cambrick Helmet.

Alt. All that these mighty men of *Millain* got
By th' sport is only that they'll need hereafter
Lefs cloath to their Doublets, and no Stockings;
For some of them shall wear a single Arm
And wooden Legs, limping their days out in
An Hospital.

Friv. How? an Hospital?

Vasc. A rode, a rode; the High-way is now prescrib'd
By State-Physicians to decrepid Souldiers;
Where they may feed on wholsom air.
Hospitals and Pensions are reserv'd
For your maim'd Mercer, and lazy Sons of the Shop,
That have been often crack'd, not on their Crowns,
Like us, but in their credit.

Friv. And consumptive Ushers, that are decay'd
In their Ladies service. A score of Duckets
Shall purchase them a place, where they may sleep
Before the Hospital Gate, till Boys seek
Birds-nests in their Beards.

Alt. Well, the surprize o'th' Citadel, wherein
The Duke had plac'd his Daughter, with the Ladies
Of her Train, and treasure too, was rare service.

Vasc. Just when they sally'd out
To cut our Rear in pieces, then to steal in
By ambush, and make them all our prize.

Friv. They say his Daughter scap'd, and fled, with *Leonel*,
Whom our Count *Prospero* pursu'd. *[Enter Tristan.]*

Vasc. *Tristan*? welcome; is all our pillage waggon'd?
Shall it to night reach *Turin*?

Trif. All's safe my lusty Leader, our Horse too
Have sound'd a Retreat; and the Foe sneaks,
They walk with their hands in their pockets, like Skippers
In a Frost.

Vasc. Well, let me reckon my Estate;
First, a Widow Prisoner.

Alt. Mine's a Maid Prisoner, young my *Vasco*,
She's yet in her first blush,
And I've dispatcht her into *Turin*, to
My Mothers House, thy Prisoner in her company,
They are acquainted.

Vasc. You have the luck; these bald chins are as familiar
With their good Stars, as with Spur Rowels; they
Play with them, and turn them which way they please;

I fought as well as he: yet he has got
A prisoner fair and young; mine is
So old, that she has Grand-children with gray Beards.
In one month she'll cost me as much in Cawdles
And sweet Candy, as her ransom comes to.

Friv. But you have other pillage, Captain?

Vas. Let me see, three *Barbary* Horses with rich
Caparisons, two Chests of the Generals Cloaths.

Alt. And I a Chest of the Generals Plate.

Friv. In that I share *Altesto*.

Vas. How? Plate? shall we encounter our souc'd Fish
And broil'd Pullen in Silver service;
Like furr'd magnificos?

Friv. We shall Captain; but you may dip your morsel
In wooden Trays.

Alt. All your Plate, *Vasco*, is the Silver handle
Of your old Prisoners Fan.

*Enter Prospero wounded, and Evandra (her arms in
a scarf, pinion'd.)*

Trif. Here comes *Prospero* the valiant Count.

Vas. And with him the fair prize.

Prof. *Evandra*, do not mourn, I who have made
You Captive thus; think you as worthy of
My care, as of my valour in the Fight;
Can I esteem you less by being mine?

Evan. What have I done (unknown unto my heart)
That hath provokt your valour to this cruelty?
Or are my crimes observ'd more than my Prayers,
That Heaven hath made me thus the scorn of Victory?

Prof. It is the sad preheminance of your
Transcendent birth, and beauty, to confer
Honour on him that is your Conquerour.

Evan. Honour? is that the word that hath so long
Betray'd the emulous world, and fool'd the noblest race
Of men, into a vex'd and angry death?
It would not, were it virtue, thus distress
The innocent.

Prof. I am the Wars Disciple, and since first
I had the growth to wear a Sword, have found
The strength of reason less prevailing
Than the force of Arms. *Altesto*!

Alt. My Lord.

Prof. Take here this Lady to your charge, conduct
Her straight to *Turin*, and there guard her in
My House till my return.

Alt. I shall, my Lord.

Prof. Let her be safe, *Altesto* in thy care
On forfeiture of life, she is my Prisoner,
And much the noblest in the Field,
The Heir of *Millain*, had not my niggard Stars
Intended me but half a courtesie,
The Duke her Father had lamented now
Under the same fate.

Vas. I could with your Lordship would believe me

A fitter man, to take charge of the Lady.

Prof. Why Captain?

Vas. You could not commit her to an Eunuch
With more safety.

Prof. Success hath made you wanton Captain.

Vas. Besides, my Lord, I've ta'en an old lay-Abess
Prisoner; 'tis such a Governess for a
Young Maid, she'll read to her rare Homilies.

Prof. Well you shall taste my bounty too, close by
The Valley that does join to the next Grove
Lies, conquer'd by my Sword, a *Millain* Knight;
His wounds were dress'd and stop't by the best art
I had, but by much loss of blood he is
Not able yet to move. His ransom I'll bestow
On you.

Vas. I thank your Lordship.

Prof. But use him nobly, *Vasco*, for he hath
A courage, that well merited his cause:
And bravely fought to free this Lady from
My Bonds.

Vas. He shall be kindly us'd: follow *Tristan*.

Prof. Make haste, see him convey'd with care and ease,
And call my Surgeon to attend his cure. [Ex. Vas, Trist.

Evan. Sir, can you find no pity yet within
Your breast? you have already shew'n enough
Of your stern Fathers Spirit; but is there not
In all your heart, so much of softness as
Declares you had a Mother too? must I
Be Captive led, and in a cruel Land
Lament your Victory?

Prof. *Alteſto*, bear her from my fight? make haste:
I am not safe when I converse with tears. [Ex. Alt. Evan.

I would ambition were not brave in War?
Or that the rage of Princes had not made
It lawful to subdue whom they dislike;
Or that it were as much ignoble to oppress
As to endure oppression from our Foes.

Frivolo! where didst thou leave the Prince?

Friv. In pursuit of the Duke; who since, we hear,
Recover'd *Millain*; which made him sound us [Drums beat a march
A retreat—heark, Sir, his march leads hither; afar off.]:
It is his way to *Turin*. [Enter Calladine.

Call. The Prince, the Prince! Lord *Prospero*
You have been fought. The valiant Prince,
For this day's action has advanc'd you to
The publick Ear, and all your friends salute
Your fame.

Prof. I did but as his bold example taught.
I saw him conquer, kill, and lead in Bonds
Men with sad Faces, whom I never saw
Before, and I believ'd 'twas good; I wish
High Heaven may think so too. I ne'er convers'd
With Books, but I have heard that Enemies
(Though these ne'er injur'd me) must be thus us'd.

Enter

Enter Alvaro, souldiers stripping off his Corset.

Alv. Unbuckle, *Calladine*! the day is hot,
And our great business cools, like to their hearts
Who fled to humbled *Millain*, and have left
Their fainting honour hovering o're our Crests.
Lead on my Horse in triumph, I will march on foot,
He hath perform'd his work, as he
Had equall'd me in fence of what he did.

Call. Sir, *Prospero* the Count, whom your [Prof. kneels, kisses
Kind fears did seek in our retreat. (his hands.

Alv. Rise noble youth, and let me hold thee near
My heart; joyn thy stout brest to mine,
That we may grow awhile together in our love:
Yet when divided, be the same in thought
And act. This day thou hast begot much History,
And given our *savoy* Chroniclers a Theam,
To teach them how to boast, and be believ'd.

Prof. *Alvaro*, my lov'd Prince! why should you loose
Your praise on me, who did but imitate
The faintest of your vigour and your skill?
You bred me from my childhood to do things
Which men call glorious; though (dull and unlearn'd)
I cannot reach the cause of what I do,
More than your great example and command.

Alv. Since thou hadst strength to wear a Sword,
Thou hast been mine, and it was ever drawn to do
My will, and though (I know not why) thou wast
Averse to Arts, and written labours of the Wise;
Yet discipline of War thou still hast lov'd,
And well observ'd.

Prof. Your love will breed me envy, Sir; something
I've done (since you are pleas'd to vulture so
My weaker toys) which may perhaps deserve
Your Fathers thanks, and yours, and is as yet
Unknown to both. *Evandra* heir of *Millain*,
I have fought for, and ta'ne prisoner; and have
To *Turin* sent.

Alv. Hah! the fair *Evandra* made a Prisoner;
And *Prospero* by thee!

Prof. Why should you think that he, whom you have
Prais'd so much, can be unfit for such a Victory?

Alv. The World's belov'd chief beauty thou hast sent
In bonds, t'appease my cruel Father's wrath.

Call. My Lord, I know he is a servant to the same
Both of her Vertue and her Beauty.

Prof. Mount straight my Courser *Frivolo*, and try
If by the happy quickness of his speed
Thou canst recover her; and use
Her with such fair respective homage,
As may expiate my violent surprise.

[Exit Friv.

Alv. Fly, fly! would thou wert swift enough
To overtake the shafts of Love.

Prof. What have I done that I should thus mistake
An act of valiant glory, for a deed

That

That argues an austere, ignoble rage.

Alv. Fair *Evandra*, the delight of *Italy*!
In whom the graces meet to rectifie
Themselves. Her sweetness is imprison'd now,
Like weeping *Roses* in a Still, and is
Like them ordain'd to last by dissolution.

Prof. Is not such excellence more fit
For *Turin* than for *Millain*, Sir? I saw
You take prisoners, and in my fury had
Discretion to atchieve the best.

Alv. O thou hast lost my heart: from hence proceeds
This cruel act, that to thy savage courage,
I could never joyn Philosophy.
Hadst thou been learned,
And read the gentle deeds, of nobler minds,
Reason had checkt thy rage, thy valour would
Have been more pitiful, than to have led
So soft a Virgin, into harsh captivity.

Prof. I thought I had done well.

Alv. How? well? make haste to draw that falshood back,
Or thou shalt meet a danger worse than death;
For thou shalt dye, e're thou
Hast leisure to be penitent. [*Offers to draw his Sword, Call. stays*
Unhand me *Calladine*, already I have met *(him.*
With wiser thoughts. Why should I waste
My anger on a thing, wild as the Woods,
Where he should graze with Heards, who though
They want discourse, have more humanity than he.

Prof. She was the daughter of our greatest Enemy:
And so I us'd her, Sir.

Alv. A Savage Bear must needs
Have us'd her with more soft remorse. Had I
Encounter'd her in the mad heat of Chace,
In all the fury of the Fight, I would
Have taught my angry Steed, the easie and
The peaceful motion of a Lamb.

Prof. Would you had taught me some Philosophy,
Before I learn'd to fight. [*Enter Frivolo.*

Friv. All hope is past, she was convey'd in one
Of your swift Chariots which *Altesto* drove.
She will (e're I can tell you more) be shut
Within our *Turin* Walls.

Prof. Such news becomes
The fatal Bird of Night: so Ravens croke,
When they fly o're the Mansions of the sick,
And bode their deaths.

Alv. *Prospero*, see me no more!
Thou art a sickness to mine eyes:
Fly to some lustful Land, where none but Goats
And Satyrs live; and where a Virgins name
Will seem as strange as is thy cruelty.

Call. Look, Sir, he grieves! can you be pleas'd to see
Him mourn, whom heretofore you rais'd
To a continual joy, by giving him

A station in the foremost rank of love.
Are you not mov'd, Sir, with his tears?

Alv. No more, than to behold
The puddled Chancel overflow: he saw
Her weep and could endure't.

Prof. Sir, have I in one hasty moment so
Far merited your anger, that no means
Is left, to win me to your former grace?

Alv. No means is left, unless thou couldst restore
Evandra's liberty: She is, e're this,
Within my Father's power; whose nature is
Severe, and mortal to her Father's blood;
An ancient Vow he took, will make her destiny
So sad, I fear to think on it.

Prof. I sent her in good conduct to my House,
Where is a Cave so artfully conceal'd,
Beneath my Garden Mount, that not the Sun's
Most prying Beams, nor humane search,
Can e're discover it. I'll hide her there,
'Till time, and apt convenience, can convey
Her home to *Millain*.

Alv. Flye then! lose not the little hope we have
By slow pursuit of it. You careful Powers
Above, preserve her from my Father.

Prof. I'll groan away my weary life.

[Exit Prof.]

[Trumpets afar off.]

Friv. Heark, Sir, the Duke your Father now
Does ride in triumph through the Town to meet
And celebrate your Victory.

Alv. Give order that our Troops march slowly on:
Our Drums should now in sable Cases beat;
Our Colours folded be, our Muskets all
Reverst, whilst our dejected Pikes we trail,
But that I fear 'twould breed inquiry in
My Father, of a cause he must not know.
O *Calladine*! *Evandra* is in Bonds.

[Exit.]

Enter Vasco, Tristan, Leonel wounded and led.

Vasc. Prepare the Waggon, *Tristan*; spread a Mat in't,
And, dost hear, bid my Ancient tear off's Colours
For a Coverlet: 'tis thin, Sir, all our shift.

Trif. All's ready, Sir, i'th' bottom of the Hill.
He shall lye like my Mother when she lay in.

Vas. Softly, *Tristan*, he moves but tenderly:
He hath made your skin, Sir, only
Fit to be worn in Summer. This *Prospero*

Is a Turk when's Whinyard's drawn, and shines in's Eyes.

Leon. He us'd me nobly, Sir, when I had bled
Away that strength which did contest with his.
I could not hope to find such mercy in an Enemy,
Unless my better fate had made me fall
Beneath the force of your *Alvaro*, Prince
Of *Piemont*.

Vas. I there's a man. 'Tis true Lord *Prospero* is valiant,
I think he dares meet the Devil in duel,

And

And give him two flashes of Light'ning odds: but
 He wants that they call Learning, Sir; Prince *Alvaro*
 Is as they say, a Philosokey man;
 He talks of Rabins and strange Hebrew roots;
 Things which we dull Souldiers know no use of,
 But to boyl and eat for Winter Salads.

Trif. He can tell you, Sir, how many showrs fell
 Since *Noah's* flood.

Vas. I, and how many Cloaks those showrs have wet.

Leo. Have you no news (Sir) of the Lady that
 Was forc'd from my protection by young *Prospero*?

Vas. How, Sir? was there ever creature
 Of Heavens making, like Paltry man?
 Now has he a mind (despite of his wounds)
 To a fair Lady. She, Sir, is safe
 In *Turin*, whither we mean to lead you too.

Leo. Some comfort yet, it is decreed I shall
 Indure my bondage where she suffers hers.
 How nigardly, *Evandra*, was thy fate,
 When it allow'd no more protection for
 Thy beauty, than my single arm?

Tris. Come, move on, Sir! it will be late
 Ere we shall reach the Town.

Leo. What other fortune had the Battel?

Vas. We cudgel'd your Duke home, Sir.

Leo. How various are th'effects of War!
 What fury rules
 O're humane sence, that we should struggle to
 Destroy in mangled wounds our life, which
 Heaven decreed so short? It is a Mystery,
 Too sad to be remembred by the wise,
 That half mankind consume their noble blood
 In causes not belov'd; or understood.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Vasco, Frivolo, Tristan.

Friv. YOU have heard the proclaim'd Law, *Vasco*.

Vas. I would there were no Laws, or that no man
 Were learn'd enough to read 'em, or that we had
 Courage enough not to obey them.

Trif. *Frivolo*, what Law is that?

Friv. It is proclaim'd all Female Prisoners
 After a year, shall have free liberty
 To return to *Millain*, and ransomless:
 Only a year is given to us the Conquerors,
 That those we took, of birth and dowry, may
 (If we can wooc them to consent) marry us.
 But we have no power to use constraint, nor to
 Inforce a Maidenhead, on pain of death.

G g

Vas.

Vas. My Beldam has ta'ne order with her Maidenhead
Ten years e're I was born.

Friv. In the mean time, *Tristan*,
As a requital for our hopes, we must
Maintain them at our own charge.

Trist. Must not the men we took pay ransom?

Vas. Yes, yes, they pay, I have a Knight given me
By young Count *Prospero* shall sell his Spurs,
E're he scape free; I will pawn him till he
Be worn to the title of a Squire.

Friv. Thou art too cruel, *Vasco*.

Vas. Hang him, bold *Cataian*! he indites finely,
And will live as well by sending short Epistles,
Or by the sad whisper at your Gamesters elbow,
When the great By is drawn, as any distrest
Gallant of 'em all.

Trist. But what's the cause our Duke is so severe
To this fair heir of *Millain*; who, as 'tis said,
Shall suffer instant death; and yet is kind
To others of her Sex?

Friv. She dies to satisfie
A vow he made when those of *Millain*
Took his Brother prisoner, and would not be
Appeas'd without the forfeit of his head.

Trist. I am not yet instructed, *Frivolo*;
Why should not then the rest we took dye too?

Friv. *Evandra* is a sacrifice for all;
His mercy shewn to others must excuse
The cruelty he shows to her.

Vas. From whence, *Altesto*, comes your loftiness?

[Enter *Altesto*.

Alt. Why, from the Duke! I had laid me
For breakfast a fine comfortable Gin.

Vas. What was't, a Wench?

Alt. A Rack, *Vasco*, a Rack.

A certain Instrument that will extend and draw
Our Sinews into treble strings.

Vas. Didst thou commit Treason? 'tis well thou hast
A brain for any thing; the Age requires parts;
We cannot eat else. But quick, the cause?

Alt. 'Twas to discover where I left *Evandra*,
Whom *Prospero* delivered to my charge;
I answer'd a full truth that I restor'd
Her to his hands, at his return to his house;
And this, as fortune would vouchsafe, the
Duke believ'd without applying, Gentlemen,
The Recreation of the Rack.

Friv. But she is not yet found.

Alt. No, and the Duke believes her still in Town:
Therefore a Guard is plac'd at all the Gates,
To hinder her escape.

Vas. I do not like
This cutting off young Wenches heads; 'tis thought
They cannot kiss handsomly without them.

Trist. But how does *Prospero* excuse her flight?

Alt.

Alt. He says she's stoln away ; but shews no manner how ;
And th' angry Duke, though *Prospero* be in high
Esteem, threatens him much.

Vasc. Some Angel stole her from him : and, Gentlemen,
If I have any skill in Magick, you
Shall see her three days hence, piring in a Cloud,
Southward of yonder Star, look up ; just there,
With her Ivory Lute hanging at her back,
And working me a Scarf of sky-colour'd Sattin.

Alt. A Halter *Vasco*, to save the beggerly State
Th' expence of a penny !

Vasc. What's become of *Melora*, your fair Prisoner ?
You hear the Proclamation ?

Alt. Yes, and am well pleas'd, I'll woo and marry her.
She has, as my intelligencer, rumour, says,
Twelve thousand Crowns.

Vasc. If she consent : but I am of belief
Such Suckers are but seldom swallowed by
Us wealthy Aldermen o'th' Camp ; a Jointure
Is the word, *Altesto*, and then you'll shew her
A young back, with a Sword hanging over it,
Which she esteems no more than a Handfaw.

Alt. Just now I left her at my Mothers House.
And sirrah, *Vasco*, she looks——

A *Flanders* peak, i'th' middle of her brow----
Which straight I spy, and shake, and melt, then speak
Fine Language to her, and am dutious with
My Bonnet at her instep thus——

Vasc. Thou hast found the way.

Alt. Then, *Vasco*, she moves back, discovering but
The very ends of both her pick'd toes ;
But in lac'd shoos ; and then I'm taken, that
I stand like one of the Turks chidden Mutes.
A Girl in a Bongrace, thus high, may ravish me.

Friv. Alas, poor Gentleman !

Alt. But, *Vasco*, her Fingers----
I think they are smaller than thy point-tags ;
And she behaves them on the Virginals
So prettily-----I'd wish no more of Heaven,
Than to hear her play, *John come kiss me now.*-----

Vasc. That new Tune my old Widow Prisoner sings
With more division, than a Water-work,
When the main Pipe is half stopt.

Friv. You have a year allow'd to woo her, *Vasco*.

Trif. She's rich : I knew her Husband ; he thriv'd much ;
By a Monopoly he had of dead Womens Hair ;
All *Millain* talkt of it : she kept another Shop
Under Saint *Maudlin's* Wall, and quilted
Gentlemen-Ushers Calves.

Vasc. Well, let's waste no time, I'll to
My Barbers straight ; purge, shave, and wash ; for know,
If cleanness and good looks will do't, I'll teach
Her Grandamship to mump, and marry too.
Frivolo, you and *Tristan* follow me ;

I shall employ you both.

Alt. I must to *Prospero*; he sent to speak with me.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Alvaro, Prospero, with a Key and Lights.

Prof. Sir, you have made me know my cruelty;

It was such wretched courage, as I blush

To name. And could I sink, low as

The Center, whilst I kneel, still I would thus

Implore your pardon.

[*Kneels.*]

Alv. Arise! I am so apt

To let my pity rule my anger, when

Thou art concern'd, that I would fain forget

The cause which makes me mourn. But O!

This dismal place brings it again to thought.

This looks, methinks, much like the dark

And hidden dwelling of the Winds,

Where storms ingender, which with sudden blasts

Make Nature tremble, and lay flat

The stiffest piles of Art.

Prof. Necessity hath caus'd this choice, till the
Severe enquiry of your Father be

Appeas'd, and we can shape her some disguise,

In which we may convey her from the Town.

Alv. With soft and gentle summons, call.

Prof. Evandra! speak! ascend to us! I am
Your penitential Enemy, who come

To weep away my trespass at your feet.

Alv. Evandra! rise! break from this thick
And silent darkness, like the first fair light.

[*The Stage opens, Prospero lifts Evandra up.*]

Evan. Sure 'tis the Prince, whom *Prospero* brings
To give me courage in this solitude.

Alv. Illustrious Maid, what expiation can

Make fit this cruel Souldier for

Society of men, who did eclipse

the glory of triumphant War, when he

Constrain'd your beauty to endure this shade?

Or what faint virtue can you think in me,

Who bred him my Disciple in the Camp,

Yet could his courage no compassion teach;

But he hath lately mourn'd for it;

And now may all compassion learn of you;

Whose pity does so long restrain

An anger that might justly kill us both.

Evan. Sir, I am nobly recompenc'd in that

You will vouchsafe me worthy of your grief.

And though I dye forgotten here, lost like

A blossom which the wandring wind

Blows from the bosom of the Spring, to mix

With Summer's dust, yet so much courtesie

Deserves to be remembred even in Heaven.

Alv. Was this a subject fit to bear the pride
And furious insolence of savage War?

Evandra, I must love you much.

Why do you start? as if some jealous thought

Did whisper that my love design'd your prison,
That I might keep you still within my power.

Evan. I cannot think you are so cruel to
Your self, t'afflict the thing which you esteem.

Alv. No, beauteous Maid, had I beheld your flight,
Even in our sternest exercise of wrath,
I would have made the Field a Garden, like
The painted prospects of delightful peace.
Still you recoil; like the chaste Indian Plant,
Which shrinks and curls his bashful leaves at the
Approach of man.

Evan. I know not wherefore I should courage want
To entertain your kindness as I ought.

Alv. Can you participate in any part of that
Unhappy enmity which has so long
Disorder'd both our Fathers breasts? if you,
Whom Heaven did purposely ordain for love,
Should hatred from your Parents learn, you would,
Obeying their example, straight convert
Your duty into sin.

Evan. The gentle Treaties, Sir, of love are fit
For hours more happy and more calm than those
Which Captives can enjoy.

Alv. These words do not enough
Assure my quiet, and my former sleeps.

Prof. Let madness, care, and watchful jealousy,
Ambition, and despair, for ever keep
The weary world awake, since I no more
Shall relish the delights of Victory.

Alv. Evandra, live! be yet some happiness
To your fair self, and with that patience, which
Is native to a Maid, strive to relieve
Your heart with hope of liberty:
Inforcing a content within this dark
And solitary Cave, 'till I have power
With fit disguise to hasten your escape.

Evan. You are a Prince renown'd and pretious for
Your faith and courtesie.

Alv. Think not I'll use advantage or constraint.
A Virgins heart, I know, is sooner stroakt,
Than checkt to a surrender of her breast.

Evan. May all the blessings that the Heavens provide
For truth and clemency fall on you still.

Alv. If you suspect my virtue cannot rule
My love, command that I shall see you here
No more; and my obedience straight shall be
Confirm'd with sacred Vows:
For I would have your thoughts as pleasant to
Your self, as are your beauties to the world.

Evan. It were a crime, greater, I hope than I
Shall e're commit, to doubt your princely goodness.

Alv. Then you will give me leave to make free use
Of every happy opportunity
That may invite me to attend you here?

Evan.

Evan. When Angels would converse, they could not meet
With less intent of sin, and more of joy.

Alv. I must behold you often, that mine Eyes,
Observing much the worth of what they love,
May learn all other objects to despise;
And know they love themselves when they remove.
Why have I been too long in anger wak'd,
With harsh and clam'rous instruments of War?
Whom wiser love more gently did ordain
To hear harmonious whispers of your Lute.
Why should I wish in vain, that yesterday
Had never been, or that the Victory
Had not been mine? since I intend to make
My visits here so often, that you shall
Confess the Victor is by you subdu'd.

Evan. My fears disswade you, lest the watchful Duke,
Your Father, should observe to this obscure
Unusual place your stoln approach; for then
My sorrows would be doubled in your danger.

Alv. Danger's a sound, which gives a false alarm
Only to such as those
Who seldom see their Foes,
And want the luck to feel a little harm.
The Warriour seeks great dangers for proud story;
Where he records each day when he prevails:
The Lover walks through greater with less glory;
And of his perils makes but Winter Tales.

Evan. What noise is that? [Knocking within.

Alv. 'Tis *Calladine*. I did
Appoint him to be here. Stay, *Prospero*;
Let him not enter yet. O envious fate,
Must we depart so soon. [They put *Evandra* down into the Cave.
Descend like the bright Officer of day;
Whilst, darkned, we your beauteous absence mourn;
And every Flower shall weep till your return.

[Opens the Door, and lets in *Calladine*.

Prof. His looks declare some hazard, and much haste.

Alv. What wouldst thou speak?

Call. The Duke your Father, Sir, is much perplext:
He calls for *Prospero*, and, it is fear'd,
Will torture him to find *Evandra's* flight.

Alv. He shall not yet appear; I will endure
His anger's edge, with venture of my self.
Stay till I send.

[Exit.

Call. My Lord, I grieve to see your bosom feel
So great a weight, as makes you groan within.
This long and silent fixing of your Eyes,
Agrees not with your nature nor your youth.
Suspect not but the Prince will quickly work
His Father to a peace, and a more just
Construction of your worth.

Prof. Know, *Calladine*, 'tis not the menac'd Rack,
Nor all the torments which the anger'd Duke
Can minister, have power to fix me like

A Statue thus. I have another cause.

Call. My Lord, your favours have oblig'd me so,
That I must share your grief; and it, perhaps,
Might yield some remedy, if with your grief
I might participate some knowledge of
The cause.

Prof. In the wide world I know not, *Calladine*,
One whom I would more boldly trust than you.
But you will think me mad. —

Call. Sure I shall then
Lay by my manners, and my reason too.
Prof. Come, thou shalt know; and I shall pardon thee
If thou dost smile, at that great pain, which makes
Me sigh; for I shall shew it in
Ambitions shape, whose form no Pencil e're
Could draw so soberly, as not to make
It seem ridiculous.

Call. I am amaz'd!
Prof. Know, *Calladine*, I love —
Call. Who is't you love?
Prof. *Evandra*; now add pity to thy scorn.
Call. 'Tis sad, the Prince and you should meet with so
Much violence, in the same choice.

Prof. At first, I in the heat of fight did on
Her gaze, with half discernings of her form.
A mist of fury hung between us then;
But having view'd her beauty since with care,
And seen how sweetly she demeans her in
Calamity, I have overthrown my heart
With liking her too much.

Call. It will require great wisdom to persuade
In this: the cause is dangerous. [Enter *Altesto*.

Alt. My Lord, your Servant gave me entrance with
Command that I should speak with you.

Prof. *Altesto*, welcome!
You took a Maiden Prisoner, call'd *Melora*,
I make it my request that you
Conduct her hither in disguise; though *Law*,
Newly proclaim'd, allow no ransom for her,
You shall be paid your own demand.

Alt. I'll obey your Lordship. She shall attend
You straight. What use can he employ her to?

Prof. Come, *Calladine*, and ease me with thy counsel. [Exeunt.

Enter *Vasco*, *Tristan*, *Friolo*, *Lelia*.

Vas. Is *Lelia* your own Prisoner, *Tristan*?

Tris. The purchase of my Sword.

Vas. What is the Heir to? a Brass Thimble and
A Skean of brown threed? she'll not yield thee in
Algiers above a Ducket, being stript;
And for her Cloaths, they're fitter for a Paper Mill,
Than a Palace.

Friol. Let her serve your Captive Widow.

Vas. Friend *Tristan* that is a years wages for you:
Will you serve a wond'rous old Widow, *Lelia*.

Lel.

Lel. If she be an honest Gentlewoman.

Vas. Nay, she is past all scandal now.

Tristan, this *Lelia*'s vildly out of Linnen.

Trif. I've given her leave to walk and take the air :
At the next Hedge she may supply her self.

Vas. Let her make love to a Sexton, and steal throwds.

Friv. Trust my judgment, *Vasco*, she's for thy turn ;
Present her to thy Widow, she may woo
In thy behalf : she'll tost Cakes for her Muscadine,
And brush her Velvet hood on holy-days.

Vas. *Tristan*, convey her to her as my gift.

But, *Lelia*, you must speak notable words
Of me ; first, what a goodly man I am ;
That I get Matrons at a hundred and ten
With double Twins : and how in time of War
I fill up the Muster with mine own issue.

Lelia. I'm loth to serve, Sir, in a fruitful Family,
Where there are like to be many Children.

Vas. Nay you are not for my turn then.

Lel. But, Sir, if Heaven will have it so.-----

Vas. D' you hear ; this Wench has been villanously
Ill bred : and, I'll lay my life, sings at her work
The Carol of the Lady's Daughter,
Converted in *Paris*.

She is of Paris properly-----

Trif. *Lelia*, you must now take care : you are not here
I'th' Camp, but in a civil Common-wealth.

Lel. I shall be careful, Sir ;

When the Gentlewoman lies in.

Vas. You must not perswade your Mistress to rise
Too early to her Beads, lest she catch cold,
Having already a pestilent Cough,
And so may dye before I marry her.

Lel. I hope I shall not be so mischievous,
As to hasten her to her Beads.

Vas. Well, Gentlemen, the fruitful hour is now
Drawn neer, that gives success : this morning will
Put me to a great charge.

Friv. Thou dost not mean

To court her at her Window with much Musick.

Vas. No, she's very deaf ; so that cost is sav'd.

Friv. What other charge ? she hath no teeth fit for
A dry Banquet ; and dancing she is past,
Unless with Crutches in an Antimasque.

Vas. I must provide her Culleises and Broths,
That may stir mettle in her.

Trif. Thou wilt take care to trim thy person ?

Vas. I came just now from consultation with
My Barber ; who provides me a large main,
A lock for the left side, so rarely hung
With Ribbanding, of sundry colours, that
You'll take it for the Rainbow newly crisp'd
And trimm'd. *Bucephalus* ne'er wore the like.

Friv. When you have toucht Sir *Leonel*'s ransom,

And the rich Widows wealth we are forgotten,
Like Creatures of *Japan*, things hardly to
Be searcht for in the Map.

Trif. In a few days I shall not know his name.

Vas. 'Tis then because thou canst not read; for thou
Shalt find it fairly carv'd on each new Church
And Hospital. I mean to build apace
And have my Blew-Boys march through the Streets,
Two and two. Go haste to the Widow,
Present your Damsel. I'll be with you straight,
My captive Knight would speak with me.

[*Exeunt, manet Vas.*]

Enter Leonel.

Leo. I am bold, Sir, to make free use of your
Most spacious rooms for benefit of Air.

Vas. Sir, you are welcome: 'tis a liberty
Which I enjoin: and I am glad your wounds
Are grown so near their cure.

Leo. You shew your inclination kind and noble:
But is there of *Evandra* yet no news?
You promis'd to enquire whether her flight
Be true, or to what place she made escape?

Vas. No certainty is known, but all the Court
Are full of doubts. Shortly you will hear more.

Leo. If you could bring me, Sir, to *Prospero*,
Or to the Prince, on some affairs, that may
Perhaps be of advantage to them both,
You shall oblige me much to serve you in
My better state of fortune.

Vas. I will endeavour it; and as you find
Me ready to assist all your requests,
I hope, Sir, you'll see cause to pay your ransom,
With what haste you can; for I would fain be able
To do good deeds, and we have many poor
I'th' Town who never break their Fasts till night;
And then sup far from home.

Leo. Sir, you express a mind that shews much charity.
My ransom shall be ready.

Vas. I thank you, Sir.
Follow, and I'll procure your free access
To the Prince, or *Prospero*.

[*Exit.*]

Leo. Her person is so eminent, and so
Belov'd by all, that were she fled, her residence
Would straight be known. In this contrivement there
Is much of art. How will she look on me,
Who in a cause, wherein her freedom was
Concern'd, could yield to any force of Fate?
Her scorns I'll suffer as a just reward.
Nor should a Lover's hopes grow cold, because
The destiny which last did govern him
Was froward and averse: whose influence was
So violent, that it now is spent and gone;
The firmament contains more Stars than one.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. Scene I.

Enter Prospero and Leonel (with a Light and a Key.

Prof. **I**T glads me to behold your strength so well
 Restor'd; and, Sir, I wish the fortune of
 My Sword had met another cause and Enemy.
 Your Ransom I have paid; and so much prize
Evandra's happiness, that since you make
 Me think your company will in
 Her solitary state be grateful to her,
 You shall have leave to make your frequent visits.

Leo. From my first infancy I took my speech
 And breeding in her Fathers Court, and by
 My nearness to her in the day of Fight,
 You may believe I am of quality
 Enough to be esteem'd and welcom'd
 In her misery.

Prof. Your valour then did speak you more than all
 Your modesty, will suffer you to urge.

Leo. My Lord, it is your gentleness to judge
 Me worthy of your trust: but I am bold
 To think my presence will be well accepted.

Prof. My kindness, Sir, to you, I shall reserve
 Till happier hours: but this is for her sake,
 That she may have the benefit of your
 Converse: retire awhile within; that Key,
 When I am gone, will open you a door
 Which gives you passage to the Cave.

[Exit Leonel.

Melora, where are you? ——— this way
 The light directs you onward: you are safe.

[Enter Melora.

Mel. How dark and like the dusty hollowness
 Of Tombs, where Death inhabits, this appears?

Prof. Now you shall know the cause why
 I have bought your liberty; *Evandra*, daughter to
 Your *Millain* Duke lies here, imprison'd by
 The chance of War, and is thus hidden and
 Reserv'd, till we can free her by disguise.

Mel. O sad discov'ry of a sorrow, worse
 Than I endure; I hop'd she had escap'd.

Prof. I heard that you were taken in her train;
 But when the stories of your beauty, and
 Your vertue, were proclaim'd, I did believe
 You were acquainted with her;
 And were perhaps no stranger to her thoughts.

Mel. I know too much of her, to think
 That Heaven can suffer her to languish in a Cave.

Prof. None can resist their destiny: but good
Melora, comfort her, and when
 Your conversation shall beget
 Some pleasant hour, mention my care,
 And then my love; it is a love

So much distressed, that it your pity needs,
And 'tis so true, that it deserves your praise.
Will you implore in my behalf?

Mel. Your bounties have oblig'd me to perform
My utmost service, where you are concern'd.

Prof. Fear no surprise: you are secure, for twice
To day my House by strict Authority
Was search'd, but vainly all suspect and strive
To find this hidden dwelling; which no art
Can match for intricate, and secret depth.

Mel. Will you be gone?

Prof. I now am sent for by
The Duke; and I am told he means t' inflict
For this concealment, more than Nature's strength
Could e're endure; but Love dares Fortune meet,
In all the horrid shapes which she does wear,
When Cowards dress her in the Glass of fear. [Enter Evandra.

Mel. Lend me the Light, look where *Evandra* comes!

Prof. Commend my love, that I may wish to live. [Exit.

Mel. This mingled passion of my grief and joy
I can no longer silently contain.

Hail, the most virtuous Beauty of the world.

Evan. Belov'd *Melora*! what unhappy Guide
Has led thee to be lost in this sad place?

Mel. Why am I mention'd as a thing alive,
Whilst you remain within the House of Death?

Evan. I fear thou art a Captive too.

Mel. Or else the tyranny of War, should seem
Far more unjust than it has ever been:

Yet *Prospero* has my ransom freely paid.

Evan. Then thou art now no Prisoner?

Mel. Your Pris'ner, Madam, for my heart is not
So rudely taught, as to permit

Evandra suffer here alone. This War
Hath quickly made strange Riddles too of love.

Evan. Thou dost complain with cause, and meanst the Prince.

Mel. I mean another of your Enemies. We shall
Have too much leisure to unfold
The accidents which brought me to your sight. [Enter Leonel.

Evan. *Melora*, who is that?

Mel. Bless me! how Miracles increase, to change
The face of wonder. There is Magick in
This Room. Behold my Brother *Leonel*.

Leon. Ha! *Melora*! are you here too? 'tis strange
So many chances should so soon concur.

Evan. But what, more strange than all those chances are,
Has brought you first to *Turin*, and then here,
Where being found, you are for ever lost?

Leo. E're I begin the little History,
Of the short time which thus has vary'd us;
Low as the Earth I fall, to make you merciful. [Kneels
Forgive the crime of destiny, not me,
Which left me feeble as an agonish Girl,
When, after faintness by expence of blood,

I rashly undertook the noblest cause
That ever yet call'd Valour to the Field;
Your liberty; but Leverites, and Doves,
Are valianter than I, for else why are you now
A Captive here?

Evan. Your passion seems too great, and much too kind,
For me to understand: pray rise! I know
You fought with all the forwardness and force,
That courage could express; but the events
Of valour those above dispose.

Leo. Sister, pray pardon my neglect;
My sorrows are so much concern'd
In fair *Evandra's* great distress,
That I want leisure to enquire, how your
Condition stands.

Mel. The time compels distracted thoughts in all.

Evan. *Melora* come. There is a Bank within
Where (in despair of Sun) no Flower
E're fixt his root, there we will sit, tell, and
Compare our griefs, whilst thou dost sing like *Philomel*,
That wisely knows the darkness only fit
For mourning and complaint: Lead with the light.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Duke (with Letters) Alvaro, Prospero,
Calladine, *Attendants.*

Duke. Evade me not with idle Tales,
Fit only to prevail on childhoods forwardness.
Are not her Father's Letters here, in which
His pride descends, and humbly sues for her
Release. Why stoops he thus, if she be free;
Or if not in the Town inclos'd, and hid,
Where would she sooner fly than to his arms?

Alv. If in this Town she were conceal'd by some,
Who more compassion shew'd to her distress,
Than duty to your will; and now by them
Were render'd here; yet I have boldness to
Believe, you would not think her death,
A fit revenge for former cruelty;
Such as my Uncle from her Father suffer'd.

Duke. It shall suffice for the beginning of
Revenge, and does in part perform my vow;
If we our vows presume to violate,
Why dress we Altars with such rev'rend care?
Let us pervert their use, grease them with Feasts,
And dash them with the remnants of our Wine.

Alv. Your vow was made in haste, and not confirm'd
By sacred Oath, with Church solemnity.

Prof. Before your vow was made you taught us all
To shun the pleasure of revenge, as but
The lust of weaker minds.

Duke. Her cruel Father when we mercy sought,
Even with our tears, was deaf to all remorse.
He snatch'd my Brothers life out of the arms
Of all this Western world; for all with love
Embrac'd him, who deserv'd as much as Fame

E're

E're publisht of a Chief so young.
Can any then dissuade me to revenge
The loss of my best blood, when I have here
The best of his?

Alv. This cruel action was not hers.
Nor can the guilty with their Sov'raignty,
Or Lands, devolve their crimes; those pass not by
Deriv'd inheritance, no more than souls.

Prof. Would I had lost my self, when I found her
To be the pity'd subject of your wrath.

Duke. You Minion of the Camp! you grow too bold;
And your success (more from your fortune, than
From virtue sprung) has rais'd you to a fullness,
As dark and dangerous, as Traytors thoughts.
Though I have searcht thy house, and am defeated by
Some charm of my discovery; I still believe
Thou know'st where she is hid; but bring
Her to my sight, e're yet the Sun descends,
Or thou shalt dye.

Alv. I ever fear'd your anger, Sir, 'till now;
But now it does pronounce things so improbable,
That I should lack discretion, if I thought
Your heart did purpose, what your words imply.

Duke. *Alvaro*, though dissembling may sometimes
Be useful to a Prince, yet you shall find
I have no relish of it now; nor should
A Son, in civil duty, e're upbraid
It in a Father.

Alv. I would be Heir to your great virtue, Sir,
As well as to your blood.

Duke. I have out-liv'd my courage, office, and
My reason, if I tamely suffer thee.
Thy boldness bids me thy ambition watch.
And therefore hear, and tremble at my vow.

Call. Sir, for regard of Heaven, repent what you
Would speak, e're being utter'd, you repent too late.

Duke. I am resolv'd.—
Since thou audaciously does owne his Crime,
He shall be safe, and thou endure his punishment.
Bring me *Evandra* here, e're yet the day
Conceal his light, or the next darkness shall
Eternally be thine.

Alv. If on my knees I can persuade you to
A gentler doom, thus I endeavour it.—

[Kneels.]

Prof. I beg not, Sir, to mitigate your rigour now,
But that you would (as it was first design'd)
Direct it all to me.

Alv. That kindness was ill-manner'd, *Prospero*.
Dost think thou art more worthy of the cause
Than I, when 'tis to be *Evandra's* Sacrifice?

Duke. *Alvaro* do not strive for punishment;
Thou shalt endure it gloriously alone.
Thou birth ill gotten and my marriage-stain.

Alv. I'll keep my duty still, though not your love. [Ex. *Alv.* *Prof.*
Call.

Call. Dread Sir, call back your vow, and then the Prince,
To comfort him. What will the world conceive
Of such an act as time ne'er parallel'd,
And no Posterity will willingly believe.

Duke. Thou may'st as well persuade th' assembled Winds
From all their violence at Sea. Lend me
Thine ear——do this! but *Calladine*, take heed
Thy prosecutions are not faint: I have
A younger Son in *Sicily*, renown'd
And dear to fame; him I will plant in all
My peoples hearts. If thou art loyal follow me. [Exeunt.]

Enter Altesto, Frivolo, Vasco (*fantastically accouter'd.*)

Vas. Just in the posture as you see me, Gentlemen;
Not a hair less in my lock; and I thought
The heart of Woman was not able to
Resist such Curls and Ribbanding.

Alt. But she would none?

Vas. Name but the comforts of the marriage Bed,
And she commends the Grave, because none there,
Are wak'd with Coughs nor Aches.

Alt. Surely she knows, for she looks as if she had been long bury'd.

Vas. And then I us'd fine Phrases;
And talkt (what call you it) of Hymns, Tapers.
She said those are the farthing Candles of
Foolish Poets, and are lighted in Hell Fire.
A warmth (you know) we Souldiers do abhor.

Friv. 'Tis base to need it after death: we have
Been hardly bred, and can endure the cold.

Enter Widow and *Lelia*.

Vas. She comes. This is her breathing Room, use your
Endeavours, Gentlemen. Tell her, her frowns,
Already have so wrought, that my life now
Will neer be fit to come into a Lease.

Wid. *Lelia*, a Chair, I cannot last; 'tis more
Than fifty eight years, since I had hams to trudge.

Vas. I am your Guardian that come to visit you.

Wid. What need it, Sir, I practise no escape;
I cannot fly.

Vas. Who knows? for you look like a Witch,
And perhaps too, if the Windows were open,
You would behave your self as nimbly on
Your wings, as any Witch in *Europe*.

Wid. What, says he, *Lelia*, a Witch?

Lel. He says he wishes we may all flye upward,
Towards Heaven.

Vas. I, Widow! that is the place.

Wid. 'Tis well said, Sir; for thither we must go,
Both old and young; no remedy.

Vas. As soon as you please, if you but marry me.

Wid. Does he talk of marriage?

Lel. He says, if you please, forsooth.

Wid. Alas my vow of Widow-hood is not yet
Expir'd; if he will come some ten years hence——

Alt. About that time she will make a good Wife

For an Antiquary, who may flea off
Her Parchment skin, and write Records upon't.

Friv. Her skin is Parchment, but not large enough
To hold half her Annals; she has liv'd
So long already.

Vas. How did you like the Culleise Widow which I sent you last?

Wid. Why, Sir? it went down.

Vas. I, though the Sea were turn'd to Plum-broth,
Yet it would all down:

I have measur'd her Throat, 'tis wider (Gentlemen)
And deeper than a Well. Alas! the Duke
Considers not my charge. I'd rather boord
Two young Giants, and allow each of them
A Wolf, instead of a Dog, to eat their fragments.

Alt. Thou shouldst get her mouth searcht!

I'll lay my life, that she has new furnisht
Her Gums, with Artificial Teeth,
She could not grind so else.

Friv. Though you must feed her at your own cost;
Yet the Proclamation (believe me Sir)
Allows none but natural Teeth.

Vas. When she is once in the fit of swallowing,
If a Capon float in her Broth, she does
Consider it no more than a *May-Flye*.

Lel. You should bear up, you are too backward, Sir.

Vas. Sayst thou so, Wench; Widow prepare your self,
For I must marry you to night, or else
You fast to morrow; if the Duke will not
Afford us fasting days, I shall make bold
To borrow them of the Kallender: you must
Marry to night; there needs but a short warning,
To go about a good deed.

[*She Coughs.*]

Wid. Uh, uh, uh.——

Alt. This Cough, *Vasco*, is of some antiquity.
How wilt thou sleep by her?

Friv. Give her a little *Opium* after Supper,
And let her cough like a Cannon from a Fort.
I'll free thee from waking.

Vas. Come, come, prepare!
Trim up your Hood good Widow,
And air your old Petticotes in the Sun:
It is a Case of Conscience, Gentlemen;
We must all marry, and live chaste.

Wid. Why, Sir, if we must needs——

Alt. I thought she would consent; good heart,
It is as towardly an old thing. Dear *Vasco*,
I have provided Musick; we will dance her to death:
Thou shalt be her Husband e're night, and her
Executor before morning.

Vas. Gentlemen, that's all I desire;
Any thing that is reason contents me.

Friv. Go, kiss her: A Brownist is more amorous!
And a notcht Prentice a very *Aratine*
In comparison of thee.

Vas.

Vas. By your leave Widow.

[*Vas. kisses her.*]

Wid. Much good may't do you, Sir; these comforts
Come but seldom after Four-score; the World indeed
Is grown so wicked, that we never think
Of comforting one another.

Lel. I told you she would soften, Sir; alas!
A little raw and modest at the first.

Alt. A very green Pippin of the last years growth.

Vas. You shall find me a kind of Sparrow, Widow:

A Barly corn does as much as a Potato.

Wid. Blessing on your heart, Sir; we should do good
Freely (as they say) without egging on.

Vas. Rise, and stir your feet; 'tis healthful for you.

There—— softly—— so——

[*They lift her up.*]

Alt. If one of the hairs of my Eye-brow lye
But in her way, she's gone, and then falls like
A Horse, whose legs are cut with a Chain-shot.

Frio. Her *Os sacrum* needs a little prop.

Vas. Why, Gentlemen, there's ne're a wench in *Italy*
Moves farther in a day; that is to say
If her Litter be easie, and her Mules well fed.
Courage Widow; how is't now?

Wid. A certain stitch, Sir, in my side, but 'twill away in time.

Vas. I, you are young enough,
But given too much to hoyting, and to Barly-break;
Then dance naked till you take cold: you must
Look to it, *Lelia*, and take heed you air
Her Wedding-Smock well.

Alt. Let it be made of Cat-skin fur.

Frio. Or a Watchmans Rug-gown; but that her skin
Will wear it out too soon.

Vas. *Frivolo*, y'are too loud.

Frio. I warrant thee. I have measur'd her ears;
She hears not at the distance of an Inch.

Vas. You'll in, and set the house in order Widow?
I'll fetch a Priest.

Wid. Truly, Sir, I'd fain ask my friends advice;
One that has seen but little of the world,
Would be glad, you know, to have their friends counsel.

Vas. No counsel, Widow;
Let them call't rashness, our youth will excuse all.

Wid. Well, Sir, you know where marriages are made;
'Tis not my fault. *Lelia*, provide a Broom
And sweep away the rheum near the green Couch:
And (d'you hear) look for one of my cheek Teeth
Which dropt under the Wanscote-bed.

Lel. And shall I stop't forsooth with Salt?

Wid. I, and fling't in the Fire; you are weary, Sir?

Vas. Not quite so lusty (Widow) as your self;
But shall keep pace, the Journey being so short.

Alt. Quick in with her, *Vasco*, whilst the fit holds.

[*Exeunt Wid. Vas. Lel.*]

SONG.

SONG.

*With Cable and Thong, he drew her along,
So heavily to the Priest,
And vow'd to undo her, e're he did wooe her,
Make her up after who list.*

Friv. Ah Rogue, thou art a very Lark in the Morning.

Alt. And what at Night, *Frivolo.*

Friv. A very Owl—

[Enter Musicians.]

Alt. Oh! are you come?

Friends of the Fiddle pray strike up, we'll have
A Dance before the Wedding.

Friv. I cannot dance, *Alteſto*, without Cork
At my heels; I must have a Woman behind me.

Alt. Thou shalt lead the Widow. The very tuning
Of a Cittern will make her bestir her stumps
Like an old Oak.

Trist. Where's *Vasco*, Gentlemen; I am in haste [Enter *Trist.*

Alt. If you are in haste, you had best for dispatch
Make answer to your self.

Trist. The Duke has sent for him by *Calladine*,
And it concerns him as matter of business.

Alt. Send business to fat heavy fellows, who
Have got Formality and gray Beards. *Tristan* you must
Dance. Gentlemen Scrapers, pray strike up. [Enter *Vas.* *Wid.* *Lel.*

Friv. Look she's come already; some Fifty years
Ago, she was stung with a *Tarantula*,
And ever since a Fiddle makes her frisk.

Wid. Blessing on your hearts, Gentlemen.

Alt. You must into the Dance, Widow.

Wid. I have been Mistress *Marrian* in a Maurice e're now.

Vas. Sweet heart; what think you: I'm only afraid
Left too much mettle should overheat your blood;
Will you to't Widow?

Wid. Truly Sir, it is not wholsom to stand idle,
Come *Lelia*.

Alt. Well said, Widow.

[They dance.]

Trist. *Vasco*, now you have done your capring here,
You must dance towards Court. The Duke
Commanded *Calladine* to send me for you.

Vas. Bear up, Widow, preferment is striding
Towards me upon high Stilts.

Alt. *Leonel's* ransom, her wealth, and now employ'd
At Court. Th'art a gone Man, condemn'd to Usury,
Furr'd Gowns, long dinners, and short sleeps.

[Exeunt.]

Enter *Evandra*, *Melora*, *Leonel*, (at one door) at the other *Prospero*,
(muffled and hid) a Table & Lights set out, *Evandra* sits to read.

Leo. Sister, where is your tenderness? shall I
Be ever lost through your defect of will
And courage, to present me to her ear
In graceful characters? tell her how long
With fervent sighs I have puff'd my love.

I i

Mel.

Mel. Unhappy *Leonel*, why dost thou urge
Me with impossible desires? how oft
Have I solicited thy Sute with a repulse?
And she hath charm'd me by a vow,
Never to name it more till her release.

Prof. False *Leonel*; did I for this assist
Thee to enjoy her lov'd society,
That thou shouldst rival me, and have more fit
Convenience for thy wishes than my self?
Melora is his Sister too: What strange
New chances have these latter hours produc'd?
I have no Advocate, nor am I bold
Enough to be mine own.

Leo. You mind me not;
And since I am a trouble to your sight,
You shall, e're long behold my face no more.

Prof. Thou art a Prophet to thy self, and I
Thy Priest, to cut thee out in Sacrifice;
Although unworthy of *Evandra's* Deity.

Leo. *Melora*, can you shew me no remorse?

Melo. Alas, you much mistake my pow'r and will;
Think on some other beauty, for the world
Has many, that may make you fortunate.

Leo. None but *Evandra* e're shall rule my heart.

Prof. Her thou shalt ne're enjoy, lend me your ear—— [*Leads him*
Leo. Ha! *Prospero*? *Caside.*

Prof. False Knight! did you for this
Beg a conceal'd admittance here, that you
Might fix your love, where I had planted mine?

Leo. My Lord, I understood not of your love.

Prof. If you are brave, and after vanquishment,
Dare try a second hazard from my sword,
Go, and expect me on the Garden Mount;
There I'll provide, that since my heart
Grows doubtful of enjoying fair
Evandra's love, yours never shall.

Leo. My Lord, your valour I have try'd in fight;
But had so little knowledge of your love,
That you misplace your anger now.

Prof. You'll meet me on the Garden Mount?

Leo. I was your Captive when you gave me liberty;
And it has never been my custom, to
Contest with those to whom I am oblig'd.

Prof. If you have love, sure you have honour too.
Disclaim the one, and for the other I
Shall never trouble you.

Leo. Disclaim my love! I'll wait you on the Mount. [*Exit.*

Enter Alvaro.

Alv. *Evandra*, pray vouchsafe me your fair hand;
That I may seal on it my last farewell.

Evan. Ha! whither do you go?

Alv. Where shadows vanish, when the worlds great eye
Does wink behind a Cloud, and they are seen
No more. The place of strangers where we come

To meet we know not whom, and for
Our willing and officious Guide,
We entertain, and follow hoodwinkt, Hope.

Evan. O dreadful Mystery! my reason is
Amaz'd, and fain would something learn of that,
Which seems, *Alvaro*, dangerous to know.

Mel. Why do the Stars neglect us thus? why should
We lose the noblest, and the best of men?

Prof. Methinks my Spirits rise, and lift me to
Ambitious envy of his sufferings.

Alv. That you may live here safe, till *Prospero* shall
Restore you to wisht Liberty and Light,
I must to Darkness go, hover in Clouds,
Or in remote untroubled Air, silent
As thoughts, or what is uncreated yet.
Or I must rest in some cold shade, and shall
Perhaps ne'r see that everlasting spring,
Of which Philosophy so long has dreamt,
And seems rather to wish than understand.

Evan. All this for me? you shall not dye; why will
You lay so cheap a value on your self,
As to believe the world can lose you for
My sake; for me, a uselefs Virgin, who
Can never shew in hopeful promise half
That excellence which you reveal in act.

Alv. It is decreed; *Evandra*, you may live
T'increase those few examples we have left
Of Vertue, which has made your breast her Throne.
Time hath begun to wear away my youth,
And all the good I can perform, is to
Preserve the future dignity of love,
In you.

Evan. Melora, help! Grief fills my heart
With such a heaviness, that I must sink
Beneath the weight— come join with me to mourn,
And chide those prouder destinies, who think
Us so unworthy of their care

Mel. My Lord the Prince, is it no less than death
Of her, or you, can quench your fathers wrath?

Alv. The doom is past, and the sad hour will want
No wings to hasten it. Come hither, *Prospero*.

Prof. It must not be; though I want words to shew
My Nature smooth, it shall appear in deeds.

Alv. I charge thee by our love, by all my care
Which bred thee from thy youth, to virtuous sence
Of Honour, and the just deserts of War,
That thou dost keep *Evandra* safe, till Fate consent
To give her liberty, and use her still

With such respectful reverence, as thou
Would'st do the Reliques of a Saint inshrin'd.

Prof. What need I this injunction, Sir? I mean
To dye for her, that I may save your life.
A brave design! diswade me not. Though I
Fail oft in choice of fitting Enterprize,

I know this is becoming, Sir, and good.

Alv. Thou dye for her? Alas poor *Prospero*!
That will not satisfie, the shaft aims here;
Or if it would, I do not like thou should'st
Thus press into a cause, which I reserve
To dignifie my self; urge it no more.

Prof. What am I fit for then, if not to dye?

Evan. How am I worthy of this noble strife?

Alv. *Evandra*, let me see some hope,
And comfort in your strength, before I take
My everlasting leave.

Evan. You have the voice of death already, Sir.

Mel. Dismal it sounds, like the last groan
Which men in torture breathe.

Alv. Too apt I am to wish, I might
(Remaining mortal) still enjoy your love,
To breed such virtues as would soon entice
The Angels to live here; and never by
Our conversation grow impair'd: but these
Are wishes, and are made too late!
For evermore farewell——

Evan. Alas! where can you leave me then?

Alv. How pity softens me? there, in the Cave.

Evan. It is the Mansion, Sir, of death; something,
Horrid as midnight thoughts can form, hath there
Of late so frightened me, that I
Still tremble when I enter it.

Alv. What thing, which is no more than mortal, dares
Disturb your quietness?

Prof. Sir, let me search! it dyes if it be vulnerable.

Alv. Still you usurp my bus'ness, *Prospero*——
Bide there; I will go down my self.

Evan. I fear some inlet has been counter-digg'd
Into the Cave, and gives a passage to
Some man, who is employ'd to fright me with
A dismal shape.

Alv. Who e're thou art who dar'st death's Vizard wear,
Assuming the foul shape which Nature most
Abhors, grow bolder yet, and stay till thou
Shalt straight be that, which thou dost counterfeit.

Give me the Light—— [He descends the Cave.]

Evan. Lock safe the door, *Melora*, with this Key.

Prof. What's your design? will you imprison him?

Evan. 'Tis, *Prospero*, now the pretious point of time,
In which your truth should shew her self without
A Vail. Speak, do you love the Prince?

Prof. Does Heaven love truth, or do the valiant prize
A Virgins love?

Evan. Why then will you permit
So great a loss to humane kind, as it
Will feel in losing him? Let us design
Some way how to divert that bloody stroke
Which threatens him, by suffering it our selves.

Mel. O glorious Maid! this goodness will confer

Renown for ever on our Sex.

Prof. How has this Virgins valour conquer'd me?
Low on my Knees let me embrace your Feet—
I thank you much, for you much mercy have
On my dull youth, and dare believe
Me fit for noble enterprise, though he
Unkindly did deny my sute: I'll to
The Duke and tempt his rage till he decree
My death, perhaps when with my worthless blood
His hot revenge is quench'd, it may
Grow kindly temper'd to you both, and then
I shall some present satisfaction make
For your captivity, and his free sufferance.

Mel. This Souldier hath a great, and daring heart.

Prof. But how shall I enjoy her then? I do
Not understand the happiness it brings.
This is but odd ambition, yet 'tis brave;
I'll do't: besides, though I'm not learn'd enough
To reach at certainty, yet I have hope
I may be sensible of all her visits to
My Urn, and every Flower she strews will there
Take growth, as on my Garden Banks, whilst I
(Delighted Spirit) hover o're their leaves.
It will be wondrous brave! Lady, dispatch,
That I may go and dye.

Evan. Since you express your Will so kind and violent,
That small provision there allotted to
Sustain my life, reach up, and straight convey
Into the Cave, that he may find it out,
And not exchange the pain his Father would
Inflict, for Famine.

[*Prof. takes from behind the Arras a Bottle and a Basket:*
they open the Cave.

Prof. I had almost forgot false *Leonel*,
He waits me on the Mount. I will be with
Him straight, and end his hopes by a long sleep,
E're I begin mine own. [*Descends the Cave.*

Evan. Once more, *Melora*, lock the door; now they
Are both secure, 'tis you and I must take
Our solemn leave, and never meet in this
Our feature, colour, or our warmth again.

Mel. I am astonisht at her Excellence,
And scarce have humble grace enough, to keep
Ambitious envy from my thoughts.

Evan. Why should these mighty spirits lay so great
An obligation on our Sex, and leave
Eternal blushes on our souls, because
We in the acts of pity and remorse,
(Virtues wherein our Sex should most excel)
Durst not adventure life for them?

Mel. The Prince deserves a lib'ral choice of lives
To ransom his; would mine would satisfy.

Evan. How, *Melora*? dost thou so faintly wish
My happiness, and my renown, as to

Desire to hinder me of both ?

Mel. Th' example is so good, I fain would follow it.

Evan. But there is reason that I suffer first.

I have a mourning weed within, which thou
Shalt dress for me to wear, then so
Apparell'd like my cause, I'll to the Duke.

Mel. O leave me not behind, let me at least
Accompany your mourning in so good a cause.

Evan. Thy inclinations have a noble sense,
Thou shalt along. Thy Brother's come,
Let us contrive how to secure him too.
He hath not yet heard of the Duke's severe
Decree against the Prince, which quickly will
Involve both him and *Prospero*.

[Enter Leonel.

[They whisper.

Leon. 'Tis strange, that *Prospero* appears not yet,
Sure he is faint ; his aguish courage comes
To him by fits.

Evan. If thou dost love me *Leonel* (as thou hast sworn,
And with professions most devout)
I know there is no strict command that I
Can give, but thy obedience will pursue.

Leon. Bring me to tryal straight ; if I prove faint
Or false, I am unworthy to appear
In the Suns light, or e're enjoy
The better influence of your Eyes.

Evan. Give me confirm'd assurance on your Knee
That you will execute with steady faith,
And punctual circumstance, what I enjoin.

Leon. Vouchsafe your hand, that I may breathe on it
My Vow——

Evan. Now I'll inform you, *Leonel.* The Prince
And *Prospero* are both within the Cave,
Shut and secur'd by us, where carefully
You through a Wicket shall convey such food,
As by a faithful Servant of the House
(Who daily in disguise provided our relief)
Shall help thee to ; take here this Key,
And suffer not their passage forth, till you
Shall hear I am secure from th' anger of
The Duke, and have procur'd their safety too.

Leon. This is a Mystery.

Evan. It must not be examin'd, *Leonel.*

Leon. Why have you here inclos'd them ?

Evan. If you already question me, to give
A cause for that which I enjoin'd, where is
The strict obedience promis'd by your Vow ?

Leo. What have I promis'd in the rashness of
My inconsiderate love ? Can you
A Mediator for their safety be,
Without apparent danger to your self ?

Evan. Do not enquire, what means I have of safe
Access to move the Duke, nor what new chance
Has made me confident t' appease that rage,
Which does endanger them and you.

Leo.

Leo. Dear Sister, leave me not in ignorance.

Mel. Dare you believe I will consent to that,
Which honour has not heedfully propos'd?

Leo. You have design'd I shall remain perplex.

Evan. If thou dost break thy Vow, the Curses of
The virtuous at their death fall on thy head.

Mel. Never be call'd my Brother, nor assume
The honour of my valiant Father's name.

Evan. *Melora*, come, we are too slow.

[*Exeunt Evan. Mel.*]

Leo. O what a dull inhumane Lover am
I grown! who by a forward duty yield
That she, in whom my life and love subsists,
Shall danger seek, to keep it from my Rivals.
Her great Example of a female fortitude,
Does quite blot out all the heroick names
Of men, and makes us, even with blushes, shrink
From our usurp'd Dominion of the world.
When Story mentions this let Women sway
Councils, and War, whilst feeble men obey.

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Calladine (in a Night-Gown) and a Servant.

Call. A Lady, say'st thou, in a mourning Vail?
What should this early visit mean; e're yet
By any dawning in the East, we can
Distinguish day from night?

Serv. Sir, she importunes much to speak with you,
And says her business does require dispatch.

Call. Retire a while without, and let her in.

[*Ex. Servant.*]

[*Enter Melora (in a mourning Vail) she unveils.*]

Since first my Eyes had judgment to discern
A mean from excellence, they ne'er beheld
A Beauty so o'recoming and exact.
What are the lov'd commands you'll lay on me?
I cannot justly think I ever saw
A Face I would more willingly obey.
If it were civil, I would ask your Name.

Mel. When that is known, you'll think me too unfortunate
To live: I am call'd *Evandra*.

Call. Ha! the Princess? Count *Prospero* wisely did
Preserve you from my sight, your beauty is
Too great and dangerous for youth to know
And be secure. And though I ne'er beheld
You till this hour, yet fame assisted me,
To guess at an Idea like your self.
But why have you forsaken your conceal'd
Abode, and thus adventur'd in the view
Of men? I fear it is not safe.

Mel. 'Tis to employ your virtue, Sir. I know
You love the Prince, though not with so devout
A heart as mine: for now in hope I may

Secure

Secure his liberty, and threatned life,
I here present my self to death.

Call. This is a valliant piety; a gratitude
That shews her mind more noble than her shape.
She to the Duke is yet unknown;
She must not dye, though lately his command
Did single my allegiance out; yet 'tis
Religious, sure, to fail in this.

Mel. A long expectance of the death I must
Endure, does more perplex me, than the pain
It self. Sir, let me beg that you would please
Not to protract my sufferings.

Call. My thoughts have fashion'd it to my best wish;
There is a Captive call'd *Melora*, fair
And young, who has of late familiar been
With your conceal'd distress.

Mel. I fear he has discover'd me:
Know you the Lady, Sir?

Call. Only by such report as *Prospero* gave;
But I, in charity, may wish her safe.
Your death alone will satisfie the Duke.

Mel. I have by pray'rs endeavour'd that it may;
And to assist your charity, receive
This Key, 'twill procure you entrance where
She now remains a Prisoner by my art:
It is a narrow Closet which o'relooks
The Orchard Grove in *Prospero's* house.

Call. I am familiar there with all the passages.

Mel. Sir, for regard of honour, suffer not
Her freedom from that place, till I am dead.
She is so much delighted with this cause,
That with some help of falsehood, I was fain
To make advantage of her Orizons;
For whilst she kneeling lengthen'd her discourse
With Heaven, I took this funeral habit hastily,
And then lockt up the door to hinder her
Pursuit: where now she stays, lamenting her
Inforc'd secure estate, and envying me
The danger, which I cheerfully embrace.

Call. My life shall warrant hers: Pray enter there;
And stay till I inform the Duke.

Mel. Most willingly: but still, Sir, I implore
You would secure that Lady and the Prince,
How e're the angry Stars dispose of me.

Call. 'Tis as unkind to press, and urge, as 'tis to doubt
My care. There Lady, through that door—— [*Shows her the way.*]
Expect my sad return will be too soon.

Mel. Forgive me, best *Evandra*, that I thus assume
Thy name, and have beguil'd thee of so brave a death:
The motive which o'rerul'd me to this act,
Did not besit thy knowledge nor my tongue.

Call. This Princess has a soul which I adore,
Even whilst it stays eclips'd on Earth, nor shall
It yet reach Heaven; both being utterly

Unknown,

Unknown, will make the Plot with easie help
Succeed. *Melora*, straight I will present
T'appease the fury of the Duke; and then
This Lady, and the Prince, are free. Since blood
Must be the best we can expect, if fate
Ordain it thus I shall prove fortunate.

Enter Frivolo, Tristan, Musicians and Boy.

Alt. Come Boys, lift up your voices to yon bay Window.
Sing the Song I gave you last night and firke
Your Fiddles bravely too; bear up the burthen.

SONG.

1.

Boy. **N**O Morning red and blushing fair
Be through your Glass or Curtains spy'd;
But cloudy gray as the short hair
Of your old everlasting Bride.

Cho. So old, so wondrous old, in the nonage of Time,
E're Adam wore a Beard, she was in her Prime.

2.

Boy. Whose swarthy dry'd Westphalia hips
Are shrunk to Mummy in her skin,
Whose Gums are empty, and her Lips,
Like Eyelids hairy and as thin.

Cho. So old, so wondrous old, &c.

3.

Boy. For am'rous sighs, which Virgins use,
She coughs aloud from Lungs decay'd,
And with her Palsey cannot chuse
But shew the trembling of a Maid.

Cho. So old, so wondrous old, &c.

4.

Boy. No nightly labour e're shall swell,
To any fruitfulness her Womb;
For were she big, 'twould but foretel,
A hopeful Tympany to come.

Cho. So old, so wondrous old, &c.

5.

Boy. Let not her Husband e're vex Heaven,
And for a plenteous Offspring beg;
Since all the Issue can be given,
Is that which runneth in her leg.

Cho. So old, so wondrous old, &c.

Alt. Good morrow to the right worshipful Leader,
Captain *Vasco*, and to his right reverend Bride.
Pray throw your money far enough, for fear
It light within the Pales,

[*Exeunt Musicians.*]

Enter Vasco, dressing himself.

Vas. My good friends, a certain salt showr should have
Season'd your feathers, had not my luck been
To marry one that waits her moisture in rheum.

Alt. But why so soon abroad, Sir? are these, *Vasco*,

A Bridegrooms hours? you are as early up
As breaking Creditors.

Friv. Or Serjeants, when

The needy Gallant means to steal a journey.

Trist. And they prevent it by arresting his
Innocent Horse.

Vas. Bus'ness at Court : but this

Is a resurrection to me Gentlemen :

I am risen from the dead, from bones as dusty

As theirs, who have slept beneath Marble Coverlets

A thousand years.

Enter Widow and Lelia.

Alt. 'Las poor *Vasco* ! Widows can strangely mortifie.

Wid. Put Dates and Amber in the Gruel, *Lelia*,
And let it boil long.

Lel. And shall I make the Poultrice straight, and send
Your other Hood, forsooth, to be new lin'd?

Wid. First stay till you have ript my Velvet Muff,
I'll have that Lining serve.

Vas. She's risen too, pure soul,
Devotion and Aches keep her still waking.

Wid. How do you, Sir? we must comfort one another.

Vas. There is need of't. No Marriner e're had
A worse night in a storm.

Alt. This usage never will dissolve her Bags.

Vas. I would order her Bags, if she would prove
So courteous as to dye.

Alt. You'll find her obstinate in that chief point.
A Widow that had civil kindness in her,
Would for her Husband's benefit
Make a low Curtsie, take her leave, and dye,
With less noise, than Flies depart in a Frost.

[*she listens.*]

Vas. She'd think it strange if any of my Friends
Should move it ; though 'tis clearly for my good.

Friv. What is't for her to depart from one life,
Who, having as many as a Cat,
Has eight more to come?

Alt. *Frivolo*, says right. Captain move it to her.

Vas. She'll live till she be thought so much a Ghost,
That we must take a House in a Church-yard ;
And never walk but at midnight.

Wid. What do they say, *Lelia*?

Lel. Forsooth devising for your worships good.

Wid. Kind heart ! methinks you are not merry, Sir.

Vas. Who, I? as jovial as a condemn'd man.

Wid. Will you sit down and eat a little broth?

Vas. I shall be cawdled like a Haberdashers Wife,
That lies in of her first Child : but methinks
Upon a sudden, Chuck, you look not well.

Alt. Her Eyes begin to stare, and her breath smells
Somewhat of earth too ; but 'tis not much.

Friv. My Grandam was taken thus spinning, and dy'd
So quickly (as they say) as one would wish.

Tris. I've seen a Coarse look better in a Shroud.

Wid.

Wid. 'Tis more than I feel. Look I so ill; *Lelia?*

Lel. As you were wont, forsooth, strange and ugly.

Wid. Come lead me in. Pray Husband do not grieve;
'Tis but a fit, that ever takes me once

In Fifty years: but weep not, 'twill away.

Vas. Every tear shall be as big as a Turnip,
When I weep. Good Wench follow the Game close;
Still breathe death to her.

Lel. I cannot do a better deed,
Than to put her in mind still of her end.

Vas. Marry a Widow. I lay last night
In a Surgeons Box, or Pothecaries Bing. [Exeunt *Wid.* and *Lel.*

Alt. Were you not sent for, *Vasco*, to the Court?

Vas. Yes, and to take charge; but of what I know not.
Well, you are all content to thrive, to jet
And strut like Turkeys with your Plumes spread.

Alt. 'Tis not amiss. My good Lord, *Friuolo*;
I kiss your soft hand.

Friuo. Signior *Tristan*; I pray keep on your way.

Trist. Sir, I had rather build another Wall,
Than to dishonour you by taking this.

Vas. This practice will do well. Follow apace,
I must with speed to *Calladine*.

[Exeunt.]

Enter *Evandra*, *Calladine*.

Evan. He knows me not; and it should seem
The falsely kind *Melora* wears my name.
He speaks as if her life he tender'd more
Than mine. 'Tis a mistake I fain would cherish.

Call. I did not think the stock of Nature could
Afford the world, in this her latter spring
Of Beauty, two fair Flowers so flourishing.
Yet this, does to my instant judgment seem
The more exact, but that the blood, and stile
Of Princes, makes the other claim my reverence:
And for *Alvaro's* sake, I wish I could
Procure that she might live.

Evan. I have consider'd what you told me, Sir,
And though the Princess, through a fond excess
Of love would hasten a calamity,
Which all the world must grieve, and wonder at,
Yet I could give her passion an excuse:
For I my self to free her now from death,
Could willingly endure it.

Call. It ripens faster than my wish design'd.
You aim at such a virtuous glory, Lady,
So great and good, as I want words to praise it.
Can such high courage dwell in your soft Sex?

Evan. Sir, if you nobly love her and the Prince,
(Whose care she is) straight lead me to the Duke,
And try how real my professions are.

Call. Forgive the office you invite me to;
Which, by the hopes of my Religion, could
My life excuse, I should esteem it much
Too cheap an offering; this is the fatal way—

Evan. Melora, now my fortune is above
Thy art, and I shall equal thee in love.

*Enter Duke (with Letters) Vasco, Altesto, Frivolo,
Tristan, Attendants.*

Duke. Again, in a petitionary stile,
He begs me by these Letters to release
His Daughter; and does proffer sums so vast,
To ransom her, as would o'come the covetous.
But I have sent him such denial, with
Disdain, as must consume or break his heart.
Vasco, you hear how ill I am obey'd,
By these indulgent Traytors of my Court?
And I have chosen you to shew a duty,
Which becomes the discipline of War.

Vas. You must enjoin me, Sir, commands that are
Most horrid and unnatural, when I
Prove slow, or faint, to execute your Will.

Duke. If these, your Officers and Friends, become
Disloyal to command; then threaten straight
Such punishment as shall enforce them to it.

Vas. If their own appetites will not persuade,
There is small hope from punishment.
Mark, Sir, that whay-fac'd Fellow in the Red.

Duke. You mean, *Tristan*:

Vas. I've seen him suffer the strappado thrice;
And no sooner done, but he call'd for a Wench.

Duke. I know you have the skill to govern them.
Be sure that *Prospero's* House be digg'd, till all
The Pinacles and the foundation meet.
Unless they deal by forcery and charms,
I'll find these bury'd Lovers out, and my
False Son the Prince, who loves darkness
More than the blessed light, or me.

Vas. I do not like this bus'ness should concern
The Prince. Though now the Rack be somewhat out
Of date with my old Bones, yet, for his sake,
I shall become a parcel-traytor too. [*Enter Melora and Servant.*]

Mel. I fear'd lest *Calladine*, delaying his return
So long, might frustrate my design.
And how *Evandra's* skill might work with him
Was dangerous. I do not see her here.

Serv. Pray heaven, my Master do not check my forwardness
T' obey your will: he meant that you should stay till his return.

Mel. My presence here shall much advantage him;
I told thee so before: trust me in thy behalf.

Duke. What Lady's that?

Mel. One who, to pleasure you with full revenge,
Presents her self to execution now,
With greater joy than to the marriage Priest:
And when I name my self *Evandra*, you
Will know enough to satisfy your anger.

Duke. Is the lov'd Bird flown from her dark Cage?
Their Magick was not strong enough to hinder destiny:
And you will find no am'rous pity in

My frozen age. My Guards seize on her straight. [*Enter a Guard,*
Alt. Vasco, this is Melora my Prisoner. (*and bind her.*)
Vas. Peace Devil, peace! thou wilt destroy brave Mysteries.
 A noble Girl; I conceive all! now would
 My gracious Widow be burnt to a Charcoal,
 E're she had brain or nature, for a Plot
 Like this.

Mel. If you suspect to find me here a lowly Sutor,
 'Tis but to hasten your dispatch
 On my afflicted life, that so
 The Prince may be atton'd to your lost love.

Duke. Her spirit seems too great for her soft Sex.
 But I'm resolv'd you suddenly shall meet that death
 Which now you bravely seek in his worst shape.

Enter Calladine and Evandra.

Call. False slave what make you here? the Princess too!
 Why did you give her liberty?

Serv. She told me, Sir, it was with your consent.

Call. She has o'rereacht my skill. I am undone.

Duke. Stay, *Calladine*, another prize? come back and render
 Me that Lady's Name.

Evan. He knows it not. My Name's *Evandra*, Sir.

Mel. I fear I am depriv'd of my intent.

Duke. We must to *Delphos* send to solve these doubts.

Evan. Do not believe that Lady, Sir. She hath
 Beguil'd me of my name and is so sick,
 And fond of an improper love that she
 Betrays her self to pain, such as she can
 Not merit nor endure like me.

Mel. Sir, though her eloquence is very apt,
 And powerful to persuade; yet you may please,
 Well to consider my assertions too.

Evan. Why do you let your kindness wrong me thus;
 Undoing your Religion with your love?

Mel. 'Tis you have done the injury, who will
 Not suffer me to dye in peace.

Vas. Rare Wenches both! all this is for the Prince.

Duke. Though small enquiry would discover soon
 Who justifies the truth: yet I will end
 The difference, so as shall afford you equal joy,
 And not endanger a mistake in me.

Convey them to the Fort; they both shall dye. [*The Guards seize on*

Vas. The Duke has bury'd all his goodness in (*them.*)
 Revenge. An old Skipper in a great storm
 Has more of a Lover in him.

Duke. Lead them away.

Call. I'll follow too, and mourn the obsequy,
 E're ceremonious death make it compleat.

Mel. Excuse this emulation (*Madam*) you
 Shall know a cause that will persuade you to
 Forgive me when I dye.

Evan. Poor *Melora*!

Alas, I pity not my self but thee. [*Ex. Call. Evan. Mel. Guards.*

Duke. *Alvaro*, and his Minion, *Prospero*,

(*Rebellious*)

(Rebellious as himself) may now resign
 To hidden Fiends their dark abodes again.
 They may walk free; for since they valu'd death
 As a delight, they shall not compass it.
 Proclaim their next appearance to be safe.
 I am content they should stand by to see,
 And not be able to resist, the power
 Of my revenge.

Vas. Revenge is a most dangerous kind of lust;
 The pleasure of it has strangely alter'd him.

Duke. Now *Vasco*, the enchanted House may stand:
 But be you here to morrow with fit strength,
 To guard their execution from impediments
 Of rage or pity; they shall suffer early.

[Exit.

Vas. I thank your Grace for any employment.
 Art thou a Rogue *Alonso*?

Alt. A little infected (Sir) with your company.

Vas. Art such a Rogue, that if I bid thee from
 The Duke to cut off these two Ladies heads,
 Thou wilt whet the Axe thy self, and do it
 With the dexterity of a *Flemming*?

Alt. I will see thy head in a leathern Case first,
 Kickt in a Foot-ball-match from Gole to Gole.

Vas. I thank you, Sir. What say you, *Friuolo*?
 Wenches and Surgery have cost you dear;
 Have you remorse enough to do it?

Fri. I'll rather mutiny, break open Shops,
 And measure Silks by the length of my Pike.

Tris. That is a bus'ness would more take me too,
 Than cutting off poor Ladies heads; unless
 Your Widow (*Vasco*) come within my reach.
 I could behead her for her left Ear-ring,
 Though it were but an Agat set in Copper.

Vas. Let us to Bed, the Sun to morrow will
 Rise black, or I shall think him such a dull
 Insensible Planet, as deserves no more
 Adoration than a farthing Candle.

[Exeunt.

Enter Leonel, Alvaro, Prospero.

Leo. Sir, you have heard how she betray'd me to
 A Vow, and with what cruel menacings
 My Sister and her self petition'd Heaven,
 T'assist their Curses in a punishment
 Upon my after life, if I were perjur'd by
 A breach of what my promise did assure.

Alv. It was a Vow no less unkind than strange,
 T'imprison us, who had no cause, nor will,
 To do a noble Stranger injury;
 But I have learnt such true Philosophy,
 As bids me still forgive all but my self.

Prof. How comes the date of your strict Vow expir'd?
 And that you now afford us liberty?
 Which, if my memory be just, you said
 She did enjoin you should not do, till she
 Was gone, and had well satisfy'd the Duke
 In our behalf.

Leo.

Leon. Sir, she is gone, my Sister too. One who
Attends, by your command, these hidden walks,
Did bring just now, in breathless haste,
The dreadful News.

Alv. Gone? and to dye? adorn'd,
Not like an ancient Sacrifice with Wreaths,
Which Priests from flowry Banks provide,
But by her several beauties, which excel
All the collected Chaplets of the Spring.

Prof. Let patience tamely keep her countenance at
This grief. The stubborn breeding of my heart
Will not endure't; why did you keep us lockt
Within the Cave? we might have hinder'd her
Departure and her death? you were too bold.

Leon. Sir, I did hope I gain'd your pardon, when
I mention'd the misfortune of my Vow.

Prof. I understand not such injurious Vows.
You lov'd her, *Leonel*, and through the pride
Of envy, could not yield, since your own hopes
Began to fade, that mine should grow and flourish.
You with a cunning willingness endur'd
Her desp'rate visit to the Duke.

Leo. That I did love her, is a true, and now,
Perhaps, a fitting glory to proclaim.
But when you say, my pride, or envy, could
Be guilty of so coarse a cruelty,
As that which you invent, you urge me then
To such a rage, as may prove dangerous.
Reclaim your thoughts, and teach them to be civil.

Prof. The Prince grows solemn with his grief. Let us
Retire aside, where I in whisper may
Complain, and speak such reason as shall want
No courage to discover truth.

[*They walk aside.*]

Alv. Fountains, which ever weep, yield in their tears
A benefit; they quench the thirsty earth,
And cherish a succeeding growth.
Th' *Arabian* Tree, which does in balmy drops
Dissolve its life, affords a Med'cine in
Those Tears; but man, though he hath cause to make
Him mourn, and reason to inform him of
That cause, yet finds no use of weeping, but
To know it brings his grief no remedy.

Leo. My Lord, I stay'd upon the Garden Mount,
And in the heat of my impatience was
So kind, as to lament your tardiness.
But now I must have leave to think, that he
Who takes delight to heap up injuries,
Has fury more to dare than do.

Prof. Were this a Temple, and the Prince
Doing the rev'rend business of a Priest,
I could not suffer such a boast from him,
Whom I have us'd with clemency in fight.
Defend thy life or it is mine.

[*They draw and fight.*]

Leo. Are you so masterly——again——I find

No

No lightning in your Eyes, nor in your Sword.

Prof. You have the skill, but I'll distemper it—

Alv. Hold, hold! is this a time to bleed? have you
Forgot that e're the morning Sun appears,
There will be streams of blood let out; which he
May drink till he be sick with Sacrifice?
Give me thy Sword. How, *Prospero*? are my
Commands grown wearisom, and cold?—

Prof. There, Sir.—You still rebuke me like a Boy. [Gives him
(his Sword.)

Alv. How long shall I correct thy anger, till
Thy temper will be fit to govern it?

Let me entreat you, Sir, to sheath your Sword.

Leo. Sir, you are worthy to command; and know
I wear it for my guard, and for your service.

Prof. I am appointed all my actions still;
As if I were not capable to know,
But made to suffer injuries.

Alv. Why dost thou frown? the sullen wrinkles on
A Lyons brow carry a grace, because
They may become a beast; but man should wear
His courage in a dress lovely and soft,
As are a Virgins bridal Ornaments.

Prof. Sir, I am taught. And yet my senses are
Not so mistaken, and so weak, but that
They know him false. He lov'd *Evandra*.

Alv. Is that a crime? you told me in the Cave
You lov'd her too.

Prof. I ne'er durst tell you so,
'Till you discern'd my passions, and inforc'd
A true discovery of their hidden cause.

Alv. But I did call it virtue when 'twas known; [Turns to Leonel.

And it did raise you high in my esteem.
Be, I beseech you, free in your confession.
Did you love *Evandra*? and with a heart
Sincere as she deserv'd?

Leo. Sir, the confession may
Be honour to me, but no shame. I did
Evandra love, and with a fervency
Upright, as my Religion could direct.

Alv. O what a satisfy'd delight I feel,
When others in their love concur with mine!
But fatally the senseless world mistakes
The priviledge of love. Does not the best
Of objects, Heaven, affect plurality
Of Worshipers, and would be rather by
Consent of many, than by one ador'd?
And we in that chief hope are wisely glad
Of Rivalship. Why then should you, or you
Repine, when all of us *Evandra* love.
Who merits the consent of all our Vows.
She by all beauty makes no less a claim:
Our mutual love turns envy into shame.
Come join your hands and seal a friendship here.

Leon. You cannot, Sir, command so fast as I'll obey.

Prof.

Prof. I have not words to promise much; but shall Perform all your desires with loyalty.

Alv. 'Tis seal'd, and I embrace you both, for we Are Lovers all; though when the morn does rise, And, blushing, sees the mischiefs of the world; We then shall like afflicted Turtles want Our Mate: and we may sit and mourn beneath The Willow which o'reshades the neighb'ring Brook; There weep, till vanishing in tears, we swell The shallow stream; whose senseless murmurings Will be explain'd hereafter in our Cause.

Prof. O that my heart would quickly to it self Be death's stern Officer, and break without My irreligious help. My life is tir'd.

Leon. And I have thoughts so wild, and so unsafe, As would be sin in utterance as in act.

Alv. Give me your hands, whilst with a fun'ral pace We move to watch this dismal Tragedy. We may, befriended by the secret aid Of *Calladine*, get safe into the Fort, Where in resistance we at least can dye, If none, in favour of our cause, revolt: *Evandra's* Prison Window does o'relook The Western Walk: there a Sentry, Dispos'd by *Calladine*, waits to let me take my last sad sight, And at the morning Watch. Nay hand in hand—— To shew this truth in Love's Philosophy; That as one object equally allures The virtue of our loves, so it shall still In Rivalship, despite of jealousy, Unite our hearts. For several Lovers, like Strange Rivers which to the same Ocean trace, Do, when their torrents meet, curl and embrace.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE. I.

Enter two Ambassadors with Letters, Calladine, Vasco, Altesto, Frivolo.

Call. **Y**OUR Letters merit that respect and diligence, I shall afford you both; but when I bring You to the Duke, I fear you'll quickly find The priviledge of all my favour lost.

1. *Amb.* Access and Audience, Sir, is all our hopes Presume to get. The time befriends us not.

2. *Amb.* We have had notice of these Ladies danger; And, Sir, whatever the success shall prove, Your very wishes shall oblige us much.

Alt. What are these Strangers, *Vasco*, who deprive Themselves of sleep to wake us before day?

Vas. Ambassadors from *Millain*, who have ta'en Much pains in a Journey, to lose their labour.

L 1

They

They come to save the Ladies by a Treaty.

Call. Vasco, it is the Duke's command that you Assemble straight from the Cast Regiments, Some sudden strength to guard the *Palace-Yard*.

Vas. What need of Guards? the Ladies have No Weapons but their Bodkins.

Call. I, but deliver what I had in charge— My Lords Ambassadors, this is your way.

1 Amb. These preparations are severe; I doubt His mind will not be easily reclaim'd.

2 Amb. You see the generous people like it not. [*Ex. Amb. & Call.*]

Vas. Altesio, go and Muster up from all The Lanes and Allies in the Town, a Troop Of fine fleet Rogues; such as will turn their backs To a Bullet and out-run it; Men of No superstition; but that love Holy days Meerly for commotion.

Friv. Let me furnish you with a Troop of Car-men.

Alt. I knew one, who dy'd about three months since With eating meazled Pork; he lov'd Mutiny; And with a Cowlstaff, would have cudgell'd *Hercules*.

Enter Tristan (leading the Widow) and Lelia.

Vas. How now Bunting? whither move you so fast, Like a fleet Snail over a Cabidge leaf; So early too, before day?

Trist. She desir'd me to be the staff of her age.

Vas. But whither I pray?

Wid. Why Sir, to see the show.

Vas. The show! The motion of *Queen Guiniver's* death, Acted by Puppets would please her as well; The Jade has no more remorse, than a Bear That wants his supper.

Wid. I would have a safe place, where I may weep, Without having my Handkerchief stoln away.

Lel. It is of pure Cambrick, and made of Her Grandmothers wedding Apron.

Wid. Yes truly, and wrought when I was a Maid.

Alt. That's an Antiquity beyond all record.

Vas. Sirrah, *Tristan*! be you sure you avoid No Throng. A Crowd hard shuffled and close pack May do me now a special courtesie; Let her be well squeeze'd.

Trist. My shoulder shall help her at a dead list.

Friv. A Scaffold that were weakly built would serve.

Wid. We must make haste! farewell Lamb. [*Ex. Trist. Wid. Lel.*]

Vas. Well, Gentlemen, pity my case: I have Had another night that would tire a Perdue More than a wet Furrow.

Friv. Will she not dye?

Vas. I have propounded it; but still in vain; And all the help the Laws afford us poor Mistaken Lovers, who have marry'd Money, Instead of Flesh, is a divorce: it must Be thought on straight. *Altesio*, hasten to Your charge.

Alt.

Alt. Good morrow Gentlemen.

Friw. You want an hour to make your greeting seasonable.

Vasc. I hope *Trifstan* will take care to squeeze
My Damsel in the Crowd.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Alvaro, Prospero, Leonel, Calladine.

Call. Their Window, Sir, is there. But let me beg
You would not let your sorrows make you known:
For my officiousness to your command,
When by your Father found, will cause such jealousy,
As may deprive me of all future means
To serve you.

Alv. Trust my discretion, *Calladine*.

Call. If rashly you resent the form of his
Proceeding, you may lose the hope I find
In the Ambassadors; who seem to bring
(Though they are secret in the main import)
Such offers, as perhaps, may be receiv'd.
They wait me in the Palace, Sir, and you
Must please to make this visit short.

[*Exit* Calladine.]

Alv. You may securely leave us.
The cruel doom which fair *Evandra* must
Endure, cannot perplex me, *Leonel*,
More than this glorious hazard of your Sister.

Leon. You now have heard, how chearfully she strove,
To be the first, who should her love confirm,
With offer of her Virgin life.

Alv. How must I stoop, and groan beneath the weight
Of so much poverty, as such a debt
Lays not on me alone, but on our Sex?
How shall I pay this double debt of love?
Owing to two a heart so constantly
Entire, that it could ne'er divided be.
I must love both, with equal flame, since none
Their beauty can distinguish, when compar'd;
And both in brighter virtue equal are.

Pros. I want skill, great beauty to distinguish; but I
Can feel my heart grown sore with love of it.

[*Evandra and Melora are seen in mourning at the Window.*]

Mel. Three I discern, and they must surely be
The gentle and most valiant Prince,
The noble *Prospero*, and faithful *Leonel*.

Alv. The Casement now is open, and, e're dawning
Appears, a double day does seem to break
Through Clouds of mourning.

Evan. That is the Prince's voice.

Alv. Your voice cannot but sweet Musick be,
Though you can now only a *Requiem* sing.

Why should not Musick, if it e're gave life,
To things inanimate, and made them move,
Now lengthen yours who have the soul of love?

Leon. Pardon me, Saint, that I have kept my Vow.

Evan. Your truth I value equal to your love.
But what is praise to men above it grown?

Whose worth we rate so much beyond our own,

That we, to make the world enjoy it, have
Design'd your freedom, and our selves a Grave.

Alv. What can the world enjoy when you are gone?
Time will his Hour-glass stop, when yours is run.

Mel. Repent not that Example which you gave:
You would have lost your lives our lives to save.
Could we do less than you our pattern make?
Refuse not that which you would have us take.

Evan. Accept of your relief, now ours is past.

Alv. Can we accept relief which cannot last?
Your gift, when by your fatal deaths 'tis sign'd,
Shews us unworthy, and your selves unkind;
For you reproach us with the life you give,
By thinking *we*, when you are dead, can live.

Evan. Let not your love's impatient anger wake
Death's sleep, since 'tis the last we e're shall take.

Mel. You to your Father quiet duty owe:
Let not your love above your duty grow.

Evan. The trouble of your Rivals now will cease;
And all loves Civil War expire in peace.
For that which did enlighten Beauty, life,
Ending in me, will quickly end your strife.
Love fades with Beauty, which your diff'rence bred;
For ev'ry Lover does forsake the dead.

Alv. Some comfort let it bring your parting mind,
That you had pow'r to make even Rivals kind.

Leo. In Love's Records it shall your glory be,
That, whilst you govern'd, Rivals did agree.

Prof. You are the first that e're Love's knot so ty'd,
As to unite, whom Nature did divide.

Evan. If 'twere not fit, *Melora*, now to dye,
I could a while endure mortality.

So soft a peace, here, in Love's shade appears,
As cannot be more calm above the Spheres.
But you should chide her, Sir, who in vain strife,
Would, with the needless Signet of her life,
Seal her undoubted love, and press to dye,
When with my death I all might satisfy.

Alv. Why did *Melora* thus my soul undo?
That is but half the question, why did you,

Evandra, to my Fathers wrath submit? — [The Ladies look back
Love's great Examples stay! leave us not yet! (suddenly.)

Evan. The Guards are entring, and have brought our doom,
The shortest of our fatal hours is come.
Renowned Prince, and faithful *Leonel*,
And valiant *Prospero*, to all farewell.

Mel. Farewel for evermore, the gentle and
Most valiant Prince, the noble *Prospero*,
The brave and faithful *Leonel*, farewell.

[Exeunt Ladies from above, Prof. and Leon. drawing their swords.]

Alv. Nay stir not Gentlemen; It is in vain:
We have not strength enough to storm the Fort.
Make not your purpose known before your deeds.
We must attend the pity of the Crowd.

Leon.

Leo. Affliction now is urg'd to such extreams,
That patience seems to change her constant Face:
She first looks pale with doubt, and then does blush,
As if ashamed of remedy when it is slow.

Alv. Cover your courage, and pray sheath your Swords.

Prof. Sir, whither shall we go?

Alv. Where we may best observe,
What looks the Officers and Souldiers wear.
If they begin to grieve, their grief will soon
To anger grow; from whom the people, prone
To passion, quickly will take fire. Too long
My Father has my constant duty known;
And now may find the peoples change, when they
My lowness measure with his high success:
For as they still all prosperous greatness hate,
So my affliction may their pity move;
They Princes only in affliction love.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Duke, Calladine, Vasco, two Ambassadors, and Attendants.

Duke. Have you given charge to all our Officers,
To line with double Guards the passage from
The Fort, and to secure the Palace-yard
With men well disciplin'd?

Call. It was directed, Sir, by your command.

Vasc. But for their discipline, it is as good
As Prisons, Gallies, or the Stews could give them:
Men of strict conscience, that will say their prayers
Before they mutiny, and a long Grace
Before they fall to plunder.

Call. His anger seems so fixt, that I suspect
Th' Ambassadors will take their leave of hope.

Duke. My Lords Ambassadors, pray take your place,
You treat now with a Prince, who rather would
Be held unmerciful, than break his Vow.
You may interpret my decree so ill,
As to pronounce that cruel, which, I think,
In the worst sense, is but severely just.
Your Master (when the chance of War did yield
My Brother to his pow'r) stole in the dark
His most renown'd and pretious life.
He durst not give the wrathful act an open light.
But I am not ashamed of my revenge,
It shall endure the publick test; to shew
I dare invite the censure of the World.

I Amb. We come not to excuse the cause of your
Revenge, but to divert the dire effect
From you and us. Revenge so fruitful is,
That the succession of it will not cease;
But still, whilst pow'r has any strength, it does
Beget new Monsters to amaze the World.

2 Amb. And, with your Highness leave, we judge it may
Be more your interest, rather to exhaust
Our Masters treasure than his blood; which shall
Submit even to your own account, if you
Will please to cover the offences past,

And

And free his Daughter, and *Melora*, from
The danger of this day.

Duke. I am not so improv'isist by our War,
That I have need to tell my Brothers bloud.

[Enter *Evan. Mel. Guards* at one door, *Alv. Prof. Leo.* at the
Room for the Prisoners; who shall soon (other door.)
Have larger freedom than you wish, for they
By death will gain the liberty of Souls.

Vasco, give me your ear.—

[*Whispers with him.*

Alv. Stay at this distance, and be temp'rate, till
I judge the season fit to try our friends.
How beautiful is sorrow, when 'tis drest
By Virgin-innocence? it makes
Felicity in others seem deform'd.

My patience grows unfit to counsel yours.

Leon. And I grow every minute worse prepar'd,
To take that counsel which you cannot give.

Prof. My loyalty is spent: it was too tame
A virtue for a mind so much provokt.

Duke. The Prince does breed a tumult in his looks.
Be watchful o're our Guards, and diligent
To mark the multitude. If it divides
To lesser Knots, of busie Whisperers,
And then from parcels, and from whispers, does
Grow suddenly to a collected Throng,
And general murmur, 'twill be dangerous.

Vas. I shall be careful, Sir. The Prince will find
Few Enemies in all my Tribe.

Duke. If you have any words from *Millan*, which
Concerns their knowledge e're they dye, be brief.
You have, my Lords Ambassadors, free leave
To whisper your affair; or, if you please,
Let it be publick to the World.

1. *Amb*. Your cruel resolution, Sir, has so
Restrain'd our speech, that all we shall
Deliver to *Evandra* now, is but
Her Parents, and her Country's tears; and those
We can by mourning deputation pay.

2. *Amb*. And to *Melora*, who in kindness thus
Has shar'd her destiny, we may assure
The worlds eternal wonder and applause.

Evan. It will deprive me of some joy in death,
To think my Father needs must suffer by
Unprofitable grief: and 'tis the last
Request I make, that he would wisely now
Forget my Obsequies, and Name.

Mel. And my condition sies, that those who shall
Hereafter read the business of this day,
Will not believe I suffer to get fame,
But for a secret in my hidden love.

1. *Amb*. Consult with Justice, Sir. Must they both dye?

Duke. Both, and I think my payment is but short;
When I compare the solid weight of worth,
My Brother had, with their light Sex.

I wish some man, who boasts your Masters blood,
Were singly here to undergo their fate;
It would more pleasure my revenge. But, since
There is no hope in that desire, away!
Lead them to death! —

Leo. Stay, Sir; reprieve them but one minutes space;
Till you have heard a Stranger speak.

Alv. What means this noble Youth?

Duke. Be sudden then;
For my revenge will not endure delay.

Leo. If I produce a Prince ally'd to him,
Whom you abhor and persecute: will you
With solemn Vows confirm their liberty,
And take his life to satisfy your wrath?

Duke. By all a Prince's Faith is worth, I will;
And vow devoutly to so wish a Miracle.

Leo. I dare believe your Vow, you were so just
Though cruel in your last; and know my joys
Must take the privilege to boast, you now
Have lost the pow'r to make them dye.

Duke. It shall be wonderful if that prove true!

Leo. I am not *Leonel* the *Millain* Knight:
But *Leonel* the Duke of *Parma's* Son,
Heir to his fortune and his fame.

Evan. Thy Brother does reveal himself,
Melora, and outdo our glorious strife.

Leo. By this you find, I am to *Millain* near
Ally'd; but, that I may provoke you more;
Know, Sir, it was my valiant Father took
Your Brother Prisoner, and presented him
Where he receiv'd his death: my Father, who
So oft has humbled you in War; and led
His prosperous Ensigns to your Palace walls.

Alv. He swells my bosom with his mighty mind:
He would transcend my honour and my love,
But, Count, we must adore not envy him.

Prof. I am, as your Disciple, taught;
But yet I hope it is no crime to wish
Fortune had me the Heir of *Parma* made;
Then it had been my luck to dye for them.

Vas. Here is some comfort yet; I'm for the Ladies.

Call. This has not given our sorrows a full cure.

Duke. Sir, you are boldest with your self:
But you shall find, I need no admonition to
Observe my vow. Unbind the Ladies straight,
And lead this Champion to encounter Death.

I Amb. Stay Sir, he must not dye.

Duke. How? Age and Grief makes thee a Fool, or mad.

I Amb. He must not, Sir, if your revenge be wise,
And fix your anger where 'tis most deserv'd.

Behold *Millain* himself, your Enemy. [Takes off a false beard.

Live valiant youth, and let my years (which time
Would soon determine) be the ransom of
My chiefest blood; *Evantra*, do not weep.

Evan.

Evan. O Sir, there was less use of me; why would
You with this danger on your self, destroy
That noble Fame I vertuously pursu'd?

Mel. Our hope of endless glory now is lost.

Alv. Has Heaven perform'd so much to check Revenge,
And will it not in clemency proceed?

Duke. My utmost wishes with success are crown'd.
This was a justice, Sir, more than I could
Expect from my own Stars; free *Leonel*,
And let him suffer the intended stroke.

2 Amb. First hear me speak, and, Sir, though you may doubt
My manners, and discretion lost, yet I
Will boldly say he shall not dye, nor none
Of these, though all in your command and pow'r.

Vas. Say'st thou so old Shaver? make but that good,
And the Maids of *Savoy* shall kiss thee, till
Thou recover thy youth again.

Duke. This were a Mystery would please indeed.

2 Amb. Look on me well, I am your Brother, Sir;
And though Ten years I have been hid from
Your sight; this noble Duke has us'd me so,
In all retir'd felicities of life,
That I had never cause to think I was
His Prisoner, but a Partner of his pow'r.

[Pulls off a
Beard.]

Alv. How wisely have the Heavens contriv'd this joy!

1 Amb. And though his fortune in the War, which
Made your Armies ever flourish with success,
Made me prevent my Countries ruine, by
Detaining him from your Employment there;
Yet he enjoy'd all the delights that Solitude
Affords: and when he chose his happiness
In Books, and deep discourses, of the learn'd,
I searcht the most remote and knowing World,
For men to furnish his desires,

2 Amb. It is acknowledg'd, Sir, with lib'ral thanks.

Duke. How welcome are these Miracles? let me
Embrace thee as the greatest joy, that since
My birth I have receiv'd. O my lov'd Brother,
Thou seest, though absent, I have ever been
True to thy virtues and thy memory.

2 Amb. But, Sir, too strict a Master of your vow;
Yet 'tis a fault, my gratitude should more
Admire with thankfulness, than chide.

Duke. This happy day deserves a signal place
In all our Kallenders.

2 Amb. Let me deliver to your courteous Arms
The Duke of *Millain*, Sir, good and renown'd,
With him the true and Princely *Leonel*;

And now *Alvaro* my most honour'd Nephew [The Duke embraces
(them.)

Alv. Dread Sir, that every one may share the joy
And blessings of this pretious hour; let me
Restore bold *Prospero* to your former love.

Duke. He shall be cherisht, and his faults forgiven.
Prof. I will deserve it, Sir, in future deeds

Of Honour, and of Loyal faith. How I
Am rapt to see those wonders strangely thrive?

Vas. What think you of the Stars now, *Calladine*?
Do those small twinkling Gentlemen
Look to their business well?

Call. It is beyond our merit or our hope.

Vas. I'll buy me an Optick, study Astrology,
And visit 'em in Moon-shine on my House Leads.

Duke. The chiefeft hope we can from virtue have,
Is the encrease of it by *Hymens* help.

Come my *Alvaro*, I'll bestow the straight.

Mel. A little patience, Sir, and hear me speak,
Before you give, what lawfully is mine.

Duke. Indeed thou dost deserve him by thy love.

Mel. In love *Evandra's* interest equals mine;
But I'll appeal, Sir, to his Vow; which, sure,
Her goodness will assist.

Alv. I shall not need,
More than Religion to secure my vow,
But where (*Melora*) was it made?

Mel. Sir, in my Fathers Court, when five years since
(You came disguis'd to see a triumph there)
You promist, if our Houses enmity
Were ever reconcil'd, the Church should join
Our hands.

Leo. Sir, what my Sister speaks, I can attest,
And hope this day shall end our Parents strife,
In a kind Peace.

Duke. Which thus I will confirm,
Take him, *Melora*, and receive with him
Those blessings, which your virtues have deserv'd.

Alv. Did you for this with kind *Evandra* strive,
Who should encounter danger first? though War
Has kept, five years, your beauty from my sight,
And in the Cave you did a Stranger seem;
Yet I remember now your lines of beauty,
Those you have kept, and I will keep my Vow.

I. Amb. My best *Evandra*, give me now thy hand;
And here receive it valiant *Leonel*;
For I must ratifie the Faith I gave,
That when this War expir'd, she should be thine.

Duke. Then he may straight possession take.

Evan. *Alvaro's* virtues, Sir, and yours, have both
An equal claim. Persons I ne'er admir'd
So much, to breed a diff'rence in my choice;
My Fathers promise, and my love, have made
Me yours.

Leo. I am o'recharg'd with my felicity.

Alv. Still may *Evandra's* gladness be renew'd,
Whom I, with peaceful joy, can see
Design'd by Fate, to happy *Leonel*.

Evan. And I shall celebrate *Melora's* choice.

Prof. These great atchievements are so well deserv'd,
That I have lost my envy, not my love.

Call. Such another good day would make us all mad.

Vas. Yet I must to my old Trot again.

Duke. Let *Hymen* join those Hearts, whose stedfast Faith,
Pow'r, with the frowns of death, could never move:
This happy day I'll consecrate to Love.

[*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.

T *Roth, Gentlemen, you must vouchsafe a while*
T'excuse my mirth, I cannot chuse but smile,
And 'tis to think, how like a subile spye
Our Poet waits to hear his destiny;
Just in the Entry as you pass, the place
Where first you mention your dislike or grace:
Pray whisper softly that he may not hear,
Or else such words as shall not blast his ear.

FINIS.

THE Law against Lovers.

The Names of the Persons.

The Duke of Savoy.

Lord *Angelo*, his Deputy.

Benedict, Brother to *Angelo*.

Lucio } His Friends.

Balthazar }

Eschalus, a Counsellor.

Claudio, in love with *Julietta*.

Provost.

Fryer Thomas.

Bernardine, a Prisoner.

Jaylor.

Fool.

Hangman.

Pages.

Beatrice, a great Heiress

Isabella, Sister to *Claudio*.

Julietta, Mistress to *Claudio*.

Viola, Sister to *Beatrice*; very young.

Francisca, a Nun.

SCENE *Twin.*

ACT

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Duke, Angelo, and Attendants.

Duke. I'M sure in this your science does exceed
The measures of advice; and to your skill,
By deputation, I resolve to leave a while
My place and strength.

Ang. Your Highness does amaze me with your trust.

Duke. Your Brother will be here to night; and brings
His share of Victory and fair renown.

That Victory gives me now free leisure to
Pursue my old design of travelling;
Whilst, hiding what I am, in fit disguise,
I may compare the Customs, prudent Laws,
And managements of foreign States with ours.

Ang. Your Highness has a plenteous choice of men,
Whom you may here depute with more success,
Than my abilities can promise.

Duke. Here, take our Commission——
In which we have enabled you with all
The several strengths and organs of my Pow'r:
Your youth may bear that weight, which tires my Age.

Ang. In this acceptance, Sir, I do with some
Unwillingness obey your pleasure.

Duke. Heaven does with us, as we with Torches do,
Not light them for themselves, but others use.

For if our virtues go not forth of us,
It were alike as if we had them not.
Be thou at full our self, whilst we are absent
From our Seat in *Turin*.

Ang. Sir, I could wish
There were more tryal of my mettle made,
Before so noble and so great
A Figure as your own be stamp on it.

Duke. No more evasion,
I have proceeded towards you with choice, [Enter Eschalus.
Sufficiently prepar'd. Good *Eschalus*
Your ceremony now of taking leave
Must needs be short. You know the purpose of
My trust to *Angelo*, who here has my
Commission seal'd.

Esch. Your Highness having been
So long resolv'd to travel, could not leave
A Deputation of your Pow'r in better hands.

Duke. Farewel! our haste from hence is of import.
You shall, as time and fit occasion serves,
Have Letters from us; and I hope to know,
With equal care, what does befall you here.

Ang. Will not your Highness give us leave to bring
You onward on the way?

Duke. My haste permits it not.

You need not (on mine honour) have to do
 With scruple, for your scope is as mine own;
 So to inforce, or qualifie the Laws,
 As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand,
 I'll privately away; I love the People;
 But would not on a Stage salute the Crowd.
 I never relisht their applause; nor think
 the Prince has true discretion who affects it.
 Be kind still to your Brother *Benedick*,
 And give him that respect which he
 Hath by his share in Victory deserv'd.
 Once more farewell.

Ang. The Heavens give safety to your purposes.

Esch. Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness. [Ex. Duke.]

Ang. I shall desire you *Eschalus*, to let
 Me have free speech with you: for it concerns
 Me much to see the bottom of my place.
 The Duke has left me pow'r, but of what strength
 And nature it will prove, may haply
 Require your friendship to consider.

Esch. My Lord, if it shall please you to withdraw,
 You may command my secrecie and service.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Beatrice, Julietta, Viola, Balthazar.

Beat. Does Signior *Benedick* return to night?

Balt. We may expect him presently. He brings
 A share of conquest with him, and intends
 To make a modest Entry here by stealth:
 But he is still as pleasant as you left him.

Beat. How many has he kill'd, and eaten, in
 These Wars? but pray, how many has he kill'd?
 For I promis'd to eat all of his killing.

Balt. He has done great service in these Wars, Lady.

Beat. Sure you had musty victual then;
 And he has helpt to eat it. I know, Sir,
 He is a valiant Trencher-man, and has
 A good stomach.

Balt. He is a good Souldier, Lady.

Beat. A good Souldier

To a Lady, but what is he to a Lord?

Balt. A Lord to a Lord, a man to a man:
 Stuff with all honourable virtues.

Beat. He is, indeed, no less than a stuff man.
 But for the stuffing——Well, we are all mortal.

Jul. Do not mistake my Cousin *Beatrice*, Sir,
 There is a kind of a merry war between
 Count *Benedick* and her: they never meet,
 But there is a skirmish of wit between 'em.

Beat. He got nothing by that. In our last encounter
 Four of his five wits did go halting off;
 And now the whole man is govern'd by one.
 I pray, Sir, who's his Companion now? for he was wont,
 Every Month to have a new sworn Brother.

Balt. Is't possible?

Beat. Very possible.

He

He wears his faith but as the fashion of
His Hat; it still changes with the next Block.

Balt. Madam, the Gentleman is not in your Books.

Viol. If he were, I have heard my Sister say
She would burn her Study.

Balt. Small Mistress, have you learnt that in your Primer?

This, Madam, is your pretty Bud of wit.

Viol. A Bud that has some prickles; Sir. Take heed;
You cannot gather me.

Beat. But, Signior *Balthazar*,
I pray who is Count *Benedickt's* Companion?

Balt. At idle seasons, Madam, he is pleas'd
To use no better company than mine.

Beat. He will hang on you like a disease,
He's sooner caught than the Pestilence;
And the taker does run presently mad.
Heaven help you *Balthazar*, if you have caught
The *Benedickt*, for it will cost you more
Than a thousand pounds to be cur'd.

Balt. I wish I may hold friendship with you, Lady.

Beat. Y'ave the wit, Sir, to wish for your self.

Jul. You'll never run mad Cousin.

Beat. Not till a hot *January*.

[Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, your Guardian's Brother, Count *Benedickt*,
Is newly enter'd.

Beat. The man of War, having been flesht
In the last Battel, will bear all before him.
Let us sound a retreat, and hide our selves
Behind the Hangings, to mark his behaviour.

Viol. Dear Sister, let me hide my self too——

[Beatrice, Viola, Juliet, step behind the Hangings.

Balt. O pray do, with a Bongrace from the Sun.
Madam, I'll leave you to your Ambush.

Enter *Benedickt*, *Eschalus*.

Ben. My Brother private in affairs of State?

Esch. My Lord, he's at this instant much reserv'd;
But, when I shall acquaint him you are here,
He will dismiss his business to receive,
And welcome you?

Ben. Signior *Eschalus*, I thank you: but it
Is fit our private love should give free way
To service which concerns the publick profit.
I am, Sir, in some trouble, that I could
Not have the happiness of paying my
Obedience to his Highness e're he went.
Will he be absent long?

Esch. That is unknown
Even to your Brother *Angelo*; who is his full
Vicegerent here, and hath receiv'd commands
To let you taste his Pow'r, to every use
That can procure you any benefit,
In memory of your last service.

[Enter *Lucio*.

Luc. My Lord you are most happily return'd;
And met with all the joys we can express.

Ben.

Ben. Lucio, I am much pleas'd to see you well;
It gives me hope that I shall have but few
Sad Evenings here in *Turin*, if the
Beauties which I left be not quite wither'd,
Their Voices crack, and their Lutes hung on Willows.

Luc. My Lord, I am not only hasten'd hither by
My Love to be the first that shall congratulate
Your good success abroad, but to entreat
Your aid at home. If you will please but to
Take leave of that grave Magistrate a while,
I shall deliver you a message from mankind.

Ben. How, *Lucio*? That is of concern indeed.
Signior, I shall beseech you to observe
My Brother's leisure, that I may attend him.

Esch. Your Lordship is most welcome to *Turin*. [Exit *Eschalus*.]

Ben. Now, *Lucio*, speak your affair from that great
Common-Wealth which sent you, Mankind.

Balth. They are too many for you to enquire
Particularly after their healths; therefore
He may without Ceremony proceed.

Luc. You have heard of the Supream Pow'r plac'd in
Count *Angelo* your Brother?

Ben. I have, *Lucio*.

Luc. Under your favour, Sir,
I may say the beginning of his rule
Is not pleasing to the best sort of men,
He deals very hardly with Lovers.

Ben. I am sorry to hear that of a Brother.

Luc. My Lord, I am more sorry to report it.
He has already reviv'd an old Law,
Which condemns any man to death, who gets,
Being unmarry'd, a Woman with Child.

Ben. How *Lucio*? does he mean to govern like
The Tyrant Turk, with Ev'nuchs of his Council?

Luc. You must assuage the choler of his wisdom,
And put him in mind that men are frail.

Ben. This business, *Balthazar*, requires our care;
For we having professed against the bonds
Of Marriage, and he, restraining
The liberty of Lovers, the good Duke
When he returns, will find no Children left
In *Turin*.

Luc. For my part, Sir,
I only fear the destruction of Learning:
For if there be no Children, farewell Gramar-Schools.

Ben. Come, we must sit in Council, *Balthazar*,
Increase our party, and still desire marriage.

Beat. We cannot hear 'em, *Juliet*; let us enter. [Enter *Beat.* *Jul.*

Ben. My dear Lady disdain! are you yet living? (Viol.

Beat. Can disdain dye when she has so fit food
To feed it as *Benedick*?

Ben. I am belov'd of all Ladies, only
You excepted; and I am sorry they must lose
Their sighs; for I have a hard heart,
And can love none.

Beat.

Beat. A happiness to Women; who would else
Be troubled with a most pernicious Sutor?
But I can answer your humour; for I
Had rather hear my Dog bark at a Crow,
Than a Man swear he loves me.

Ben. Keep in that mind, Lady, for then some of my
Friends may scape a predestinate scratcht face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse,
If it were such a Face as *Benedick's*.

Ben. You are a rare Parrot-teacher.

Beat. A Bird of my tongue, is better than a Beast of yours.

Ben. I would my Horse had the speed of your Tongue;
But keep your way: I have done.

Beat. *Juliet*, he always ends with a Jades trick.

Jul. The Gentleman's wit is tir'd after spurring.

Vio. Y'are welcome home my Lord. Have you brought
Any Pendants, and fine Fans, from the Wars?

Ben. What my sweet Bud, you are grown to a Blossom!

Vio. My Sister has promis'd me that I shall be
A Woman, and that you shall make love to me,
When you are old enough to have a Wife.

Ben. This is not a chip of the old Block, but will prove
A smart Twig of the young Branch.

[Enter *Esch.* and *Serv.*

Esch. Lord *Angele* expects you, Sir, and this
Fair Company.

[*Ex.* *Beat.* *Ben.* *Balth.* *Jul.* *Esch.* *Vio.*

serv. Signior *Claudio*, now under an Arrest,
Desires to speak with you.

Luc. How! under Arrest? The Governour's house
Is no proper place for a Prisoners visit.
Pray favour me so much as to tell him that
I'll come down to receive his commands.

[*Ex.* *Serv.* *Luc.*

Enter Provost, Claudio, Officers.

Claud. Thus can the Demi-ged Authority make
Us pay down for our offence by weight

[Enter *Lucio*.

Luc. *Claudio*! how now! from whence comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty.

As Surfet is the father of a Fast,
So Liberty by the immoderate use,
Turns to restraint. Our Nature does pursue
An evil Thirst, and when we drink we dye.

Luc. If I could speak as wisely under Arrest,
I would send for some of my Creditors;
Yet (to say truth) I had rather enjoy
The popery of freedom, than the wise
Morality of Imprisonment. What
Is thy offence *Claudio*?

Claud. To speak of it were to offend again.

Luc. What is it, Murder?

Claud. No.

Luc. I believe 'tis that which the precise call Incontinence.

Claud. You may call it so.

[Enter *Balthazar*.

Bal. I am told *Claudio* is Arrested.

Luc. 'Tis too true, *Balthazar*.

Bal. What is his crime?

Luc.

Luc. Lord *Angelo* has taught us so much modesty,
That I am ashamed to name it.

Balth. What, is there a Maid with Child by him?

Luc. No, but I fear there is a Woman with Maid by him.

Prov. Signior, I shall offend if you stay here:

Be pleas'd to go.

Claud. *Provost*, allow me but a few words more.

Luc. Pray *Claudius* speak your mind: we are your friends.

Claud. I grieve to tell you, Gentlemen, that I
Have got possession of *Julietta's* bed.

She is my Wife by sacred vows, and by

A contract seal'd with form of witnesses.

But we the ceremony lack of marriage,

And that, unhappily, we did defer

Only for the assurance of a Dowry,

Remaining in the Coffers of her Friends;

From whom we thought it fit to hide our love,

Till time had master'd their consent to it.

But so it happens, that

Our oft stoln pleasure is now writ

With Characters too gross in *Juliet*.

Bal. With Child perhaps.

Claud. 'Tis so;

And the new Deputy

Awakens all the enroll'd penalties,

Which have been Nineteen years unread, and makes

Me feel the long neglected punishment,

By such a Law, as three days after

Arrest, requires the forfeit of my head.

Luc. Thy head stands now so slightly
On thy shoulders, that a Milk-maid, if she
Be in love, may sigh it off.

Bal. *Lucio*, you are a stranger to Lord *Angelo*,
But I well know the fowreness of his Soul:

And I was told in passing to you hither,

That *Juliet* is Arrested in his house,

And forc'd from the protection of

The Lady *Beatrice* his fair Ward.

Luc. I like it not: send quickly to the Duke,
And then appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so; but he's not to be found.
I prethee, *Lucio*, lend me thy assistance;

This day my Sister should the Cloister enter,

And there receive her approbation.

Acquaint her with the danger I am in.

Implore her in my name, that she make friends

To the strict Deputy: she must herself assay him;

I have great hope in that; for in her youth

There is a sweet and speechless dialect,

Such as moves men; and well she can persuade.

Luc. I wish she may. I would be loth
That any of my friends should foolishly
Play away their lives at a Game of Tick-tack.

Bal. We will both to her presently.

Claud.

Claud. Come Officers, away!

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Duke and Fryer Thomas.

Duke. No, Holy Father; throw away that thought;

Lov's too tender to dwell in my cold bosom.

I desire you to give me secret harbour,

For a design more grave and wrinkled than

The aims of giddy youth can have.

Fryer. May your Grace speak of it?

Duke. None, Holy Father, better knows than you,

How I have ever lik'd a life retir'd;

And still have weary of Assemblies been,

Where witless youth comes drest to be ador'd.

I have deliver'd to Lord *Angelo*

(A man of strictness, and firm abstinence)

My absolute pow'r and place here in *Turin*;

And he believes me travelling to *Spain*;

Now (pious Sir) you will demand of me

Why I did this?

Fryer. I fain would know.

Duke. We have strict Statutes, and chastising Laws;

Which I have suffer'd Nineteen years to sleep,

Even like an o'regrown Lyon in a Cave

That goes not out to Prey. But as fond Fathers

Bind up the threatening Rod, and stick it in

Their Childrens sight, for terror more than use;

Till it in time become more markt than fear'd;

So our decrees, dead to infliction, to

Themselves are dead, and froward liberty,

Does Justice strike, as Infants beat the Nurse.

Fryer. This ty'd-up Justice, Sir, you might have soon

Let loose, which would have seem'd more dreadful

Than in *Angelo*.

Duke. Too dreadful, Sir. For since

It was my fault to give the People scope;

It may seem tyranny to punish them,

For what I bid them act. We do no less

Than bid unlawful actions to be done;

When evil deeds have their permissive Pass.

Fry. I am convinc'd.

Duke. I have on *Angelo* impos'd

Th'unpleasant pow'r of punishing; who may

Within the Ambush of my name, — strike home.

And to behold how he does rule, I will,

As if I were a Brother of your Order,

Visit both Prince and People. Therefore, I pray,

Supply me with the Habit, and instruct me how

I may in person a true Fryar seem.

I can allow you no more reasons for

This action now, than that Lord *Angelo*

Stands at a Guard with Envy, and does scarce

Confess that his blood flows;

The Man seems singular, but we shall see,

If Pow'r change purpose, what our seemers be.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Isabella, and Francisca a Nun.

Isa. But have you Nuns no further priviledge?

Nun. Are not these large enough?

Isa. They are; I speak not as desiring more,
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Were on the Sisterhood vow'd to Saint *Clare*.

Luc. Ho! peace be in this place! [*Lucio, Balthazar within.*]

Isab. Who is it that does call?

Nun. It is a mans voice. Gentle *Isabella*,
Pray turn the Key, and know his business of him:
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn.
When you have vow'd you must not speak with men,
But in the presence of the Priorefs;
Then if you speak, you must not shew your face;
Or if you shew your face, you must not speak.

Luc. Ho! the Sisterhood.

Nun. He calls again; I pray you answer him.

Isab. Peace and Prosperity. Who is't that calls? [*Enter Luc. Balt.*]

Luc. Hail Virgin! please you befriend us so,
As to permit us to the sight of *Isabell*,
A novice of this place, and Sister to
Young *Clandio*, her unhappy Brother.

Isab. Why her unhappy Brother? Let me ask;
The rather since I now must make it known
I am that *Isabella*, and his Sister.

Luc. Gentle, and fair; your Brother kindly greets you.

Bal. We cannot, *Lucio*, come too suddenly
With sorrows to a mind prepar'd; 'tis fit
You tell her that her Brother is in Prison.

Isab. Ay me! for what?

Luc. For that which cannot be excus'd;
And yet, perhaps if he were try'd
By Judges not much older than himself,
Would have an easie punishment. He has,
I hope unwillingly, got his friend with Child.

Is. Sir, make me not your scorn.

Luc. I would not, though 'tis my familiar sin,
To jest with Maids, play with all Vigin's so.
I hold you as a thing inshrin'd, and to
Be talkt with as a Saint in all sincerity.

Is. You hurt the good in mocking me.

Bal. Believe what he has said is truth.

Isab. Some one with Child by him? my Cousin *Juliet*?

Luc. Is she your Cousin?

Isab. Adoptedly, as School-maids change their names.

Luc. She it is.

Isab. Let him marry her.

Bal. Marry'd, they are in sight of Heaven, though not
With such apparent forms, as makes the Law
Approve and witness it.

Luc. The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;
And with full force of his authority,
Lord *Angelo* now Rules; a man whose bloud
Is very Snow-broth, one who never feels

The wanton motions of the sense ; but does
Rebate and blunt his natural edge,
With Morals, Lady. He studies much,
And fasts.

Balt. To frighten Libertines (who long have scap'd,
And silently have run by th' sleeping face
Of hideous Law, as Mice by Lyons steal)
Lord *Angelo* has hastily awak'd
A dreadful act, under whose heavy sense,
Your Brothers life falls into desperate forfeit.

Luc. All hope is gone, unless you have the grace,
By moving Prayers, to soften *Angelo*.

Isab. Does he so sternly seek his life ?

Luc. He has already sentenc'd him, and (as
I hear) the Provost has a Warrant for
His Execution.

Isab. Alas, what poor abilities
Have I to do him good ?

Balt. Make tryal of what pow'r you have.

Isab. My pow'r alas I doubt !

Luc. Go to Lord *Angelo*, and let him know,
When Virgins sue, men give like Gods ;
But when they weep and kneel, no pow'r has then
So much of Devil in't, as not to yield.

Isab. I'll see what I can do.

Luc. But speedily.

Isab. I will about it straight ;
Not staying longer, than to give the Mother
Notice of my business. I humbly thank you.
Commend me to my Brother. Soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.

Luc. We take our leaves.

Isab. Heaven guide you, Gentlemen ;
And so prepare to *Angelo* my way,
As if Saint *Clare* did prompt me how to pray.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Angelo, Benedick.

Ben. **B**UT for ill doing, Sir, must *Claudio* dye ?

Ang. The Law appoints that he
Who gets a Child unlawfully must dye.

Ben. But must a man be requited with death,
For giving life to another ?

Ang. We must not make a scare-crow of the Law ;
Setting it up to fright our Birds of prey ;
And let it keep one shape, till custom makes it
Not their terrour, but their Pearch.

Ben. Call, Sir, your own affections to accompt.
Had time concur'd with place, or place with wishing ;

N n 2

And

And had the resolution of your blood,
 Found means t'attain th' effect of your own purpose,
 Perhaps, in some hot season of your life,
 Even you, Sir, would have err'd in that,
 For which you censure him.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, *Benedick*,
 Another thing to fall. I not deny
 The Jury passing on a Prisoners life,
 May in the sworn twelve, have a Thief or two
 Guiltier than him they try. What knows the Law,
 Whether Thieves pass on Thieves?
 You cannot lessen his offence, because
 I have offended too: but tell me at
 That time, when I, who censure him, do so
 Offend; and my own judgment then shall be
 A pattern for my death. Brother, he must dye.

Ben. Sir, when I heard you had the place of Justice,
 I did not think your gravity did mean
 To swagger with her broad Sword. Can Dame Justice
 Become, so soon, so notable a Cutter?

Ang. You have leave to be pleasant; but I pray
 Listen to *Efchalus*, he'll give you counsel. [*Exit, and Enter Efchalus.*]

Ben. Good *Efchalus*, I should have found you out.
 Is there no means to save poor *Claudio's* life?

Efch. Your Brother has given order to the Provost,
 To see his Execution punctually
 Perform'd, by nine to-morrow morning.

Ben. A short warning for a terrible long Journey.

Efch. A Confessor will be sent to prepare him.

Ben. I'm told, Signior *Efchalus*, you have counsel for me.

Efch. My Lord, I'll not presume to call it mine;
 'Tis from your Brother, who does well advise,
 That you would please to think of marriage.
 You know the Lady *Beatrice* was his Ward;
 And now her Wardship is expir'd.

Ben. Marry?

What to beget Boys for the Headsmen?

Efch. Good my Lord, leaving your severity,
 You needs must think her beauty worth your praise.

Ben. She's too low for a high praise, and too little
 For a great praise; but thus far I'll commend her;
 Were she other than she is, she were then
 Unhandsom, and being no other but
 As she is, I do not like her.

Efch. My proposal deserves a steady answer.

Ben. My Brother, Sir, and I, walk several ways.
 He takes care to destroy unlawful Lovers;
 And I'll endeavour to prevent th' increase
 Of lawful Cuckolds.

Efch. None of the beauteous Sex can have more virtue,
 Than fair *Beatrice*.

Ben. Sir, I sincerely allow your opinion.
 She is yet very exceedingly virtuous,
 And has a laziness towards love: but, Sir,

She

Shè has too much wit, and great Wits will not long
Lye idle.

Esch. You have too much mirth to have suspicion.

Ben. As I will not do Ladies so much wrong
To mistrust any, so I'll do my self

The right to trust none.

Esch. This sutes not with your Brothers purpose. [*Enter Lucio,*

Ben. Welcome, are either of you inclin'd to marriage? (*Balth.*

Balt. How, marriage? it is a noose for Ninnies;

Do you think I will have a Recheat winded

In my forehead, or hang my Bugle in

An invifible Baldrick?

Luc. If I ever marry, let mine eyes be
Pickt out with the Pen of a Ballad-maker,
And hang me up at the door of a Brothel,
For the Sign of blind *Cupid*.

Ben. You see, Signior *Eschalus*, my Brother makes
So many Enemies to propagation;
That if the Duke stay long, he may chance find
A Dominion without Subjects.

Luc. If he have any, they will need
No Governour, for they will all be old
Enough to govern themselves.

[*Enter Beatrice, Viola.*

Ben. Here comes the Lady *April*, whose fair face
Is always incident to some foul weather.

Beat. I wonder you will still be talking, *Benedick*;
No body marks you.

Ben. I mean to drink
Opium before I come in your Company,
That you may excuse my follies,
With saying, I talk in my sleep.

Beat. Where is Lord *Angelo*?

Esch. Madam, he is retir'd.

Beat. What to his Prayers?

As Executioners kneel down and ask pardon,
Before they handle the Axe.

Ben. Hale in Maine-Bolin! the storm begins!

Beat. Heaven send the good Duke here again! do you
Not hear, Signior, *Eschalus*, of the Mutiny
In Town?

Esch. No, Madam, is there a Mutiny?

Beat. All the Midwives, Nurfes, and Milk-women
Are up in Arms, because the Governour
Has made a Law against Lovers.

Ben. True, the Law is, that none who have not been
Bound Prentices to *Hymen*, shall set up
In the trade of making Children.

Esch. Madam, you will marry, and have your freedom.

Beat. Marry? yes, if you'll fashion me a man
Of a middle constitution, between
Lord *Angelo's* Carthusian-gravity,
And his Brother *Benedick*; the one is
Too like a State-Image and says nothing;
And the other, too like a Country Lady's

Eldest Son, evermore talking.

Ben. Nay do but persecute my Brother,
And I am satisfy'd.

Beat. Signior *Eschalus*, is not my Wardship out?

Esch. Yes, Madam.

Beat. And this House, where the Governour lives, mine own?

Esch. Madam, it is.

Beat. Methinks my Guardian

Is but a rude Tenant. How durst he with

Unmanly power, force my Cousin *Juliet* from me?

Esch. Lady, it was the Law that us'd that force.

Beat. The Law? is she not married by such Vows
As will stand firm in Heaven? that's the substantial part

Which carries the effect, and must she then

Be punisht for neglect of form?

Must conscience be made good by compliment?

Ben. My Brother will have men behave themselves
To Heaven, as Boys do to their Pedants: they
Must not say grace, without making their legs.

Beat. I am glad *Benedick*, to hear you
Sometimes in the right.

Ben. I'm in the right, Lady, only
As often as you are in the wrong.

Beat. Pray, Signior *Eschalus*, desire my Guardian
To let the Divines govern the Civilians.

I would have my Cousins spiritual marriage
Stand good in conscience, though 'tis bad in Law.

She must not be lockt up within thick Walls,
And Iron Grates. A Wood-bine Arbour will
Prove strong enough to hold a Lady, when
She is grown so weak as to be in love.

Viol. Pray, Sister, why is *Juliet* in Prison?

Beat. Peace, *Viola*, you are too young to know.

Ben. She play'd with a bearded Baby, Mistres,
Contrary to Law.

Viol. Alas, poor *Juliet*! I'll sing no more
To the Governour, till he lets her out.

Beat. Sir, the Deputy drinks too much Vinegar;
It makes his disposition sour.

Esch. Pray, Madam, tell him so.

Beat. No, Sir, you States-men manage your discourse
Amongst your selves by signs. I am not mute
Enough to understand your Mysteries.

Come, *Viola*, I'll write to the Duke.

[*Exeunt Beat. Viola.*]

Ben. This would make a rare Wife, were she not
A woman.

Balt. You with the men, and she with the maids, will
Quickly forbid all Banes.

Luc. If we do not
Bring ill Poesies of Wedding Rings out of
Fashion, let's not be numbred with the Wits.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Angelo and Provost.

Ang. What is your business, Provost?

Prov. Is it your will *Clandio* shall dye to morrow?

Ang.

Ang. Did I not say he should? had you not order?
Why do you ask again?

Prov. Left I might be too rash.

Under your good correction, I have seen
When, after execution, the wise Judge
Has his rash doom repented.

Ang. Do you your office, or else give it up,
And you shall well be spar'd.

Prov. I crave your Excellencies pardon.
What shall be done with the weeping *Juliet*?

Ang. Dispose of her to some apartment in
The Prison, where *Claudio* may not see her.

[Enter Servant.

serv. Here is a Sister of the man condemn'd,
Desires access to you.

Ang. Already is his Sister come,
She has the reputation, Provost, of
A virtuous Maid.

Prov. I, my good Lord, a very virtuous Maid,
And to be shortly of a Sisterhood.

Ang. Let her be admitted.

[Exit Servant.

Provost take care that *Juliet* be remov'd
At distance from her Lover.

[Enter Lucio, Isabella.

Prov. Heaven still preserve your Excellence.

Ang. Stay here awhile. Y'are welcome, what's your will?

Isab. I am a woful Sutor to your Excellence,
If you in goodness will vouchsafe to hear me.

Ang. What is your suit?

Isab. There is a vice which most I do abhor,
And most desire that it should meet rebuke;
For which I would not plead, but that I must.

Ang. Well, come to the matter.

Isab. I have a Brother is condemn'd to dye.
I would beseech you to condemn the fault, and not
My Brother.

Prov. Heaven give thee moving graces!

Ang. Is not each fault condemn'd ere it be done?
I were the very Cipher of Authority,
If I should fine the fault, whose fine stands in
Record, and yet forgive the Actor.

Isab. Oh just! but yet severe Law!

I had a Brother then. Heaven keep you, Sir.

Luc. Give it not over so, to him again:
Kneel down before him; y'are too cold.

Isab. Must he needs dye?

Ang. Virgin, no remedy.

Isab. Yes, I believe that you might pardon him;
And neither Heaven, nor man, would at
The mercy grieve.

Ang. I will not do't.

Isab. You can then if you would?

Ang. That which I should not do, I cannot do.

Isab. But you may do it, Sir, and do the world
No hurt: I wish your heart were toucht with such
Remorse, as mine is to him.

Ang.

Ang. He's sentenc'd, 'tis too late.

Luc. You are too tame.

Ifab. Too late? I who have spoke a word, may call
The meaning back. No Ceremony,
No Ornament which to the Great belongs;
Not the Kings Crown, nor the deputed Sword;
The Martial's Truncheon, nor the Judges Robe,
Become them with so beautiful a grace
As mercy does. If he had been as you,
And you as he, you might have err'd like him;
But he like you, would not have been so stern.

Ang. I pray be gone.

Ifab. Would Heaven, if you were *Ifabell*, that I
A while might have your pow'r, to let you see
How soon the sorrow of a Sisters tears,
Should cleanse the foulness of a Brothers fault.

Luc. That is the Vain, touch it boldly.

Ang. Your Brother is a forfeit of the Law;
And you but waste your words.

Ifab. Alas, alas, all Souls were forfeit once;
And he who might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy. What would you do
If he, who on the utmost top of heights,
On Judges sits, should judge you as you are?

Ang. Be you content, fair Maid,
It was the Law, not I, condemn'd your Brother;
Were he my Kinsman or my Son, it should
Be with him thus. And he must dye to morrow.

Ifab. To morrow? Oh that's sudden! spare him! spare him!
He's not prepar'd. Even for our Kitchens we
The Fowl of Season kill. Shall we serve Heaven
With less respect, than we would minister
To our gross selves? My Lord, in mercy speak!
Who is it that has dy'd for this offence?
Too many have committed it.

Luc. Well said.

Ang. The Law has not been dead, though it has slept.
Those many had not dar'd to act that crime,
If he who first did the edict infringe,
Had answer'd for his deed. 'Tis now awake;
Takes note of what is done, and Prophet-like,
Looks in a Glass, which shows what future ills,
Might by remissness be in progress hatcht.

Ifab. Yet show some pity.

Ang. I show it most, when I most Justice show,
For I commiserate then, even those whom I
Shall never know; and whose offences, if
They were forgiven, might afterwards destroy them.
And also do him right, who, punisht for
One pleasing crime, lives not to act another.
Be satisfy'd; your Brother dies to morrow.

Ifab. So you, my Lord, must be the first that e're
This sentence gave, and he the first that suffers it.
'Tis excellent to have a Giants strength;

But Tyrannous to use it like a Giant.

Luc. Well said again.

Isab. If men could thunder

As great *Jove* does, *Jove* ne'er would quiet be ;

For every cholerick petty Officer,

Would use his Magazine in Heaven for Thunder :

We nothing should but Thunder hear. Sweet Heaven !

Thou rather with thy stiff and sulph'rous bolt

Dost split the knotty and obdurate Oak,

Than the soft Mirtle. O but man, proud man !

(Drest in a little brief authority,

Most ignorant of what he thinks himself

Affur'd) does in his glassy essence, like

An angry Ape, play such fantastick tricks

Before high Heaven, as would make Angels laugh

If they were mortal, and had spleens like us.

Luc. To him, he will relent, I feel him coming.

Prov. Pray Heaven she gain him !

Ang. Why do you use this passion before me ?

Isab. Authority, though it does err like others,

Yet has a kind of Med'cine in it self,

Which skins the top of every vice.

Knock at your bosom, Sir, and ask your heart

If it contains no crime, resembling my

Poor Brothers fault, and then, if it confess

A natural guiltiness, such as his is,

Let it not found a sentence from your tongue,

Against my Brothers life.

Ang. She speaks such sense

As with my reason breeds such Images,

As she has excellently form'd. Farewel.

Isab. Gentle, my Lord, turn back !

Ang. I will bethink me, come again to morrow.

Isab. Heark, how I'll bribe you ; good my Lord turn back.

Ang. How ! bribe me ?

Isab. I, with such gifts that Heaven shall share with you.

Luc. You had marr'd all else.

Isab. With early Prayers that shall be up at Heaven,

And enter there before

The mornings Casement opens to the World ;

The Prayers of fasting maids.

Ang. Well, come to me to morrow.

Luc. Enough, away !

Isab. All that is good be near your Excellence.

Ang. I thank you.

Isab. At what hour shall I attend you.

Ang. At any time e're noon.

Isab. The Angels still preserve you.

[*Exeunt all but Angelo.*

Ang. From all, but from thy virtue maid !

I love her virtue. But, temptation ! O !

Thou false and cunning guide ! who in disguise

Of Virtues shape lead'st us through Heaven to Hell.

No vitious Beauty could with practis'd Art

Subdue, like Virgin-innocence, my heart.

[*Exit.*

Enter

O o

Enter Duke in disguise of a Fryar, and Provost.

Duke. Hail to you, Provost, so I think you are.

Prov. I am the Provost. What's your will, good Father?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my blessed Orders,
I come to visit the afflicted minds
In Prison here. Do me the common right,
To let me see them; and to let me know
The nature of their crimes; that I may minister
Accordingly to their relief.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful.
Look, here comes one, who in her flames of youth *[Enter Juliet.*
Has blister'd her fair fame. She is with Child,
And he that got it sentenc'd.

Duke. When must he dye?

Prov. As I believe, to morrow.

I'll go in; and prepare him for your visit:

In the mean time bestow your counsel here.

Duke. Repent you (fair one) of the sin you carry?

[Exit Provost.]

Jul. I bear my punishment most patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,
And try your penitence.

Jul. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Lov'd you the man that wrong'd you?

Jul. Yes, as I lov'd the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So then it seems you mutually have sin'd?

Jul. We mutually have sin'd against the Law:

And I repent for it, but am as much

Afflicted at my ignorance,

Not knowing 'twas a sin when I transgress,

As at the sin it self.

Duke. If Daughter you repent that sin, because
It brings you shame, it is a common, and
An erring grief, which looks more at our selves,
Than towards Heaven; not sparing Heaven for love,
But fear.

Jul. As 'tis an evil I repent, and grieve not for
The shame, because you think it is deserv'd.

Duke. There rest.

Your Partner (as I hear) must dye to morrow;

And I am going with instructions to him.

Grace go with you.

[Exit.]

Jul. Must dye to morrow? oh injurious love!
It respites me a life whose very best
Is still a dying horror.

[Exit.]

Enter Claudio, Lucio, Balthazar.

Balth. Claudio, to tarry longer with you now,
Were but to lose that time which we
Must husband for your benefit. No care
Is wanting in your Sister, nor in us.

Luc. Our Lawyers make good Merchandise of Women,
The head of a man pays for a maidenhead.

Claud. There is no rack so painful in this Prison,
As that which stretches me 'tween hope and doubt.
All I desire is certainty.

Balt.

Balt. You speak as if you were already in
Another world; for there's no certainty
In this. We'll see you hourly, so farewell.

Luc. When I leave this wanting world, to meet death,
I'll ride Post to him on a Hobby-horse,
And fence against his Dart with a Fools Bauble.

Claud. By all your loyal friendship, *Balthazar*,
Let *Juliet* be protected with your care,
And courage, from injurious tongues.

Balt. I will deserve your trust.

Claud. Pray serve her with a noble tenderness,
In all that her afflictions shall require.

Balt. I need not such a strict command.
Away, let's leave him to his meditations.

Luc. Remember *Claudio*,
This wicked world does homage to rich Fools,
And witty men want money.

Enter Provost.

Prov. A Father desires to speak with you. [*Ex. Claudio, Provost.*]

Luc. Methinks it is too late for *Claudio* to
Expect a Reprieve.

Balt. Hope is so familiar an acquaintance,
That though she stays with us all day, yet we
Are loth to part with her at night.

Luc. Where is *Benedick*?

Balt. Gone to *Beatrice*, she just now sent for him.

Luc. We shall never out-face the world with our
Invectives against marriage, for I find
Sexes will meet, though Mountains and rough Seas
Make a long space between them. Our design
On *Benedick* and *Beatrice* must be pursu'd.

Balt. Let's to the Governours, and in the way
I'll tell thee how we ought to manage it.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Angelo.

Ang. My weighty Office I can value now,
But as an idle plume worn in the wind.

[*Enter Servant.*]

Serv. The Sister, Sir, of *Claudio* desires access.

Ang. Shew her the way into the Gallery.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Why does my blood, thus flowing to my heart,
Make it unable for it self, whilst then
It dispossesses other parts of that
Which they in lesser streams would useful make?
So deal officious throngs, with him who swoonds;
They come to help him, and they stop the air
By which he should revive; and so
The numerous Subjects to a well-wisht King,
Quit their own home, and in rude fondness to
His presence crowd, where their unwelcome love,
Does an offence, and an oppression prove.

[*Exit.*]

ACT III. Scene I.

Enter Ifabel, Angelo.*Ifab.* I Am come to know your pleasure.*Ang.* That you might know it would much better please me,
Than to demand what 'tis: your Brother cannot live.*Ifab.* Even so, Heaven keep your Excellence.*Ang.* Stay a little,For he perhaps may live awhile: nay, and
As long as you or I, since none can know
Their own appointed ends. Yet, he must dye.*Ifab.* Under your sentence?*Ang.* Yes.*Ifab.* When, I beseech you? that in his Reprieve
(Longer or Shorter) he may be so fitted
That his Soul may not suffer with his body.*Ang.* He had a filthy vice. It were as good
To pardon him that has from Nature stoln
A man already made, as to permit
Their sawcy sweetness, who Heavens Image coyn
In Stamps which are forbid.*Ifab.* That is set down in Heaven, but not on Earth.*Ang.* How? say you so? then I shall quickly poze you.
Which had you rather, that the most just Law
Should take your Brothers life, or to redeem him,
Give up your pretious self to such a blemish
As she permitted whom he stain'd?*Ifab.* I'll rather give my Body than my Soul.*Ang.* I talk not of your soul. Our compell'd sins
Do more for number stand, than for account.*Ifab.* How say you, Sir?*Ang.* Nay, I'll not warrant that: for I can speak
Against the thing I say: answer to this.I (now the voice of the recorded Law)
Pronounce a sentence on your Brothers life,
Might there not be a charity in sin,
To save this Brother's life?*Ifab.* Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity.*Ang.* You doing it at peril of your soul,
Make equal poize of sin and charity.*Ifab.* That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heav'n let me bear't. If it be sin for you
To grant my suit, I'll make it still my Prayer,
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And not to your account.*Ang.* Nay, but hear me.Your sense pursues not mine; sure you are ignorant;
Or seem so craftily, and that's not good.*Ifab.* Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,

But

But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus Wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it does tax it self; as a black Mask
Often proclaims a cover'd beauty more,
Than beauty does it self, when openly
Displaid. But mark me *Isabell*,
Or if I may more plainly be receiv'd,
I'll speak more home. Your Brother is to dye.

Isab. So!

Ang. And his offence is such, as it appears
Accountant to the Law.

Isab. True!

Ang. Admit no other way could save his life,
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
Unless by way of question) but that you
(Finding your self desir'd of such a man
Whose credit with the Judge, could free your Brother)
Must either yield the treasures of your youth,
Or else must let him dye: what would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor Brother, as for *Isabell*.
Th'impression of sharp whips I gladly would
As Rubies wear, and strip my self
Even for a Grave, as for a Bed, e're I
Would yield my honour up to shame.

Ang. Then must your Brother dye.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way.
Better it were a Brother dye a while,
Than that a Sister, by redeeming him,
Should dye for ever.

Ang. Are you not then as cruel as that sentence
Which you have slander'd so?

Isab. Ignoble ransom, no proportion bears
To pardon freely given; and lawful mercy,
Is not at all akin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the Law a Tyrant;
And so your Brothers guiltiness excus'd,
As if it rather might be stil'd
A recreation than a vice.

Isab. O pardon me my Lord. Oft it falls out,
That Pleaders speak not what they mean,
In hope to get what they would have.
I sometimes may excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage, whom I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Else let my Brother dye.

Ang. Nay, Women are frail too.

Isab. I, as the glasses where they see themselves,
Which are as eas'ly broke, as they make forms.
Women? help Heaven! pray call us ten times frail,
For we are soft, as our complexions are,
And soon a bad impression take.

Ang. And from this testimony of your own Sex,
(Since I suppose we are not made so strong,
But that our faults, may shake our frames) let me

Be bold t'arrest your words. Be what you are,
That is, a woman, if y'are more, y'are none,
If you be one (as you are well exprest
By all external warrants) shew it now.

Ifab. I have no Tongue but one. Gentle my Lord,
Let me intreat you speak the former language.

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Ifab. My Brother did love *Juliet*;
And you tell me he shall dye for it.

Ang. He shall not, *Isabel*, if you give me love.

Ifab. Your pow'r may your discretion-licence give,
And make you seem much fouler than you are,
To draw on others.

Ang. Believe me on mine honour,
My words exprest my purpose.

Ifab. Ha! little honour, to be much believ'd,
Your purpose is pernicious now discern'd.
I will proclaim thee *Angelo*, look for't;
Sign me a present pardon for my Brother,
Or I will tell the world aloud
What man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe you *Isabell*?
My unfoil'd name, austerity of life,
My word against you, and my place i'th' State,
Will so your accusation overweigh,
That you'll be stifled in your own report.
And now I give my sensual race the rains.
Yield to my passion, or your Brother must
Not only dye, but your unkindness shall
Draw out his death to lingring pains.
To morrow answer me, or by that love
Which now does guide me, I will be
A Tyrant to him.

[Exit.]

Ifab. To whom shall I complain?
If I tell this, who will believ't?
I'll to my Brother straight,
That he may know false *Angelo's* request,
And then prepare for his eternal rest.

[Exit.]

Enter Benedick and Beatrice, several ways.

Ben. I was told, Lady, you would speak with me.

Beat. I would, and I would not.

Ben. Then I'll stay, or I will not stay;
'Tis all one to me.

Beat. Nay, I know you are but an indifferent man;
Yet now by chance, I rather am inclin'd
That you should stay.

Ben. And 'tis a greater chance
That our inclinations should so soon meet;
For I will stay.

Beat. Your Brother is a proper Prince, he rules
With a Rod in's hand instead of a Scepter,
Like a Country School-Master in a Church;
He keeps a large Palace with no Attendants,
And is fit to have none but Boys for his Subjects.

Ben.

Ben. As ill as he governs (if my
Design thrive against the Fetters of marriage;
As his does against the liberty of Lovers)
His rule may last till the end of the world;
For there will be no next Generation.

Beat. Would I might trust you *Benedick*.

Ben. Madam, you believe me to have some honour.
If you have most secretly invented
A new Dressing, can you think I'll reveal
The fashion, before you wear it?

Beat. Notwithstanding your seeming indisposition
To inventions of Fashions, yet there be
Those in *Turin*, who have intercepted
Packets between you and Taylors of *Paris*.
Well, though those are but light correspondents,
Yet I would trust you in matter of weight.

Ben. I hope, Lady, you have no plot upon me.
I'll marry no woman.

Beat. I did not think you had been so well natur'd,
As to prevent the having any of
Your breed. Marry you? what should I do with you?
Dress you in my old Gown, and make you my
Waiting Woman?

Ben. A waiting Woman with a Beard?

Beat. I shall ne'er endure a Husband with a Beard.
I had rather lye in woolen.

Ben. Though you disguise matrimonial pretensions,
With pretty scorn, yet I am glad I have
A Beard for my own defence. And though fashion
Makes me shave much (and that you believe me
A lover of fashions) yet mine shall grow
To a very bush, for my greater security.
But, pray proceed to your matter of weight.

Beat. I will trust you; not as a man of love,
But a man of Arms.

Ben. At your own peril.
And more to encourage you, I will declare
That though I'm very loth to come within
The narrow compass of a Wedding Ring;
Yet I owe every fair Lady a good turn.
But to the business.

Beat. In brief you must
Renew familiarity with your Brother;
And steal the use of his Signet to seal
Julietta's pardon and her liberty,
And *Claudio's* too: this done, they shall practise
Their escape, I'll endeavour mine; and you
Signior may shift for your self.

Ben. This is but betraying an ill Brother,
For a good purpose; I'll do it if I can.

Beat. You shall give me the Signet, for I'll have
All in my own management.

Ben. No, though I rob my Brother of the Signet;
You shall not rob me of the danger.

Beat.

Beat. Then I'll proceed no further.

Ben. That as you please.

Beat. You would have the honour of the business.

Ben. 'Tis due to my Sex.

Beat. Fare you well Sir——yet you
May come again an hour hence, to receive
An ill look.

Ben. That will not fright me much; for you can look
No better than you use to do. [*Ex. Ben. at one door. Enter Viola*

Viol. Sister, I have got Verses. Signior *Lucio* (at another.
Made them: he and *Balthazar* are within.

Beat. Is *Lucio* become a man of meetre?
That's the next degree upward to the giddy
Station of a foolish Lover. They are
Compos'd into a Song too. Sing it *Viola*.

Viola sings the SONG.

Viol. **W**Ake all the dead! what ho! what ho!
How soundly they sleep whose Pillows lye low?
They mind not poor Lovers who walk above
On the Decks of the World in storms of love.
No whisper now nor glance can pass
Through Wickets or through Panes of Glass;
For our Windows and Doors are shut and barr'd.
I ye close in the Church, and in the Church-yard.
In ev'ry Grave make room, make room!
The Worlds at an end, and we come, we come.

2.

The State is now Love's foe, Love's foe;
Has seiz'd on his Arms, his Quiver and Bow;
Has pinion'd his wings, and fetter'd his feet,
Because he made way for Lovers to meet.
But O sad chance, his Judge was old;
Hearts cruel grow, when blood grows cold.
No man being young, his process would draw.
O Heavens that love should be subject to law!
Lovers go woo the dead, the dead!
Lye two in a Grave, and to Bed, to Bed!

Enter Lucio, Balthazar.

Beat. Signior *Lucio*, you are grown so desp'rate
As to write Verses.

Luc. Very little business, much love,
And no money makes up a parcel-Poet.
But the Verses are not mine.

Beat. Whose are they?

Luc. *Balthazar* knows the Author.

Balt. Not better than you, who had them from him.

Luc. Pray, Madam, let him tell you.

Balt. Excuse me, Sir, I am as chary of
Getting my friend the ill name of a Poet,
As you are.

Beat. Why Gentlemen, you will not make

A secret of telling the hour of the day,
When your Watches are ready to strike?
Pray whose are the Verses?

Luc. Madam, the Author's name is *Benedick*.

Beat. Is't possible? I am glad he lies bare
Under the lash of the Wits. There are now
No such Tormentors in *Turin* as the Wits.
Poor *Benedick*, they'll have him on the Rack
E're night; why they will draw a strong line, to
The subtle weakness of a Spinners thred.

Balth. I fear, he will be quickly liable
To a greater torment, than any that
The Wits can inflict.

Luc. Madam, we are your vow'd Servants,
We cannot chuse but tell you all. *Balthazar*,
You made the first discovery, you may speak it.

Balt. Madam, 'tis not civil to lengthen your
Expectation. He is in love.

Beat. In love? that were a sudden change, and would shew
More of the Moon in him, than is in a Mad-woman.
Good *Balthazar* with whom?

Balt. *Lucio* was ready to dye laughing when
He found it, and swore then he would tell you.

Beat. Keep your oath, *Lucio*; who is't that has caught him?

Luc. Nay, Madam, you now impose upon me.

Beat. Let me intreat you.

Luc. Why then, as sure as you can love no Lover,
He loves you.

Beat. This sounds like fiction and design.
Good *Balthazar*, he is but newly gone
From hence, go seek him out, and bring him back;
Your friendship may prevail with him.

Luc. It will beget more mirth, than belongs
To a Morrice, in the month of *May*.

Balt. But I beseech you no words of our discovery.

Beat. Signior, you may trust me. [Exit *Balthazar*.]
Perhaps, *Lucio*, you cannot think it strange,
That I believe you of my Party;
And fitter for my trust than *Balthazar*.

Luc. O no, Madam, I have been trusted by
Young Ladies e're now.

Beat. Are you sure *Benedick* loves me? he has
No fashion of a Lover in publick.

Luc. Poor man, he has two contrary extreams
Of Love-madness. He is in company
As fantastical as a Fencer after
His victory in a Prize; but in private
He will sigh more than an old Dutch Pilot
That has lost his Ship.

Beat. I shall have rare diversion if his fit holds.

Luc. It is not good to jest away mens lives.

Beat. I see you are serious: but will you swear this?

Luc. If you can endure the coarseness of swearing;
I've been unlucky at play in my time,

And shall quickly swear like a losing Gamester.

Beat. Stay Sir, you may take up the fools commodity
Of belief, without ingaging of oaths:
I know you are a man of excellent temper.

Luc. Madam, I swear by——

Beat. I pray Sir hold!——

Luc. Nay if you would put me to't.

Beat. *Lucio*, you must diswade him from his love;
And I must trust you. I have but one heart,
And that is already dispos'd off.

Luc. Madam, all Lovers compar'd to *Benedick*,
Are but lamentable Courtiers in old Cloaths.

Beat. Truly, he was wont to be merry.

Luc. E're he felt Love, his heart was as sound
As any Bell, and his Tongue was the Clapper:
For what his Heart thought, his Tongue would speak.
Take heed, you must not lose him.

Beat. *Lucio*, my heart is design'd to another.

Luc. Madam, may I be bold to enquire to whom?

Beat. You know the man.

Luc. Be he what he will, he must shew as ugly
As a tall man, sitting on a low stool
Before a Chimney, compar'd to *Benedick*.

Beat. You ought not to say so, when I name him.

Luc. Madam, I dare justify my friend.

Beat. I shall be angry if you compare him
To him whom I can name. Suppose it is
Signior *Lucio*.

Luc. Madam, I confess Comparisons
Are somewhat odious.

Beat. O, are they so? I pray let me advise you
Not to lessen your self; though I perceive
You cannot chuse but make much of your friend.

Luc. Sits the wind on that side? I must hoise sail
With Top, and Top-gallant.

Beat. But are you not ty'd, Sir, by some deep vow
To wooe for *Benedick*? I am very tender
Of Mens vows.

Luc. Will you believe me, Madam?

Beat. Without oaths I beseech you.

Luc. He knows as much the matter of this visit,
As I do of the Great Turk's particular
Inclination to Red Herring.

Beat. Are you in earnest?

Luc. *Balthazar* and I
Were only over officious to serve him.

Beat. Nor he is not in love?

Luc. No more than a man that goes continually
To Sea to make discoveries.

Beat. Then it appears a little strange,
That you made this hearty address for him.

Luc. On my honour, Madam, it was to get
Some opportunity to move for my self.

Beat. And you think him no extraordinary wit?

Luc.

Luc. So, so, a modest wit, somewhat out of countenance
Being laugh't at; for then he grows as melancholy
As a Lodge in a Warren.

Beat. Right, I use to laugh at him.
And then there's a Partridge wing sav'd at night;
For the Fool will eat no Supper.

Luc. Madam, I see you know him.

Beat. Signior *Lucio*, be kind to your self.

[Exit.

Luc. *Lucio*, if thou were't any thing but *Lucio*,
I would hug thee to death. Some men in choler
Rail against Fortune, but I adore her:
She has made her fail of my Mothers Smock.
I would the Poets would send us a dozen
Such Goddeses.

[Enter Balthazar.

Bal. I have been seeking *Benedick*: and I
Am told now, he's gone up the back-stairs,
And is in private with the Deputy.
Where's the Lady *Beatrice*?

Luc. *Balthazar*, trouble not your self, for men
May often lose their labour.

Balt. How so?

Luc. *Benedick* is not the man she aims at.

Balt. He's very singular and eminent.
But I confess, this angling for Ladies
Is a very subtle sport.

Luc. They are Fishes of fantastical palats;
And will sometimes sooner bite at a Worm,
Than at a *May-Flye*.

Balt. She has a full fortune. Twelve thousand Crowns
A year.

Luc. He will be safe from Creditors that has her. [Enter Viola.

Viol. Signior *Lucio*, my Sister would speak with you. [Exit.

Luc. *Balthazar*, I must e'en retire from busiesses;
You see I cannot rest for Ladies.

Balt. I prethee put the matter home. [Exeunt several ways.

Enter Duke in Fryers Habit, Claudio, and Provost.

Claud. Father, I thank you! I am now of Death's
Small party, 'gainst the Crowd who strife for life. [Enter Isab.

Isab. What hoa! Grace dwell within!

Prov. Who's there? the wish deserves a welcome.

Duke. Dear Sir, e're long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most rev'rend Sir, I thank you.

Isab. My business is a word or two with *Claudio*.

Prov. You are welcome. Look Signior, here's your Sister.

Duke. Provost, a word.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring me, where I conceal'd
May hear them speak.

[Ex. Duke, Provost.

Claud. Now Sister, what's the comfort?

Isab. 'Tis such as earthly comforts use to be,
Lord *Angelo*, having affairs to Heaven,
Intends you for his swift Ambassador.
Therefore your best appointment make with speed;
To morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Isab. Yes Brother, you may live;
There is a devillish mercy in the Judge
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Isab. 'Tis worse than close restraint, and painful too
Beyond all tortures which afflict the body;
For 'tis a Rack invented for the mind.

Claud. But of what nature is it?

Isab. 'Tis such, as should you give it your consent,
Would leave you stript of all the wreaths of War,
All ornaments my Father's valour gain'd,
And shew you naked to the scornful world.

Claud. Acquaint me with my doom.

Isab. If I could fear thee, *Claudio*, I should weep
Lest thou a shameful life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven short Winters more respect,
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou dye?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the small Beetle, when we tread on it,
In corp'ral suff'rance, finds a pang as great,
As when a Gyant dyes.

Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From tenderness? If I must dye,
I'll welcome darkness as a shining Bride.

Isab. There spoke my Brother: there my Fathers Grave
Utter'd a chearful voice. Yes, you must dye,
You are too noble to conserve a life
By wretched remedies. Our outward Saint
Does in his gracious looks disguise the Devil.
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A Pond, as foul as Hell.

Claud. The princely *Angelo*?

Isab. Oh, he is uglier than the frightful Fiend,
By Pencils of our cloyster'd Virgins drawn.
Speak, *Claudio*, could you think, you might on earth
Be guiltless made by him, if I would Heaven
(Which never injur'd us) foully offend?

Claud. Infernal *Angelo*! can this be true?

Isab. Yes, he would clear you from your blackest crimes,
By making me much blacker than himself,
This night's the time, when he would have me do
What I abhor to name, or else you must
Be dead to morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do't.

Isab. O, were it but my life,
I would for your deliverance throw it down,
Most frankly, *Claudio*.

Claud. Thanks dear *Isabella*.

Isab. Be ready, *Claudio*, for your death to morrow.

Claud. Has he Religion in him? sure he thinks
It is no sin, or of the deadly seven

He does believe it is the least.

Isab. Which is the least?

Claud. If it were damnable, he being wise
Why would he for the momentary taste
Of lust, eternally be fed with fire?

But *Isabell*——

Isab. What says my Brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Isab. And living shame more hateful.

Sure you have study'd what it is to dye.

Claud. Oh Sister, 'tis to go we know not whither.

We lye in silent darkness, and we rot;
Where long our motion is not stopt; for though
In Graves none walk upright (proudly to face
The Stars) yet there we move again, when our
Corruption makes those worms in whom we crawl.
Perhaps the Spirit (which is future life)
Dwells *salamander*-like, unharm'd in fire:
Or else with wand'ring winds is blown about
The world. But if condemn'd like those
Whom our incertain thought imagines howling;
Than the most loath'd and the most weary life
Which Age, or Ache, want, or imprisonment
Can lay on Nature, is a Paradise
To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas, alas!

Claud. Sweet Sister! I would live,
Were not the ransom of my life much more
Than all your honour and your virtue too
(By which you are maintain'd) can ever pay,
Without undoing both.

Isab. Prepare your self, your line of life is short.

Claud. I am prepar'd: but Sister, if
Your Brother you did ever love; or if
Our Mothers pity may your pattern be,
Let *Juliet* in your tender bosom dwell;
Who has no blemish, if such Laws
As innocent antiquity allow'd,
Were now of force, or if Religion here
In *Turin*, did not more subsist
By publick form, than private use.

Isab. You want Authority to tax the Law.
Let your submission your last virtue be.

Claud. Will you be good to *Juliet*?

Isab. I will invite her to my breast, and to
A cloyster'd shade, where we with mutual grief
Will mourn, in sad remembrance of our loss.

Claud. Your promise is now register'd in Heaven.

Bear her this fatal pledge of our first Vows. [Gives her a Ring.

Farewel. To cloyst'rall kindness both

Retire, where you may ever live above

The rage of pow'r, and injuries of love. [Exit, and the Duke

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young Sister, but one word. (Steps in.

Isab. What is your will?

Duke.

Duke. I would some satisfaction crave of that,
In which you likewise may have benefit.

Isab. My sorrows, Father, hasten me away.
I must beseech you to be brief.

Duke. The hand which made you fair, has made you good.
Th' assault which *Angelo* has to

Your virtue given, chance to my knowledge brings.
I have o'reheard you, and with much astonishment
I gaze on th' Image you have made of *Angelo*.

Isab. How is the noble Duke deceiv'd in such
A Substitute? whose wickedness I will
Proclaim to all the world.

Duke. Your accusation he will soon avoid,
By saying he but tryal of
Your virtue made; therefore I wish you would
Conceal his horrid purpose till fit time
Shall serve you at the Duke's return:
Do you conceive my counsel good?

Isab. Father I am oblig'd to follow it.

Duke. Where lodge you, virtuous Maid?

Isab. The Sisterhood of Saint *Clare* will soon inform you.
I lodge in the Apartment for probation.

Duke. There I'll attend you Daughter. Grace preserve you.
[*Exeunt several ways.*]

*Enter Benedick and Beatrice at several doors,
and Viola with her.*

Beat. O Sir! you are a very princely Lover!
You cannot woo but by Ambassadors;
And may chance to marry by Proxy.

Ben. Your wit flows so fast
That I'll not stem the tyde; I'll cast Anchor,
And consult in your Cabin how t'avoid
Danger. The Rocks are very near us.

Beat. How now? afraid of the Deputy's Ghost
E're he be dead? my Sister shall lead you
Through the dark.

Ben. There is the Pardon
Sign'd for *Juliet* and for *Claudio* too.

Beat. I thank you, *Benedick*. Give it me.

Ben. You are as nimble as a Squirrel, but
The Nuts are not so soon crackt.

Beat. Unless I have it I'll take back my thanks.

Ben. If it be possible to fix Quick-silver
Stay but a little.

Beat. What would you say?

Ben. *Eschalus* is in the Plot,
And was brought to't with more fears, than a furr'd
Alderman to an insurrection
Of Prentices.

Beat. Signior *Eschalus*? could his gravity
Venture to change his Gold Chain for a Halter?

Ben. I was fain to pretend hourly correspondence
With th' absent Duke; which gain'd me his respect.
I assur'd him of promotion, and then

He grew willing to betray his Friend
And fellow-States-man my Brother. For men
Of that Tribe are very loving, but especially
To themselves. He surpriz'd the Signet,
And counterfeited the hand.

Beat. Give it me, I long to be about it.

Ben. A little patience; You would make your self
Ready without your Glafs.

Beat. These male-Conspirators are so tedious.

Ben. I must convey it to the Provost, and
Engage his secrecy.

Beat. Make haste, you must not stay
So long as to be civil to him at parting.

Ben. My Coach attends me at the Gate.

Beat. O, I forgot! your two Confed'rates have
Been here, and brought verses from you.

Ben. Verses? and from me?

Beat. Yes, and they woo'd for you, but *Lucio*
Was soon perswaded to speak for himself.
He says you are a meer Country-Wit.

Ben. I'll dip him in this Plot, till he grow solemn
With business. If it were fit
To be malicious, that Caytiff, *Lucio*, should have his
Coxcomb cut off for foolish Treason.

[*Exeunt several ways.*]

Enter Eschalus meeting Benedick.

Esch. My Lord, the Warrant for the Pardon? have you it?

Ben. Why ask you, Sir?

Esch. Still wear it in your hand, and watch it there.

Ben. I keep it 'tween my Finger and my Thumb,
As close as a catcht Flea.

Are you afraid it will skip from me?

Esch. The matter is of dreadful consequence.

Ben. Fear nothing, Sir; the World would still
Run swiftly round; but for you State-Cripples,
Who make it halt with your politick stops
Of too much caution.

Esch. If your Brother, the Deputy,
Circumvent us, you'll secure me by the Duke?

Ben. You shall add a lease of my life to your own.
Be resolute, I am in haste.

[*Exeunt several ways.*]

Enter Jailor, Juliet.

Viola knocking within.

Viol. within. My Cousin *Juliet*, are you here? [*Jailor opens the door.*]
This fellow looks like a man boyl'd

[*Enter Viola.*]

In Pomp-water. Is he marry'd?

Jul. Are you not frighted with this dismal place?
How does your Sister? speak, does she not blush
When she remembers me?

Viol. I bring you good news!
Cousin, I would not meet that man in the dark.
Does he dwell here to lock up children
That are imprison'd for crying?

Jul. Tell me your happy news; Dear *Viola*!

Viol. Nay I can tell you none, yet 'tis very good.
You shall hear all to morrow.

Jul.

Jul. To morrow is the last in my short Calendar.

Viol. I have heard more than I will speak. You shall
Come forth and lye with me, and dream all night
Of new Dressings, and dance all day.

Jul. Would I had ne're outliv'd this innocence.

Viol. Do your Judges dwell here? were I that man,
I would walk in the dark and fright 'em.

Jul. That man does do you hurt. Let us retire.
Had I been wither'd at her Beauties spring,
And stay'd from growing at her growth of mind,
I had not known the cruel nor the kind.
Those who outlive her years do but improve
The knowledge of those griefs which grow with Love. [Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE. I.

Enter Benedick, Lucio, Balthazar.

Ben. **L**ucio, you broke from our confed'racy
Against marriage, then woo'd in my behalf;
And afterwards for your self.

Luc. Do but hear me.

Ben. Excuses are like weak
Reserves after a Battel is lost.

Luc. Let me be heard; for if poor Truth
Have a tongue of her own and must not use it;
Why then she may retire into a corner,
And weep out her eyes.

Ben. What can you say?

Luc. I meant no more love to the Lady Beatrice,
Than I do to wooe an arrested Widow,
With a Serenade at a Prison Grate.
Balthazar knows my heart.

Balt. I know sev'ral of your hearts.
Men are not i'th' fashion unless they have
Change of ev'ry thing.

Luc. I ever thought her a Mermaid.

Ben. How so?

Luc. From the Breasts downward she's as cold as a Fish.

Ben. Well *Lucio*, I'll call none but the Four Winds
T'accompt for what is past. Look, Sir, — thus I
Blow away your offences: but you must
Be steddyy now, and diligent. I told
You my design for *Claudio's* preservation.
The Provost was your Unkles Creature, and
By him prefer'd.

Balt. The Provost will make good
Our trust, and ev'ry character of gratitude.

Ben. You must engage him, *Lucio*, and discern
By what pretext or obstacle the Fryar
Proceeds so far to interrupt our hopes.

Luc. I'll bind the Provost to your service in His own shackles. And, concerning the Fryer, I'll straight confes him, and you shall know all.

Ben. Be sudden and successful, go.

[*Exit Lucio.*]

Enter Beatrice, and Page.

Beat. O, are you come? I would have cry'd you as A lost thing, but that I knew I should have The ill luck to find you again.

Ben. You trip it too fast.

You need not be so swift to meet misfortune. I had just now a Letter from the Provost; Who either suspects the truth of the Pardon, Because I enjoin'd him to secrecie, Or else is led by a Fryer to some fresh Design.

Beat. Are we circumvented by a Fryer? Rather than not vex that Fryer, I'll invent A new Sect, and preach in a Hat and Feather.

Ben. 'Tis strange that men of their discretion, Should come abroad in old fashion Gowns, And drest with abominable negligence.

Beat. Bus'ness makes them great slovens, and they love To be busie.

Ben. And never observe The right seasons when they are necessary. For though we are content with their company When we are old and dying; yet (methinks) They should not trouble us with their good counsel, When we are young, and in good health.

Balt. Alas poor Book-men! they want breeding.

Beat. Can we not separate the wicked Provost, From this scrupulous Fryer?

Ben. I have sent *Lucio* to him.

Beat. Benedick,
We will cast off the serious faces of Conspirators, and appear to the Deputy As merry, and as gay, as Nature in The Spring. This House shall be all Carnaval, All Masquerade.

Ben. Good! we will laugh him out Of's Politicks, till he make Paper-Kites Of *Machiavel's* Books, and play with his Pages In the Fields.

Balt. And shall we sing and dance.

Beat. 'Till the old Senators lead forth The Burghers Widows, and cry out for a Pavin. Page, call *Viola* with her Castanietos; And bid *Bernardo* bring his Guittar.

[*Exit Page.*]

Ben. My Brother will not endure this habitation.

Balt. He'll rather to Sea, and dwell in a Gun-room.

Ben. Or lye round like a Sextons Dog, beneath The great Bell in a Steeple. [*Viola strikes the Castanietos within.*]

Beat. Heark! *Viola* has ta'ne th' alarm.

Ben. Those Castanietos sound

Q q

Like

Like a Consort of Squirrels cracking of Nuts.

Enter Viola dancing a Saraband awhile with Castanietos.

Beat. Shall we stand idle in seasons of business?
You have Feathers on your head *Benedick*;
Have you none at your heels?

Ben. I am, Lady,
So very a Kid at cap'ring, that you
May make Gloves of my skin. *Balthazar*!
Call for more Musick.

Balt. Not for me, Sir.
I can dance at the meer tolling of a Bell.

[*They dance.*

After the Dance, 'enter Eschalus.

Esch. Have you no apprehension of the Deputy?
Are you insensible?

Beat. Do you suspect
We are insensible by our want of motion?

Ben. You should provide my Brother-Deputy
A Politicians quilted Cap to cover
His ears. 'Twill preserve him from noise.

Beat. These politick men should keep company
With their fellow-Foxes in deep holes.

Balt. He'll grow to angry, that he'll lay the punishments
Of Law aside, and Pistol us with his own hand.

Esch. This, Signior, is not the right way to meet
Your Brothers temper.

Ben. Signior, my meaning is,
To avoid the way where I may meet my Brother.
I'll prove a very Crab to him; for still
As he proceeds, I purpose to go backward.

Esch. I hope you'll be cautious about the Pardon.

Ben. Pray mingle so much courage with your wisdom,
As may bring you into the possibility
Of sleep again.

Esch. Sir, I more than beseech you
Not to provoke your Brothers gravity
With fantastical noises.

Ben. Believe me, we
Are politick; and do it to disguise
That melancholly which belongs to design.

Esch. That may do well.

Ben. Go up and retire with him.
If you stay here, he'll take you for a man
Of worth; and then you'll lose his favour.

[*Exit Eschalus.*

Beat. 'Tis fit, *Benedick*, you seek *Lucio* out,
To learn quickly the Provosts resolution.
I'll go change my scene to the Garden-Terras,
Under your Brother's Window, that I may
Torment him with new noises.

Viol. Shall I fetch the great Girls that make Bone-Lace,
To sing out of tune to their Bobbins?

Beat. Do, *Viola*. Let them be long lean Wenches.

Viol. And we'll hang a dozen Cages of Parrots
At his Window, to tell him what's a Clock.

[*Exeunt several ways.*
Enter

Enter Lucio and Provost.

Luc. I'd speak with that Fryer who obstructs the Pardon.

Prov. His business with *Claudio* being done, he shall attend you.

[Enter Fool in a Shackle.

Luc. Fool! what, a Pris'ner? I thought fooling had
Been free.

Fool. Fooling is free before the wife:
But truly, Signior, a Fool can no more
Suffer a Fool, than one of the Wits can
Endure another Wit.

Prov. You, Sirrah, are committed for the worst
Kind of fooling. You have brought both Sexes
Together.

Luc. A Bawd? alas poor Fool! instead of being
In jeast, you have been in earnest!

Fool. I dealt with persons of quality,
With whom I thought fit to be mannerly.
Was't civil to let them meet to no purpose?

Prov. You have been civil indeed.

Fool. All deeds must submit to interpretation.
For my part to prevent all animosities
And heart-burnings between young men and women,
I brought them lovingly together.

Luc. A Bawd in a Fools Coat?

Prov. Mistress *Mitigation* gave him the Livery.

Luc. 'Tis a villainous new disguise
For the good old Cause.

How does Mother Midnight? what, she grows rich?

Fool. Signior, sh'as eaten up all her Beef now,
And is her self in the Tub.

Luc. Powder'd to make her last. 'Tis not amiss.
But prethee, what mean those Keys at thy Girdle?

Prov. I have preferr'd him. He's an under-Jaylor.

Luc. You have but chang'd your dwelling, Fool; your office
Is the same; for you were wont to keep doors.

[Enter Duke.

Prov. Sirrah, look to your Pris'ners. Signior *Lucio*,
I shall leave you with this rev'rend Father.

[Ex. Provost, Fool.

Luc. Good day, Father.

Duke. And to you, Sir, a long and a good life.

Luc. Father, I aim at no difficult things:
If it be short and sweet, I'm satisfy'd.

Duke. How mean you, Sir?

Luc. Nay, I'm not now prepar'd for confession; besides
I'm in great haste. You must needs prevail
With the Provost to let the Pardon pass.

Duke. Some hours after the date of the Pardon,
An Order came hither for Execution,
Which had proceeded too, if Fryer *Thomas*
Had not, by help of the Deputy's Confessor,
Got a Reprieve till to morrow.

Luc. Th' absent Duke was a true friend to Lovers;

Duke. It seems you know the Duke?

Luc. Know him? yes Fryar, very well. I had th' honour
To be of his Council: but I mean, Sir,

In midnight matters. He was about once
To raise a charitable foundation;
Not for lousie learning, or such Cripples
As creep from lost Battels, but for poor
Diseas'd Lovers.

Duke. I did not think he had been amorous.

Luc. Who, he? yes as far as to your Begger
Of fifty: and he us'd to put a Ducket
In her Clack-Dish.

Duke. Is't possible?

He was not, sure, in's youth this way inclin'd.

Luc. No, he began to steer
The right course about forty; but, good man,
He repented the lost time of his youth.

Duke. Virtue's defensive Armour must be strong,
To scape the merry, and malicious Tongue.

[Exit.

[Exit.

Enter Jaylor, Isabella.

Isab. Good Friend be courteous, and let *Juliet* know
My name is *Isabella*, and I come
To serve her. Will you so much favour me?
There's for your pains—

Jayl. You must stay here, till I shall send her to you. [Exit *Jaylor*.

Isab. A Prison is too good a Den for
This rude Beast.

[Enter *Juliet*.

Have comfort Sister! I must call you so;
Though the uncivil Law will not allow
You yet that name.

[*Isab.* salutes her.

Jul. I am not worthy of it.

Isab. Since you have spoke so humbly of your self,
You must and shall be comforted: perhaps
Like conscience, love, when satisfy'd within,
May oft offend the Law, and yet not sin.

Jul. I find the greatest love is an offence;
For greatest love is greatest confidence;
When, trusting those who for our credence woo,
We trust them with our love and honour too.

Isab. I come to bring your sorrows some relief;
And would your crime not lessen but your grief.

Jul. How can I lose that honour which I gave
To him, who can and will that honour save?

Isab. When you your honour did to *Claudio* give,
Coz'ning your self, you did our Sex deceive.
Honour is publick treasure, and 'tis fit
Law should in publick form dispose of it.

Jul. Oh *Isabella*! you are cruel grown.

Isab. Sister! you gave much more than was your own.

Jul. I lov'd too much; yet for your Brother's sake,
Who had that love, you my excuse should make.

Isab. My Mothers life did fair example give
How, after death we might unpunisht live.
She, dying, did my Childhood then assign
To *Claudio*'s care; he leaves you now to mine.

Jul. Oh Heav'n! you mean that *Claudio* now must dye;
And I am now become a Legacy?

Isab. My

Isab. My friends are suing for your liberty,
And that you may secure from penance be.

Jul. What need I for the shame of Penance care?
No blush e're dy'd the paleness of despair.

Isab. Do not, with weeping, vainly quench your eyes.
Tears are to Heaven a useful Sacrifice
Where ev'ry drop moves mercy; but they gain
On Earth no more remorse than common Rain.

Jul. Is there no means your Brother's life to save?

Isab. None that I would afford, or he would have?
Yet can I not affirm that there is none.

Jul. Oh call back Hope, which faste does from us run.

Isab. Sister, you call in vain; for when you know
How wicked now Saint *Angelo* does grow,
You will rejoice that Death makes *Claudio* free;
And think your Bonds more safe than liberty.

Jul. Is *Angelo* as wicked as severe?

Isab. I more his kindness now than anger fear.

Jul. To what would Tyrant-force kindly perswade!

Isab. He gently treats, then rudely does invade.
I dare not give his purpos'd sin a name;
It is too hard a word for untaught shame.

Jul. False Image of refin'd authority!

Isab. Unless I yield my Brother is to dye.
Just now I left the Guards drawn up, who wait
For Execution at the Prison Gate.

Jul. Oh *Isabell*! why are we useless made?
Too weak t'inforce, and artless to perswade:
Nor you nor I can any help afford
To your dear Brother, and my plighted Lord.
Yet you have means; but must not have the will
By evil to prevent a greater ill.

Isab. Have I the means? your grief misleads your tongue.—
[*She is going out.*]

Jul. I would do *Claudio* good, and you no wrong.
Your virtue is severe! hear me but speak!
My heart will else out of my bosom break.

Isab. Speak clearly then. You are not understood.
May none do ill, that so they may do good?
Nature no greater gift than life can give.

Isab. By virtue we our nature long outlive.

Jul. Can it be virtue to let *Claudio* dye?

Isab. His life should not be sav'd by infamy.

Jul. Loath'd Infamy consists of evils grown
So impudent as covet to be known.

But those seem least which bashfully we shun,
At first, and then for good intent are done.

Isab. Sister, you argue wildly in your grief.
You are too good to seek a bad relief
For *Claudio*; therefore look for no reply.

Jul. I look for none; yet would not have him dye.—
[*Going out.*]

Isab. You seem'd to intimate that bashfulness
At evil doing makes the evil less;

That

That when we good intend by doing ill,
We bring necessity t' excuse our will:
And that our faults, when hidden by our shame,
Pass free from blemish, if they scape from blame.

Jul. Forget my words. How could they be but weak,
When grief did make those thoughts which fear did speak.

Isab. Suppose I can a likely way devise,
That you, assisted aptly by disguise,
May take to night my place with *Angelo*:
The means is not remote: what will you do?

Jul. I am amaz'd and apprehend you not.

Isab. Your sudden ignorance is strangely got.
I now am going to the Deputy;

To make to his request my last reply;
And I perhaps may promise willingness,
But on conditions made for my access
With bashful privacy retir'd from light;
From ev'ry witness too but secret night;
Whose thickest Curtains shall immure the Room;
Where for my promist person you may come.
Thus *Claudio's* life you save and lose no fame;
For where none sees we cannot feel our shame.
Ascribe to dire necessity the ill,
The good of it belongs then to your will.
Quickly resolve and I'll prepare your way.

Jul. Ere I will *Claudio* in my self betray,
I will the torment of his death endure:
His sickness more becomes him than the cure.

Isab. How *Juliet*? can you righteously refuse
Th' expedient which you plead that I should use?
Go chide the passion which would have me do,
That which, though ill in both, seems least in you:
The good or ill redemption of his life,
Does less concern his Sister than his Wife.

Jul. Alas, we know not what is good or ill.

Isab. Perhaps we should not learn that fatal skill.
The Serpent taught it first. Sister, away!

We'll more for patience, than for knowledge pray. [*Ex. several ways.*]

Enter Balthazar, Beatrice, Jaylor, Page.

Beat. Where's *Viola*? have I lost her? that scare-crow
Makes a very Bird of her.

Balt. She's run up stairs, Madam, to inform
Your Cousin *Juliet* of your being here.

Beat. Methinks this Fellow looks not only ill,
But saucily ill.

Balt. How so Madam?

Beat. 'Tis impudence to shew so bad a face
In good company—Friend, I'll reward you.

Jayl. The sooner the better.

Beat. You shall wear my Colours;
Boy, when he comes abroad
Bid my Lacquies be careful to cudgel him.

Jayl. I thank you. [*Exit Jaylor.*]

Enter

Enter Viola.

Viol. My Cousin *Juliet* has lockt her self in
Her Chamber. I saw her through the Keyhole,
Weeping like Nurse when she lost her Wedding Ring.

Beat. *Juliet*, I cannot but
Pity thy private friendship, but am more
Vext at our publick Enemy, thy Judge——

Balt. Your tears, Madam, shew more pity than anger.

Beat. No, Sir, great storms do oft begin with Rain. [Enter Benedick.]

Ben. I saw your Coach at the Prison Gate, Lady,
And thought y' had been arrested on
Suspicion of love; which now is made high-Trease in
Natural Bodies by the Body politick.

Beat. I should marvel, *Benedick*, how you had
The face to come within sight of my Sex.
But that ill faces, being common, are
No cause of wonder.

Ben. Mine's a politick face; and few of that sort
Are held handfom: so politick that it
Will hardly be seduc'd to make another
In these dangerous times.

Beat. So politick, as I'd have you walk only
At night, and with a dark Lanthorn before you;
That, though you see others, none may see you.
You are one of those whom I think unlucky.

Ben. This gloomy place presents you with strange visions,
Your Coach attends you. I pray change the Scene.

Beat. Whither? to see your Brothers Guards drawn up
For *claudio's* execution, 'las poor women
They get much by you men.

Ben. Truly, 'tis thought they might get more;
For men are always civilly willing,
Though ever blam'd. But patience, and we shall
Have right when we are heard.

Beat. Heard? yes, may she
Who henceforth listens to your fighting Sex,
Have her Ass-ears in publick bor'd, as Love's
Known Slave, and wear for Pendants Morrice-Bells
As his fantastick Fool.

Ben. No whisp'ring the Platonick way?

Beat. Platonick way? my Cousin has Plato'd it
Profoundly; has she not? i'th' name of mischief,
Make friendship with your selves, and not with us.
Let ev'ry *Damon* of you, chuse his *Pitbear*,
And tattle Romantick Philosophy
Together, like bearded Gossips.

Ben. Though such conversation might breed peace in
A Palace, yet 'twould make but a thin Court.

Beat. Discourse all day, looting like lazy ill-
Bred-Wits, with your right Legs o're your left Knees:
Defining love, 'till he become as raw,
As if he were defected by Anatomists.
Give Balls and Serenades to your dear selves.

Ben.

Ben. That were (as we are taught by the old Proverb)
To Be merry and wise. [Enter Lucio.]

Luc. We shall be more
Troubled with this fiding Fryer, than with ten
Lay-Fools. He has so infected the Provost
With good counsel, that there is no hope from him.
The Guards are doubled at the Prison Gate;
And *Clandio* is to dye at break of day.

Beat. Where's now your valour, Sir?
Is furious *Benedick* like Beasts of prey,
Couragious only in the Field,
And with familiar tameness creep in Towns
Beneath the anger of your Feeders Law?
Jaylor, where are you? bring me to my Cousin? [Ex. Beat. Viol.]

Ben. She's rais'd to a most amiable humour.
Now is your time, *Lucio*, to make love to her.

Luc. I am now for the Platonick way of billing
Like meek Turtles, without the noise of passion.

Balt. We, *Lucio*, who are parcel-Lovers, should
Mourn like Turtles over a Bottle in
These days of persecution.

Ben. Signiors prepare t'offend the Laws, I find
I must grow rude, and make bold with my Brother. [Ex. Omnes.]

Enter Provost, Duke.

Prov. The Guards thus doubled at the Prison Gate,
Confirms my doubt that Signior *Benedick*
Did counterfeit the pardon which he brought.

Duke. You have another Prisoner here
Condemn'd to dye?

Prov. The wicked *Bernardin*, hath long
Been a most painful, and a watchful Robber,
But now the short remainder of his life,
He lazily consumes in sleep.

Duke. Is he so careless before death.

Prov. He minds
Not what is past, or present, or to come.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. We oft have wakened him, as if he were
To go to execution, and shew'd him too
A seeming Warrant, but he seem'd not mov'd. [Enter Fool.]

Fool. The Hangman waits to dispatch his business
With your Worship.

Prov. Sirrah, his business is with you.

Fool. My Worship will hardly be at leisure for him.

Prov. Call him in. [Enter Hangman.]

This Fellow early in the morning is
To help you in your execution.
He cannot plead a quality above
Your service, he has been a noted Bawd.

Hang. A Bawd! fye on him, he'll disgrace our Mystery.

Fool. Sir, by your good favour (for surely, Sir,
You would have a good favour, had you not
A hanging look) d' you call your trade a Mystery?

Hang. Yes, you will find it so.

Fool.

Fool. What mystery there should be in hanging, if I were to be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Hang. It is a Mystery: but you must be hang'd Ere you can find it out.

Prov. Provide your Block and Ax;
And call *Bernardine*.

[Exit Hangman.]

Duke. What horrid Instruments are us'd by pow'r.

Fool. Mr. *Bernardine* you must rise and be hang'd.

Mr. *Bernardine*.

Bern. within. Curse on your throat! who makes that noise?
What are you?

Fool. Your friend the Hangman; you must be so good
As to rise, and be put to death.

Bern. Away you Rogue, I am sleepy.

Prov. Tell him he must wake.

Fool. Pray Mr. *Bernardine* awake till you
Are executed and sleep afterwards.

Prov. Go in and fetch him out.

Fool. He's coming, Sir, for I hear his straw rustle.

Enter *Bernardine*.

Bern. How now, Fool, what's the news with you?

Fool. Truly, Sir, I would desire you to clap close to
Your prayers, for the Warrant's come.

Bern. Y'are a Rogue, I've been drinking all night,
And am not fitted for the Warrant.

Fool. The better, Sir; for he that drinks all night,
And is hang'd very betimes in the morning,
May sleep the soundlier all the next day.

Prov. Look, Sir, here comes your Ghostly father.
D'you think we jest now?

Duke. Induc'd, Sir, by my charity, and hearing how
Hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you,
Comfort you, and pray with you.

Bern. Fryer, not I, I've been drinking hard all night,
And will have more time to prepare me, or they
Shall beat out my brains with Billets.
I'll not dye to day.

Duke. O, Sir, you must, and therefore, I beseech you,
Look forward on the Journey you shall go.

Bern. I'll not dye till I have slept for any
Mans perswasion.

Duke. But hear you.

Bern. Not a word; if you have any thing to speak
Come to my Ward, for I'll not thence to day. [Ex. *Bern. Fool*.]

Prov. What think you of this Prisoner, Father?

Duke. Nature did never make a thing more wretched.
He is unfit to live or dye. 'Twere want
Of common charity to transport him
In the mind he is, let him have more time,
And be restrain'd from ev'ry nourishment but sleep
Till I have made him fit for death.

[Enter *Jaylor*.]

Jayl. Sir, a Messenger at the Prison Gate
Knocks hard, and says that he must speak with you.

Prov. I come! Father, if it please you, let's retire.

R r

Enter

Enter Claudio and Fool.

Claud. Bolting the door we are unheard and safe,
Thou art a man, though in an ill disguise;
And should'st support thy being worthily.

Fool. Why, truly Sir, though I have had a couple
Of ill callings, yet I would live as well
As I could by both.

Claud. Thou hast a Servant been to shame, and now
Art but an Officer to cruelty.
There, take this Gold; it is a thousand Crowns.
Wilt thou not run a little hazard for
Much happiness. The venter is not great;
And it may probably produce at once
Thy freedom and support.

Fool. Sir, mine is but
A thin Summer-skin; 't has been often cut
And flasht with whipping. I would very fain
Sleep whole in it now.

Claud. Have courage, friend, 'tis Gold.

Fool. My Grandam left me nothing at her death
But a good old Proverb, that's *Touch and Take*.
And I may say 't has been a lucky Proverb
To me. What would you have me do?

Claud. I have within a Pages habit, past up
Close. Prethee convey it by your friend,
The Jaylor, to *Julietta*, whose escape,
In that disguise, I newly have contriv'd,
By correspondence with an Officer
Who has the foremost station of
The Guards without, and has been servant to
My Father. If thou hast any tendernefs
Do this, that she may scape from publick penance.

Fool. But how shall I scape, Sir? I shall do Penance
Without a Sheet or Shirt: for my kind Tutor,
The Hangman, will strip me stark naked
When I'm swinging, though the wind blow northerly.

Claud. The Law for thy offence can doom thee
But to Fetters during life, and half that Gold
May purchase thy release.

Fool. A fore-whipping may come into the bargain.
But 'tis a poor back that cannot sometimes
Pay for the maint'nance of the belly. I'll do't.

Claud. Pray lose no time; I have but little left.

Fool. Have you no more Gold? sure you might scape too.

Claud. Friend, I have given you all I have, nor could
My greater plenty work my liberty;
For my Confederate dares not undertake
To make the passage clear for more than one,
Or if he could, I want disguise for two.

Fool. If you get out, Sir, you then scape from Death.

Claud. And she by freedom scapes from dreadful shame
Of doing Penance. Pray dispute it not.
What hand is that? if you prove faithful now
You'll gain forgiveness for your past offences.

[*Knocking within.*]*Fool*

Fool. My golden guests retire you straight into
The closet of my Breeches.
Much in all ages, good innocent Gold,
Has been lay'd to your charge——— [*Puts up the Bag and looks*
It is the Lady *Juliet's* Maid, I'll let (through the Key-hole.
Her in; and bear the Habit to her Mistress. [*Exit Fool.*

Enter Maid

Maid. My Lady with this Letter, Sir, sends you
Her dearest prayers and love.

Claud. Heaven value both, so much as they
Are priz'd by me——— [*Reads the Letter.*

*The Provost's wife, in pity of your distress; or perhaps out of love
to your person, or rather, (as I hope) out of respect to your virtue,
has devis'd means for your escape. She has by large gifts prevail'd with
my Keeper to leave your passage free to my Chamber. I beseech you, with
the efficacy of my last breath, to make use of this occasion and to hasten
hither. Your way to liberty must be out of my Window, from whence
by a small Engine she will wrench the Bars.*

Maid. Can you find leisure to consider, Sir,
Of that which by my Lady is so well
Resolv'd?

Claud. The Provost's wife? will she facilitate
Your Ladies liberty with mine?

Maid. She says, she cannot undertake so far.

Claud. Then I'll refuse her courtesie.

Maid. My Lady sends you this request in tears.
Will you deny it her?

Claud. If my escape I from her Chamber make,
The Law will lay the guilt of it on her;
And she remains behind to bear
The punishment.

Maid. She hath agreed to that
Condition with the Provost's wife.

Claud. Your Lady makes me an unkind request.

Maid. Have you the heart to judge it so?

Claud. Can she be ign'rant that the rigid Law
Does judge it in a Prisoner forfeiture
Of life, to help another Prisoner to
Escape, who is condemn'd to dye?

Maid. That forfeiture she cheerfully will pay:
But has so govern'd me with desp'rate vows,
That I lackt courage to refuse to bring
This message to you.

Claud. How pow'rful, fatal *Juliet*, is thy love?
Yet must it not more valiant be than mine———

[*Weeps.*

Tell her, I've newly sent her a request
More just than that which she has sent by you;
It will be brought her with a Present too:
Which if, unkindly, she denies to take,
She does by example my denial make.

[*Ex. several ways.*

Enter Angelo, Servant.

Ang. Attend her in, and then wait you at distance. [*Ex. serv.*

O Love! how much thy borrow'd shapes disguise,
Even to themselves, the valiant and the wife?

Enter Isabella.

Ang. Had you not fear'd th' approach of *Claudio's* fate
(Which shews you are to him compassionate,
Though not to me) I had not seen you here.
He may your pity thank, and I your fear.

Isab. My Lord, I hardly could my self forgive
For suing still to have my Brother live,
But that a higher hope directs my aim;
Which, saving his frail life, would yours reclaim.

Ang. How desp'rate all your hopeful visits prove!
You bring me counsel still instead of love.
And would in storms of passion make me wise.
Bid Pilots preach to winds when tempests rise.

Isab. But yet as tempests are by showers allay'd,
So may your anger by my tears be sway'd.

Ang. You must by yielding teach me to relent.
Make haste! the Mourners tears are almost spent,
Courtiers to Tyrant-Death who basely wait,
To do that Tyrant honour whom they hate.
Inviting formal Fools to see his Feast
To which your Brother is th' unwilling Guest.
And the absolving Priest must say the Grace:
Nights progress done, *Claudio* begins his Race.

Isab. And with the mornings wings your cruel doom
He shall convey where you must trembling come,
Before that Judge, whose pow'r you use so ill,
As if, like Law, 'twere subject to your will.
The cruel there shall wish they had been just,
And that their seeming love had not been lust.

Ang. These useles sayings were from Cloysters brought:
You cannot teach so soon as you were taught.
You must example to my mercy give;
First save my life, and then let *Claudio* live.

Isab. Have you no words but what are only good,
Because their ill is quickly understood?
Dispose of *Claudio's* life! whilst cruel you
Seem dead, by being deaf to all that sue.
Till by long custom of forgiving none
'Y are so averse to all forgiveness grown.
That in your own behalf you shall deny,
To hear of absolution when you dye.

Ang. How *Isabel*! from calms of bashfulness
(Even such as suppliant Saints to Heaven express,
When patience makes her self a Sacrifice)
Can you to storms of execration rise? [*Isabel is going out.*]
Leave me not full of evil wonder, stay!

Isab. Can it be good to hear what you would say?
[*He steps in and reaches a Cabinet;*

Ang. In this behold Nature's Reserves of light,
When the lost day yields to advancing night.
When that black Goddess fine in Frosts appears,
Then starry Jewels bright as these she wears.

The wealth of many Parents who did spare
In plenteous peace, and get by prosperous War.

Ifab. Of that which evil life may get, you make
A wonder in a monstrous boast;
Which death from you as certainly will take,
As 'tis already by your Parents lost.

Ang. Be in this world, like other mortals, wife;
And take this treasure as your Beauty's prize.
Wealth draws a Curtain o're the face of shame;
Restores lost beauty, and recovers fame.

Ifab. Catch Fools in Nets without a Covert laid;
Can I, who see the treason, be betray'd?

[Going out.]

Ang. Stay *Ifabel!* stay but a moments space!
You know me not by knowing but my face.
My heart does differ from my looks and tongue.
To know you much, I have deceiv'd you long.

Ifab. Have you more shapes, or would you new devise?

Ang. I'll now at once cast off my whole disguise.
Keep still your virtue, which is dignify'd
And has new value got by being try'd.

Claudio shall live longer than I can do,
Who was his Judge, but am condemn'd by you.
The martial of the Guards keeps secretly
His pardon seal'd; nor meant I he should dye.

Ifab. By shifting your disguise, you seem much more
In borrow'd darkness than you were before.

Ang. Forgive me who, till now, thought I should find
Too many of your beauteous Sex too kind.

I strove, as jealous Lovers curious grow,
Vainly to learn, what I was loth to know.
And of your virtue I was doubtful grown,
As men judge womens frailties by their own.
But since you fully have endur'd the test,
And are not only good, but prove the best
Of all your Sex, submissively I woo
To be your Lover, and your Husband too.

Ifab. Can I when free, be by your words subdu'd,
Whose actions have my Brother's life pursu'd?

Ang. I never meant to take your Brother's life;
But if in tryal how to chuse a wife,
I have too diffident, too curious been,
I'll pardon ask for folly, as for sin;

I lov'd you e're your pretious beauties were
In your probation shaded at Saint *Clare*:
And when with sacred Sisterhood confin'd,
A double enterprise perplext my mind;
By *Claudio's* danger to provoke you forth
From that blest shade, and then to try your worth.

Ifab. She that can credit give to things so strange,
And can comply with such a sudden change,
Has mighty faith, and kindness too so strong,
That the extream cannot continue long.
I am so pleas'd with *Claudio's* liberty,
That the example shall preserve me free.

Ang.

Ang. Was I when bad so quickly understood;
And cannot be believ'd when I am good.

Ifab. In favour of my Sex and not of you,
I wish your love so violent and true,
That those who shall hereafter curious be,
To seek that frailty, which they would not see,
May by your punishment become afraid,
To use those Nets which you ignobly laid.

Ang. Ah *Ifabel!* you blam'd my cruelty!
Will you, when I shew mercy, cruel be?

Ifab. You might have met a weaker breast than mine,
Which at approach to parley would incline:
How little honour then you had obtain'd,
If, where but little was, you that had stain'd?
Had you been great of mind, you would have strove
T' have hid, or helpt the weakneses of love;
And not have us'd temptations to the frail,
Or pow'r, where 'twas dishonour to prevail.
You will (if now your love dissembled be)
Deceive your self, in not deceiving me.
If it be true, you shall not be believ'd,
Left you should think me apt to be deceiv'd.

[Exit.]

Ang. Break heart! farewell the cruel and the just!
Fools seek belief, where they have bred distrust:
Because she doubts my virtue I must dye;
Who did with vitious arts her virtue try.

[Exit.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Duke and Ifabel.

Duke. **Y**OU told me, Daughter, that the Marshal has
Your Brother's pardon seal'd, and I shall watch
All means to keep him safe, lest *Angelo*
Should turn his clemency into revenge.
Do not th' assurance of his freedom buy
With hazard of a Virgins liberty.

Ifab. I shall with patience follow your instruction.

Duke. Night's shady Curtains are already drawn;
And you shall hear strange news before the dawn.

[Exit Duke.]

Enter Francisca.

Franc. Is the good Father gone?

Ifab. Yes, Sister, and has left my breast in peace. [A Bell rings.]

Franc. This Bell does nightly warn us e're we sleep,
T' appease offended Heaven. Let us go pray,
That the worlds crimes may vanish with the day.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Benedick, Escalus, Beatrice, Viola, Lucio,

singing a Chorus within.

Esc. Your Brother, Sir, has an unquiet mind:
'Tis late, and he would take his rest.

Viol. We'll sing him asleep.

Ben.

Ben. Shall he who should
Live lean with care of the whole Common-wealth,
Grow fat with sleep like a *Groenland-Bear*?

Esch. Rulers are but mortal; and should have rest.

Ben. A States-man should take a nap in his Chair,
And only dream of sleep.

Beat. These great tame Lions of the Law
(Who make Offenders of the weak)
Should still seem watchful, and like wild Lions
Sleep with their eyes open.

Esch. Is night a season for singing?

Viol. We'll sing like Nightingales, and they sing at night.

Esch. Take heed; for the Grand-Watch does walk the Round.

Beat. Signior, when did you hear of Nightingales
Taken by the Watch?

Luc. Madam, we'll sing. The Governour
May come (if he please) and sigh to the Chorus.

Esch. I'll bear no part, Sir, in your Song,
Nor in your punishment.

[Exit *Eschalus*.]

The SONG.

Luc. Our Ruler has got the vertigo of State;
The world turns round in his politicke pate.
He steers in a Sea, where his Course cannot last;
And bears too much Sail for the strength of his Mast.

Cho. Let him plot all he can,
Like a politicke man,
Yet Love though a Child may fit him.
The small Archer though blind,
Such an Arrow will find,
As with an old trick shall hit him.

2.

Beat. Sure Angelo knows Loves party is strong;
Love melts, like soft wax, the hearts of the young.
And none are so old but they think on the taste,
And weep with remembrance of kindnesses past.

Cho. Let him plot all he can, &c.

3.

Ben. Love in the wisest is held a mad fit;
And madness in Fools is reckon'd for Wit.
The Wise value Love, just as Fools Wisdom prize;
Which when they can't gain, they seem to dispise.

Cho. Let him plot all he can, &c.

4.

Viol. Cold Cowards all perils of anger shun;
To dangers of Love they leap when they run.
The valiant in frolicks did follow the Boy,
When he led them a Dance from Greece to old Troy.

Cho. Let him plot all he can, &c.

Enter *Balthazar*.

Balt. Behind the Garden of the *Augustines*
Your friends attend. You must be sudden if
You'll be successful.

Ben.

The Law against Lovers.

Ben. I come. Bid *Lucio* in a whisper to Retire, and to expect my Orders at Saint *Laurence* Gate. Lady, though you deny Sleep to my Brother, yet, you may do well T' allow a little of it to your self. It grows late; and *Viola*, methinks, begins To lose an eye with watching in your service.

Viol. I love watching and dancing too in Moon-shine nights, Like any Fairy.

Beat. Can whispers hide your bus'ness, *Benedick*, When you are such a Weather-Cock, that with But looking on you I can quickly find Where the wind sits. Well, I wish you some danger, That you may get the more honour. [*Exeunt several ways.*]

Enter Angelo, Eschalus.

Ang. It is not just I should rebuke them for Their harmony of mind; that were to shew The rage, and envious malice of the Devil, Who quarrels with the good, because they have That happiness, which he can ne'er enjoy.

Esch. My Lord, I find you sick for want of rest; And grieve to hear you say, the cause of your Disease is in your self.

Ang. No sickness, *Eschalus*, Can be more dangerous than mine, of which The cause is known to that Physician, who Enjoins me to despair of cure.

Esch. Your words amaze me.

[*Enter 1. Servant.*]

1. Serv. To Arms, my Lord, to Arms! The ancient Citizens are wakt in terrour By the insulting youth; who in loud throngs March through the Streets to the Parade.

Ang. Hence Coward! thou art frightened by thy dream. [*Ex. Serv.*]

Enter 2. Servant.

2. Serv. Arm, arm, my Lord! your Brother is revolted, Heading a Body of disbanded Officers. He is in skirmish with your Guards, To rescue *Claudio* from the Law.

Ang. My Brother grown my publick Enemy? This iteration sounds like truth. I was Just now sending to declare *Claudio's* Pardon, And to hasten his and *Juliet's* liberty.

Esch. You purpos'd well, but your performance was Too slow. [*Enter 1. Servant.*]

1. Serv. 'Tis said the Marshal of your Guards is slain.

Ang. That's a surprise of fortune; for he had *Claudio's* Pardon, and, had he shewn it, might Perhaps have quencht the mutiny. My Armour! and command my Guard of *Switzs* To march, and to make good the Pass, which leads To Saint *Jago's* Port. Haste, *Eschalus*, And bid *Montano* make a sally from The Citadel. [*Exeunt several ways.*]

Enter

Enter Duke, Provost.

Duk. Lock up your Pris'ners, and secure the Gates.

Prov. I did suspect by *Lucio's* menacings,
That *Benedick* would *Claudio's* liberty
Attempt by force; and therefore did provide
For opposition to attend th' assault.

Forty selected from the Guards without;
I have drawn in.

Duke. Are they enter'd?

Prov. They are, and bold *Ursino* does command 'em.

Duke. Th' expedient which, in haste, I have prescrib'd,
Will in extremity be fit to use;

Though when you threaten't men may think you cruel.

Prov. Father, I'll strictly follow your advice.

Duke. Offer a parly from the Battlements,
Be careful, valiant Provost, of your charge,
And Heaven take care of you.

Prov. I'll through the Postern lead you out:
Your function will protect you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Benedick, Balthazar, Officers.

Ben. Remove the Martial straight where Surgeons may
Attend his wound; which is not mortal, though
His loss of blood deprive him of his speech.

Balt. A Squadron of the Guards at our approach,
Retir'd into the Prison, to make good
The Gates against assault.

Ben. Their sudden fear begot that policy,
Rather to make conditions for themselves,
Than for the place.

Balt. The Provost will be obstinate.

Ben. It may be safer for him to preserve
His courage for some other use.

Enter Lucio, Duke.

Luc. Father *Fox* the Fryer, is stoln out of his hole;
And is going to make a visit to
The Geese of his Parish.

Ben. *Lucio*, let him pass.

Luc. If you give quarter to the Enemies
Of Lovers, you will be follow'd in your
Next War, by none but decrepid old Souldiers;
The youth will all forsake you.

Ben. Unhand him straight: we must in rev'rence to
His function make him free.

Duke. Peace be with your Lordship.

Luc. Take care of Lovers in your Orizons,
And the rather, because praying for them,
You pray for the Duke. Remember that Fryer.

Duke. If e're I see the Duke, Sir, he shall know
How much he is oblig'd to you.

Ben. *Lucio*, be stedfast in your station. [Exeunt Duke, Lucio.]

Provost from the Battlements.

Ben. Look up! the Provost does relent: he seems
Inclin'd to parly.

Prov. May Fortune serve the valiant *Benedick*

In all attempts, but when he does invade
The Forts of Law, where Justice would secure
The Trophies of her Victories.

Ben. Provost, I take your greeting well, and with
Your courage more success, than you in your
Resistance now are like to find. You are
Too wise to talk of Law to those who mean
To justify their actions by their Swords.

Prov. My Lord, some honour I have gotten in
The face of Enemies; and will not lose
It in the fight of friends.

Ben. You must give *Claudio* and *Julietta* liberty;
And then your other Pris'ners, and your self,
Shall, undisturb'd, be at your own dispose.

Prov. *Claudio* by sentence is condemn'd; and sure
My Office does engage my honour to
Make good the sentence of the Law.

Balt. Provost, we come not here to make a War,
Like Women, with vain words.

Ben. Accept of peace by yielding that which I
Would gain by a request, or else expect
The worst event of force.

Prov. Your force I will
Oppose; and when my temper is too much
Provokt, perhaps the extremity may make
Me shew you such an object, as will hurt
Your eyes.

[Enter Lucio.]

Luc. My Lord retire to face your Brother's pow'r,
Which now is doubled by a sally from
The Citadel.

Ben. Make good the passage at Saint Laurence Gate:
And, whilst my Squadron does advance,
You, *Balthazar*, must march at distance with
The Reer.

Prov. *Ursino*! range your Partizans!
'Tis now our time to make a sally too.

[Exeunt.]

[Clashing of Arms within.]

Enter Beatrice, Viola, Lacquay.

Viol. Sister! Sister! can we not hide our selves?

Beat. Fear nothing, *Viola*, till you are in love.
But then our Faces we like Wood-Cocks hide;
Whilst foolish fear (which is in women shame)
Makes us but tempt the Fowler to give aim.

Enter I. Page.

I. Page. Madam, all's our own.

Beat. Well, speak! you are one of those Messengers
Who lost his Wages by his diligence;
Running so fast to bring good news, that he
Wanted breath to utter it.

I. Page. Count *Benedick*'s a most substantial man.
Would the Sun were up, that his friends might see
How he stands to't, whilst his Enemies flye from him.

Beat. He is a substance fit to stand i'th' Sun
To make a shadow. And being the substance,

Lucio

Lucio must be the shadow? if *Benedick*
Flye first, *Lucio* will not fail to follow him.

1. *Page*. There is no end of Count *Benedick's* valour.
Beat. Valiant without end; that is, stout to no purpose.

Enter 2. *Page*.

2. *Page*. Oh Madam! Count *Benedick* is lost.

Beat. How? this foolish Boy was ever given to lying.

Lacquay, go out, and bring me truth; such truth
As I shall like, or else return no more.

2. *Page*. Madam, all the Maids——

Beat. Peace! your Intelligence comes from the Laundry.

Viol. Well, I fear the news may be too true then;

They know what they say. *Carlo*, tell it me. [*Page and Viola whisper*].

Beat. My eyes are not prophetic; perhaps

They melt too soon. Lost, valiant *Benedick*,

Lost by thy noble kindness for my sake;

Who whilst I pity'd *Claudio* in his danger,

Had of thy safety no indulgent care.

Enter *Balthazar*.

Balt. Madam, pardon my haste, which is as rude
As my unseasonable visit.

Beat. Tell me, I pray, the business of this night?

Balt. Count *Benedick* began it with success;

Who to redeem unhappy *Claudio* from

The arms of death, and *Juliet* from the shame

Of publick penance, did assault the Guards

Attending near the Prison Gate; and at

The first encounter did disperse that force.

Beat. This is no wonder; for in Honours Game
(Where many throw at the last great stake, life,
As if 'twere but light Gold) young Gamesters oft
Are lucky.

Balt. The Provost offer'd parly, but deny'd
To yield the Pris'ners, and the cause which made
Him obstinate grew quickly evident;
By old *Montano's* fall from the Citadel,
And *Angelo's* advance with all his *Zwis*.
These were by valiant *Benedick* repulst.

Beat. I'm not sorry now that I have his Picture:
For the vain Gentleman will quickly grow
So alter'd by success, that without his
Image I should hardly know him.

Balt. Lord *Angelo* would have retir'd into the Citadel;
But in the strife of that retreat
Brave *Benedick* receiv'd a wound.

Beat. A wound----Excuse me, *Balthazar*, if I
Assume the feeling of your friendship to him,
And pity him for your sake.

Balt. The wound was slight;
And rather serv'd t'augment his courage, than
To waste his strength.

Beat. Well, I'll allow him courage. Pray proceed.

Balt. With many shouts saluted, he again
Summon'd the Provost; who enraged at our

Resistance of his sally from the Prison,
 Licens'd his anger even to cruelty;
 For, as a dire expedient to prevent
 Th' occasion of a new assault, he doom'd
 Young *Clandio* to endure the bloody Axe;
 And from the Battlements shew'd us his head.

Beat. Enough! your story grows too dismal to
 Be heard. Dead *Clandio*, yet more happy is
 Than living *Juliet*. Pray be brief, if you
 Have any other sorrows to reveal!

Balt. The cruel Provost having thus provokt
 Count *Benedick*; he straight prepares to storm
 The Prison; and th' assault was scarce begun,
 When suddenly our Sov'raign Duke breaks forth,
 From the dark Cloud of that disguise, in which,
 It seems, he hath remain'd conceal'd in *Turin*.

Beat. The Duke in Town?

Balt. Most visibly in person, and in pow'r.
 For by his high command victorious *Benedick*,
 Is now with conquer'd *Angelo*, and both
 Are Pris'ners to the Provost.

Beat. Sudden and strange.

Balt. Lord *Angelo* is kept from Visitants,
 To make him ignorant of what is past;
 And by the strictness of the Guards to *Benedick*,
 'Tis whisper'd and suspected, that he will
 Be sentenc'd for Rebellion.

Beat. I'll to the Duke. He's full of clemency:
 A Prince who by forgiving does reclaim,
 And tenderly preserve for noble use,
 Many whom rigid Justice, by exemplar death,
 Would make for ever useles to the world.

Balt. 'Tis fit you hasten to him.

Beat. In his own arms he bred my infancy.
 He ever yielded to me when I su'd
 For men who had no other plea to get
 Their pardon but their misery; and sure
 He'll not deny me when in tears I kneel,
 For valiant *Benedick*.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Duke in his own Habit, Eschalus, Provost,
 Fryer Thomas, Attendants.*

Duke. In favour of that pow'r, which I did leave
 In *Angelo's* possession, as my Substitute,
 I have reliev'd him from his Brother's fury.
 But *Angelo* in his short Government,
 Disfigur'd and disgrac'd that fair
 Resemblance which he wore of me,
 By many blemishes.

Esch. Though your accusom'd clemency should give
 Him leave to use his eloquence, in's own
 Defence, yet he would silence it, and hope
 For no relief, but from your gracious mercy.

Duke. Provost, he is your Pris'ner now,
 With *Benedick*. Take care they do not meet.

Prov.

Prov. Sir, they are sever'd under watchful Guards.

Duke. 'Tis well. Go do what further I enjoin'd you.

Prov. I humbly beg your Highness pardon, for my Ignorance of what you were when you Were pleas'd to make your visits in disguise.

Duke. You need no pardon, but have merited My thanks and favour.

[Exit Provost.]

Fry. Tho. Is it your Highness will that I attend you?

Duke. I've left your habit, but will ne'er forsake Your company nor counsel. Father now You must make haste, and do as I directed.

Fry. Tho. I shall be diligent in both of your Commands.

[Exit Fryer Thomas.]

Duke. You, *Eschalus*, complain of being wrong'd By having been made ignorant of all These evils past. I left you not to sleep Away your time.

Esch. If you vouchsafe me not your pardon, I shall with shame receive my punishment; Though it is better to be ignorant, Than to be guilty.

Enter Beatrice, Viola, 2 Pages, Lacquay.

Beat. As virtuous Virgins, by their vows to Heaven, Have brought you here, so may their Prayers Preserve you long amongst us.

Duke. I thank you, beauteous Maid. But I perceive Affliction in your Eyes. Whence does it come?

Beat. I am a lowly Sutor to your Highness.

Duke. I hope you are not so unfortunate, As to desire a benefit, which I Unwillingly shall grant.

Beat. If no offenders were, then Sov'raign Pow'r Would have no use of mercy: Though *Benedick* has much offended, yet Forgive that valour which by yours was bred; And let him not be lost who was misled.

Duke. Your heart is alter'd since I saw you last. Can *Benedick* in his affliction now Prevail; and be petition'd for by you Who scorn'd him when he did in triumph sue? This riddle I will leave to *Eschalus*. Give me a quick account of it. I shall Consider and take care of your request.

[Exeunt several ways.]

Enter Angelo, Fryer Thomas.

Ang. In the perplexity of Fight, when I Was forc'd to a retreat, I did suppose My Brother (to procure the people to His side) had publish'd but in artifice The Dukes return.

Fry. Tho. The Duke is certainly in Town, and has, During the time of your Vicegerency, Remain'd here in disguise, he did converse, With *Isabella*, and continually Receiv'd from her, true knowledge of her griefs,

And

And by what art you have afflicted her.

Ang. Oh, Father, I am lost.

Fryer Tho. Could you suppose
You were your Brother's Prisoner, here?

Ang. In the dark mist of our encounter,
I was led to that mistake.

Fryer Tho. 'Twas a mistake indeed;
For *Benedick's* your fellow prisoner now,
And under strict command.

Ang. I know him noble, though by passion urg'd
To this outrageous violence, against
My ill dispos'd authority: and had
He now been free, I easily should have hop'd
His favour with the Duke, might have procur'd
My peace and pardon too. But, in my strict
Restraint, how, Father, did you get this visit?

Fryer Tho. By an especial leave to comfort you.
The Provost has perhaps occasion of concernment
With you. I'll take leave a while.

[Enter Provost.]

[Exit Fryer.]

Prov. My Lord, with blushes I appear
I th' presence of your most unhappy fortune,
Asham'd of my authority; but 'tis
His Highness will, that you should now
Be subject to my pow'r, who have been long
Govern'd by yours.

Ang. You will be civil to me, Provost, if
You think I am contented with this change.

Prov. You are so well prepar'd for grief,
That I may now ask leave, to tell you, he, whom
You did hastily condemn, was with dispatch,
As fatal as your sentence, executed.

Ang. who can you mean?

Prov. Th'unhappy *Claudio*.

Ang. Is he executed? The Marshal had his Pardon seal'd.

Prov. The Marshal (who is now in hope of cure)
Was by his wound last night in the first charge
Depriv'd of speech; so by the Law of destiny,
Your purpos'd remedy against your Law
Was known too late: for (to divert
The fury of th' assault, by taking from
His friends that hope which was the cause of strife)
I did appoint him for the Ax; and from
Our Battlements shew'd them his head.

Ang. All my sinister Stars, have met at once,
In consultation how to ruine me.

Prov. A moment e're his death, a Fryer who was
Official here, did marry him to *Juliet*:
And therefore now I come to know, how far
You by your plentiful Estate, will please
To give subsistence to his mourning Widow?
You know that his Possessions, and her Dowry,
(He dying guilty by the sentence of
The Law) are both confiscate to the Duke.

Ang. My bosom is too narrow for this grief;
I give her all I have.

Enter

Enter Eschalus.

Esch. My Lord, I grieve to tell you, that the Duke
As a reward to *Isabella's* vertue for
Her sufferings, has already by his promise,
Given her th'intended confiscation of
Your Lands and Treasure.

Ang. 'Tis righteously bestow'd. But where alas,
She having all, is *Juliet's* recompence?

Prov. Let's leave him, Signior, to his thoughts.

[*Ex. Provost.*]

Ang. How wisely Fate ordain'd for humane kind
Calamity, which is the perfect Glass
Wherein we truly see and know our selves.
How justly it created life but short;
For being incident to many griefs,
Had it been destin'd to continue long,
Fate, to please Fools, had done the Wise great wrong.

Enter *Isabella*.

Isab. I come, my Lord, to see you in eclipse:
You did too hurtful to mine eyes appear,
When with your glory you did fill your Sphear.

Ang. Is it revenge that hath this visit bred;
Or are you hither by compassion led?

Isab. With no revenge nor pity I comply;
But come, perhaps, in curiosity;
As in a great Eclipse the curious run
T'inform themselves exactly of the Sun:
For when his light is lessen'd, they see more
Of his unevenness, than they saw before.

Ang. The spots in him only imagin'd be;
But all reported stains are true in me.

Isab. As your confession of the worst of you
Seems now to utter more than does seem true,
So of the best of you, which is your love,
Perhaps you told much more than you could prove.

Ang. In an ill season you require a test,
T'assure you of that love which I profess;
When I can offer nothing that is fit,
To be a pledge to make you credit it;
Since all I had is by the Duke (as due
To injur'd virtue) freely given to you.

Isab. Take back your wealth; improperly consign'd
To me, who prize no wealth, but of the mind.

Ang. How *Isabell*? would you a present make
Of such a gift, as you disdain to take.

It would more worthy of your bounty prove,
To keep such trifles, and to give me love.

But I would have what you can never give;
Claudio is dead, whose life should make me live.

Isab. I shall redeem you now from half your fear;
I must be gone, but *Claudio* shall appear.

[*Exit.*]

Ang. What may this mean? Virgins so soft as she
Can never pleasure take in cruelty.
Heav'n oft in wonders does propitious grow,
Fortune no faster ebbs than it can flow.

Enter

Enter Claudio, Julietta.

Claud. Let those who lost their youth retire to Graves,
Deaths Closets, where, though there be privacy,
Yet there is never use of thoughts. Let us thank
Heaven that we have life, since we together
May enjoy it.

Jul. From a wild Tempest, where we both were lost,
Heaven lands us strangely on a Floury coast.

Claud. Since none could thus recover'd be by Heaven,
Were not the crimes which lost them quite forgiven,
Let us expresse a kind forgiveness too;

Jul. Honour would that without Religion do.

Ang. Are you the mortal substances of forms
Which you resemble, *Claudio* and *Julietta*;
Yet, like immortal Angels, can so much
Of good forgiveness speak?

Claud. What act hath *Angelo* severely done,
For which his Brother *Benedick* hath not
By kindness ample satisfaction given?

Ang. How is this wonder to be understood? [*Enter Benedick.*

Ben. The Provost, Brother, has to happy purpose
Deceiv'd us by the death of *Bernardine*.
Let us embrace and mutually exchange
Forgiveness.

Ang. Sure our offences to each other will
Admit excuse, since the authority of mighty love
Did sway us both. This meeting has much comfort
In it though it be in Prison. [*Enter Beatrice, Viola.*

Beat. Where is the Rebel?

Ben. No Rebel, Lady, to your pow'r.

Beat. If you had err'd that way, y'had never been
Forgiven; but you may offend your Prince
As often as you please. There's your Pardon— [*Gives him a Paper*

Ben. I hope you will not undo me. (*Seal'd.*

Beat. How so, Sir?

Ben. I am afraid 'tis a Licence for Marriage.

Beat. No, Sir, Plays that end so, begin to be
Out of fashion.

Ben. Do you not see your Cousin *Juliet*?
She has been advis'd by a bauld Dramatick Poet
Of the next Cloister, to end her Tragy-Comedy
With Hymen the old way. [*Beatrice salutes Juliet.*

Beat. Alas poor Cousin! Love has led thee a Dance
Through a Brake of Thorns and Briers.

Jul. Madam, take heed; though he be blind
He may find the way to lead you too.

Viol. Warrant ye I'll run from that foolish Boy,
And then let him try to overtake me. [*A shout within.*

Within. The Duke! the Duke!

*Enter Duke, Isabella, Eschalus, Provost, Fryar Thomas, Guards,
Attendants, Balthazar, Lucio, behind the rest.*

Duke. The motive which last caus'd my visits
To this Prison, was to give good counsel and to

Reclaim

Reclaim the ill advis'd. But now I come
To count'nance the Reclaim'd. I can relate
Your latter Story, *Angelo*; and am
Not ignorant, *Benedick*, of yours; but in
Remembrance of your former merits I
Forget your late attempts.

Ang. Your Highness makes
An hourly conquest of our hearts, and we
Most humbly bow in thankfulness for your
Continual clemency.

Duke. The eye of Pow'r does not alone observe
The heights, but lower Regions of the world.
I have a Convert here, whom I would see.

Prov. Call *Bernardine*.

Ben. Is he alive?

Duke. I am more willingly appeas'd, because
The fury of the last encounter has
Not lost me any of my Subjects lives.
The Martial's free from danger of his wound;
And as the military Sword has not
Prevail'd so far as life, so Justice, with
Contrition satisfy'd, did sheath up hers.

[Enter *Jaylor*, *Fool*, *Bernardine*.]

Balt. There's no harm yet.

Luc. I hope we shall all scape.

Duke. The Provost (whose fidelity I shall
Reward) did in the storm preserve from wrack
This Penitent: and from the Battlements
Deceiv'd you with a Head of one, who of
A natural sickness dy'd i'th' Prison.

Luc. Under your Highness favour I suspected
Afar off, that 'twas not *Bernardine's*, by
A small Wart upon his left eye-lid.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Luc. No an't please your Highness,
Nor wisht to hold my peace.

Balt. *Lucio*, you will be talking.

Duke. Remember, *Bernardine*, your Vows to Heaven;
And so behave your self in future life,
That I shall ne'er repent my mercy.

Bern. I am your Highness Debtor for this life,
And for th' occasion of that happiness,
Which may succeed it after death.

Duke. Is there not, Father, in this Company
One too much troubled with a lib'ral tongue,
Who hath traduc'd me to a Brother of
Your Cloister?

Fry. Tho. Yes, Sir, and here behold the man.

Luc. Who I, Father? I know you not.

Fry. Tho. No, Sir, but I know you.

Luc. I shall be glad, Sir, of your acquaintance,
For my Confessor is lately dead.

Duke. But, *Lucio*, you perhaps, would know me too,
Should I again put on the Habit which

I wore, when boldly to my face you did
Traduce me in this Prison.

Luc. If your Highness, forgiving now so many,
Will pardon me too, I'll hereafter hang
A Padlock at my lips, and this good Father
Shall keep the Key of it.

Duke. Your slanders, *Lucio*, cannot do me harm.
Be sorrowful, and be forgiven.

Balt. Thy Mother hath bewitcht thee the right way,
For no Sword can pierce thee.

Duke. Think me not singular, because
I did my self a while depose;

For many Monarchs have their Thrones
Forsaken for a Cloistral life; and I,
Perhaps, may really that Habit take,
Which I have worn but in disguise.

Ang. That were t'undo the world by leaving it.

Ben. Whilst so you seek imagin'd happiness,
We all shall find essential misery.

Duke. My resolutions are not soon remov'd:
I'm old and weary of authority.

But, e're I leave it quite (since I have no
Successors of my own) let me dispose
Of best advantages to those whom I
Esteem, who may enjoy my pow'r. Lend me,
Chast *Isabella*, your fair hand; which with
Your heart I dedicate to *Angelo*;
He now sufficiently that virtue knows,
Which he too much, too curiously has try'd.

Isab. I have so long your counsel follow'd with
Success, as I am taught not to suspect
Much happiness will still attend
Th' obedience which does yield
To your command.

Ang. I fear my joys are grown too great to last.

Duke. I have a good occasion, *Benedick*,
To thank you now for your successful toils
And Victory in the *Millain* War; for which,
In ample recompence, I give you but
The heart, which I perceive you had before.
The witty war which you so long have had
With virtuous *Be'trice*, now must gently end,
In joyful triumphs of a nuptial peace.

Beat. Take heed! our quarrel will begin again;
And th' end of this long Treaty will but bring
The war home to your own doors.

Ben. I'll venture. 'Tis but providing good store of
Cradles for Barracadoes to line my Chamber.

Duke. Be happy, *Claudio*, in your faithful *Juliet*,
The persecutions of your loves are past.

claud. They feel not joy who have not sorrow felt.
We through afflictions make our way to Heaven.

Luc. Fool, I've a mind to marry your Grandmother.

Fool. She stays for you in the Church, and will prove

A sweet Bed-fellow, for she has not been
Bury'd above a Month.

Duke. Provost, open your Prison Gates, and make
Your Pris'ners free. The story of this day,
When 'tis to future Ages told, will seem
A moral drawn from a poetick Dream.

FINIS.

THE
Man's the Master.

PROLOGUE.

NO Country Lady ever yet did ask
Such shrewd advice before a Ball or Masque
(When curious dressing is the Courts great task)

As now young Poets do, in this nice Age,
To gain the froward Lovers of the Stages;
Whose heat of humours nothing can assuage.

The Muse, disdain'd, does as fond Women do;
Instead of being courted she courts you;
But Women are less valu'd when they woo.

And as young Poets, like young Ladies, fear
A Concourse, great as this Assembly here,
Till they seek counsel how they should appear.

5.
So all old Poets, like old Ladies, may
Be more afraid to venture the survey
Of many apt to censure their decay.

6.
Both know they have been out of fashion long;
And, e're they come before a shining Throng,
Would dress themselves by Patterns of the Young.

7.

*Well, our old Poet hopes this Comedie
Will somewhat in the fine new fashion be;
But, if all gay, 'twould not with Age agree.*

8.

*A little he was fain to moralize
That he might serve your minds as well as eyes:
The Proverb says, Be merry and be wise.*

9.

*This, Gentlemen, is all he had me say
Of his important Trifle call'd a Play;
For which, he does confess, you dearly pay.*

10.

*But he did fear that he could hardly make
A Prologue so in fashion as might take,
For he does much of too much boldness lack.*

11.

*He never durst, nor ever thought it fit,
To censure those who Judges are of Wit.
Now you expect the Rime will end in Pit.*

The Persons represented.

<i>Don Ferdinand.</i>	<i>Father to Isabella.</i>
<i>Don John.</i>	<i>Suitor to Isabella.</i>
<i>Don Lewis.</i>	<i>His Rival.</i>
<i>Sancho.</i>	<i>Steward to Don Ferdinand.</i>
<i>Jodlet.</i>	<i>Servant to Don John.</i>
<i>Stephano.</i>	<i>Servant to Don Lewis.</i>
<i>Isabella.</i>	<i>Daughter to Don Ferdinand.</i>
<i>Lucilla.</i>	<i>Sister to Don John.</i>
<i>Bettris.</i>	<i>Isabella's Maid.</i>
<i>Laura.</i>	<i>Lucilla's Maid.</i>

The SCENE Madrid.

And in one House.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Lucilla, and Laura with a dark Lanthorn.

Luc. **Y**OU have serv'd me but two days, and are you weary already?

Lau. Pray add the nights to the days; for I have not slept since I came into your service.

Luc. Love has ordain'd us for these Journeys; and will, I hope, bring us at last where we may rest quietly.

Lau.

Lau. Yes, to the last Inn of all Travellers, where we shall meet Worms instead of Fleas; Lovers never rest quietly till they lodge at the Sign of the Grave.

Luc. Prethee be patient, *Laura*.

Lau. If I had been waiting-woman to *Will* of the Wisp, I could not have wander'd with so much uncertainty as when I follow a Mistress led about by love.

Luc. But, *Laura*, I follow you now.

Lau. You may with ease enough, when I'm so tir'd that I can go no further; this is the pretty Foot belonging to a Leg; which (though I say't) was fit to lead a Dance in *Hymens* Hall.

Luc. And does it limp now, and grow weary of the errands of two days.

Lau. You have little reason to blame that Leg which has been so nimble in your service; but the other will follow it no further. Methinks it has got a shackle instead of a Garter. [She limps a little.

Enter Sancho with a dark Lanthorn.

Luc. Take heed, *Laura*; I see light.

Lau. Why, what would you see, darkness? are not your eyes made for the light?

Luc. 'Tis a Man; he seems to seek somebody with a Lanthorn.

Lau. He seeks me here by appointment.

Luc. I'll retire to this *Portico*.

Lau. Do, Whilst I accost him.

Luc. What is he?

Lau. 'Tis *Sancho*, *Don Ferdinando's* Steward; he was my sworn Brother over a Possit, he is by the length of his Beard and the heat of his Constitution, a very Goat.

Luc. For Heaven's sake lose no time.

Lau. You need not fear his loss of time; I use to call him my Brother *Brevity*; He is so thrifty of his speech, that his tongue does seldom allow his thoughts above two words to express them.

San. *Laura*.

Lau. Are not you my Brother *Sancho*?

San. I am.

Lau. Have you contriv'd a way to conceal my Lady in your Masters House?

San. Yes.

Lau. Can you admit her now?

San. No.

Lau. May it be to morrow?

San. It may.

Lau. I'll attend you in the morning.

San. Do.

Lau. Pray name the hour.

San. Nine.

Lau. My Mistress is very sensible of your care, and would know if I may have leave to give you this Gold?

San. You may.

Lau. I hope you hate not me, nor the present.

San. Neither.

Lau. Are we both acceptable?

San. Both.—

Lau. 'Tis Gold; and Signior *Sancho* you shall find me to be as true Metal as it. [He looks on the Gold.

San.

San. I'll try. ———— [*Offers to kiss her.*]

Lau. Not so soon, good Signior *Sancho*, bring me to the Wedding night, and try, if like Gold, I can endure the touch.

San. Humph! ————

Lau. Lovers may pretend to have true Metal, but Marriage is the Touch-stone.

San. Of Fools. ———— [*Aside.*]

Lau. Hands off, good Signior *Sancho*. You want sleep, Good night, Pray let me go. ————

San. Pafs. ———— [*Exit Sancho.*]

Lau. Come, Madam, we may hasten home, Nine is the appointed hour when you shall have admittance.

Lu. After I have sought opportunity, I am afraid to find it.

Lau. Madam, I do not yet understand your intrigues of Love. You are afraid to find the opportunity you seek, and I, poor wretch, seek more opportunities than I fear I shall find.

Lu. Lord help thee! thou dost want a great deal of sorrow to make thee a little wise. ———— [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Don John and Jodlet.

Jod. Sir, by your favour, you are either mad, or the Devil is malicious to bring you to *Madrid*, at so unseasonable an hour, after riding Post, or rather flying, without meat or drink, as empty as wild Hawks, and as uncertain of your Quarry.

D. John. I confess thou maist be tir'd all over, all but thy Tongue, and that can never be weary. The Street where we are now, is that which I have sought.

Jod. What will you do here, go see, *Don Ferdinand* when 'tis past Midnight?

D. John. Yes, and this very night I'll visit *Isabella*.

Jod. 'Tis ill to have an empty stomach, but worse to have an empty head.

D. John. *Jodlet*, I know you are hungry, but hunger makes you fitters for watching; I'll not stir out of this street till I see my Mistress.

Jod. Remember 'tis past One, a season when *Don Ferdinand's* Gates are always shut: we have ridden this morning from *Durgos*. I know no kind of Lovers but Owls would have chosen the night for a journey!

D. John. To love nothing but sleep, and eating, is to be a Beast in the habit of a Serving-man.

Jod. How I hate raillery?

D. John. And I eating and sleep, in comparison of this Picture of *Isabella*.

Jod. You are one of those who are fill'd with wild-fire at sight of a cold Picture; and if Master Painter, has luckily drawn a Snout of Ivory and a Mouth of Coral, which perhaps does inclose an ill Tongue and worse Teeth: then he makes you mad of a Mistress; will a Picture reveal whether her crooked body be arm'd with a Coat of Mail, or whether she be some skeleton whose Beauties lye at night upon her dressing-cloth? you'll not be much pity'd if men find you ill provided of a Woman, since you'll be gull'd with one before you have seen her.

D. John. Thou art as froward at this time o' th' night as a wak'd Child.

Jod. Wou'd any man keep patience about him when he must run in the dark from Street to Street, and grope out his way like a blind Man without a Dog? or stand so long under a Balcony (listening himself upon

upon one leg to stare higher about him) till he shift his feet as often as a Stork?

D. John. Jodlet!

Jod. Don John.

D. John. My Picture was rarely drawn; and sure it could not chuse but please my Mistress.

Jod. I know the contrary.

D. John. What say'st thou?

Jod. I tell you it has rather displeas'd her.

D. John. How the Devil canst thou know that!

Jod. Alas, I know it too well.

D. John. Hah! tell me how?

Jod. Good Sir, have patience! instead of your Picture, she received mine.

D. John. Traitor, 'tis well thou dost not use to speak truth, for else I should search for thy life in the very bottom of thy Bowels.

Jod. You may, Sir, and begin at my Throat: But in piercing my body, I pray spare my Doublet for I made it new at *Burgos*.

D. John. Pox of your Railery, Tell me what thou hast done?

Jod. Sir, put your anger up first.

D. John. I never had so much cause to let it out, But speak, and let not Fear fright Truth from thee.

Jod. Sir, when we left *Flanders*——

D. John. Well, proceed.

Jod. You having your Brother kill'd, and a Sister carried away by stealth (not knowing where, nor how, nor wherefore, nor by whom) you rode so fast that you left all your judgement a great way behind you.

D. John. To what purpose, Villain, dost thou open these two wounds? proceed apace to thy Picture.

Jod. Sir, I go as fast I can; but your anger interrupts me so, that I'm fain sometimes to go back to recover my Tongue, though I have nothing within me but what is much to the purpose.

D. John. Why dost thou not render it in few words?

Jod. I cannot, Sir, for I always speak things in order, but for your Picture which I had e'en forgot——

D. John. Was ever Man so tir'd with the tedious length of nothing?

Jod. We were but newly return'd to *Castile* when *Don Ferdinand de Rochas* propos'd his Daughter to you in Marriage: her Picture was made a Present to you, and the offer of Twenty thousand Crowns in portion, and then you (t'inchant her with your own Picture as much as you were charm'd by hers) made haste to send her it: and so, as the Proverb says, put an old Cat to an old Rat. It was a Lovers stratagem, and villanously subtle. But Heav'n (not always a Friend to Lovers) ordain'd a success contrary to your expectation.

D. John. Art thou about the History of the World; and wilt thou not finish it till the World ends?

Jod. Yes, Sir, but I must refresh my memory, for it is almost weary.

D. John. I would thy Tongue were so too.

Jod. You remember that your Painter (in thankfulness for the great reward you gave him) wou'd after he had drawn your Picture, take a little pains about mine.

D. John.

D. John. I know that : but proceed.

Jod. Then you likewise know it cost me nothing, Well, that *Flemming's* a brave man. None of your *Jan Van Lievens*, nor your *Elshammers*, nor your *Brauwiers*, nor your *Joos Van Winghens* ever drew like him. Then give him but a Rummer, over a Pickell'd Herring, and he will drink so kindly, as if he had the heart of a Whale.

D. John. Wilt thou never conclude? hast thou sold, burnt, eat, or drank my Picture? Have I it yet, or was it sent to *Isabella*? speak and be quick!

Jod. If you have not patience to stay awhile rather than hear ill news, but will needs ride Post to overtake the Devil, I will leave *Flanders* and go the nearest way to the purpose.

D. John. Still wilt thou be tedious?

Jod. Nay, Sir, since you love unwelcome brevity, know when I was to send away the last Packet, I would (being a little curious) compare the workmanship of my Picture with yours. I set them opposite to one another, turning my eyes often from this to that, and being call'd for in haste by the Post-Boy, I put my little Picture in the Packet instead of yours!

D. John. How? yours instead of mine?

Jod. Sir, your Picture had the happy laziness to stay here; but mine was destin'd to ride Post with the Devil to your Mistress.

D. John. Canst thou live, or I either, after I have heard this?

Jod. Good Sir, make use of patience as I did. Time, which wears out sorrows as well as joys, has since th'unhappy accident given me a few quiet nights, and I have ceas'd to grieve for fear of being sick.

D. John. Dog! what will she say of thy horn-face, and Badgers nose?

Jod. Alas, Sir, she will not think you very handsom, I mean in my Picture; but if we were both our own Painters we should not want Beauty.

Enter Stephano.

D. John. Peace, there comes one who perhaps knows *Don Ferdinand's* house; Go, ask him.

Jod. But Sir——

D. John. Well, speak low.

Jod. Perhaps he'll expect a reward if he tell us. In *Madrid* you must hold out your money if you do but ask what's a clock?

D. John. Unlucky Rogue, wou'd he would cudgel thee.

Jod. He has not leisure to do it; he seems in haste.

Steph. Who goes there?

Jod. Not to displease you, Sir, where dwells *Don Ferdinand*?

Steph. This is his house.

Jod. Are we in the right already? for this bout my Master has reason, the Father-in-law is found; and the Son-in-law-elect has nothing to do but to knock.

Steph. I begin to find my self a Fool for having shew'd them where my Master is secretly enter'd, and whence I expect he'll presently come forth; I must find some expedient.

Jod. Does he dwell here?

Steph. Yes, but he is sick, and does not love noise, what are you?

Jod. We, Sir, are Night-walkers; or rather men of *Norway*, a Northern-Country where he is curs'd, who does not sleep continually, for my part I never sleep; and that's my Master, Sir, the greatest waker in the World.

Steph.

Steph. Or rather the greatest Robber. He shall give me satisfaction for what he lately took from me; I know him well enough, and you were with him.

Jod. You are very cholerick, and I think somewhat mad. If I were so too, you would have little safety but in flying. Sir, as sober as I am, I can scarce keep my hand from my hilt.

To D. John. Sir! Sir! advance a little, I begin to grow soft, and were it not dark, I should appear somewhat pale too.

D. John to Steph. Approach Sir, come on towards me. I'll make you civil.

Steph. How! *Don* of the dark? are you so brisk? but I shall take the pains to drive you hence: for though you are Two (would I were rid of 'em) if you dare follow me as fast as I'll lead the way, ye shall come to a better place for fighting.

D. John. Say you so, Sir? I'll follow you, stay! I hear a noise. It seems to be above us.

Jod. Pox on this cholerick Cur! if his barking had not frightened me, I had, perhaps, without any danger, broke his very bones: but whence the Devil comes that other Devil? *D. Lewis descends from*

D. Lewis. Stephano!

(from the Balcony.

Jod. They are going.

D. John. Sure that's his man whom he calls.

D. Lewis. Either I am much couzen'd, or I am watch'd. But the noise of a quarrel will fright *Isabella*. In care of her I must neglect my honour. Let's steal away, since it must be so.

[Exeunt D. Lewis, Stephano.

D. John to Jod. Stay, or thou art dead. Stay but one thrust.

Jod. My Master has Mettle, but I'm no Touchstone to try it on.

D. John. Give me thy name, or I'll take thy life.

Jod. I am *Don Jodlet of segovia*.

D. John. Three curles on thee, and a thousand on him that leapt from the Balcony. What's become of him?

Jod. He flew through the dark like Lightning, and I like a furious Fool, follow'd him like Thunder, till the invisible Rogue thread-ed a Lane as narrow as a Needles Eye. Well, I'm the *Hercules* whom you always expose against Two. You are a little prompt, but by your leave, Master; it is the custom of *Madrid* to scape thus out of a Window?

D. John. Did'st thou perfectly discern him?

Jod. Yes.

D. John. I am amaz'd.

Jod. And I, if it were possible, am quite confounded.

D. John. I must not here take up a quarrel at the first bound.

Jod. Methinks your mind is a little troubled.

D. John. It is; and I have much cause, but let's consult upon't.

Jod. That's well said; I never found my self so much inclin'd to reasoning, and if you please, let's consult soundly.

D. John. I was born at *Burgos*; left poor, but of a noble race exempted even as far as my self, from all disgraces.

Jod. Very well.

D. John. At my return from the War to *Burgos*, I found my self attack'd with two different Evils. I had a Brother murder'd, and was rob'd of a Sister; though she was bred with all the cares of honour. And this makes me exceeding cholerick.

Jod. That's ill, very ill, exceeding ill.

D. John. *Don Ferdinand* chose me for a Husband to *Isabella*; and she has receiv'd thy Picture instead of mine.

Jod. That's not very ill.

D. John. We treated of this business in secret; and I took horse for *Madrid*, where I now arrive late at night.

Jod. That's a little ill.

D. John. Without seeking out a Lodging my love leads me directly hither.

Jod. That's a little too soon.

D. John. I met before *Don Ferdinand's* house a Serving-man who thrusts me, by design, upon an Almain quarrel.

Jod. That's very true, but somewhat unwillingly, like a Coward as he is.

D. John. Perhaps 'twas for fear of scandal; for he did not approach us like a Coward.

Jod. How did the unlucky Thief come then?

D. John. He came on like the Lover of *Isabella*.

Jod. That's very ill.

D. John. 'Tis that which will wound my head more than his sword.

Jod. Let's fall to to reasoning again.

D. John. Ah! no more reasoning, when reason grows superfluous. But prithee mark the counsel which Love suggests to me. My hope lies in thee. To morrow, my dear *Jodlet*, thou must pass for my Master, and I for thy Man. Thy Picture is to work Miracles. What ayl'st thou? dost thou shake thy ears?

Jod. These kind of disguises smell too much of the Cudgel. I'd rather proceed to reasoning again. For what will the world say? *Don John* is grown the Man, and *Jodlet* the Master, and by ill fortune too; for perhaps, at last, your Mistress may love me, and I her.

D. John. Fear not that; for then the mischief will be mine: but I, being *Jodlet*, may get acquainted with my Rivals man. I'll be a Lover from the Kitching to the Garret; and my Presents shall open the Locks of every bosom: whilst thou shalt shine in gold Chains like the King of *Peru*, without having any share of my sorrows.

Jod. I begin to like the Invention.

D. John. Thou shalt be feasted and cramm'd at *Don Ferdinand's*, whilst I am choak'd with my jealousies.

Jod. But may I not (to represent *Don John* the better) give your shoulders now and then a taste of the Cudgel?

D. John. Yes, when we are alone, without Witnesses.

Jod. Well, *Vermechulli* shall my Palat please,
Serv'd in with Bisques, Ragous, and Intermets.
Wait close upon *Don Jodlet* thy Master;
And thou mayst be my Carver, or my Taster,
If thou dost fetch me Girls, and watch, and trudge well,
Thou shalt have food, if not, thou shalt have Cudgel.

[Exeunt.]

ACT.

ACT II. Scene I.

Enter Isabella, Bettris.

Isab. **B**ettris, make up your Pack, without thinking to reconcile me by long tattle; I'll have no more of you.

Bet. Truly Madam, I'm ignorant of the cause of your anger.

Isab. You know it not?

Bet. If I do, may I never be haunted again by men of honour.

Isab. 'Tis no matter, I dismiss you.

Bet. Well my conscience is clear. But let Flatterers go fine while Truth may be shut out o'doors and walk naked.

Isab. Yes, Dame Bettris, you are innocent: You have not opened my Balcony to night, nor have walkt bare-footed to make less noise?

Bet. Alas! is that it? I left your lac'd Linen drying on a Line, and went into the Garden for fear some body should steal it.

Isab. Yes, and you discourst with my Linen: my ears deceiv'd me, I did not hear you talk?

Bet. Perhaps I was at prayers.

Isab. What, so loud?

Bet. Yes, that Heav'n might hear me.

Isab. And 'twas no man, but my linen, that leapt down from my Balcony.

Bet. Pray do not believe it.

Isab. I saw it, Bettris.

Bet. Ah my dear Mistrefs, it is true. But *Don Lewis*——

Isab. O Heaven! how that name frights me? was it *Don Lewis*?

Bet. Yes, Madam, your fair Cousin.

Isab. My fair Cousin! Thou black wretch! for what design had he admittance?

Bet. If 'tis a great sin to be charitable you have cause to be angry. But if you will but hear me speak——

Isab. You may speak long enough before I believe you.

Bet. 'Twas last night when that delicate *Don Lewis* came to see you, and because it rain'd I let him into the Hall; and much against my will; for I am tender of scandal: but the poor man, being impatient, went up; and presently after I heard your Father *Don Ferdinand* spit aloud (for he always coughs when he spits) and will be heard far enough. I'll warrant him as sound as any man of *Madrid*.

Isab. Well, proceed to the ill purpose.

Bet. At this noise *Don Lewis* sav'd himself at your Balcony, which he found half open, and I lockt him in till you arriv'd with the old man; with whom you discours't too long, and made *Don Lewis* impatient again.

Isab. Troth we were very uncivil to him.

Bet. I stay'd till you were a bed; and then (being in my nature always inclin'd to charitable deeds) I went to free him from his imprisonment.

Isab. Good heart! accept of——

Bet. He said he must needs speak with you one moment, but I

warrant you, I was sharp enough, and told him plainly that your Curtains were drawn.

Ifab. That was severe indeed.

Bet. I saw tears fall from his eyes, and at the same time felt a few Pistols drop into my hand. He conjur'd me with such sweet words; calling me, my Heart, my dear *Bettris*, and then put on my finger a Diamond-Ring; which did so vex me, that I was ready to fly in's face.

Ifab. That had been too cruel.

Bet. Nay, not but that his suff'rings wrought me again into pity; for truly I cannot hate the man. But in your int'rest I know no body.

Ifab. I thank you, good Mistress *Bettris*.

Bet. But when he saw I was so much in earnest, that my face was all fire——

Ifab. He saw the flushing of your anger though it were dark; but indeed all kind of fire is most visible at night.

Bet. He leapt from the Balcony into the Street; where I heard them cry, kill! kill! and this is the notable cause of your putting me away.

Ifab. Well, you'll forgive me if I must needs be too blame.

Bet. I built my happiness upon your Marriage. But if my zeal to serve you were known to *Don John* (who they say is come to Town) I should hope for as ill success as I have now.

Ifab. How? *Don John*, too? the man I fear and most abhor. After my rage against *Don Lewis* do you think to assuage me with the mention of *Don John*? Fare you well, Maid of Honour, let me see you no more.

Bet. Let the Devil take *Don Lewis* who is the cause of this.

[Exit *Ifabella*.]

Enter D. Ferdinand at the other Door.

Ferd. What's the matter *Bettris*, are you weeping?

Bet. Your Daughter, Sir, has dismiss'd me from her service, and for nothing, Sir, but for wishing her favourable opinion of *Don John*, because he deserves it, and you desire it.

D. Ferd. That's a small cause for your dismissal; but I'll endeavour to reconcile you. Bid your Mistress come hither. [Exit *Bettris*]
They have often little quarrels; sometimes for a Curl disorder'd, or a black-Patch mis-plac'd; and more often they differ in expounding of Dreams: but this is no time for expulsion of Servants. If *Don John D'Aluerad* come, (who is expected to night) I'll throw away my Staff, which is my Third Leg, and with my other two lead 'em a Dance.

Enter Ifabella.

Ifab. Sir, you are perhaps, contriving my marriage with *Don John*; but I hope you'll ordain me a death less cruel.

D. Ferd. Minion, you are for some unexperienc'd Gallant, that never travell'd, who spends the morning in tiring good men with the repetition of ill Verses, and in the afternoon lies stretcht out a length, in his open Gilt Coach, like the Image of Laziness drawn in Triumph through the City——The Baggage laughs when I would have her weep.

Ifab.

Isab. Sir, you have reason to be angry; but I've as much cause to laugh when I behold this Picture of a Suitor so deform'd that he seems ridiculous.

D. Ferd. You judge of a man by his Picture; let me see it.----- How the Devil have I baited my Hook at Court, that I have been six Months a fishing for this Cods-head? yet many have told me that *D. John d' Alverad* was a person highly esteem'd.

Isab. If he had been tolerably handsome, your command might be obey'd.

D. Ferd. Well, however you shall promise me to use him civilly, and I'll then find a remedy for your grief. [*Enter Lucilla, wail'd.* But here comes a Lady that will not shew her self, I wonder who let her in, and would not first ask, whether we would be visible? Madam, without seeing your face, or enquiring your name, you may freely command me.

Luc. Don Ferdinand, I expect no less from your civil reputation. I come to you for refuge, and beseech you without any witness I may tell you my misfortunes.

Ferd. You may. Daughter retire. [*Exit Isabella.*

Luc. I would I could so express my griefs that you might find some excuse for my faults. But if you could number my tears perhaps you would confess that my eyes have been sufficiently punisht by my Crimes.

Ferd. This Stranger has no ill behaviour.

Luc. Sir, let me embrace your knees, and not rise from mine till I obtain that succour which I hope you will afford me.

Ferd. This stile is somewhat Romantick. My foolish Daughter never read Romances, but, for my part, I esteem *Amadis* and all such ancient and discreet Records of Love and Honour. Madam you seem not a person to whom a Gentleman should refuse any thing.

Luc. Sir, I must then give you the trouble of knowing my Race, and of hearing my misfortunes. My Race you will easily know, for my dead Father often told me, that he had made a friendship with you at *Rome*, and that you are a person both obliging and brave.

Ferd. I owe him much for that Character, and shall be ready to pay the debt to you.

Luc. Sir, *Burgos* is the Town where I receiv'd my first being, and unfortunately the flames of love. My Mother dy'd at my birth, and my Father deceas'd soon after, when he perceiv'd the misfortune of my love. His name was *Diego d' Alverad*. He bred me with great care and bounty, and he had much hope of my Infancy; but alas! it was a false hope. My two Brothers were no less cherish'd by him, and I as much by them; with whom I happily liv'd. But oh, how love did change my destiny!

Ferd. A thousand Curses take that Devil Love, it embroils us all.

Luc. A Stranger who came to see the Triumphs at *Burgos* did in those Turnaments appear to have no equal. We first saw one another in an Assembly; I was courted by him, and did endure his Courtship, or rather I was charm'd by him. He pretended to love me, and I lov'd him, but now, Sir, let my tears speak for me.

Ferd. Sure all Lovers were born in *April*: they never mention Sun-shine without a shower after it. This may teach me to marry my Daughter

Daughter to some Gentleman whom she does not love. But, Madam, pray proceed.

Luc. The rest is fatal, Sir, and full of shame. Alas my fault depriv'd me of a Brother, and my afflicted Father soon dy'd after him. My passion had so overmaster'd my reason, that I still ador'd my unfaithful Lover, whose return to *Burgos* I did two years vainly expect, and at last found that I was cruelly forsaken: and then I forsook my Kindred, and, cursing fatal Love, am guided hither by madness to seek that false man whom more than justly I ought to hate.

Ferd. Is not this sufficient to teach Parents to marry their Daughters without any least mention of love. Madam, how the Devil could you be couzen'd with love?

Luc. Alas, Sir, he told me he would be faithful. But Women shou'd never believe that beauty can sufficiently oblige the hearts of men, especially if men be so handsom as to prevail on women.

Ferd. I am glad *Don John's* Picture renders him ugly.

Luc. Oh *Don Ferdinand*! I am a fearful example for having too much believ'd a cruel man, who triumphs over me, disguising his name as falsely as his faith: a name which no man seems to know, yet I am certain he lurks hereabouts. To you I address my self as my last remedy, and I demand your aid to find him out. I know the quality you bear about this place may apprehend him, and force him to do me reason.

Ferd. I shall be one of *Cupid's* Baylifs, and watch to arrest a man for debts of love.

Luc. I'll not alledge my Father nor his memory, but by your own glory will conjure you, and not oblige you by any phrase of flattery.

Ferd. Madam, to be short, I am your humble Servant; and such I have been ever to your Father, who did me the honour to call me Brother. Dispose of all my power; my Daughter shall endeavour to assuage your griefs.

Enter Bettris.

Bet. Your Nephew, Sir, desires your ear for something of importance.

Ferd. to Luc. Madam, my return shall be sudden. *Bettris* lead her to my Apartment, and admit my Nephew presently.

[*Exeunt Lucilla, Bettris.*

The chance is odd that this Lady proves the Sister of my elected Son-in-Law. I must present her to him if he will see her. My Nephew and I will join our powers to seek her Lover, and to do her Justice.

[*Enter D. Lewis.*

O dear *Don Lewis*, my brave Nephew, what brings you hither, how may I serve you?

D. Lewis. Sir, a friend of mine has lately advertis'd me of a quarrel coming towards me, and I am come for your advice, who are a perfect Judge of Combats of Honour.

Ferd. If you can employ no other whom you love more than me, nor that loves you more than I do, I'm at your service. What is that Paper in your hand?

D. Lewis. I'll read it to you.

Ferd.

Ferd. Do, for I have lost my spectacles.

D. Lewis reads.

The younger Brother of him whom you killed upon some love accounts, departs from this place to day to go where you are. I know not perfectly the occasion, but am certain that to give you notice of it is not ill done by your Servant Don Pedro Ossorio.

Ferd. Where did you encounter him who is slain?

D. Lewis. In *Burgos*.

Ferd. Was he a Cavalier?

D. Lewis. Yes, and my great Friend.

Ferd. In single Combat?

D. Lewis. No, by mistake, in the darkness of the night.

Ferd. Tell me the manner of it.

D. Lewis. You remember the Triumphs at *Burgos* for the first *Infante*. A Friend of mine invited me thither to shew me the common valour of our Nation in the *Juego de Toros*. The night after the Triumph he led me to see the Ladies at a Ball, where I was conquer'd by a Beauty, and she by me; but this great happiness soon turn'd into a great misfortune.

Ferd. Well, Sir, proceed.

D. Lewis. I was allow'd the honour the next day to give her a visit, lov'd her sincerely, and being one night together I heard an attempt to break open the door. I saw her tremble and drew my Sword for her safety. She took the Candle and blew it out. The door was open'd, and I was attack'd, and in the encounter, not having the use of my eyes, there fell at my feet one mortally wounded; the darkness made my escape easie. But in the morning I was overwhelm'd with grief, being inform'd that the person slain was Brother to my Mistress, and the same intimate Friend, who invited me to *Burgos*.

Ferd. These are the effects of love, and yet my foolish Daughter will needs be in love before she marry.

D. Lewis. My escape from *Burgos* was easie, because I was not known in publick. You see the intelligence which is given me, and of what use your counsel may be in the affair. A Gentleman is in search of me, who is led hither by revenge. It were loss of honour to avoid him, and it were cruelty to kill him. But somebody knocks at your Gate.

[*Knocking within.*]

Ferd. And rudely too. Who dares be thus insolent?

Enter Bettris.

Bet. O, Sir, give me a hundred Crowns for my good news.

Ferd. Pray stay till they are told out, and give me the news first.

Bet. Where is my Mistress? Her Suitor is below all over powder'd, and perfum'd. He seems a merry and innocent man, for he laughs at every thing as if he had no more cares than a Capuchin.

Lewis. Sir, it seems you have a design to marry my Cousin, and secretly.

Ferd. Yes.

D. Lewis aside. How am I wounded with this news!

Ferd. Bid my Daughter come down. Make haste.

Bet.

Bet. You need not doubt my speed when I'm to bring Lovers together. [Exit.]

D. Lewis. How shall I bear this persecution?

Ferd. aside. I shall have use of all my understanding to get clear from the perplexity of my divided int'rest. My Nephew has kill'd the Brother of him who is to marry my Daughter.

Enter Isabella.

Lewis. I shall grow mad.

Ferd. Come *Isabella*, we must prepare to meet your Suitor.

Isab. Or rather to meet death. [Exeunt.]

Enter Sancho, Jodelet, in Don John's Habit; Don John in Jodelets Habit.

D. John. I told you my Masters name.

Sancho. You did.

D. John. And does your Master know that he is here?

Sancho. He doth.

D. John. Sure *Don Ferdinand's* detain'd by some important business?

Sancho. He is.

D. John. I hope when that's dispatcht, *Don John* shall have the honour to kiss his hands.

Sancho. He shall.

D. John. This Laconick Fool makes brevity ridiculous.

Jod. An As for brevity sake should have cropt Ears and a bob'd Tail.

D. John. My Master is arriv'd upon design of Alliance with yours, and I hope we, who are their Servants, may become akin to one another by friendship.

Sancho. 'Tis fit.

D. John. Your hand—

Sancho. Take it—

D. John. Your name?

Sancho. *Sancho.*

D. John. 'Tis well.

Sancho. Your name?

D. John. *Jodelet.*

Sancho. Good.

[They embrace.]

Jod. Friend you are a man of brevity. I would your Master were so too. Shall I not see him?

Sancho. You shall.

Jod. But (by your favour) in what quantity of time?

Sancho. A trice.

Jod. I'm satisfy'd: but have not yet satisfy'd you for your diligence----I'm sorry 'tis the fashion for Gallants to carry no money about 'em.

{ Feels in his Pockets
and finds no money.

Sancho. That's ill.

Jod. But my Trunks are coming.

Sancho. That's good.

Jod. If my Sumpter proves lame I shall borrow of your Master rather than be in debt to his man.

D. John.

D. John. He means to represent me first by shewing his bounty.

Jod. I grow impatient, and must be diverted. Friend, what is there here to see?

Sanch. The House.

Jod. I use to spend my time in things of more importance. *Jodelet.*

D. John. Sir.

Jod. Enquire if his Master be learned.

Sanch. He's so so.

Jod. Let's visit his Library. Yet, now I think on't, I have had my head twice crackt with reaching down great Books from high Shelves. Well, 'tis strange how since my childhood I ever lov'd huge great Books, and could read in 'em as easily as if they were but little.

D. John. This is to shew he is a man of learning.

Jod. Next to great Books I love intollerable long Letters in short hand. If I had one here, you should see me begin at *Loving Kind Friend*, and in a moment, end at *Yours as his own*.

D. John. This shews him a man of business and of dispatch too.

Jod. This (I take it) is your Anti-chamber. The Floor is smooth, but somewhat bare: my Rooms at home are all matted.

D. John. How like a dull Rogue he boasts of his rich furniture.

Sanch. We use no Mats.

Jod. Why Friend?

Sanch. For fear——

Jod. Of what?

Sanch. Of Fleas.

Jod. Alas poor poor things! they do no harm, we never use to kill 'em.

D. John. Now he shews himself a man of mercy.

Sanch. In this Country——

Jod. Well, speak your minds.

Sanch. Fleas use——

Jod. What?

Sanch. To bite.

Jod. We have abundance of 'em, but not a man of mine does ever feel 'em.

Sanch. That's strange.

Jod. My Family feeds well, and then they sleep so soundly that Punefes cannot wake 'em. Lord, how I love to hear my Servants snore after dinner.

D. John. Now he shews his Hospitality.

Sanch. to *D. John.* We shall all grow fat when your Master keeps house here: yet you, methinks, are somewhat lean.

D. John. I thought this Fellows Tongue had been wound up like a Clock to regular stops, but now it struck above twelve words. Sir I may trust you, who are hereafter to be my faithful Friend. The chief reason why I am not fat is, most especially, because I am in love with three of our Neighbours Maids.

Sanch. Three?

D. John. I confess I am 'unfortunate in it.

Sanch. You are.

D. John. My Grandmother was a Poetess, and a great observer of love, and was wont to put her thoughts into Verse, which were very pithy.

sanch. And short.

D. John. She wrote according to her own Size, for she was a very short Woman. Shall I repeat?

sanch. Pronounce.

D. John. A Ruddy Sanguine Man
Grows quickly pale and wan,
And is by Love undone,
Even when he loves but one.
But I am much mistaken
If two will not make
As lean as a Rake
A Lover fat as Bacon.

Enter D. Ferd. D. Lewis, Isabel, Bettris.

D. Ferd. *Don John*, first for your Father's sake, then for your own I must embrace; nay let me bind you close to my heart.

Jod. Sir, you may clasp me as hard as you please, for I'll assure you I am very found both Spring and Fall.

D. Ferd. aside. Sound? that's an odd assurance from a Son-in-Law. Sir, you are welcome.

Jod. I knew that before, Sir; which may give you a small taste of my understanding; pray speak only things that are necessary; for I love few words.

D. Ferd. This Son-in-Law will prove wise.

Isabella draws Jodelets Picture, and looks on it aside.

Isab. The Painter has done him no wrong.

D. John aside. Her Beauty exceeds all that any Pencil can draw.

D. John looks on Isabella's Picture aside.

Jod. My Father-in-Law looks as gravely as an Owl at Noon perch'd over a Church Porch.

D. Ferd. I fear my Son-in-Law is not very eloquent, he speaks in private between the teeth.

Isab. aside. Was ever deformity copy'd with more exact proportion to the Original.

Jod. to Isab. I can see you through my Fingers, and know you at first sight by the Picture you sent me.

Bet. He's one of those subtle Spies who peeps through the Key-hole when the door is open.

Jod. to Isabel. You think me a very desperate man.

Isab. Why so, Sir?

Jod. For coming near so bright a Sun as you are without a Parasol, Umbrellia, or a Bongrace.

Isab. You intend to be very witty, Sir.

Jod. I tell you again, my bright Sun, not one among a thousand would venture his complexion so near you as I do. But what care I for being tann'd.

Bet. 'Tis but fleaing the old skin, and when your cheeks are raw the crimson will appear presently.

Jod. That Damsel is too pert. Dear Chuck, you should keep these Parakeets in a Cage. How many of 'em have you? 'Slight, I think I'm left alone *Jodelet*! where are all my People? *Jodelet*?

D. John. Sir.

Jod.

Jod. My heart beats too much at sight of my Mistress. If I faint with love be sure to hold me up.

D. John. I shall, Sir.

Jod. Lady, you say nothing : but I'm glad you are silent, for if you should shew as much wit as you do beauty, I were a dead man. *Jodelet.*

D. John. Sir.

Jod. To drive away the sorrows of love, I prethee break a Jeast or two, or tell my Mistress some of mine to cure her melancholy.

Isab. My Father has made a rare choice. This extraordinary Fool is only fit for Christmas.

Jod. *Don Ferdinand,* do you always serve for a Skreen to your Daughter.

D. John aside. Unlucky Rogue! what Devil taught thee to ask that?

D. Lewis. That question is not very civil.

Jod. Those that are angry may shew their teeth ; but let them be sure that they be sharp.

D. Lewis. Sir, no man will doubt yours.

Jod. Those who dare doubt mine may meet me——at dinner ; and after dinner may walk a turn in the Field. It may be wholsom for some, but for others it may prove dangerous.

Isab. He grows angry.

Jod. May not a man see a snip of her face? I pray, Lady of my lips, blink on me a little with one eye. *Don Ferdinand,* let some body bring her near me ; or at least shew me her Hand, or her Arm, or a little of her Leg.

D. John. This coorse Villain has been bred in a Butcher-Row.

Ferd. My Daughter had reason. My Son-in-Law is a Coxcomb.

Jod. Lord, how nice they are of their Brides in this Country ! any where else I might e're this have had a dozen kisses.

Ferd. How I am vext at his want of breeding!

Jod. Father-in-Law you must pardon me. I am a little boistrous, but I am very loving. My dainty Duckling may I know what gust you take in having the honour to see me?

D. Lewis. That's civilly askt.

Ferd. O impertinent Son-in-Law.

Jod. They laugh. I shall be loth to marry in so foolish a Kindred as have no more wit than to laugh at me. *Don Ferdinand,* pray call for a Chair : you are ill serv'd ; but I will vouchsafe to reach one my self.

D. Ferd. aside. I say again, my Son-in-Law is a very Coxcomb. *Bettris* reach a Chair.

Jod. Sweet Syrrup of my Soul, pray tell me, do you wear Cho-peens? in truth if you do not, you are of a reasonable good stature, and worthy of me.

D. Lewis. An excellent good Complement.

Jod. That young man is given to prating. Tell me, my bright Sun, do you shine on him?

Isab. He is my Cousin German.

Ferd. I pronounce the third time, that my Son-in-Law is a Coxcomb.

D. John. This Cousin German revives my jealousy.

Jod. Lady, have you never an Ear-picker about you ; there's something tickles me within, and I broke mine with picking my teeth.

teeth. What all laughing again? Lady, you laugh scurvily! you laugh like a Monkey that has stoln Cherries; he, he, he, he!

D. Lewis to *Isabel*. Cousin you do not satisfie the Gentleman, he askt you e'ne now how you did relish the honour of seeing him.

Isab. I must confes I never saw his Equal both in body and mind.

Jod. Madam, every one says as much of me. But the twenty thousand Crowns, are they ready? Let's dispatch the Marriage.

D. Lewis. How, *D. John*? you are mercenary.

Jod. Those who believe it are very desperate. But would I could meet 'em in *Alverad*.

D. Lewis. In *Alverad*! Had you not a Brother, Sir?

Jod. Yes, whom a base Murderer kill'd in the dark.

D. John. If *Don John* could find the Murderer he would eat his heart; but the Coward hides himself.

D. Lewis. This Groom is very impudent. But, Friend, I have been told—

D. John. What have you been told, Sir?

D. Lewis. That it was meerly by mischance.

D. John. He ly'd that told you so; it was treachery.

D. Lewis to *Isabel*. Do you observe his sawciness?

Isab. Methinks his anger has something graceful in it.

D. Lewis. Then you allow his insolence?

Isab. He shews no meanness in his courage.

D. Lewis to *D. John*. I shall find you.

D. John. You may, for I shall never avoid you

Isab. O pity hide thine eyes! how canst thou see such Gallantry in such a low condition?

D. Lewis. Wer't not in this place, I should make you silent.

Jod. My man is almost as valiant as my self, but a little rash.

D. Lewis. Uncle, shall I indure this from that Groom?

D. Ferd. I charge you be discreet. Here's a fair beginning of a marriage.

Jod. My dear dumpling, let 'em quarrel; and let us talk and be witty, and sell Bargains.

D. Ferd. Sir, you ha' not seen the House.

Bettris make haste, open the Gallery. Nephew, I conjure you to make use of your discretion. Come Gentlemen, what do you stay for?

Jod. I love the down-right familiarity of *Alverad*, and hate Complement.

D. Ferd. That's for saving of time.

Jod. We often (out of heartiness and haste) salute Ladies with our hats on.

D. Ferd. Do you so, Sir?

Jod. Yes, and take 'em by the hand without the tedious Ceremony of pulling off our Gloves.

D. Ferd. 'Tis true, time is a pretious thing and ought to be sav'd. Son-in-law it becomes you.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter Bettris, Stephano.

Bet. Retire to the Garret over that Chamber where I must hide your Master, and there you must lye close.

Steph. I should lye closer if you were with me.

Bet.

Bet. Certainly you men are very cold Creatures: you are always wishing for something to keep you warm.

Steph. Ah *Bettris*, a Garret without a Chimney is a cold habitation. But if you were near me——

Bet. I know but one Hoop in the World can bind us close together.

Steph. What do you mean?

Bet. A Wedding-Ring.

Steph. That's a strong Hoop indeed, and will hold out long. I have no Land nor House; and though there are many Houses in Town, yet those Tenants never get much furniture who begin with a Cradle. I am not rich enough to marry.

Bet. That's ill-news, but I will tell you better.

Steph. I prethee do.

Bet. At night when the Masters are abed, the Men shall have a Sack-Poffet.

Steph. And shall they be very merry with the Maids?

Bet. Yes, unless the Men be in love, for then, alas, they'll do nothing but sigh.

Steph. What Lady is that whom your Mistress does conceal?

Bet. I know her not. *Sancho* does manage that design; her Maid is his Sweet-heart.

Steph. Shall she be with us?

Bet. He has invited her.

You wish my company and enquire after her. None but a cold Bed-fellow would have two warming-Pans.

Enter Sancho, D. John, Laura.

D. John. Signior, *Sancho*, there is nothing more medicinal against the consumption of Love than a Sack-Poffet. But shall I be at it?

Sancho. You shall.

D. John. I am much oblig'd to you for the Invitation.

Sancho. You are.

D. John. I hope I may have leave to seal an acquaintance on this fair Gentlewomans hand?

Sancho. You may.

[*D. John salutes Laura.*

Laura. You are pleas'd to make use of your authority.

Sancho. I am.

Laura. I pray give me leave to salute Mistress *Bettris*.

Sancho. Do.

Steph. The favour ought to go round. I hope I shall not be a stranger to your Mistress.

Sancho. No.

[*Stephano salutes Laura.*

D. John. Your authority extends so far as to make me likewise known to Mistress *Bettris*.

Sancho. It doth.

[*D. John salutes Bettris.*

Bet. Well, we shall be all happy when our Lords and Ladies are asleep. There is nothing so sweet as Midnight and Sack-Poffet. Is there Signior *Sancho*?

Sancho. Yes.

Bet. What can be sweeter in this World?

Sancho. Buss and Poffet.

Isabel within. *Bettris.*

Bet.

Bet. My Lady calls me. Let every one hasten to their appointed stations.

Steph. The next time when our Masters go to bed early we must be contented to sit up late.

Bet. Alas! we Servants are miserable. We must be fain to watch when they sleep.

D. John. Pray let us meet cheerfully, and with short ceremonies.

Sancho. And long spoons. [*Exeunt all several ways but Don John.*]

D. John. I have more light to lead my jealousy.

And now must seek the man to whom Revenge

Is yet indebted for my Brother's blood;

Than where my vain imprudent Sister lives,

And where her perjur'd Friend. Well, it grows strong

In my belief that *Isabella's* Cousin

Is he whom I discern'd in the Balcony;

Oh *Isabel!* be wise as thou art fair;

Turn not my love to dangerous despair.

[*Exit.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Don Lewis, Stephano.

D. Lewis. URge me no more; the lot is cast.

Steph. In troth *Don John* is much beholding to you. You have forsaken his Sister, kill'd his Brother, and now pretend to his Wife.

D. Lewis. My hope relies on my perseverance, and on *Bettris*, and on thee; on my Uncle, on *Isabella*, and on my self: I rely much too on the rudeness of *Don John's* behaviour, but most of all on the civility of my Goddess Fortune.

Enter Bettris.

Bet. O, Sir, is it you?

Steph. None but a Maid, who loves to meet men in the dark would ask that question with her eyes open.

Bet. You are still drawing the Fools weapon: I pray put up your Tongue. I come not to you, but to your Master.

D. Lewis. Dear *Bettris*, tell me a little of the Son-in-Law.

Bet. Would you have but a little when much may be spoken? He din'd, and did eat till his doublet grew so narrow that 'twas dangerous to sit near him; for his buttons flew about like a volley of shot, and after dinner he retir'd to a dirty Entry, where he slept on a Bench and snor'd in consort, like three fat Carriers in one Bed. But I'll tell you what pass'd besides.

D. Lewis. My poor *Bettris!*

Bet. My poor *D. Lewis!*

D. Lewis. My fortune I expect from thee.

Bet. And I mine from you: but you have yet proceeded no further than promise: yet that's sufficient to one who abhors interest.

D. Lewis. I prithee ask my Man if I have not left my Gold under
my

my Bolster; and whether I am not to morrow to receive four hundred Duckets?

Bet. Well, well! hear me in few words. *Don Ferdinand* your Uncle has chaf'd himself into a Fever: he would fain be disengag'd. Your dear *Isabella* is more vext than he. Now is the time or never: you must endeavour to see her: and give her as many promises as those make who intend to keep none. Write her Poetical Letters, and be sure not to leave out her Lillies nor her Roses: you must weep, sigh, and pull off your Perruque, that you may tear your own hair: tell her you'll cut your own throat, or at least that you know an easie way to hang your self.

D. Lewis. Concerning that, *Bettris*, you may safely pass your word for me.

Bet. If the insolence of passion will not prevail, you must resume your modesty, whine civilly, and only wish your self dead; and be not amaz'd when she grows impatient. What, you smile at this good counsel?

D. Lewis. No, but it seems a little new.

Bet. The practice of it is as antient as the Love-tricks in *Troy*. But I have stayd too long. Beshrew my heart for my kindness to you. Go, Sir, steal through the Garden door. Farewel, Sir, and I pray give your man leave to shift your Trenchers before they are empty. He looks leaner than Lent.

Steph. Farewel false money.

Bet. Remember that I clipt your beard by Moon-shine, with the Gard'ners great Sheers when you lay asleep in the Arbour. O, y'are a proper Watchman to attend Lovers.

Steph. My Beard Mistress *Marmalad*.

Bet. Yes, when my Ladies little dog smelt you out, by the broken meat in your pocket.

Steph. Well, I'll marry thee for a month, that I may get authority to swaddle thee for having no Portion. [Exit.

Enter Ferdinand, Isabella.

Ferd. I'll rather dye than break my word.

Isab. Dear Father!

Ferd. You are a Fool, and all that you can hope, is that I may defer your marriage a few days. But was ever any business so incumber'd? My Son-in-law is offended, and my Nephew being the cause of it, I ought to be so too. Shall I abandon one and joyn with the other? I owe my self to one by blood, and to the other by honor.

Isab. It seems, Sir, 'twas *Don Lewis* that kill'd his Brother.

Ferd. Yes, and to encrease the perplexity, the Sister of *Don John* implores me against him: how can I, in honor, refuse to assist her? and to day my Nephew tells me, he has need of my advice against a man whom he has doubly offended, and that man must be my Son-in-law. Head hold out one day, and split not during this storm of business. Farewel, I'll go taste my Son-in-law. [Exit.

Isab. And I'll go weep. O Heaven! to what a Brute am I condemn'd? Was not my aversion a sufficient torment without giving me a new affliction by another passion? Was't not enough to be unhappy by the address of the Master, but I must love his Man? Ah, my stars hate me too much, when they make me love one whom

I dare not name to my own ear. Must I adore him who never can be mine, and at the same time abhor the Person for whom I am decreed? A third evil is join'd to th'other two. *Don Lewis*, whom I hate, loves me. At once I hate, and fear, and am in love. O who can deliver me from this entangled destiny?

Enter Don Lewis.

D. Lewis. 'Tis I, O charming *Isabella*! that will deliver you, and disengage you from *Don John*: for since *Don Lewis*, whom you have despis'd, is now admitted to your favour, your breath contains my Rivals destiny. Proscribe him with one word, and, with this Sword I am his Executioner.

Isab. Oh Heav'ns! dare you propose a mischief of this bloody shape? Be gone, unhappy Wretch: thou art unworthy of that pity, which, to the injury of Justice, thy name and blood being mine, makes me afford thee. How canst thou love me if thou thinkest me capable even but to hear thy black design? Fly, fly to *Burgos* with thy perfidiousness, and there go act thy Tragedies. Go and deceive the Sister of the Brother thou hast slain.

D. Lewis. Hah! if ever-----

Isab. Peace, peace, thou blackest of ill spirits, or I will fill the House with exclamations.

Enter Bettris.

Bet. Pray speak low; *Don Ferdinand* and the Son-in-law are upon the stairs, they may hear you. How shall we shift *Don Lewis* away, for *Don John*'s man is in the next Chamber. I would he would shew his extraordinary discretion and good meen some where else.

Isab. What shall we do?

D. Lewis. If I durst appear-----

Isab. Keep your expedients, for your own use; 'tis I that am concern'd now.

D. Lewis. If his angry man-----

Isab. Hold, Sir, he seems not one whose anger may be tam'd with threatening. *Bettris!*

Bet. Madam, I tremble all over. What think you if I awhile conceal *Don Lewis* in your Chamber?

Isab. Dispose of him any where, provided he be far from my sight.

Bet. Madam, be froward then a while; and raise your voice, and call me bold and impudent.

Isab. I understand you.

[*Exeunt Don Lewis, Bettris.*

You say *Don John* is not handsome.

[*Isabella speaks loud.*

What, he displeases you? you'll mend his making, I like him as he is. I would my Father heard you. Y'are insolent, be gone!

Enter D. Ferdinand, Jod. and D. John.

Ferd. We hear you Daughter. You are angry.

Isab. 'Tis only for a trifle which my Maid has lost.

Jod. Humph. This will not pass; for, though I'm stuff in the head, yet I can blow my Nose as well as another to smell things out. No, no, I see I may make love long enough before you smicker at me. You may e'en keep your Portion, I shall find my Land in the old Place.

Isab.

Isab. How, Sir, will you be gone?

Jod. When two or three have sufficiently forsworn themselves to you, then you'll tuck up your Petticoats and follow me to *Al-verad*.

D. John. This dull Rogue, for fear he should not be unlucky enough to do me mischief, makes it up with inundations of folly.

Ferd. Son-in-law, methinks your behaviour is a little out of fashion, and, in plain terms, you want wisdom.

Jod. Father-in-law, this is but a trick of mine to try her love. I'll sound her heart though it lies as deep as her belly.

Ferd. Nay they are politick in your Province. But if my Daughter be throughly anger'd—

Jod. These are a kind of witty frumps of mine like selling of Bargains; I'll come off well enough. Let's walk into the Gallery.

D. Ferd. For fear this extraordinary Brute should find out his Sister, I'll leave him in the hands of his Mistress. Stay here a while, Sir, with my Daughter. I must part from you one moment upon a pressing occasion.

[*Exit D. Ferd.*]

Jod. My dainty Dear; your Father being gone, and here being none but friends left, you may swear to me in private how much you love me. I'll say nothing to any body. I can keep secrets; for when I'm askt what a Clock 'tis, I never tell for fear men should take me for a blab.

Isab. Sir, I'll deal freely with you. I was never in love till to day: I had formerly an aversion to it, disdain was all my passion. Believe me, Sir, the flame of love is only known to me since your arrival. But since my love can meet none equal to it, should it rejoice when it encounters yours? No, Sir, to the contrary; I'm in extreme pain to see you love me, and that I must likewise love.

Jod. Humph! if I had not a great deal of wit I should hardly understand you.

Isab. Your passion equals not the price of mine, Though what is with you, and to you belongs, Is e'en all that which I do most adore, Yet in you is, all that which I abhor.

Jod. Hah! what belongs to me, and is with me, you adore, and what is in me, you abhor. Lady to such dark sayings as these, the ancient Philosophers of *Alverad* make answer in a subtle question; which is, Ridle my Ridle, what's this?

Isab. Sir, I must justifie my meaning to you, You doubt my flame, but, Sir, I say again I love that which is yours, and love it much.

In seeing it I altogether see
The object of my love, and then I burn and tremble,
Burn with desire, and tremble with my fear.
You cause at once my joy and my despair;
What evil can there be more strange and rare?

Which when I hide I then almost declare.
If I, to ease my pain, my mind reveal
I danger bring to that which I would heal.

D. John. She has wit prevailing as her beauty, but 'tis mystical.

Jod. If men swear they are bewitcht when they are in love, then I, being in love, may say you are a Witch, especially because you speak things as hard to be understood as Charms.

D. John. O Love, why art thou born with the disease of jealousy. All curses meet upon *Don Lewis*.

Jod. You, my Serving man, come nearer and make love for me, and afterwards we'll do it by turns.

D. John. But Sir—

Jod. How Coxcomb! perhaps you would give me counsel. Am not I your Master? does any man know so much as you the love I bear her, and who then can better tell her of it? That's fine y' faith; belike I want understanding to direct what's fit to be done.

D. John. Madam, I must obey since I am commanded.

Jod. The Fellow is afraid! Madam, he wants a little breeding, yet I have been a Pattern to him above seven years.

Isab. Sure he has been an ill observer then.

Jod. Sirrah, I say advance! and court her handsomly, whilst I go to the Gate, and consult with the Porter how to scatter a little Gold amongst the Servants, to shew my bounty and make Friends.

Isab. How shall I then get *Don Lewis* out: curse on this Fool Sir you must needs stay: for if th' Original be gone you'll have an ill account of the Copy: 'tis a hard thing to draw Love well.

Jod. If she should be now really in love with me, *{ D. John Courts*
then I were in a fine case. My Master wants no *{ her in whispers.*
Cudjels; and I should be the most beaten Bridegroom that ever meddled with more than his match. Let me consider. Hah, Master *Valet de Chambre*. Have I put you thence to do nothing. You talk in her ear, Sirrah, either speak out, or keep farther off.

D. John. Sir, I'm agham'd to speak loud, your Worship will but laugh at me.

Jod. No doubt of that. But I've a mind to laugh, for to say truth I am afraid of sighing. She's damnable handsom! *[Aside.*

D. John to Isabel aside.

When Love's afraid, do not that fear dispise;
Flame trembles most when it doth highest rise;
And yet my love may justly be disdain'd,
Since you believe it from a Lover feign'd.
I am not here that which I ought to be,
I serve, yet from all bonds but yours am free.
Though Player-like I feign my Masters part,
Yet real jealousy afflicts my heart.
For whilst his feigned Rival I appear,
I then another real Rival fear.

Isab. This language has more mystery than mine.

Jod. A real Rival. That's I or *Don Lewis*. A pox o' these intoxicating Riddles; can any man stand still when charms make his head turn round? I'll hear no more of 'em. Avant *Jodelet*! thou art a foolish Conjuror! Presto, be gone!

D. John. Is your Worship in earnest?

Jod. I've a thought in my head worth the weight of it in Gold. Hah! now I have lost it. Sweet Nosegay of my Nose, when I remember you I always forget my self: or else 'tis that Baggage *Bettis*, which transports me; for, to say truth, she runs in my mind too. My Serving man be gone.

D. John. I must obey you, Sir.

Jod. You'd tain stay to sing Loth to depart. Why then I say-----
[D. John goes and stands close at the door.

I will

I will be left alone with my Mistress.

Isab. How, Sir, alone? what will the Servants say?

Jod. What can they say when I think fit to be private?

Isab. I'm sure *Bettris* will take notice of it.

Jod. That's true, for *Bettris* likes me so well, that if she see us making love it may cost her half her life. But that's all one, I love you only.

Isab. Yes and *Bettris* also.

Jod. Faith Lady I am free of making my best parts known. What, I have made you jealous of me? That's another of my Politick Love-tricks. I'm grown so subtle that the Devil will be afraid of me. But let him shun me then: for take one time with another, he does me more hurt than good.

Isab. But, Sir, what mean you? why must we be alone?

Jod. To shew my confidence: for let 'em say what they will, I dare trust my self with you. I have not seen the Balcony yet. Let's go take the Air.

Isab. There is no wind stirring.

D. John. What new firck of folly has enter'd into the Rascals head? I must observe him.

Jod. Come along sweet heart.

Isab. You shall excuse me, Sir. I'll not stir from hence.

Jod. How, not stir? my Dear, you must know I'm very cho-lerick-----

Isab. What drawn by force? y'are insolent.

[He offers to reach her hand.]

Jod. My Duck you are squeamish. Lord, what diff'rence there is in People? you see I am not so-----

Isab. Rude wretch forbear! wer't not for that patience which is ordain'd me by my Father, I'd tear your eyes out with these hands.

Jod. With those hands? you'd please me more, if you would let me kiss 'em.

Isab. Sir, you are mad, and would make me so too. Is this the brutish Courtship of your Province?

D. John. O Villain! you would presume to kiss her hand.

[Exit.]

[D. John surprises him.]

Jod. 'Tis a strange thing to see how men may be mistaken.

'Twas she, Sir, would presume to kiss mine.

D. John. Slave! you are in jeast then, and you think I'm so too.

I'll make you repent your impudence----- [D. John strikes him.]

Jod. Sir, why Master, Pray Sir?

D. John. Pattern of Rogues! thou Gallows climber!

[D. John kicks him.]

Jod. Nay pray, Sir, do not punish behind; all that I said to her was face to face.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. 'Tis anger, and grows loud. Pray heav'n they have not found the mischievous *Don Lewis*.

D. John. Dog! you may be glad that my respect to her presence stops my fury.

Jod. Now she's here, if I should strike him he dares not discover himself.

[Jodelet assaults D. John.]

I'll teach you to speak ill of *Isabella*. Is she but reasonable hand[som]?
Hah!——

Isab. Ah do not strike him Sir. Be not cruel to your Servant.

[*Jod. speaks low and fast to Don John.*]

Jod. Sir, I must counterfeit your person to the life, you use to kick too. I have a great mind to give you a taste of my foot, that I may resemble you thoroughly.

D. John. Be less in earnest when you counterfeit, or I'll cut your throat.

Isab. Rude man! what has he done to you?

Jod. These are cholerick heats which pass away, Lady. If I should kick him I could not hurt him; he's all oak behind, meer Wancote-board. We who have tender toes are ill provided for tough Bums.

D. John speaks softly to him again.

D. John. Sirrah! were not she here——

Jod. He sits too much on bare Benches and Joynt-stools. I must buy Cushions for him to make him softer.

Isab. But how has he deserv'd this usage?

Jod. He said your beauty could not kill a man a mile off.

Isab. Was that all, Sir? If he hates me, alas! he knows not yet he is ingrateful.

D. John. I can no longer defer it. I must discover my self——

Jod. Sirrah, begone. Expect nothing from me but a Cudgel to measure your bones. Lady, may I not strip him naked, and keep his clothes now I turn him away?

Isab. O no, Sir, if I have any credit with you, turn him not away.

D. John aside. Did ever Rogue use his Master thus, or Master so foolishly trust the discretion of his Man?

Jod. My Lilly white Lamb! you are too merciful. I cannot stay near you upon such cowardly terms. I'll into the Garden a while. We men of mettle use to walk a turn to cool our courage. [Exit.]

Isab. aside. I blush, and know not what to say.

Is Love a crime when it usurps a Monarchs power
In giving dignity to that which it esteems?

You were e're while another person and

[To Don John.]

Did represent *Don John*, and then I spoke

Some words which you might misinterpret to

Be Love. But, you are now poor *Jodlet*,

And ought to alter your opinion of my

Passion since your person's chang'd.

D. John. Madam, If I had reason to believe
That you esteem'd *Don John*, I should grow weary
Of my being as I am, and represent again
The person that I was.

Isab. Sure you esteem him much, since you
Can take such pleasure in assuming of his love.

D. John. Next my desire of Heav'n I wish *Don John*
Made happy by your love with *Hymen's* rites.

Isab. I'll leave you till you learn to ask of Heaven
A better destiny for me, that so I may
Be taught to make an equal wish for you.

D. John. Her love does still grow darker, yet I see,
By too much light my cause of Jealousie.

[Exit.]

Enter

Enter Bettris.

Bet. Don John, your Countrey-Lover is gone into the Town to learn civility, He needs not stay long, for he may be taught it in the street by every Mule he meets.

Isab. Did you see him go out?

Bet. Madam, he is not found about the House; and I may now release Don Lewis from his confinement.

Isab. Be sure you do it presently; and then make haste to find me in the Garden.

[Exit.

Bet. I saw just now the weeping Lady: she's unluckily broke loose too. I would we were well rid of these foolish Lovers. Sure common understanding has left the World. Young people cannot meet privately but they must needs fall in love.

[Exit.

Enter Lucilla veil'd.

Luc. 'Tis strange Don Ferdinand should use me thus. Is this protection when he strait abandons me? He told me, he would return in a moment; and then (as if grown weary of civility, and of lending me his Chamber for shelter) he went perhaps to divert himself in the Town. I heard just now a noise like the confusion of a quarrel. This is an ill sign of my secure retreat. I must proceed in order to my safety; and yet I ought t'advertise them before I go. Sure this is *Isabella's* Chamber; the door is open; I'll in, and take my leave of her.

[Enter D.Lewis.

Hah! I discern a man, and I can't avoid him

D.Lewis. I hope my friend *Bettris* (whom I have bound to me with the strings of my Purse) does mean to make this Chamber my Lodging. O dear *Isabella*! whither would you run so fast?

[He spies Lucilla veil'd.

How, will you not vouchsafe to hear me? Alas! allow me but one word. You have reproacht my love as criminal; thinking some other beauty has possess'd my heart. Have I not sworn, that she who does pretend to it had but the promises of my pity? and since I saw her at *Burgos*, I never did retain her in my thought?

Lucill. O Heavens! I have not patience to hear more. { she opens False man! behold her now: For I am she who too much } her Veil. has lov'd thee, and whom thou never lov'dst. She, whose fatal and unexperienc'd heart too soon believ'd thy many Oaths. She, who does hate thee now, and will proclaim thy perjuries. She, whom thou call'dst thy Soul and Queen, is now without a Brother, without her honour, and is less provided for than Birds blown off to Sea by Tempests.

D.Lewis. Hear me but speak!

Luc. No Traitor, no. Thy former perjuries have stop't my ears so much that I can hear no more. Help ho! help!

D.Lewis. Ah, Madam, give me then leave to swear, and you shall soon be satisfied.

Luc. Soul without faith! canst thou again expect belief? Help ho! help!

Enter

Enter Don John,

D. John. This grief is loud, and 'tis a womans voice.

Lucil. O Heav'ns! whom do I see?

D. John. Hah! is not that my Sister?

Lucilla aside. I call for help, and Heav'n has sent destruction in a Brother.

D. John aside. My eyes cannot mistake. She is my Sister;
And th'other is the object of my jealousy.
I have enough of anger for 'em both.

D. Lewis. He carries mischief in his eyes,
But seems in doubt, on which of us he should direct it first.

D. John aside. I am too certain of my Sisters crime,
But have not such sufficient proofs as may
Allow my jealousy just leave to be
Reveng'd on him; I'll then begin with her.
O thou unhappy, wicked woman!——

Lucil. If I am wicked think me then
More fit to have some time for prayer.

D. Lewis. Hold! hold! I'll undertake her quarrel,
Though with that voice which brought the hither she
Was calling for revenge on me. But tell
Me by what title thou pretend'st to have
Authority to punish her?

D. John. I ought to do it.

D. Lewis. That's insolence. Art thou not a Servant?

D. John. *D. John's* my Master, and his honour's mine.

Lucilla aside. My ruine was prepar'd by some design;
Else wherefore should my Brother hide himself
In this disguise?

D. Lewis. Shall I endure to be affronted twice by him
Who serves my equal?—— [*Lucilla endeavours to go out.*]

D. John. Hah! Are you going? stay! who brought you to
This House? and wherefore did you call for help?

Lucilla. You shall know all, I enter'd in this Chamber to see *Isabella*,
where I found this man; but cannot tell for what intent he
there did hide himself. I then cry'd out at the surprise, and tremble
still——

D. John. Enough! my jealousy is apt to credit his offence.
I'll shut the door—— [*Goes backward and shuts the door.*]

Lucil. My fear will kill me to prevent your cruelty.

D. John. *Don Lewis* I shall give you cause to shew your valour——

D. Lewis. I think it honour'd when 'tis us'd in her defence, but it
deserves a nobler trial than your hand can make——

Lucil. Oh fatal hour! how many deaths shall I endure?

My perjur'd Lover is yet kind when he
Does strive to rescue me.

[*A noise of knocking within.*]

D. Lewis. The people of the house will force the door.

D. John. No matter, Sir. Let us dispatch——

D. Ferd. within. Let's force our passage and break thorough.

Lucil. I'm counsell'd both by fear and love to open it.

D. John speaks low to Lucilla. Stir not to let them in; for if by thee
I am discover'd——

Enter

Enter Don Ferdinand and Isabella.

Lucil. Ah? *Don Ferdinand!* call all your Servants to your aid.

D.Ferd. Proceed not in your fury, for by death
I swear, that he who does not sheath his sword,
Engages me against him. Oh what strange
Unlucky wonders meet to day t'amaze
And ruine me? Nephew, who put you here?
Ah! *Lucilla*, who discover'd you? And you, [*Speaks to D. John.*
What Devil urges you? who since you came into
My house have speat no minute but in quarrels.

D.Lewis Hear me, and you shall straight know all.

D. John. No, let me speak! for I can better
Tell it, Sir, than he. But I must first demand
If *Lucilla* did not in your house conceal her self?
And likewise if *Don Lewis* be not your near Kinsman?

D.Ferd. The one and th'other too is true.

D. John. And is't not reason that a Servant, Sir,
Should own an int'rest in his Masters honour?

D.Ferd. That cannot be deny'd.

D. John. Then, Sir, observe if I am wrong'd.
I enter'd here, urg'd by *Lucilla's* cries.
She found (as I believe, by accident)
Don Lewis in this Chamber where your Daughter lodges.
I in *Lucilla* saw the signs of a surprize.
'Tis evident to reason that he was hidden here all day;
For I have so observ'd all passage to the street
That it was hard for him to scape my eyes,

D.Lewis aside. This reasoning does appear too much refin'd,
For one of his coorse quality.

D. John. My Master (who is to marry *Isabella*,
And is Brother to *Lucilla*) must be offended
For his Mistress or his Sister: and it
Is likely he is wrong'd in both. My duty
Therefore is to finish my Revenge upon *Don Lewis*.

D.Lewis. You are a man of rare dispatch, who are
So sure to finish that which is not yet begun. —

D.Ferd. *Don Lewis*, stay! Art thou mad? stay *Jodlet!* I prithee
hold! This is the most perplext encounter that I ever saw.

Isab. He certainly is jealous for his Master.

Ah *Jodlet!* let me intreat you to retire.

D. John. Madam, for your sake I will prescribe the means how to
defer this quarrel; which is, that each engage his promise to me.
You, *Don Ferdinand*, to render *Lucilla* in her Brothers power when
he requires it. And you, *Don Lewis*, to make a trial of your valour
with *Don John* when he invites you to the Field.

D.Lewis. I cannot without some torment, make promises of ho-
nour to one of thy low condition.

D. John. *Don John*, Sir, is no more a man than I am.
But if he fails to call you suddenly
T'accompt, then you shall know whether I'm now,
Or may be made hereafter, fit to entertain your sword.

D.Ferd. Enough, we promise that which you desire.

Nay,

Nay, Nephew, you are wont to yeild to my Authority.

D. Lewis. Well, Sir; your pleasure is my Law;

And here I give my promise.

D. John. And I mine, that *Don John* shall justifie this quarrel.

D. Lewis. Nothing does then remain but that I seek
Your Master out to morrow.

D. John. Your journey, Sir, will not be far to find him.

D. Ferd. I'll be the foremost in the search.

D. John. You'll give me leave to follow you.

D. Ferd. That will be needful, and without delay.

Isab. This man is brave and loyal where he serves.
All is perplex. O Love lend me thy Clue
To lead me safe through this dark Labyrinth.

Lucil. *Don Lewis* now, does, after cruelty,
Shew some remorse in my defence; and I
Am apt to think him penitent. But death
Will soon a period give to Love and Fear.

D. Ferd. To morrow early is the appointed time to seek *D. John*.
Night now has drawn her Curtains close. Let me
Conduct you to your several beds, where sleep
May quench that fire which makes your anger rash.

D. John. My pretious rogue stole out to shun a quarrel.
His fear does ever make him sick, and I shall
Find him drunk, for that's his constant cure.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Stephano, Sancho.

*A Table spread with Linen, Trenchers and Spoons are set out, and
five Chairs.*

Steph. This Room standing in the Garden, at distance from the
House, seems built for our purpose. Our happy hour is come. Dear
Signior *Sancho*, shall we be merry?

Sancho. As Maids?

Steph. Is there any Creature, except Man, that has the wit to be
merry at Midnight?

Sancho. The Owle.

Steph. Yare in the right. But what shall we have to make us re-
joyce besides a Sack-poffet?

Sancho. Fiddles.

Steph. Your words are seldom many, but always pithy. *Heark!*
there's something stirring behind the Hanging.

Sancho. A Rat.

Steph. If it be a Rat, then it has shooes on, for it treads hard.
rather fear 'tis the old Rat-catcher your Master, that has caught us
here in a Trap. Who's there?

Jod. within speaks low. A Friend.

Steph. 'Tis a Mans voice, but he speaks so low, that he seems more
afraid than we are. Who is it?

Jod. within. 'Tis I.

Steph. That were some answer to the question, if we knew him
that made it.

Jod. within. Who are you?

Steph. To testifie that our being here is not for any harm, you may
know that we——

Sancho. Are we.

Steph.

steph. Well said, *Signior Sancho*; that's a valuable return of intelligence from us for what he gave of himself.

Jod. Nay, if you name *Signior Sancho*, [Enter Jodelet.
Don John may appear.

steph. aside to Sanch. Our sport is prevented. We may e'en hang up our Fiddles and our selves by 'em. Who sent him hither?

Sanch. The Devil.

steph. Pray, Sir, what occasion brought you behind the Hanging?

Jod. I was led thither by Conscience.

steph. Conscience is a good Guide, Sir.

Jod. *Don Ferdinand's* House is so full of quarrels as makes it very wearisom to one that has been already too much tir'd in the Field with wicked entertainments of honour.

steph. Sir you shew both your valour and your reason.

Jod. My Man *Jodelet* is honest: but the Cutlers of *Toledo* are not able to make Swords enough to furnish his Duels.

steph. Say you so, Sir?

Jod. If the old Roarer, *Satan*, were young again, my Man were fit to serve him.

steph. aside to Sanch. The man of blood which he mentions is your Guest to night, *Signior Sancho*, but not fit to be treated with a tame Sack-Poffet. What shall we provide for him?

Sanch. Raw Puddings.

Jod. Friends, to deal entirely with you, I stole hither to hide my self, partly out of Conscience, but more out of discretion: for 'tis not fit a Gentleman of my Possessions, and near marriage, should upon every peevish humor of his Servant venture his Estate and Body---

Sanch. Politick.

steph. But, Sir, your man is coming hither. We expect him in a moment.

Jod. I'll not see him till his foolish quarrels are ended.

steph. Then, Sir, you must please to retire again behind the Hanging.

Jod. Agreed. My Friends, no words where I am.

steph. Fy, no, Sir. But we shall stay here long. I hope you can have patience.

Jod. Lord Friends, you do not yet understand my disposition, for 'tis my patience which makes me steal from quarrels.

steph. You must be as little heard as seen. I hope you are not troubled with a Cold, nor apt to fall asleep?

Jod. What mean you?

steph. Why, Sir, I would not have you cough.

Sanch. Nor snore.

Jod. Friends, I say again you know me not throughly. Tell not me of snoring: I dare snore with any man in *Spain*, and (hap what hap may) I'll venture again behind the Hanging to hide my self.

steph. Nay, Sir, we know you are valiant.

Sanch. And wise. [Exit Jodelet:

Enter Bettris, Laura.

Bet. Sancho, our Entertainment is provided, are your Stomachs ready?

Sanch. They are.

Lau. Then help to bring it to the Table. [Enter Don John.

Sanch. In state. [Exit and brings in a great Basin with a Possset.

Bet. Signior Jodelet you make good your promise, for you come in the very nick.

Sanch. In Possset time.

Enter two young Women who assist in the Dance.

D. John. Who are these?

Bet. Two young marry'd Neighbours that long'd for Sack-Possset.

D. John. Are your Ladies asleep!

Bet. They went to Bed as early as Brides, and I hope will lye as long as Bridegrooms.

D. John. Then the Maids may be as merry as the Men.

Steph. And encounter a whole Pail of Possset.

Enter Jodelet.

Jod. I'll meet as many quarrels as there be Drunkards in Dutch-land rather than miss a Sack-Possset.

D. John. Ha! how comes he here?

Bet. Beshrew your heart Signior Don John for starting forth so suddenly. 'Tis well we were all awake.

Lau. If we had not been us'd to meet men in the dark it might have frighted us.

Jod. Ladies, without sans ceremony, I'll sit down first.

Sanch. And I.

D. John whispers Jodelet. Villain be gone to my Chamber; you'll still discover your coorse breeding.

Jod. Prithee forbear thy good manners to thy Master, sit down, sit down; I say sit down. There are seasons when Masters may be familiar with their men.

D. John whispers Jodelet. Sirrah, I'll cut your throat.

Jod. whispers D. John. I had rather you should cut my throat than cousin my belly.

D. John. Villain, hast thou the impudence to stay?

Jod. Lord what ado here is with civilities out of season: once more I charge thee to sit down, and I give thee leave to be familiar.

D. John. Rogue! to morrow will come.

Jod. Still over-mannerly! Ladies pray take your Spoons. This Coxcomb my Man is so troublesom with his untimely respects.

D. John. You will not stir then?

Jod. Prithee put thy Hat on. Ladies, when I am at home and a little in drink, I often sit with my Servants.

D. John. Ladies and Gentlemen, having my Masters leave I will presume on yours.

Sanch. You may.

Jod. I suppose the Possset is very hot, but *Coragio* is the word. 'Tis but the spoiling of a few good teeth. I'll venture at it.

Sanch. And I.

Jod. Hold, I will first taste----'Tis as hot as if they had strew'd it with parcht Pepper instead of Cinnamon.

[He sputters as if his mouth were burnt.

Sanch. Stay! stay!

Bet.

Bel. Why Signior *Sancho*?

Sanch. Stir it——

[*They all stir, and then eat together.*]

Jod. Ladies you eat too fast.

[*D. John rises and whispers Jodelet again.*]

D. John. Dog! Shew more civility, and do not disgrace the person whom you counterfeit.

Jod. I tell thee 'twill not make me sick. I have been us'd to abundance of Posslet. This good natur'd Fool takes such care of my health.

Bel. Signior *Jodelet* pray sit down again, and take care of your own health; Posslets are very wholesom.

Laur. Pray do, Sir, The Cinnamon is good against wind.

Steph. Mistress *Bettris*, here's to your good health, and to yours Mistress *Laura*.

Sanch. To both.

[*Sancho slabbars his Beard.*]

Jod. Signior *Sancho*, that sponge your Beard, soaks up too much of the Posslet.

Sanch. It doth.

Jod. I only civilly suppose it doth.

Sanch. All stay——

[*He takes a huge Knife out of his Pocket, scrapes the Posslet off from his Beard, and then eats it.*]

Jod. Who will pledge the Founders health?

D. John. Let it come. I am your Man.

Jod. You are so; but a very sawcy one: you use to talk and give counsel over your Liquor.

D. John. Your Noble Worship may say your pleasure. I know you love men that ply their Posslet.

Jod. I am for men of few words. Let such a one answer to *Masquedit*. Here's the Founders health.

Sanch. Tope.

D. John. Signior *Sancho*, you made a promise of Fiddles. I pray forbear your Spoon while that you may call for 'em.

Sanch. I shall.

Laur. Servant I pray do!

Jod. Signior *Sancho*, let us have fair play. Did you invite your Beard to half the Posslet?

Sanch. Few words are best.

Steph. In what sense Signior *Sancho*?

Sanch. In Posslet.

D. John. Come, Sir, dispatch; for brevity is as convenient in Posslet as it is in Speech. I'll give you a Song if you will call for Musick.

Sanch. Firk your Fiddles.

The SONG in Recitativo and in Parts.

D. John. **T**HE Bread is all bak'd,

THE Embers are rak'd;

'Tis Midnight now by Chanticlears first crowing.

Let's kindly carouse

Whilst 'top of the House

The Cats fall out in the heat of their wooing.

Time, whilst thy Hour-glass does run out,

This flowing Glass shall go about.

Z Z Z

Stay,

*Stay, stay, the Nurse is wak'd, the Child does cry,
No Song so ancient is as Lulla-by.*

*The Cradle's rockt, the Child is hush'd again,
Then hey for the Maids, and ho for the Men.*

Now ev'ry one advance his Glas;

Then all at once together clash,

Experienc'd Lovers know

This clashing does but show,

That as in Musick so in Love must be

Some discord to make up a harmony.

Sing, sing! When Crickets sing why should not we?

The Crickets were merry before us;

They sung us thanks e're we made them a fire.

They taught us to sing in a Chorus:

The Chimney is their Church, the Ov'n their Quier.

Once more the Cock cryes Cock-a-doodle-doo.

The Owl cryes o're the Barn, to-whit-to-whoo!

Benighted Travellers now lose their way

Whom Will-of-the-wisp bewitches:

About and about he leads them astray

Through Bogs, through Hedges and Ditches.

Heark! heark! the Cloyster Bell is rung!

Alas! the Midnight Dirge is sung.

Let 'em ring,

Let 'em sing,

Whilst we spend the Night in love and in laughter.

When Night is gone

O then too soon

The discords, and cares of the Day come 'after.

Come Boys! a health, a health, a double health

To those who scape from care by shunning wealth.

Dispatch it away

Before it be day.

'Twill quickly grow early when it is late:

A health to thee,

To him, to me,

To all who Beauty love, and Bus'ness hate.

Jod. Well, my Man were an incomparable Varlet if he would
forbear to give me counsel in whispers. *Jodelet.*

D. John. Sir.

Jod. Lead 'em a Dance. I'll have a Dance.

D. John. My feet are at your service, Sir.

Whispers? As you shall feel to morrow by a score of kicks which

Jodelet. I reserve for you.

Jod. Heark, he's giving me counsel again. I say lead 'em a Dance.

The DANCE. Which being ended a Bell rings within.

Bet. My Ladies little Dog has wak'd her. Alas! now the sweet of
the Night is coming we must all part.

D. John whispers Jod. Sirrah, follow me to my Chamber.

[*Exeunt all several ways but Jodelet.*]

Jod. Not to night good Signior *Don John,*

I'll

I'll sooner follow a Drum that beats for Volunteers to the North of Norway. The back door of the Garden is only bolted within. I'll steal forth, and to morrow when sleep has made him tamer I'll return.

I'll rather feed with Fiends on Brimstone Broth,
Than eat Sack Poffet with a man of wrath. [Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE. I.

Enter Laura, Stephano.

Laura. YOU are very inquisitive.

Steph. And you are very secret.

Laur. Do you intend me that as commendation?

Steph. Yes, and yet I do not thank you for it.

Laur. You may take your praise back again, for I will not be commended for keeping that secret which I do not know.

Steph. Can you be ignorant of the Lady whom you serve?

Laur. I told you I had not serv'd her above three days. But still you are inquisitive, and why I pray?

Steph. The endeavour of knowing things shews diligence of the Mind, and you should praise me for it.

Laur. Those may praise Spies who employ 'em.

Steph. You take me then for a Spy?

Laur. So impertinent a Spy that I wonder you do not walk with a Lanthorn when the Sun shines.

Steph. What to seek chaste women as *Diogenes* sought honest men. Come, I confess you have wit.

Laur. I thank you, Sir.

Steph. I would you would thank me for being in love with your beauty.

Laur. Love! Is that Fools-Bauble in fashion still?

Steph. 'Tis the only fashion which never changes.

Laur. Mistress *Bettris* will hardly believe you.

Steph. No, she believes in nothing but Marriage.

Laur. O, cry you mercy, for indeed Marriage is grown as dangerous as love is foolish.

Enter Sancho.

Steph. I'll retire to make that Coxcomb jealous. [Exit Steph.

Sanch. How! hah!

Laur. O Signior *Sancho*, 'tis well you are come.

Sanch. Too well.

Laur. Your Friend *Stephano* would fain be your Rival, but you are the man for whom I mean to fight.

Sanch. Yes, much!

Laur. I'll lay my life you are jealous.

Sanch. Who, I?

Laur. Pray come from behind your Beard and shew your bare face if you are angry.

Sanch.

Sancho. I am.

Laur. If you are, I can endure it.

Sancho. You can?

Laur. Yes.

Sancho. Who cares?

Laur. You do.

Sancho. Not this——

[*Makes a sign of disdain with his thumb at his teeth.*]

Laur. 'Tis well.

Sancho. 'Tis ill.

Laur. 'Tis not.

Sancho. You lye.

Laur. Hey day!

Sancho. Hey too!

Laur. Farewell.——

Sancho. Go.——

[*Exit Sancho.*]

Enter Stephano, Bettris.

Steph. How now Mistress *Laura*?

Laur. This Steward, though he be exceeding dull, is very sharp at reparties.

Bet. Why, what has he said?

Laur. He gave me the lye.

Steph. 'Tis impossible.

Laur. If he did not I'm an Eunuch.

Steph. None but a Eunuch would have done't.

Laur. *Don Ferdinand* has been gallant in his youth: he shall repair my honour.

I'll tell him how often this *Tarquin*-Steward would have kist me by force.

Steph. Kist you! fye, that's a paw-word.

Bet. No, no, he's a cleanly man, and would only have brusht your lips with his Beard.

Laur. May be so, for they grow somewhat dusty for want of use.

Bet. *Don Ferdinand* shall not wake his sleeping Sword in this quarrel; trust me for your revenge.

Laur. Why, what will you do?

Bet. I'll render *Sancho* up to your correction, and he shall be then as blind as *Cupid*.

Steph. But how?

Bet. He shall feel our persecution and not see it.

Laur. You have some design, but 'tis very dark.

Bet. You know the Ladies and our Masters are lately much retir'd with thoughtful intanglements of love and anger: which will give me opportunity to invite solemn *Sancho* this Evening to our Room of Revels in the Garden.

Laur. Well, what then?

Bet. You likewise know, he passionately loves a Sack-Poffet.

Steph. Most longingly.

Bet. Then you apprehend my Bait; but instead of that for his entertainment he shall entertain us with sport sufficiently ridiculous, though it be more out of fashion than himself or a Morrice.

Laur. I long to see it but——

Bet. No more questions. Let's presently go in and consult. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter

Enter Isabella, Lucilla.

Isab. You must not think of your escape from hence.

Luc. Whilst you are civil you are cruel too.

Fair *Isabella*, let me take my leave.

Isab. My Father is not easily deceiv'd;
Whilst you attempt it you deceive your self.
Your reconciliation with your Brother may
Seem difficult at first, but if you doubt
My Fathers skill to govern him, you must
Depend on Heav'n, and then you must have faith.

Luc. Nothing but death can quench my Brothers wrath,
Pray free your self from the unfortunate;
These tears agree not with your Nuptial joys:
And let me tell you (what you soon will find)
Don John is nothing less than what he seems.

Isab. I saw him in the Garden but just now, and my Maid
Walking towards him. Go hide your self.
Pass through the Gall'ry up the Tarras-stairs into my Closet, where
I will meet you straight. I will awhile conceal my self in some close
Arbor to observe him and *Bettris* together. [Exeunt.]

Enter Don Lewis, Stephano.

D. Lewis. Some heav'nly power contrives these accidents; they
have a secret method in them, and more than Fortune makes me
still unhappy.

Steph. I am amaz'd that you by chance should court her whom
you forsook, and meet the Mistress here from whom you fled so many
Miles.

D. Lewis. Hast thou discours'd with her Maid?

Steph. Yes, but she is newly come into her service, and is either
a stranger to her Ladies designs, or else so secret that no man but
a Husband can see her bosom bare.

D. Lewis. Heav'n takes *Lucilla's* part against me, for I have done
her wrong.

Steph. O, have you so? you Lovers are very diligent Spies and
bold, but very incredulous; you always are scouting abroad, yet
never see or believe mischief till you feel it.

D. Lewis. I think she loves me and with true passion.

Steph. But you love another, and that's a rare remedy for her
disease.

D. Lewis. I am perplex beyond the help of reason. I know there
are Laws against irregular Love, but Nature never made 'em. I would
thou wert valiant.

Steph. So would not I. I'm content to have no holes in my skin
rather than pay a Surgeon to sow 'em up.

D. Lewis. Well, however I would thou hadst courage.

Steph. Then I should be an Ass in sight of my understanding, and
fight for Fame, the Fools Mistress.

D. Lewis. *Don John's* man is saucily insolent, and his condition is
below the revenge of my Sword; but if thou hadst courage to under-
take him—

Steph.

steph. Sir, I never question'd my own courage, and I wish no man may, for I, and others too may be mistaken.

D. Lewis. I am going now where I shall meet *D. Ferdinand*, who will bring me an account of *Don John*.

steph. Sir, I told you my infirmity when you first receiv'd me under your Roof. I'll serve you faithfully, but I must obey the King, who does enjoin peace amongst his Subjects.

D. Lewis. Well, though thou hast no courage, yet I am satisfy'd with thy diligence. I stole hither chiefly to make thee encrease thy acquaintance with *Laura*, *Lucilla's* Maid: and whatsoever shall succeed upon this engagement of my honour, be sure to endeavour that she may give good impressions of me to her Mistress.

steph. This, Sir, is a work of peace, and I dare go through with it; but as for matters of strife if you would take my advice—

D. Lewis. No more words. I'll take no counsel from men that are afraid.

steph. Well, Sir, Fortune be your Friend. But I humbly conceive that men of discretion seldom depend upon her courtesie.

[*Exeunt several ways.*]

Enter Jodelet and Bettris.

Bet. I will assure you, Sir, you have been sought, and for my part, I was so concern'd in your absence that I offer'd to employ the Town-Cryer.

Jod. It had been to no purpose, for that publick voice cannot be heard. Alas, he's grown hoarse with crying for lost Maidenheads.

Bet. Sir, you are sometimes merry, but always wise.

Jod. Alas! not I! yet it seems I am of some importance, since I have been so much sought. But who were the searchers?

Bet. Your Father-in-Law, and *Don Lewis*. Your Man too was so sad, as if he had not only lost his Master, but his wages.

Jod. I owe him nothing but a Cudgel for being so saucy as to miss me without my order. May not a Master steal out to seek a Mistress unless he ask leave of his Man?

Bet. But where were you, Sir?

Jod. I was invited by a Friend to a dish of stew'd Tripes with Garlick. What Key is that?

Bet. It belongs to your Chamber. *Don Ferdinand* has appointed you another Lodging near the Garden.

Jod. I had rather it had been near the Kitchen. I esteem his Cook above his Gardener. The steam of Beef to me, who am not over-curious, is better than the odour of Violets. But why am I remov'd?

Bet. The old Gentleman is afraid of scandal. And, to say truth, it might do some harm to you (I mean to your modest reputation) if, before the Marriage Night, you should be lodg'd too near his Daughter.

Jod. Nay, let her look to that; I care not what People say, when I am innocent. But, dear *Bettris*, thou dost not know how much I love thee.

Bet. How should I know it? you take me to be old; I'm none of those who pretend to knowledge.

Jod. I ever lov'd one of thy complexion; ever: and since I saw thee first I have been as hot as any Pepper.

Bet.

Bet. Why truly, Sir (though I blush when I say it) I ever lov'd all the *Don Johns* in the world; and when you first came hither my foolish heart----but I'll say no more.

Jod. Nay we must be secret: for if the least notice be taken of it, I shall straight have flushings in my face; and blush like a rose.

Bet. I'm sure you make me hide mine. I pray stand farther off.

Jod. Poor little Fool. Well, innocence is a strange thing; it makes us strange to one another, but a little of that which ancient People call wickedness will make us familiar. I prethee shew me the way down to my Chamber.

Bet. sighing. Hey down a down! in troth y'are an odd man. You make me sigh e'en when I sing. Here take the Key: I'll be gone.

Jod. Pretty Thief! I could find in my heart to weep when I think thou wilt be hang'd for stealing mens hearts. Dear Slut-----I am Maudlin-kind, would I had one of thy Hoods to cover my face; I shall be so asham'd if I'm seen thus whining for thee. But 'tis no matter; go, lead the way to my Chamber. I'll sneak after thee.

Bet. You must follow me apace then; for I'm a very light Hus-wife.

[She runs away.]

Jod. The Bunting is flown. Now I could e'en weep indeed. I must for very shame overtake her.

[Isabel starts from the door, and surprises him.]

Isab. Stay, *Don John*! what are you courting my Maid?

Jod. We are only at Childrens play. Are you so old that you have forgot it? 'Tis hide-and-seek, and when Maids run away, then the Boys make haste to catch 'em.

Isab. Is't nothing else? But however, I did not think you had been so wanton.

Jod. The tricks of youth are left when we grow old.

Isab. But you'll beget an ill opinion of your Chastity; and give me cause to doubt your affection.

Jod. Our future Spouse, you may go spin! Madam-Nature is a greater Lady than you, and I was always her humble Servant; and those who speak against it may stop their mouths with a Fig.

Isab. It seems you are displeas'd. I'll leave you, Sir.

Jod. Most wise Lady, and also most beautiful, you cannot do better.

Isab. I'll take your opinion. Fare you well, Sir. *[Exit.]*

Jod. Humph! Are you so proud because of your portion: this is only her want of breeding. Methinks I counterfeit a *Don John* rarely; for Husbands of quality must be sometime discontented with their Wives, and often pleas'd with their Maids.

Enter Don Ferdinand.

D. Ferd. *Don John*, I am glad (after some affection and care in seeking you) that you are not lost.

Jod. Most careful, Sir, I also am glad, and for the seekers sake, because the loss would be his. I think that was spoken again like a *Don John*. But what are your commands?

Ferd. Have you heard nothing of your Man *Jodelet*? nothing from any of his acquaintance?

Jod. I use not to converse with my Mans Companions.

Ferd. But something, Sir, will be propos'd to you, which in a season before marriage, may be, perhaps, a little unpleasant.

A a a

Jod.

Jod. How? what is it?

Ferd. You must absolutely; but, Sir, excuse me, for I speak with some regret.——

Jod. What, must I, Sir? pray speak the worst, and let it out for your own ease, if you are troubled with keeping it in.

Ferd. You are invited to the Field; and it imports you much.

Jod. Is that all? A turn or two in the field is wholesom after a full stomach.

Ferd. But, Sir, it is to fight.

Jod. That may import me much indeed. I do not like the phrase of being invited to the Field to be kill'd. Men are very simple when they go into a Grave to take the air.

Ferd. It is the fashion, Sir, and men of honor have allow'd it.

Jod. The fashion? but, Sir, if without resistance, I am contented to go peaceably into the field, why should any man who meets me there be angry? especially when, perhaps, his being pleas'd would at that time better agree with my disposition?

Ferd. I know not what you mean.

Jod. I am sorry for't: I held you to be an old Gentleman of a long understanding: but to speak plainly, why should a man take the pains to walk a mile to meet another who is of a different humour?

Ferd. You have been bred to ask that question?

Jod. *Don Ferdinand*, you seem sometimes not very wise. I doubt that in your youth y've been inclin'd to this foolish way of invitations to the Field, and have been hurt in the head. I say your reason at present is not exceeding sound.

Ferd. Come, Courage *Don John*; and first let me know, why you infer I am not wise?

Jod. Because you come to tell me of a quarrel which I knew not, nor perhaps did not desire to know.

Ferd. Sir, in this I have done my duty, and you'll do well t'acquit your self of yours, without being serv'd by the valour of another. To day you ought t'encounter him who kill'd your Brother. And I am sorry, Sir, to tell you, that he kill'd him in the night.

Jod. Hay! was it at night?

Ferd. I, Sir, at night?

Jod. Then for my part, let the Devil fight with his own match; for if he be able to kill a man without seeing him, he will be sure to kill me when he sees me.

Ferd. This sounds strangely.

Jod. Besides, Sir, this dangerous Enemy fights by advantage, for having found the way how to kill one of my kindred, he knows by that, the fashion how to kill me.

Ferd. Sir, you ought to consider——

Jod. Sir, I have well consider'd it, and must tell you, as a great secret, that all the family of the *Alverads* do ever fight one and the same way.

Ferd. *Don John*! do you think that you have courage?

Jod. A plague on it; I have but too much. Alas, 'tis not for that, Sir, do not ask me whether I have courage, but rather tell me where he lives? is't far from hence? must I stay for him? or do you know his Lodging? Or may I enquire it out? and, in the mean time, tell me but his name.

Ferd. It is *Don Lewis de Rochas*.

Jod.

Jod. A pox on him. I knew he would scape my hand. *Don Lewis de Rochas*? why that's your Nephew. Sir, you must know I reverence all men of your name.

Ferd. I partly thank you, Sir.

Jod. Any man of the Family of the *Rochas* is so considerable to me that I will lay my head at his feet. And particularly, as for *Don Lewis*, if you please, I am very well pleas'd to love him.

Ferd. But, Sir, I have not told you all; for he has done a second injury, which should more provoke you to revenge. Your Sister has too much reason to complain of him.

Jod. Sir, as for my Sister, truly he may be asham'd to wrong her; but I have made a vow, and the Ladies must pardon me for it----

Ferd. What was your vow?

Jod. Never to draw my sword in a Womans quarrel.

Ferd. Sir, I am much deceiv'd if you are not a Coward.

Jod. Ah Father-in-law! if that could possibly be, yet your discretion should not meddle in nice things, which (by the care I ought to take) should never concern you.

Ferd. But you shall know that it concerns me much.

Jod. Bless me! what a strange Father-in-law would you be? has the Devil sent you hither to tempt me? not only to homicide, but also to kill my new allyance, your Nephew; nay and before consummation, which, for ought I know, may likewise kill your Daughter.

Ferd. I would thou wert valiant but one minute, that, without loss of my honour, I might kill thee before thou grow'st a Coward again.

Jod. O fie, *Don Ferdinand*, I have found your disposition; you would fain be too cruel; but I'm resolv'd to be merciful; and will not tell you how valiant I am.

Ferd. But I am now resolv'd to tell you, that your man has given his word to fight for you.

Jod. His word? The jealous Coxcomb needs not keep it; for I did never doubt his courage.

Ferd. Is that all?

Jod. Why then, Sir, if he will needs fight for me, let him know I shall not be jealous that my own valour is less than his.

Ferd. And yet you will not fight, either for your Brother or your Sister,

Jod. A man must be in humour when he fights, and let me dye like a Dog (which I would not say falsely to get the whole world) if, to my remembrance, I ever had a less disposition to fighting than now. Mistake me not, I speak but according to my remembrance.

Ferd. Well, I thought you valiant, but I am couzen'd.

Jod. Sir, I confess I have taken too much pleasure in deceiving the world, for I have couzen'd many who thought me valiant, and many who thought me a Coward.

Ferd. You have given your self a rare recreation.

Jod. But, Sir, let's leave the pleasant part of our discourse, and be a little serious.

Ferd. Do so, but with as much brevity as you can.

Jod. I pray tell me, Sir, suppose that with a Sa-ha-ghun, or with a Rapier of *Toledo*, I were pierc'd like a Cullender; or suppose that with a *Syrian* Scemiter I were minc'd into a Pye; how would my

Brother, or my Sister be the better for it?

Ferd. Well, for your Fathers sake my antient friend, I'll leave you whole, without being either pierc'd or minc'd.

Jod. For his sake, Sir, I will with patience endure your courtesia.

Ferd. You shall do well in doing so; but for my own sake, you must, instead of my Daughter, seek another wife in *Madrid*.

Jod. What, you would have a *Cid* to your Son-in-law, that should kill you first, then marry *Chimena*?

Ferd. Expect nothing from me but scorn and hatred. O incomparable Coward!

Jod. I am (O *Don Ferdinand*!) despite of your cruelty, and of your black Teeth, your most humble and most faithful Servant; and I am as much, or more, to the Lady *Isabella*.

Ferd. I am not yours; and when you are out of my house (which must be suddenly, and without noise) I shall do my self the dishonor to force you to another kind of account.

Enter Don John.

D. John. *Don Ferdinand*! I pray, Sir, what puts you into choler?

Ferd. My ill choice of a cursed Son-in-law.

Jod. *Don Ferdinand*, I'll be gone, that you may speak better of a Friend behind his back. *[Exit.]*

Ferd. Let him go, *Jodlet*. He disavows you in all, and has told me plainly, he was not of opinion that he ought to take notice of injuries; and that he was never inclin'd to revenge. Nay he has almost profest that he has lost his courage.

D. John aside. 'Tis strange that he took no more care to keep it having so little.

Ferd. Pray call him back to save his honour. Tell him what he ought to do, being doubly affronted by *Don Lewis*. Dear *Jodlet*, shew the friendship of a Servant by perswading a Master to courage.

D. John. Sir, I am sure he has a kind of Country-courage.

Ferd. What do you mean?

D. John. I mean he's very obstinate, and will seldom yield to perswasion.

Ferd. I'm sorry for his Fathers sake; especially since I have proceeded so far towards an alliance. If I were doubly injur'd as he is, I should not behave my self like him. His enemy stays for me at the end of the street: I'll go to him.

Enter Jodlet.

D. John. Do, Sir, for my Master is come back, though I fear I shall find him too haughty to be counsell'd into courage. *[Ex. Ferd.]*

Jod. Is he gone, Sir?

D. John. Yes, but tell me *Jodlet*, what new affront have we to revenge?

Jod. I am the son of a Sow if he has not remov'd my patience so far from me that I can hardly reach it again: yet I'm as unwilling to be angry as another. Sir, you must disguise your self no longer. These false habits may grow to be Fools Coats, and *Don Lewis* will turn all into laughter. But you did challenge him for me?

D. John.

D. John. Yes, and without telling him that I was *Don John*. And in troth I did suspect that the young Gallant had courted *Isabella*. In short I found him hidden in her Chamber; and (but for an accident which I must conceal from thee) we should have met in the Field.

Jod. That is to say, you had invited him to take the Air in a Grave.

D. John. I have deferr'd the bus'ness till I see one thing more evident, which is yet but the subject of my suspicion: for, perhaps, I may find it but a false Game which *Bettris* plays to get money.

Jod. That Baggage carries her Purse in her Bosom; and according to the Northern Proverb) is as liquorish at a Penny as at a Posset.

D. John. I have some reasons to believe that *Isabella* is very ignorant of the Artifice.

Jod. Sir, there may be more in't than you suspect. I'm loth to say it, but (if I could speak without making any words) I would tell you that I think *Don Lewis* offends you in private.

D. John. Ah, say no more: I guess too much. All my past misfortunes and the present concur against me: but I have some comfort yet, for nobody takes notice of it.

Jod. None know it (for ought I know) unless it be the People.

D. John. Thou mak'st me mad. I will consider nothing but revenge.

Is *Don Ferdinand* our Friend or Enemy?

Jod. *Don Lewis* is of his blood; but for the honour of yours, he does that which no man ever did for another. He would have *Don Lewis* give you satisfaction, and *Don Lewis* stays for me near this house; who still believes me to be *Don John*.

D. John. I must kill him: but men of action are often parted in the street. The War which Honour makes in streets does quickly end in peace, and I grow doubtful where to fight.

Jod. 'Tis great pity there is not some Amphitheatre; built at the publick charge of Butchers, for the honorable exercise of cutting mens throats.

D. John. Revenge is often interrupted in the Field, because now even all peculiar Fields are turn'd to common Roads about this populous Town. If I could find some Houle, though 'tis against the fashion us'd in Duels—

Jod. Stay, Sir. I'll fit you with a place. I have the Key of a low Apartment where we are to lodge. There you may conveniently be reveng'd, almost in the sight of your Mistress, and yet neither she nor her Father can see it.

D. John. Thou hast made an excellent choice my dear *Jodelet*.

Jod. My dear *Don John*.

D. John. Go and appoint him a meeting in the Evening.

Jod. But rather, Sir, do you go. 'Tis now high time that men should know who you are. How can you think to continue your fury and pass for *Jodelet*? Go, go, Sir, discover your self, and fight soundly. Revenge is a hearty food for those who have a stomach to't.

D. John. How *Jodelet*? because for a meer provocation of jealousy, for a simple suspicion, I have disguis'd my Name, wilt thou therefore have me discover my self before the injury be evident?

No,

No, thou shalt remain *Don John* awhile, and invite him to the low Chamber, to measure Weapons there, and to consult about contriving the privacy of the Duel.

Jod. Then you command me to be still *Don John*?

D. John. I do rather conjure thee.

Jod. Well I obey you, Sir. But if by chance (as men are often impatient) he should draw his Sword before he enters this House, what shall *Jodelet* do? who has no inclination to war, and is, perhaps, contented to sojourn in this foolish world.

D. John. Make signs to him far off. He's prompt, and will not fail to follow thee till he comes where I will stay to kill him.

Jod. There's another scruple, which lies in the very bottom of my Bowels.

D. John. What's that?

Jod. He may be short sighted, and thinking my Sword drawn, may run at me.

D. John. Fy, fy! thy imagination is too subtle. He has an Eye like an Eagle and will distinguish at a miles distance. Thou shalt beckon him far off, then lead him to me.

Jod. These appointments are somewhat hard. But, Sir, pray be sure that you likewise take heed of mistakes. Mens eyes are often dazzled with choler. If I (without thinking of you) should enter before *Don Lewis*; and you (without thinking of me) should run a tilt at my Belly—

D. John. Thou hast a Jesuitical way of making impossible scruples.

Jod. Nay, Sir, I know if I am wounded, you Will cry, in troth, poor *Jodelet*, I'm sorry;
Excuse a foolish chance! Then I, good soul,
Shall quickly be contented and soon whole. [*Exeunt several ways.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Isabella, Lucilla, Bettris. A Candle on the Table.

Isab. **M** Adam *Bettris*, what do you here?

Bet. I am preparing a warm Chamber for your benum'd Lover; and, I beseech you, from whence come you, and Madam *Lucilla*.

Isab. We have been fighting in a shade.

Luc. Madam, I must tell you again, if fortune should bring the whole Sex of Men before you, and give you leave to make your own election, you could not chuse a more worthy Husband than *Don John*; and when you know him better, you will confess my belief is guided by reason.

Isab. And I must needs declare (since your opinion is so confident against mine) that one of us is very ignorant.

Luc. You make me wonder, Madam; but if all wonder did not proceed from ignorance, I should not quickly yield in this debate.

Isab. Alas you are his Sister; and that may well excuse your partiality, you may allow me liberty to tell you this, because we have contracted a friendship.

Bet.

Bet. Were I my Mistress, if there were no more men in the world, I would marry *Don John*, because I would have children, and because all Children are not like the Father.

Luc. Bettris, I cannot be angry when you please to be merry.

Bet. Madam, what ever your griefs be, I wonder you are not merry too, for *Don John* makes all the world laugh.

Isab. Bettris, you are too rude.

Bet. Madam, you are too grave. If I were to be Bride, like you, I would not carry my self like a Nun.

Isab. aside. I am unhappy above the help of Fortune; ordain'd to be possesst of what I hate, and by unnatural Custom I am made ashamed of what I love.

Bet. Madam, let us hasten up stairs, some body opens the Door and will surprize us. { Noise within like a
Key turning a Lock.
aside] 'Tis *Laura*, who (as I appointed) makes a noise about the Lock to fright these Love-sick Ladies, and make them retire.

Madam, I hear't again.

Isab. You are scar'd.

Bet. If you had been as often privately in love as I have been, you'd soon be afraid at the opening of a Door.

[*Exeunt* *Isabella*, *Lucilla*.

So, let them feed on sorrows of Love; which is commonly at Court the ill second Course at the promising Feasts of Lovers, whilst we, poor Wenches, are contented with Country sports. [*Exit*.

Enter *Sancho*, *Stephano*, and *Laura*, with a Scarf in her hand, another Spaniard and two young Women.

Laur. The lye, *Signior Sancho*, is hard of digestion; but, having first swallow'd the gilded Pill of Love, it prepares the stomach for any thing.

Steph. And I have said so much, to cure your jealousy, as would make an old *Italian* trust his Wife with a young Painter, and leave her with him to draw her naked.

Sanch. Not naked.

Steph. You shall, besides the materials of our last Collation, have an inundation of Olio, where you may bathe your knuckles till you cure 'em of the Gout.

Laur. But we must inable our appetites with exercise. We have appointed a Dance for Blind-man-Buff, in which you shall be hood-winkt, and appear all over, *Cupid* the second.

Sanch. Bating Beard.

Laur. Come, Gentle Love, let me blind you; and then—

Sanch. Collation.

Steph. 'Tis prepar'd within.

Sanch. Mighty Olio's?

Steph. A Sea of Olio, and in it Hams of *Bajon* lying at Hull with Sails furl'd up of Cabbage-leaves.

Sanch. Then Bisks.

Laur. Embroider'd with Pistachoes.

Sanch. And Muffels?

Steph. Broyl'd; and then (to make you corpulent) roasted Chest-nuts stew'd in Gravy.

Sanch. And Chitterlings.

Steph.

Steph. I, I, to fill up Chinks.

Sanch. And Ragous?

Steph. Strew'd over with Salt-peter and Jamaica-Pepper, to make you thirst for whole Flagons of Scargos and Ravidavio; and you shall be a very——

Sanch. Drunken *Cupid*.

Laur. Pray Love be humble and stoop a little——

Sanch. I yield.

[*Laura hoodwinks Sancho with a scarf.*]

Enter Bettris.

Bett. We have now both place and opportunity for mirth. The Ladies are retir'd, *Don Ferdinand's* abroad, the three Strangers are severally disperst, and gone, I think, in the quest of wandering Love.

Laur. We have a stayd old *Cupid* here who wears his Quiver in his Pocket, full of Tooth-picks instead of Arrows, in expectation of a Feast.

Bet. What blinded already? Come then, let's begin.

[*They put themselves into several Stations and Sancho in*

Steph. Now we have blinded so your sight

(*the middle.*)

That ev'n at Noon the Rays of light

Are lost as if your eyes were out,

We'll turn you once and twice about.

About, about; about again;

Twice for the Maids, once for the men.

Bet. Here stands a Maid, and there a Man.

Omnes. We all are near; catch whom you can.

Steph. We clos'd your eyes lest you should see;

And so your Ears shall useles be.

For now, as in the calm of sleep,

All shall commanded silence keep;

Lest any Man or any Maid,

Be by distinguisht voice betray'd.

Bet. Here stands a Maid and there a Man.

Omnes. We'll all start fair. Catch whom you can.

[*They Dance, in which the men kick Sancho by turns, and*
(*he at several times says the following words.*)]

{ That's a Man——

Sanch. { That's no Maid——

{ That's a Horse——

{ Courage brave Bum——

[*The Dance being ended a Bell rings.*]

Bet. My Lady rings. She wants me. Let's away.

Sanch. Where's Collation?

He pulls down his scarf.

Laur. Signior *Sancho*, I took the lye from you, and now you must accept of one from me. I promist you a Collation, but there is none. You must e'en fast and pray for better manners.

Bet. We did this to save you a labour: for when no Crums can fall upon your Beard you need not brush it.

Sanch. I could eat——

Laur. What?

Sanch. Thee.

[*Exeunt Sancho one way, and the rest at*
the other Door.]

Enter

Enter Don John.

D. John. I hear 'em coming. I'll leave the door open, take away the Key, and conceal my self in the Alcove.

Enter Jodlet, Don Lewis.

Jod. Now where's the evil Spirit my Master? 'Hah! vanish! he's gone, quite gone! This *Don Lewis* is as famous as *Cain* for matters of killing, and, which is worse to me than no help, he shuts the door. Well, since I'm pent in I would I were but as valiant as an imprison'd Cat, that I might flye at his face 'Tis very inconvenient to be a man without manhood, O that Traitor, my Master!

D. Lewis. Now, Sir, we are inclos'd, and may fight without interruption.

Jod. aside. I would he were hang'd that is not here to part us.

D. Lewis. You mutter, Sir, you may express your anger with your Sword.

Jod. Who I, Sir? I scorn to mutter any thing against any man who will give me any reasonable satisfaction.

D. Lewis. I was bravely invited and am ready to do you reason.

Jod. Sir, I shall always report you are not only a very reasonable man, but are also willing to consider—

D. Lewis. What mean you by consider?

Jod. That's well askt, Sir, and I am apt to answer your questions, if you will spend a little time in discourse.

D. Lewis. Is this a time to be spent in words?

Jod. Nay, Sir, I see you are hasty, but, perhaps, I may have patience to hear you out.

D. Lewis. To hear me out? Do you take me for a Talker when I come to be in action?

Jod. aside. This 'tis to meet with brute Beasts that are not capable of discourse. I'm quite forsaken. My Master has, certainly, no kind of conscience—

D. Lewis. What the Devil do you seek?

[*Jodlet looks up and down.*]

Jod. aside. Two things, which I fear I shall not find, my valour and my Master.

D. Lewis. This is a mystery! Still you are muttering, but what look you for?

Jod. I hope you are alone.

D. Lewis. How, Sir, do you bring me hither to ask that?

Jod. Lord you are so cholerick that one cannot speak to you: may not a man ask a question for your good?

D. Lewis. I have attended to see your sword out; and Honour taught me that patience: but now I'll trust you with no more time—

[*He draws.*]

Jod. Bless me! what a long spit he draws? I have been a raw fellow at fighting, and now am like to be roasted.

D. Lewis. Come, Sir. Are you ready? for I scorn to take advantage.

Jod. In troth I see you are a man of honour, and I could find in my heart to consider a while how I may requite your courtesie.

B b b

D. Lewis.

D. Lewis. Courtesie? *I* disdain to receive it from you. Prepare your self—

Jod. Stay, stay a little, Sir!
Let me advise you as a Friend to lay aside your passion when you fight, for in good faith you are too hasty.

D. Lewis. Is this behaviour equal to your former heat? Methinks you grow cold. Your courage is an Ague, for it comes in fits. But *I* shall cure it.

Jod. aside. Heav'n *I* thank thee heartily! for *I* spy my Master.
Ah, Sir! come out! do you want courage?

[*speaks softly to Don John behind him.*]

D. John. Retire as thou art fighting that thou mayst amuse him.

D. Lewis. Quick, Sir, draw; for *I* have told you that *I* scorn to take advantage.

Jod. Nay an' you grow so angry, Sir, then *I* say again, stay! for *I* scorn all advantages as much as you do. [*He takes up the Candle.*]

D. Lewis. If you have any odds *I* cannot see't.

Jod. Lord! how your passion blinds you? do you think *I*'m so base as to fight with Rapier and Candle against single Rapier.

D. Lewis. Lay down the light then.

Jod. Honour is a fool in the field when it wants stratagem.

D. Lewis. *I* think he's mad; for still he mutters and looks back.
Don John, *I* suspect the temper of your brain, as much as *I* doubt the courage of your heart; you seem to have a great quantity of the Coward, but more of the Fool.

Jod. Not so much of the Fool as you suppose, Sir—
[*He puts out the Candle.*]

D. Lewis. What art thou all Coward, and cover'st thy self in darkness?

Jod. Did not you kill my Brother in the dark?

D. Lewis. If that will more incense thee, know, *I* did.

Jod. aside. Then try your Cats eyes once again. [*He retires.*]

D. Lewis. Say you so, Sir?

Jod. aside. The Devil's in the Dice if you throw twice in and in, without any light.

D. Lewis. Where are you, Sir?

Jod. aside. What a fool were *I* if *I* should tell him?

D. Lewis. You are bashful, and would not have your courage seen.

Jod. aside. *I*'m a little valiant when *I* spy no naked Weapon.
Now good speed to one push at hazard---
I think that toucht something. *I* hope *I* have not run my Sword through one of the
Cæsars eyes in the Hanging—
[*He steps aside, thrusts at great distance at first, and at last hits D. Lewis, then retires to the Alcove.*]

D. Lewis. The wretch has drawn my blood. *I* feel it, for it wets my hand. But now by this, more than before, he does deserve to be my Enemy.

D. Ferd. within. *I*'m certain that's my Nephews voice. If *I* can feel no Key in the Lock, then mine will give me entrance.

D. John. Go forth from the Alcove or *I*'ll strangle thee.

[*D. Ferd. opens the door, and enters with a light.*]

D. Ferd. Hah! what's the business here my Friends?

[*Jod. steps out of the Alcove.*]

[*D. Ferd. lays hold on D. Lewis.*]

Jod. *I*'m taking satisfaction for my injuries.

D. Lewis.

D. Lewis. I have lost blood, and will be straight reveng'd.

D. Ferd. Is't by Stoccado, or Stramason?

Jod. A thousand Satans take all good luck. I shall pay soundly for having the honour to give the first wound.

D. Ferd. Let me see, Nephew? your hand is hurt.

D. Lewis. 'Tis but a slight prick.

Jod. Would I had two in my right hand that I might get an excuse to let my sword fall.

D. Ferd. Now my dear friends, fight freely! I come not here to make peace. The one (who suffers by a deep and double injury) is by promise to be my Son-in-law. The other is my Nephew, who must be satisfy'd for loss of blood. I'll look on each with the same eyes which in my youth did love to see the exercise of honour. Fight, and fight bravely; but first let me place the light conveniently for both.

D. Lewis. Your counsel will be quickly follow'd, Sir, by men who know your courage.

Jod. Rare counsel indeed, which exhorts us to a Duel. This old man is heartily wicked, and may be held the very Father of the Hectors.

D. Lewis. My anger makes me insolent and cruel. And that I now may dare you to do more than you durst do till darkness hid your fear, know, I've deceiv'd your Sister, and have kill'd your Brother.

D. John enters from the Alcove.

D. John. Since I am thus confirm'd, Honour has leave of conscience to be bloody in revenge— Stay, Sir!

Jod. aside. O are you come? in true Tragedies let every man act his own part.

D. John. You do not know *Don John*, behold him here. You did deceive my Sister, and have kill'd my Brother; and are now, against your self, th'audacious witness of such double wickedness as Justice cannot hear but with a double sence of anger and of shame. I wish you had more than a single life to answer both.

D. Ferd. But is the Man become the Master?

D. Lewis. Make haste to let me know, which of the two is more worthy than the other to be my Enemy: which is *Don John*?

D. John. That name is mine.

D. Lewis. Then what is he?

Jod. I'm no *Don John*, I dare assure you, Sir; but yet am so well bred, that I can give way to my Betters in all quarrels.

D. John. Under a Servants name I have indur'd my injuries whilst I had got no more than a suspicion of th'offenders person to authorize my revenge; but since you proudly have declar'd you did those injuries, you cannot think that I should longer bear them. My Brothers blood incites me to revenge.

D. Lewis. The cry of blood may cease when the revenge of it is near.

D. John. Know my revenge is heighten'd by that black dishonour which has stain'd my Sisters beauty, to whom you have ignobly shewn a want of such compassion as does use t'accompany true courage.

D. Lewis. Are you the true *Don John*, renown'd for valour, and yet

yet strive, with softning pity, to allay that courage against which your honour does contest?

D. John. You ought to think my vengeance for my Brothers death allows not words to respite deeds: but, by degrees, I am proceeding to the reason of this short delay.

D. Lewis. This is such a temper as I never knew.

D. John. That I may make my Sister feel my justice more than cruelty, let me be now oblig'd even by an Enemy, with so much truth as men of noble Race can never want.

D. Lewis. What would you ask?

D. John. Whether your many vows (broken as fast as sworn) did not seduce my Sister from her Father's house to seek you in disguise? and whether in those vows you did not make a sacred contract of immediate marriage?

D. Ferd. This Son-in-law is as prudent as he is valiant; though I did pronounce the other Son-in-law a Coxcomb.

Jod. That's I. But patience, for I've already shed blood enough.

D. Lewis. Though when our swords are drawn 'tis then no season for confession, yet, in a just compassion, for her sake, I will declare a blushing truth. Your Sister owes her affliction to my repeated vows of Marriage.

D. Ferd. I swear--- by the honour of all Mustachios, and of all the Beards in *Spain*, my Nephew is a Traitor.

Jod. Bless me! what a horrid Oath was that? no choler shall transport me to swear by more Beards than my own.

D. Ferd. Hadst thou a heart so cruel as to o'recome a virgin by thy vows, and then forsake her for her faith? Son-in-law, I'm wholly now of your side, and will renounce my blood in him; who does deserve to have it shed not by a single hand of honour, but by confederacy of common force.

Jod. Now for the French mode of fighting! { *D. Ferdinand goes*
I fear I shall, by a trick of honour, be made a { *to D. John's side.*
Second to the wrong side.

D. Lewis. Stay, Uncle! shall the vertue of confession make you my Enemy!

D. Ferd. Yes, where Divines are not the Duellists-----

D. John. Hold, *Don Ferdinand*. My honour will not suffer me to share in such advantages.

D. Lewis. That's spoken like a true *Don John*.

D. Ferd. Then I alone will fight with him.-----

D. John. My honour will less yield, that you, Sir, should deprive me of my Enemy, Sir, I beseech you, hold!

D. Ferd. Then take him to your self; though such who Traitors are to Virgins deserve their punishment from every hand.

D. John to D. Lewis. I have another question now, to which a civil Foe will give reply; and 'tis to cure my greatest pain, my jealousy; so great a torment as I could not wish to my most fatal Enemy, no, not to you.

D. Lewis. Sir, now you teach me to be civil. Proceed to tell me your disease if you will hasten to the remedy.

D. John. Know, I am jealous.

D. Lewis. Of whom.

D. John. Of you.

D. Lewis. Of me.

D. John.

D. John. I saw you leap from the Balcony of this House.

D. Lewis. Did you see it?

D. John. Yes, I saw it, and since that, found you conceal'd in *Isabella's* Chamber.

D. Ferd. aside. Hah! Can I have patience to hear more?

D. Lewis. If I in this shall add confession to what I spoke before, you cannot think 'tis from th' effect of fear, for honour does oblige me to't. If I have been your Rival then my love did wrong your Sister rather than injure you, because I did not know *Don John*: and Honour now does join with Truth to make me call on Heav'n to assist me when I *Isabella* vindicate; who with disdain refused all love but what her Father should prefer.

D. Ferd. aside. That is some motive for my patience.

D. Lewis. I further must declare that *Bettris*, to promote th' address I made for Marriage, did, unknown to her Lady, hide me then in the Balcony, and after that conceal'd me in her Lady's Chamber; for which she was in hazard of her service.

D. Ferd. aside. I remember my Daughter would have dismiss her service; which gives my patience another comfort.

D. John. All my disease of jealousy ends here, and I'll continue still to be a civil Enemy, for I will thank you for my cure.

But now——

D. Ferd. Stay, stay *Don John*! The next Demand belongs to me. Why did you make your visit here in a disguise?

D. John. Sir, it is fit you should be satisfy'd. I chang'd my habit when I saw him scape from the Balcony, supposing in another shape my jealousy might sooner be inform'd.

D. Ferd. I hear enough. My honour now makes me forsake your cause, and leads me to the other side. You are my Enemy

[He goes to the side of *D. Lewis*.

D. John. 'Tis my misfortune then, and not my choice.

D. Ferd. You came into my House not as a Lover but a Spy; and with a stratagem (coarse, and below my dignity) advanc'd your man to woo my Daughter. Prepare your self for my revenge——

D. Lewis. Pray hold, Sir! hold! you punish me too much in taking from my Sword that Enemy who first made me his choice.

D. John. *Don Ferdinand*, you never can so much provoke me as to raise my anger 'gainst the Father of the Mistress whom I love.

D. Ferd. You lov'd with too much insolence, and doubtfully, when you design'd your Man to court her in your shape.

D. John. I may, without dishonour, crave for that your pardon: and when you shall resent my change of shape, you then forget Love's ancient Histories; for my disguise is not the first that love has worn. But I conjure you by my Fathers friendship, to forgive the foolish Arts of Jealousie.

D. Ferd. Well, for his sake, I am pleas'd, and bury your offence; but 'tis on this condition that I may now restrain your Combat till I treat with each for both.

D. John. To this I yield.

D. Lewis. To shew that you have taught me temper I consent by your example.

Jod. My Master taught *Don Lewis* discretion and I taught it him. 'Twas ever said of *Don Jodelet*, that he did much incline to peace.

D. Ferd.

D. Ferd. You, by your Sword, *Don John*, have leisure to receive Such satisfaction as your honour does require For all my Nephews broken faith, which now Afflicts your Sister, but he can never bring her back to her fair Fame Unless he marry her; and I presume I need not now persuade What Justice and Religion does enjoin.

D. Lewis to D. John. I doubly am prepar'd. First, I will meet your Sister in the Temple to perform my former vows; and then I will return and meet you here, or in the Field, to pay the debt I owe you for your Brothers blood.

D. Ferd. *D. John*, none yet did ever celebrate the sacred Rites of *Hymen* with a Tragedy; and I'm oblig'd to tell you that my Nephew often has lamented your unhappy Brothers death, who in the dark was wounded by mistake, and I have heard my Nephew vow that he did ever wear your Brother in his bosom as his dearest friend.

D. Lewis. This truth which you affirm does more, perhaps, become your tongue than mine whilst I continue in this posture 'gainst an Enemy.

D. John. The season now is fit to tell, why I have here Made some delay of my revenge. My Brother is alive.

D. Lewis. Alive? Heaven is propitious in this wonder.

D. Ferd. I am alike surpris'd with wonder and with joy.

D. John. Much blood my Brother lost by that unlucky wound you gave him, which some hours depriv'd him of the chiefest signs of life; but, being to a Surgeons house remov'd, he was by his great Art, in a few days, made hopeful of his Cure. I did conceal the good success even from my Servants, and in *Madrid* divulg'd that he was dead.

D. Ferd. What could you mean by making that report?

D. John. I thought, *Don Lewis*, that the rumour of his death would make it harder for you to escape the rig'rous Law in order to my Sisters injuries, who then forsook my Father's House in your pursuit.

D. Ferd. My dear *Don John*, since you perceive your Brother only wounded by mistake, and that wound cur'd: *Don Lewis* and your Sister ready to be join'd by *Hymen's* hand, and I prepar'd to make my *Isabella* yours; let me behold a knot of Friendship ty'd between two Enemies. Come both, and cheerfully embrace.

D. John. *Don Lewis*, all offences past shall vanish like the dreams of infancy.

D. Lewis. And all that we hereafter to each *D. John* and other do, shall last like the exemplar deeds of *D. Lewis* embrace. men renown'd.

Jod. Peace is proclaim'd. I'll rest contented with honour gotten in the dark, and sheath my Sword as Gamesters put up false Dice, to hide 'em after they have won money.

Enter Isabella, Bettris.

D. Ferd. Come *Isabella*, you shall now, and with your own consent, be given to *Don John*.

Isab. With my consent? Are there such Miracles when *Lucilla* says all faith is lost; or else at least, that men have none.

D. Ferd. Behold the true *Don John*.

Isab.

Isab to *Ferd*. Though I'm not worthy of your favour, Sir,
Yet use me not with scorn:

D. Ferd. You may perceive my joy, and cannot think it counter-
feit.

You shall know more before-I lead you to the Priest.

Isab. This is a miracle which I am willing to believe.

D. Ferd. Give me your hand, which must be mine no more, for
it is now your Nuptial Pledge.

D. John. Give me your pardon, Madam; e're I take your hand,
Pardon the cause for which I did assume

My Servant's shape; but I am now the true *Don John*.

Isab aside. Prophetick Love! thou taught'st me to believe it e're
he said it.

D. Ferd. Bettris, I will not chide you now. This day permits no
anger.

Bet. Indeed I ever thought this was the true *Don John*.

Though, in the dark, I twice mistook another for him:

Which made me hide *Don Lewis*; first in the Balcony,

Then in my Ladies Chamber.

D. Ferd Go, go, make haste; and call the Lady *Lucilla*.

[Exit Bettris.

Jod. Truly she was mistaken, Sir. Her eyes are much decay'd with
watching late to prevent th' unlucky meeting of Lovers.

D. John. Come, Sister, you shall weep no more. *Enter Lucilla*
Don Lewis is your best Physician and can cure your *Land Bettris*.
grief. He is my Present to you; take him, and forgive him.

D. Lewis. Can you forgive me, Madam? The Priest will do it
when he joins our hands.

Luc. He is ordain'd to be th' example still of what

We are to do; and I shall quickly follow it.

This is a sudden change; I will not now examine how it comes, nor
chide you when you tell it me.

Jod. Bettris, you have a great mind to take my hand too.

Bet. Troth you must wash it first: for when your Gloves were off
I still suspected that you were no more than an uncertain Don, called
Jodelet.

D. Lewis. Don Jodelet, I have a small mark of your favour, which
I wear on my right hand: but I intend not to requite it till you are
Don John again.

Jod. Sir, you may defer your requital as long as you please, you
know I'm one of those who scorn to be too hasty in calling for satis-
faction when men are any thing willing to give it.

D. Ferd. The Clouds which hover'd o're my Roof to day

Are all dispell'd. Make me your guide. I'll lead

You first to Church, and then prepare for Feasts.

Enter Laura, Sancho, Stephano.

Laur. Why should we stay list'ning here any longer? We have
heard 'em talk of strange changes, and of wonders more fortunate
than we could wish.

Steph. Don Ferdinand spoke of Feasts: we cannot have a better
Cue for our entrance. We may safely step in, Signior *Sancho*.

Sanch. We may.

D. Ferd.

D. Ferd. Come happy Lovers, follow me.

Jod. Pray stay a while. For matters may not pass
So smoothly as you think. Madam, you have
Of mine a little Picture which you please
To pin upon the Curtain of your Bed :
You keep the Picture, yet are well content
To lose th' Original. That's fine i' faith,
Sweet Lady ! but 'twill not do. Restore
It to me or be sure you never walk
Abroad alone after the Sun is set.
Don Jodelet is such a furious spark
As will have satisfaction in the dark.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

THE EPILOGUE.

In a Ballad, sung by two.

1.

Ladies who fine as Fi'pence are,
You Men with bright Rose-noble Hair,
Both all and some, for we now except none
O thrust out your Ears and list to our moan.
Attend and eke hearken out of pure pity
To tydings doleful yea in a sad ditty.
The Players grow poor and down they must fall,
Though some say they get the Devil and all.
Alack, and alas ! our hearts are e'en broken :
But because in all Plays
You still look for new ways,
We mean now to sing what ought to be spoken.

2.

Since now those Poets get the Vogue
Who still, with a bold Epilogue,
Dare rattle spectators and cry 'em down,
As you do their Plays, we'll tell you your own.
First, loving kind friends, who come from the City,
You never think any Play can be witty,
But that in which Courtiers are shrewdly jeer'd.
Out on it, and fie ! was e're the like heard ?
Why would you have us to bob and to gibe 'em,
When the Wiser complain
That in private, for gain,
You are the men who endeavour to bribe 'em.

3.

Some Gallants, though nameless, come here
Expecting our Poets should jeer
The City for Custards and for the Show
When Pageants through rain do pass to and fro.
Those very old frumps, perhaps, would be pretty ;
But, Gallants, we have not the dulness to fit ye :

They

*They grow too stale, and the Reader who looks
Upon the sad Notes of many shop-books
Will think that the Cits have seldom undone ye.*

Rather you, ev'ry year,

Spoil their Shows and their Cbear,

For they want your Wit, and you have their Money.

4.

Now up wi' Boots, and have at all!

Ev'n you whom we Town-Gallants call;

Who with your round Feathers make a great show;

We mean you did wear such three years ago;

Come then, and stand fair, that now we may hit ye,

Because ev'n like Turks without any pity,

You visit our Plays, and merit the Stocks

For paying Half-Crowns of Brass to our Box.

Nay, often you swear, when places are shewn ye,

That your hearing is thick,

And so, by a Love-trick,

You pass through our Scenes up to the Balcony.

5.

And some (a duce take 'em!) pretend

They come but to speak with a friend;

Then wickedly rob us of a whole Play.

By stealing five times an Act in a day.

O little England! speak, is it not pity,

That Gallants ev'n here, and in thy chief City,

Should under great Peruques have heads so small,

As they must steal wit, or have none at all?

Others are bolder, and never cry, shall I?

For they make our Guards quail,

And 'twixt Curtain and Rail,

Oft combing their hair, they walk in Fop-Ally.

6.

Gallants relent and eke repent,

For your so foul, nay, bad intent

Of paying us Brass instead of true Coyn;

And, for amends we only enjoyn,

That ev'ry Man, to declare conscience in ye,

Shall whisper a Friend, and borrow a Guinny;

Which in our Box you may carelessly throw,

And pay him who lends it to morrow to now.

And now to conclude, 'tis fit to acquaint ye

That though this Epilogue

Does not flatter and cog

Yet a new Ballad may pass for a dainty.

FINIS.

THE Platonick Lovers.

A TRAGICOMEDY.

PROLOGUE.

'TIS worth my smiles, to think what in-
fore'd ways,
And shifts each Poet hath to help his Plays.
Ours now believes, the Title needs must cause
From the indulgent Court, a kind applause,
Since there he learnt it first, and had command
T'interpret what he scarce doth understand.
And then (forsooth) he says, because 'tis new
'I will take, and be admir'd too, by a few:
But all these easie hopes, I'd like to have marr'd,
With witnessing his Title was so hard,
'Bove half our City audience would be lost,
That knew not how to spell it on the Post.
Nay, he was told, some Criticks lately spent
Their Learning to find out it nothing meant:
They will expect but little (he replies)

From that which nought or little signifies.
Well, I (your Servant) who have labour'd here
In Buskins, and in Socks, this thirty year,
I th' truth of my experience, could not chuse
But say, these shifts would not secure his Muse:
Then straight presented to his willing fear,
How you are grown of late, harsh, and severe.
(Excuse me that I'm bold to speak my mind
I th' dark, of what so publicly I find.)
But this hath made him mourn; I've left him
now
With's limber Hat, o'reshadowing his Brow,
His Cloak cast thus— to hinder from his ear,
The scorns and censures he may shortly bear:
Such as shall teach, despair, lead him the way,
Unto a Grove of Cypress, not of Bay.

The Persons of the Play.

Theander,
Phylomont,
Sciolto,
Fredeline,
Castragano,
Gridonel,
Buonatesta,
Arnoldo, }
Jospero, }
Euritheia,
Ariola,
Amadine,
Attendants, &c.

A young Duke, lately a General.
A young Duke that borders by him,
An old Lord, friend to Theander.
Creature to Theander.
Creature to Fredeline.
A young Souldier, Son to Sciolto.
A generous Artist.
Attendants on Theander.
Mrs. to Theander, Sister to Phylomont.
Mrs. to Phylomont, Sister to Theander.
Woman to Euritheia, Sister to Castragano.

ACT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Sciolto, Arnaldo, Jaspero, Attendants.

Sciolto.

WHat hoe? *Arnaldo, Jaspero?*
Dispatch, dispatch?
You move like great fat Burgers

That had newly din'd,
Criples would stir more nimby
To a whipping? Are all things prepar'd?

Arn. My Lord, there's time enough, the
Duke will not be here till night.

Scio. From whence pray that intelligence,
From the *Gazet*, brought hither by a Mule
from *Paris*, Sir.

Arn. Your Lordship receives yours
(I think) in a little Letter ty'd to a Tartarian
arrow.

Jasp. Or 'bout the neck of a *Barbary* Pid-
geon, we know he'll not be here till night.

Scio. You know? your knowledge (Sir)
will scarce prefer a Clerk, to dine upon the
ear of a Tyth Pig: death! my good serving-
gentleman, did not I leave him a League off,
and with him too, Duke *Phylomont*, their
train enough to famish our whole *Sicily*,
were not Nature bounteous to us in our good
Corn?

Arn. Hath sprightly *Phylomont* encoun-
ter'd with our Duke *Theander* by the way
too?

Scio. 'Light! your business is to ask ques-
tions Sir? a Court examiner? are all provi-
sions made of Furniture and Meat?

Jasp. All, all, my Lord.

Scio. The inner room's new hung, and
th' garden Gallery adorn'd with *Titian's* pi-
ctures, and those stories of *Tintaret*, last
brought from *Rome*?

Arn. Yes, Sir, the Cupboards crack with
studded Plate & Chrystal vials thick enough
t'endure a hammer, Sir.

Jasp. Our Kitchings smoke so, that the
steam blown o're a Town besieg'd, would
cure the Famine in't?

Arn. The Cellar's too so fill'd that they
would make a *Danish* Army drunk.

Scio. *Arnaldo*? Rogue? with good pure
Muskaden of *Creet*, I'm old, and must be nour-
ished with my morning Sop, like Matrons
that want teeth.

Arn. Your Lordship shall not fail to have
it spic'd.

Jasp. And when 'tis noon, your *Mala-
mucko* Mellon of an Amber scent, serv'd in a
Grotto, Sir, to cool your Lordships wishes,
not your blood; for that we guests, hath not

this many years been Feverish towards wo-
men.

Scio. A merry Knave;
Go good boys both: call all the Waiters, and
the Grooms, t'attend upon their several
charge, the Dukes will instantly arrive, our
brave *Theander* sent me for dispatch before,
to take command of the whole house, look
too't; I shall be bounteous, but severe.

Arn. My Lord, we love your government
and will make haste [*Ex. Jaspero, Arnaldo.*]

Enter Frediline, Castragano.

Fred. Walk our horses near the Park gate
until a gen'ral care be given for all the
Troop.

Within. I shall, Sir.

Fred. My Lord *Sciolto*, your good Horse-
manship hath put us to some trouble to o're-
take you: Let me prefer this Gentleman un-
to your knowledge, he will deserve them
both.

Scio. I thank you for him Signior, *Frede-
line*, no friendship of your choice can deserve
less: How is he call'd?

Fred. *Castragano*, 'tis he, whom with
your kind consent I would prefer to our
Dukes chamber: and the Brother to the wity
Amadine, whom late I plac'd chief woman
to *Enribea* our grand Masters Mistress.

Scio. Signior give me your hand, I love
not Courtship, but I will promise to befriend
you, and perform it too.

Castr. Your Lordship hath just power o're
my belief.

Fred. He's lately posted from *Vienna*, Sir,
And can present you with a Letter——

[*Castr. gives Sciolto a Letter.*]

Scio. I hope from the noble Colonel my
Sons Governour.

Castr. His name, Sir, is subscrib'd to it, and
straight you will behold your Son, the scitu-
ation of this house hath but a while employed
his eyes without.

Scio. *Fredoline*, the boy comes as I were
Master o're my wish, 'tis now full thirteen
years since (first of tender growth) I sent
him to the Camp, this Letter, Sir, my better
leisure shall survey. But pray how is he bred?
my peevish humour gave gave a strange direc-
tion to his Governour, that he should never
learn to write nor read, nor never see a wo-
man.

Castr. My Lord, you are obeyed in both:
Ccc 2 He

He is a good Souldier, and by his learning will sooner confute the Foe, than a Philosopher. As for Women, they're things he ne're heard nam'd; nor can the Camp present him any, but coorse Suters Wives, creatures of so much dirt, that shovell'd well together, they will serve to make a Trench e're they are dead, more fit to heave the stomach, than to stir the blood.

Scio. Such I dare allow him.

Fred. Yet with the freedom of your Lordships leave, these are but homely Principles to give for education of a Son and Heir! not write nor read, nor see a woman!

Scio. I will endure the hazard of a new experiment, and try how Nature will incline him; learning (I find) doth make men sawcy with their Maker, and false unto themselves, and Women makes us all fools.

Enter Gridonel.

Cast. Here comes your Son. Practise your reverence, Sir, there stands your Father.

Grid. Well, which is he?

[*Stands still, gazing about.*]

Cast. There, Sir, with the gray beard.

Grid. A comely old fellow, by this hand, Sir, I am glad to see you with all my heart!

Scio. If you stand upon these points, Sir, so am I to see you!

Grid. Go ask blessing.

Grid. Does the old man look for't?

Scio. Not I introth, for though the custom be devout enough, it shows methinks too like a complement.

Grid. You are in the right, Sir, and I hate complement as much as you.

Fred. My Lord, his Governour hath follow'd your directions to the shadow of a hair, He's rarely bred to make a Favourite in the French Court.

Scio. Go pick your ears, good Signior, if you like it not, 'tis musick unto mine; but Son, how e're these manners are not much in use, you can be dutiful?

Grid. Sir, I am taught, my Father is my officer, I must perform my duties, and obey him; besides, I love you more than a good Sword.

Scio. Why; I thank you, Sir; there is no love lost.

Fred. For me, excelent courtship! just like the parley 'twixt Mounfier *Hobbynol*, and Colonel *Clowt*.

Grid. I pray a word? I'm told I should expect certain duties from you too.

Scio. May't please you, Son; I shall be glad to learn.

Grid. You must allow me still new choise of Armour, brave Horse for service, and high pric'd Ginnets to curvet i'th' streets, and rich cloaths.

Scio. Heaven forbid else.

Grid. Jewels and Money too,

Scio. O Son I shall know my duty.

Grid. And when the time conspires with my necessities to call you to't, You must make haite and dye.

Fred. My Lord, how like you that? This breedings right: nor is it altogether new, or strange.

Scio. I'd rather ever find it on his tongue, than once believe it in his heart: a rough boy; I must keep him still from the sight of the Ladies, it will continue him in's Innocence; hold, Sir, this Key will lead you through the Tarras that o'relooks the Orchard walk, and then you pass into an Armory, spend there your time a while, and take your choice, I know the Duke that owns it, will make good my gift: will you walk, Sir?—

Grid. I pray, Sir, lead the way.—

Scio. Nay, I beseech you, Sir.—

Grid. I know 'tis fit, I give place to my Elders.—

Scio. But I have business here, do you think Son, I'd be so much uncivil else, as not to wait upon you?

Grid. Well, take your course, I love to see good Armour. [*Exit.*]

Scio. If I can keep him from the Ladies, I Am happier than King *Priam* that had fifty Sons, but sure, not one like this—

[*Flourish afar off.*]

Fred. My Lord, this summons shews the Dukes are come; Sir, stand you here, I'll find a time for your address. [*Leads Cast. aside.*]

Enter Theander, Phylomont, Attendants.

Within. Make way there, hoe! bear back, bear back! [*Theander embraces and*

(whispers Phylomont.

Fred. This is *Theander*, Sir, whose present sway *Palmero* owes allegiance to, rich in his mind and fame, as in his large extent of Land, and to augment his wealth, he comes laden with spoils of frequent victories, though but i'th' blossom of his life, he hath already done enough to fill a History, and is deriv'd from th'old Sicilian Kings: him I have chosen to prefer you to.

Cast. If I could double all my faculties, you have obliged them wholly to your use. What is the other Signior, whom he seems to court with such a fervent show?

Fred. Duke *Phylomont*, that neighbours to his government, and rules the Western Borders of this Isle: all that the rich *Mazara* yields, he equals Duke *Theander*, in the best of his virtues, and his fate; and now brings too, though from a Climate more remote, the triumphs of a war; but yet if midnight howlings heard in Cities sack'd and tir'd, the groans of widow'd wives, and slaughter'd

childrens

Childrens shrieks can pierce the ears of Heaven, the Learned think, their glorious Ghosts will have a dismal welcome after death, however in this world 'tis good to follow 'em, I would not fright your nice and pious mind with unprofitable fears.

Castr. Kind Signior, doubt me not.

Theand. Thou breath'st into me (mighty *Phylomont*) no other soul but mine: my better thoughts are moulded in thy breast; and could we grow together thus, our courteous hearts would not be neerer, nor yet more entire; I gratulate thy Victories in *Spain*, thou hast undone a Nation with thy noble deeds, and taught them how to fight, by seeing frequent conquests on themselves, when brave examples come too late to imitate, and they are left no Land to fight for, or defend.

Phyl. Renown'd *Theander*, what delight can wise Historians have to mention me, whilst *Naples* keeps the sense, or memory to mourn, thou art the argument of all just praise? alas, my Battels will be thought, when thine are nam'd, but Village-quarrels that poor Herdsmen make, to keep their Common from their Land-lords sheep. My Engins not deserve to hang as Curtains at thy Shrine, when thou shalt lye ador'd, and stil'd the Wars first Saint, that taught thy Armies how to cleanse, not sack the Cities thou hast won.

Theand. No more; be these embraces ever hearty and renew'd, till time shall lay us both asleep within one Tomb.

Phylom. I am no more alive. When these shall cease, or thou absentest thy self by death--

Theand. Scioto, where's my Sister (fair *Ariola*?) methinks her welcomes are so slow, they scarce commend her love.

Scioto. Your Excellence will find she'll bring such an excuse with her; as soon shall be receiv'd; the Princess *Euritheia* whom she's gone to entreat, to honour this Solemnity with her presence, they'll instantly appear.

Theand. That's joy indeed, the Musick of her name salutes the ear, with sounds more cheerful and more full of Triumph, than the shouts of Victory!

Phylo. As much doth fair *Ariola* surprize My sense, with gladness, wonder, and with love. [*Fred. takes Theander aside.*]

Fred. This is the Gentleman to whom your Grace Vouchsaf'd to promise entertainment at my humble sute.

Theand. He shall be well receiv'd: Sir, you had skill to know your business needs must thrive, when you chose *Fredeline* your Advocate.

Castra. I am the Creature of your Excellence— [*Enter Euritheia, Ariola.*]

Theand. Brave *Phylomont* entreat my Sister to forgive a while the tending of my

love, till I have breath'd it into thine.

Phylom. The like request, *Theander*, to my Sister make, till thine have first receiv'd the righteous Vows, and Offerings of my heart---

[*Euritheia runs cheerfully to embrace Theander, Ariola seems to retreat a little at Phylomonts salute.*]

Castra. Sir, our *Theander* and his Mistress meet (methinks) with more alacrity, and free consent, than *Phylomont* and his *Ariola*; she wears him at a careful distance from her eyes.

Fred. Right, Sir, the first are Lovers of a pure Cœlestial kind, such as some stile Platonical: (A new Court Epithete scarce understood) But all they woo, Sir, is the Spirit, Face, and Heart, therefore their conversation is more safe to Fame; the other still affect for natural ends.

Castra. As how I pray?

Fred. Why such a way as Libertines call Lust, but peaceful Politicians, and cold Divines name Matrimony, Sir; therefore although their wife intent be good and lawful, yet since it infers much game and pleasure i'th' event, in subtle bashfulness, she would not seem to entertain with too much forwardness, what she perhaps doth willingly expect: Sir, this is but my guess, and I beseech it may remain a secret unto you.

Castr. Signior, my lips are seal'd:

Theand. O do not strive to afflict thy tenderness with unkind thoughts, 'tis not the fortune of a day, the Victors glory, when he toils to humble others pride, that he may swell his own: nor yet to lead a Nation cold and naked forth, then bring them home, gay and fantastick in their Silks, sweating in Furs Pontifical, as they had fate like civil Judges to redress those men whom for their own relief they slew, no *Euritheia*, these were not the charms that have so long betray'd me from thy sight.

Eurith. Then I have cause to fear your weariness of love, and that would poison my weak faculties with a disease, that can admit no ease to sooth my willing hope, nor cure, but death.

Theand. Old Pilots, when benighted, have more cause to doubt their Stars direction to their Card; Or th' Adamants true friendship to their Steel, than thou the loyalty of my strong faith.

Eurith. Three Summers absent from your native Land and me, as many tedious Winters too, to make up time more sorrowful and long; how can you fashion an excuse so well, as to expect belief?

Theand. Truth wants no power: I went in search of virtuous fame, to make my self more fit in noble worth to meet thy love.

Eurith. Alas! how are you certain of my modesty, that you should give me such continual

nual cause to blush; I should find courage
sure to chide you for't, but that I'll minister
no cause to hasten your remove from hence,
where I have hope my prayers and innocence
shall keep you long.

Theand. Else I should lose such a felicity,
as he that hopes for better in the other world
must fast and live severely to attain't.

Phyl. The rugged fashion of the War hath
dull'd my understanding and my speech, or
else your ears (*Ariola*) have lately lost their
wonted tenderness.

Ario. Sir, you do willingly mistake in
both: but 'tis because you know, you have
as great a privilege to injure me, as to abuse
your self.

Phyl. Shall I be heard then when I speak,
and cheerfully a little lifted to, that by de-
grees I might recover my sick hope?

Ario. You cannot lose your virtue, Sir, and
then I'm sure my courtship will never fail: to
promise more, would make me seem too
prodigal; of what you can't in nobleness
receive.

Phyl. The favour of your hand I may—
[Offers to kiss it.]

Ario. That not becomes your dignity—

Phyl. Indeed my bold ambition rather
would advance me to the sweetness of your
lip—

Ario. That worse becometh mine—

Phyl. Forgive me kind *Ariola*: I thrive
by chastisement, and mean to sin no more.

Theand. Methinks since yonder building on
the Mount, and that large Marble square was
turretted, the house looks pleasant, and would
tempt us to enjoy the Summer in't; what says
my *Phylomont*? shall we forsake the toyls o' th'
peace that here with triumphs celebrate the
Camp, and we have purchas'd and deserv'd?

Phyl. I'm here, *Theander*, govern'd by your
Laws, and must consent, but they are such I
like.

Theand. Come *Euritheia* let me hasten to
begin my happiness: lead to the Mistle
walk.— [Exeunt all but Fred. Cast. Scio.]

Fred. My Lord, make me indebted to your
cars a while before you go; this Gentleman
may safely share with us i'th' privacy.

Cast. You do me honour with your trust.

Fred. How worthy 'tis of grief, a Prince
so young endow'd with all the helps, that
Nature, Art, or Fortune need to make up
perfect man, should wear away the happiest
season of his strength, in tedious meditation
thus, severe discourses, and a cold survey of
beauty that he loves, yet fears to use?

Scio. Oh Signior! it hath forc'd me weep
at midnight for't, it is a thought too dan-
gerous for one of's gray-hair'd friends to bear
in memory.

Fred. His name (if he continue ignorant
o'th' use of marriage thus) must perish with

himself, and all his glorious conquests have
achiev'd, be left without an Heir.

Scio. Right, Sir, for I believe those Babies
he and *Euritheia* do beget by gazing in each
others eyes; can inherit nothing, I mean by
th' custom here in *Sicily*, and as for *Plato's*
Love-laws they may entail Lands on Ghosts,
for ought I know, I understand not Greek.

Cast. How, Sir, is the inclin'd?

Fred. As coldly as himself.

Cast. Is there no way to tempt their simple
loves to the right use?

Fred. My Lord, I have conceiv'd a remedy
in my own thoughts, 'tis an experiment which
if your Lordships judgment can allow, may
meet with glad success.

Scio. I'm bound to hear't.

Fred. There lives within *Mesina* (three
leagues hence) one *Buonateste*, a Physician,
and Philosopher, who though his wealth
not makes him eminent, yet he is rich in pre-
cious Vellum, and learn'd Manuscripts yellow'd
with age, in old disjoynted Globes,
and crooked Mathematick Instruments, enow
to fill a Braziers shop, which with his Maga-
zine of Coals, and Stills of Glass, for Chymick
purposes is all he hath.

Scio. A very rich Alderman Philosopher.

Fred. Believ't (my Lord) this Kingdom
will receive more future fame by being ho-
noured with his birth, than by our *Æschylus*,
our *Diodore*, our *Gorgias*, and *Empedocles*,
Euclide, and our *Archymedes*, who all took
here their knowledge, and their lives.

Scio. Well, Sir, wherein consists our present
benefit?

Fred. This man by Art shall make him
marry whom he now so ignorantly Courts.

Scio. That would incline much near a Mi-
racle.

Fred. Reward my care, but with your pa-
tience, and observe. I'm no protector of their
filly faith, who think (forsooth) that Phyl-
ters mixt with Hearbs or Minerals can inforce
a love, those, Sir, are Fables, made to com-
fort distressed Virgins, that want estates to
marry'em.

Scio. How then, Signior?

Fred. I say my reason thinks it possible,
with long endeavour'd Art (where love is
fix'd and interchang'd already) by a free con-
sent, to heat their bloods into desire, and nat-
ural appetite; And these desires they both
may exercise (being married Sir) with leave
of Custom and our Laws: You apprehend.

Scio. With little labour, Sir, Give me
your hand, and let me thank you for't; for
as you said, though Art cannot inforce a mu-
tual love when it hath found a Lover out, it
can provoke and warm him to do notable
feats. But by what subtle means is this per-
form'd?

Fred. He hath a rare Elixir.

Scio.

Scio. Well, Sir, you give much reason, and some hope: but in my greener years I thought no Elixir like Powder'd Beef, and good round Turnips to't, if eaten heartily, and warm.

Castr. My Lord, I'm your Disciple.

Scio. Nay, I have found an humble Bee, pickled, can do as much as your *Cantarides*: But who will you imploy unto this Man of Art? It must be secretly design'd.

Fred. *Castragano*, you, Sir, shall straight take horse; my former trust emboldens me to make no fitter choice, this Letter will insinuate our plot, which with five hundred Crowns that Purse contains, may speed him hither e're it be night.

Castr. My care shall make me worthy of your love.

Fred. Farewel, be swift and prosperous.

Scio. I'll in, and wait the Dukes commands.—— [Exit *Scio* to, *Castragano*, *severally*.

Fred. This fellow hath a wondrous little skull; and sure, but half a foul, easie and fit to knead and manage in all forms; my dark contrivements shall design; but for my hum'rous Lord, that his old gouty feet should stumble too into my snares, hath in't as much of fortune, as of mirth. Down, down, the secret troubles of my breast, I have not long to mourn, if all my Arts prove safe; my midnight purposes are new and strange, but heavy headed Mules tread in the plain and beaten path; The fat dull Porpoysse still With danger on the open water plays; Wife, Serpents creep, in crook'd and hidden ways.

[Exit.

ACT II. SCENE. I.

Enter *Fredeline*, *Castragano*.

Castr. SIR, he is come, I have divorc'd him from his Books, and found his eyes imployed to reconcile old Hieroglyphicks by their shape, and then t'interpret blind half eaten Characters.

Fred. Hath he consider'd our request, and gives some hope we may find remedy in Art?

Castr. With an industrious and exact survey; But in his mighty Science flights our fears, as 'twere a thing most easie to be done.

Fred. My joys, dear Sir, will grow too great for my discretion to conceal.

Castr. There's your Money.

Fred. How! would he not receive't?

Castr. He says he likes your nature well, that you could freely part with trifles of such high esteem, and for that cause he came, but will not sell the labours of his mind: Besides, profess'd, those gilded Counters are not things he loves.

Fred. A noble fellow! These philosophick blunt Book-Gallants, have oft their Gentry tricks of nice honour, as well as favourites, whom Kings make wanton with their sudden wealth. Where have you now dispos'd him?

Castr. Within your Chamber, Sir, and he expects your visitation will be straight perform'd.

Fred. I am all speed, dear Sir; my tongue is much too little to express my thanks: my select Friend, Lord of my life, wear me with what title your indulgent memory shall please so you will wear me long.—— [Exit.

Castr. This *Fredeline*'s a very Saint, so meek, and full of courtesie, that he would lend the Devil his Cloak, and stand i'th' rain himself. Sure I have suck'd some Sybils milk, I could not be thus lucky else t'enjoy his love.

Enter *Scio* to.

Scio. So soon return'd? your haste foretels good news.

Castr. All will succeed, my Lord, I hope, as if you had the certain skill to make your wishes prosperous; he is with *Fredeline*, and they expect your Interview; but look,—— Here comes my Sister, and your Son; he never saw a woman until now; it will be sport Worthy your stay, t'observe how he demeans himself.

Scio. She's old and poor, he may safely enough converse with her.

Enter *Amadine* and *Gridonel*; (he gazing at her.)

Amad. This Gentleman wants money, brains, or sleep, do you know him, Brother?

Castr. Sweet *Amadine*, contain thy wit a while: he never saw a woman, use him gently.

Grid. This is a rare sight. One of the Angels sure, and a great Gallant among 'em, had it but blue wings on the shoulders, it could not be of less degree than an Angel.

Scio. I perceive Nature inclines men to wonder

wonder, and makes 'em somewhat relish too o'th'fool.

Grid. An Angel of the better fort, some Lieutenant Colonel in Heaven (I take't) it can't be less.

Scio. Will he not speak to her?

Grid. Sure it hath wings, and they are made, I think, of Cambrick and Bonelace.

Scio. A pox upon him, he looks as he had stoln a Silver spoon.

Grid. If he would fly aloft, methinks I should go peep under her.——

Sciolt. All these are documents of nature still.

Grid. Sure those I think are Petticoats, I've heard of such a word; 'tis a fine kind of wearing: my new Colours have just Taffata enough to fashion such another; would 'twere made, that I might practise how to walk in't.

Sciolt. I'de beat him, but that the Villain's roughly bred, and perhaps would strike again.

Cyt. Speak to him *Amadin*.

Amad. I'm mortal, Sir, no Spirit, but a Maid. Pray feel me, I am warm.——

Grid. Indeed forsooth I never felt a Maid.

Amad. Heaven keep him from Tobacco, for's Brains are grown so loose in's head, they'll run through's Nose, next time he chance to sneeze; and dancing too will shake 'em out, it is an exercise too violent for that Disease. Sir, do you use to dance.

Grid. What's that forsooth?

Amad. To dance, Sir, is to move your Legs, as thus——

Grid. We use i'th' Wars to march and make a halt, and sometimes we double our paces.

Amad. Fresh straw, and a strong Chain, the Gentleman is mad, look to him, Brother.

Sciolt. If I'd another Son, I'd hardly trust Nature again with his breeding.

Grid. She said she was a Maid: and I've been told a Maid's a kind of Woman——

Sciolt. She is a Woman, Son.

Grid. If Women be such things, I wonder th' enemy do never bring their Wives against our Camp, to give us Battel, sure we should all yield.

Sciolt. Belike then you have a months mind to her.

Grid. O Sir, she hath the prettiest pinking Eyes; the holes are no bigger than a Pittol Bore.

Castr. An excellent Similie for a Painter. That would draw a good face.

Grid. Her Fingers are so small, and longer than a Drum-stick; ah, how they'd besfir themselves upon a Fife.

Sciolt. Then you could leave the Wars, and live with her?

Grid. So she would still sit by and let me gaze till my eyes ake.

Sciolt. Still he's innocent, one of *Plato's* Lovers.

Grid. Pray what was he?

Scio. An odd Greek fellow that could write and read.

Grid. O belike some Clark of a Company.

Scio. If he continue's wonder thus, and Ignorance to ev'ry woman that he meets, I may intail my Land upon the Poor, he'll not be able to beget an Heir, I must think upon some course.

Enter Theander.

Thean. My Lord *Sciolt*, I had thought your white and reverend head had held this season fit for sleep; Night takes her Mantle up as the would wear it straight. What Gentleman is this?

Scio. Your grace may please to owne him for my child. His Mother, Sir, would justify as much, were she alive.

Thean. What, *Gridonel*? Men speak him of a great and daring heart, and skilful how to vex the Foe, though he be young.

Scio. Faith if the Foe put but an Apron on, or get his Corslet edg'd with Flanders Purl, he'll do him little hurt.

Thean. My Lord, they say you bred him to no use of Books, he cannot write nor read.

Scio. 'Twill keep him, Sir, from entring into Bond.

Thean. Let us begin acquaintance, Sir, the day may come, when you shall lead my Ensigns forth, and though you bring them shot and ragged home, yet they'll be crown'd with Wreaths.

Grid. Strike up your Drums to night then if you please; if the Moon be froward, Sir, and will not shine, we'll fire small Towns to light us as we march.

Scio. Mafs! I thank nature for that yet, he has good mettle in him.

Thean. His meaning's straight & smooth, though's words be rough. I like him well, you must bestow him on me.

Scio. Most gladly, Sir, and let me tell your grace, you'll find him one of the most exquisite Platonick Lovers this day living; he will so innocently view and admire a Lady!

Thean. Still fitter for my use. Souldier, goodnight. [Exit.]

Scio. I must to *Fredeline*, and the Philosopher. [Exit.]

Castr. This Woman was my Sister, *Gridonel*.

Grid. And did one Father make you both?

Castr. I, Sir, and with a very little pains.

Grid. My Father's old and lazy now, if he'd

he'd take pains he'd soon make such another too for me; but I shall see her, Sir, again?

Castr. Yes, when you please: she must be gently us'd.

Grid. Alas, I cannot chuse. Would you would bring her to my Chamber in the dead of night?

Castr. You must excuse me, Sir, farewell. Each hour i'th' day she may be yours.

Grid. I shall so dream. [Exeunt.]

Enter Ariola, Rosella, with Tapers.
A Table with Night-linen set out.

Ariol. Prithee unpin me wench——If I were given enough to Prayer, I could not be thus incident to sleep; take heed, you hurt me——

Rosel. Your Ladiship is tenderer on the brest than you were wont; I would your heart were so.

Ariol. Whence comes that wish, *Rosella*? you are still complaining on my heart.

Rosel. Madam, these two long hours the noble Duke hath waited at your Chamber-door.

Ariol. Who? my Brother?

Rosel. Duke *Phylomont*, who vows t' inhabit there, unless you let him in.

Ariol. Heaven comfort his sick soul: what does he mean, here lock these Pendants up? The wonder makes me sick—I'll use no powder now—alas, what shall I do? I dare not let him in, the season is not fit.

Rosel. He vows his visit shall be so civil, that you need not counsel him, nor check him with a frown.

Ariol. I but at night?

Mens busie and officious tongues will talk.

Rosel. In troth your Ladiship's too strict, when you consider too your marriage is design'd; if my opinion (Madam) had authority, no time's unfit, to Lovers so far gone.

Ariol. You'll be his Oratour? go let him in.

Enter *Phylomont*.

Phyl. Methinks, my fair *Ariola*, you keep your beauty overmuch infolded and conceal'd, you are a Flower that would become the night as sweetly as the day.

Ariol. You make me proud with your similitude; but whilst I gain by it, your inference must lose, Mary-golds now shut in their leaves.

Phyl. Alas poor humble Flowers. *Ariola* should imitate the Lilly and the Rose: they boldly spread themselves still open to the night, yet yield the Sun so fresh and sweet a Sacrifice, that every morn he seems to blush at's own weak influence, which can no

longer keep them beauteous on their stalks, but they must drop, and perish with the Spring. Your pretious colour, and your odour too; my gentle Mistress needs must yield to time.

Ariol. The loss will not be mourn'd for, Sir, since 'twill be scarce discern'd.

Phyl. Sweet, you remove your understanding from my words, and make them of no use, their meaning would persuade you to enjoy this pleasant treasure, whilst it lasts; why are you still inclos'd thus like an Anchorese, as if our conversation could infer a sin? why am I nicely barr'd your Chamber, when the Priest being paid for a few ceremonious words, must license me your Bed, your bosom too?

Ariol. Our marriage, Sir, may promise much, till then your Excellence will grant me leave not to admit of opportunities, that may give breath to ill report.

Phyl. Be not so cruel in your bashful care, my Sister makes all hours and seasons fit to celebrate *Theander*, and he knows no wrinkle on her brow, that may be call'd a frown: O be you kind and free——

Offers at her hand.

Ariol. By your chaste Vows forbear——

Phyl. *Theander*'s not deny'd my Sisters hand, why should I have less am'rous privilege? I have desires as bold, which will be made as lawful too ere long.

Ariol. The meaning of their love is only mutual wonder and applause, and so proclaim'd; therefore can stir no jealousy in the severest thought, alas, we must be married, Sir, which may perhaps inforce your inclination to a dangerous hope.

Phyl. Where is thy safety then *Ariola*? this is the dismal silent time when Ravishers reach forth their trembling guilty hands to draw the Curtains where unpractis'd Virgins sleep; False *Tarquins* Hour, when he did hide his Torch from *Lucrece* eyes, and would not suffer her wak'd Beauty to eclipse that sickly flame, till she had quench'd a greater in his blood. How would thy courage faint, if I should make thee subject to my eager youth and strength?

Ariol. Poor *Phylomont*, if thou shouldst so forsake thy loyalty to love, yet I were still secure, and can subdue thee with my virtuous scorn; Alas! I fain would see the proudest of you Tyrant men, that durst but hope to force from me the least of these dishvell'd hairs, which I will still as bounteous favours wear for every wanton wind to sport withal, but not for you.

Phyl. Can you be angry?

Ariol. Then you should sigh unto your self, and in your own inamour'd ears distill the soothing of your cunning tongue, whilst

I enjoy the quiet of my sleep again without disturbance, by those midnight complaints your mournful comfort at my Window made, Wherein you curs'd the guiltless Stars, who seem'd to smile and wink upon each other in their Sphears, as if they, heedful notice took of all your feigned grief.

Phyl. Can you be angry my *Ariola*? or censure ought I spoke with an unkind belief? hear but my Vows.

Ariol. Good night—Your Excellence hath greater power to move my sorrow than my rage.

Phyl. Remember gentle Love, I have your heart by sacred plight, our Nuptials now draw near.

Ariol. I never knew the way how I might break my Faith, but till that hour arrive, we must converse no more, no not at distance, Sir, the cause is hidden in my Breast. Virtue and Peace (my Lord) still govern your desires.

Phyl. I shall grow mad with these delays; Sh'arh made a Vow never to marry me, until her Brother seal't with his consent. I'll move it to *Theander* e're I sleep. *Hymen!* go light thy Fires, and make thy Tapers shine, or cure me, sacred Love, by quenching thine.

Enter Amadine with a Taper, and Theander.

Amad. Not in her Bed, Sir, yet, I left her with her Lute, whose Musick I believe, has woo'd her to a gentle sleep.

Theand. Tread easie then, with a slow tim'rous pace, let's make less noise than Time's soft Feet, or Planets when they move—*[Draws a Canopy; Euritheia is found sleeping on a Couch, a Veil on, with her Lute.]*

Give me the Light; now leave us and retire.

Amad. This is an odd kind of Lover, he comes into my Ladies Chamber at all hours; yet thinks it strange that people wonder at his privilege. Well, opportunity is a dangerous thing; it would soon spoil me. *[Exit.]*

Theand. She lies in a shady Monument, Secure as pious Votaries that knew they were forgiven e're they dy'd.

Eurith. Who's there? my Lord, the Prince?

Theand. O, sleep again, and close those eyes that still enlighten mine; till I have merited the beauty of their beams, by blessings such as Love's religious Priests do give, This sacred office would become me well: 'Tis not a Robe of Lawn, a hallow'd Verge, Nor flowry Chaplets nicely wreath'd, can add prosperity to Prayers, or to Vows, no formal Pomp or Ceremony needs to wishes that are clean and humbly made.

Eurith. *Theander* sit, where have you been so long? 'las wherefore do I ask, since I so lately found you in my dream?

Theand. Unvail, my Love—when this is but displaid, thou openest like a fragrant Bud before the mornings eye, whilst all that's near thee is perfum'd, thy breath converts me to a Flower, wear me within thy bosom, and I shall last in odour all the year.

Eurith. Thou art *Theander*, and that name includes the sweetness of the Spring and Summers wealth.

Theand. Thou art not *Euritheia*, but my Rose, my bashful Flower, and I thy wanton Woodbine that must grow about thee in embraces thus, until thou art entangled with chaste courtesies of love.

Eurith. This is a happiness too great to last, Envy or Fate must lessen it, or we remove 'mongst the eternal Lovers, and provide our habitation near the Stars! my wonder grows upon me like my joy, O *Theander!*

Theand. What says my *Cherubine*?

Eurith. How shall I give my estimation words, when it would value thee that art the Wars chief Souldier, best example and delight? so bold, thou dar'st seek danger in a storm, when all the winds prepare to quarrel in the *Baltick* Sea; yet thou art milder than a captive Saint, so pitiful that I have seen thee weep o're the distress'd, till thou mightst give a name to Rivers as their Spring.

Theand. And thou (my Love) are sweeter far, than Balmie Incense in the purple smoak, pure and unspotted, as the cleanly Ermine, e're the Hunter sullies her with his pursuit, soft as her skin, chaste as the *Arabian* Bird, that wants a Sex to woo, or as the dead, that are divorc'd from warmth, from objects, and from thought. Still *Euritheia* I could multiply thy praise, yet still prove loyal unto truth; when I embrace thee thus, I straight forget, as weak delights, the days of Victory, and glories of the War.

Eurith. But when you hear the Drum, and the shrill Trumpet call, you'll mount your angry Steed again, and haste to live confin'd in Trenches, to exchange your marble Palace for a Tent, whilst I like a distress'd sad Turtle, am ordain'd to mourn without a Mate.

Theand. Do not afflict me with thy jealous fears; I'm come to tell thee (Love) to morrow in th' adjoining Grove, I'll meet thee like a Shepherd, such as fair *Arcadia* bred, that with variety our old delights, may still seem new.

Eurith. A Lovers wish can imp the hours short

short wings, and hasten time, look up *Theander*, it is day.

Theand. Where should I look? thou dost mistake the sphere and residence o'th' morn: let early Village Labourers, and dull benighted Sea-men do their homage to the East for light, the Region of our day we seek like Lovers in the fairest eyes.

Eurith. If you should look in mine, 'twill still seem night.

Theand. To Bed to bed: methink I hear the Lark, the mornings merry Officer; and see him shake his dewy wings, as he would strive to climb high as his cheerful voice.

Eurith. The best that Poets wishes can invent, or Lovers Prayers procure; thy sleeps enjoy.

Theand. And thine, that pretious harmony that dwells with quiet Hermits in their narrow Cells.
[*Ex. several ways.*]

Enter Buonateste, Sciolto, Fredeline, and Castragano.

Buonat. I say (my Lord) your business doth concern the blood, and not the Eyes; and since 'tis late it were abuse of time to read long Lectures of the *Opticks*, to tell you their consent and unity, or shew you through a Perspective how *Amorists* oppos'd in level to each other fight, unite and thrird their beams, until they make a mutual string on which their spirits dance into each others Brain, and so begin short Journeys to the heart; or to reveal the shape and colour of those spirits too, that were a miracle worthy sublime, and powerful Art!

Sciol. Their Colour's Orange Tawny, Sir, as I conceive.

Buonat. Your Lordship can conceive no more, than your weak knowledge will give leave.

Fred. To him Doctor.

Buon. Nor do I think it can concern you much, whether the nerval Conjugations be but seven, and of that mystick number too, whether the *Opticks* be the chief.

Sciol. For your seven Conjugations, Sir, you shall excuse me, but believ't, the seven wife Matters is a Volume I read much in my youth.

Buon. Your Lordship gives good proof o't in your age: but yet you never heard, Sir, of the fam'd *Antiperson*, whom once the learned *Stagerite* admir'd so for the self-reflection that he wore like to his perfect image still where he mov'd.

Sciol. No more, my good wife Friend, thou hast my wonder, that's enough; my understanding shall come after, but not till I am dead, for then they say we shall know all things without paying for our Books.

Buon. There is the Powder, Sir.

Fred. Give it to my care.

Buon. The Duke must take it in his draught to night. To morrow, as the Sun increaseth in his power, it works; at noon you'll see pure Miracles.

Fred. My Lord, 'tis fit our *Castragano* give it him: he takes a draught of Corlick Wine still e're he sleeps; he waiting in his Chamber may fildly mingle and pretent it to him—
[*Castra takes the paper.*]

Castra. I'll use my safest diligence.

Sciol. Where is he now?

Castra. With *Euritha*, Sir; he hath not call'd.

Sciol. Stays he so long? 'tis now i'th' ken of day. Signior *Buonateste*, have you no more of this rare magical stuff?

Buon. Another *Dose*; I came provided, Sir.

Sciol. Pray give it me.

Buon. Most willingly, but to whom will you dispos't?

Sciol. Unto no other but my Son: I find he's very much Platonically given.

Buon. My Lord, I still beseech you not to wrong my good old Friend *Plato*, with this Court calumny; they father on him a fantastick love he never knew, poor Gentleman, upon my knowledge, Sir, about two thousand years ago, in the high street yonder at *Athens*, just by the corner as you pass to *Diana's Conduit* (a Haberdashers house) it was (I think) he kept a wench.

Sciol. How, Sir, a wench?

Buon. I could say more, my friend was lewdly given.

Sciol. But with your favour, Sir, a plump brown wench?

Buon. Faith Authors differ about that; some write she had Flaxen Hair, and others too, that did not blush to know more private marks, say she had a Mole under her left thigh: others a hollow Tooth, that put him to the charge of Cloves, because her breath grew somewhat troublesome.

Fred. Give me thy hand Doctor; I'll have some share too in thy heart e're long; but did not *Plato* write of Love?

Buon. Divinely, Sir, but not such kind of love as Ladies would have now, they mistake him.

Sciol. He wrote in Greek, Doctor.

Buon. True, my good Lord.

Sciol. Why then belike my Son mistakes him too, he understands no Greek; this *Dose* shall conjure him, I'll give't him straight. Come, Sir, the night decays apace, let me direct you to your Bed.

Buon. Your Lordships kindness honours me too much.

Fredeline. My jolly dear Philosopher,
D d d 2 good-

good-night. [*Exeunt Scio. and Buon.*
 Sir, you have found with what assur'd and
 confident a soul I give you interest in all my
 business, and my thoughts.

Castr. Signior, I plead no merit but your
 bounty.

Fred. And now under the same protecti-
 on of your friendship and your trust, I must
 reveal a secret that doth oft inforce me walk
 with arms enfolded thus, still to combine and
 fasten in my ribs, lest it should split my breast;
 and you shall know it, Sir, I love, (curs'd
 Fate that I must utter it) I love the Princess
Euritheia.

Castr. Signior, indeed, this will deserve to
 be a secret and securely kept.

Fred. So love her, Sir, that men in fierce
 conspiracy, despair, or want, enjoy more
 quiet sleeps than I; and since I am much de-
 clin'd into weakness, and unpleasant years:
 you see, what narrow hopes are left to give
 my furious appetite success.

Castr. Introth 'tis pity, Sir.

Fred. There you express'd the charity and
 melting nature of a Friend, and may Admin-
 ister redress, for it will much reflect within
 your power.

Castr. You cannot want it then; but, Sir,
 it seems preposterous and strange to my
 dull brain, that since your love doth force you
 wish her to your self, you strive by marriage
 to bestow her on the Duke, and with such
 heartiness and care.

Fred. In this your friendship is again con-
 jur'd, I do beseech you never seek the end
 of that mysterious cause; some Salt I have
 that shews th' *Italian* humour in my Blood.
 I not affect to compass my designs the Vul-
 gar way.

Castr. But how can I redress your grief?

Fred. Your Sister *Anadine*, is in affection
 and attendance, near the Princess person and
 her mind, she may by your entreaty render
 me in such a Character of cunning praise, as
 shall advance me to her love perhaps, at least,
 to a refreshing of my sick desires.

Castr. She's bound in conscience, Sir, to do
 good Offices.

Fred. But wilt thou charm thy Sister with
 all force of thy affinity and words, to be my
 friend, indear us so, that I may whisper my
 own cause, and teach her mediate my ac-
 cess? this must be done to-morrow, for de-
 lays will make my grief too dangerous to
 bear.

Castr. To-morrow doubt it not, my Fun-
 ctions shall intirely be employed to your best
 use.

Fred. I had almost forgot the Medicine;
 it is late, and time 'twere working, fare-
 well: Command me to the loss of Fame, of
 Treasure, and of Life dear *Castragano*, be

but benign, and chain me as thy slave.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter Phylomont, Arnolde, and Jaspero
with lights.

Phyl. I thought I have found him safe in's
 quiet rest, with his Curtains drawn e're this.
 Is it his use to stay so long!

Arn. The visits he presents unto your
 Graces Sister, though at night, are never ha-
 stily perform'd.

Jasp. Times leggs may tire, if he run on
 until such true and faithful Lovers finish
 their discourse.

Arn. *Jaspero*, that's the Morn which so
 inflameth yonder Cloud.

Jasp. Is it your Graces will, we go and
 try to hasten his approach?

Phyl. Please you to trust me here alone,
 I'll stay his coming, Sir, my business asks a
 private conference. — *Ex. Arn. Jasp.*

My Sister is so bounteous of her love, and
 gives her favours with such bold neglect of
 Fame, but that I knew the pure and chaste
 condition of her soul, I should grow vex'd
 with jealous fears. *Ariola* will not vouchsafe
 to use me so.

Enter Theander.

Thean. My *Phylomont*, this is a season when
 your visit would import some great affair
 that carries haste or wonder in't.

Phyl. You have a Mistress, Sir, preserves
 your spirits full of Fire, your glad heart
 keeps eternal triumph in her close warm
 throne, whilst mine encreaseth not in joys,
 but weight. 'Tis heavy, Sir, if it continue
 so 'twill break the strings. Your froward
 Sister.

Thean. Will she not love? I'm sure her
 Beauty was ordain'd for no felicity but Love.
 Her sweetness and her forms, though she
 were less ally'd unto my nature, would pro-
 claim it to the world.

Phyl. Sir, she hath banish'd me.

Thean. Upon what Rock. Was she by
 a Scythian nurs'd, that she is grown so cruel?
 It cannot be.

Phyl. Th'affliction will not long endure
 (I hope) because you may repeal the doom.

Thean. You are assur'd my *Phylomont*, I
 needs must strive to further love; what shall
 I do?

Phyl. Give your consent, that I may marry
 her.

Thean. How! marry her! your souls are
 wedded, Sir, I'm sure you would not marry
 bodies too, that were a needless charge.
 Come, you shall have your Bridal Feast.

Phyl. This mirth, Sir, is a little too re-
 mote

mote from th'answer I should have.

Thean. Blame my conception then; I understand you not: To what purpose would you marry her?

Phyl. Why Sir? to lye with her, and get children.

Thean. Lye with my Sister *Phylomont*! how vile and horribly that sounds! I prethee sleep a while, 'tis thy distemper, and I pardon it.

Phyl. This is strange, being married, is't not lawful, Sir?

Thean. I grant it may be Law, but is't comely? reduce thy reason to a cleaner sense, think on't a noble way. You two may live, and love, become your own best arguments, and so contract all virtue, and all praise: Be ever beauteous, fresh, and young, at least in your belief; for who can lessen, or detile th'opinion which your mutual thoughts shall fervently exchange? and then you may beget reflections in each others eyes, so you increase not children, but your selves a better, and more guiltless progenie; those immaterial creatures cannot sin.

Phyl. But who shall make men, Sir, shall the world cease?

Thean. I know not how th'are made, but if such deeds be requisite, to fill up Armies, Villages and City shops; that killing, labour, and that couz'ning still may last:

know *Phylomont*, I'd rather Nature should expect such coarse and homely drudgeries from others than from me.

Phyl. And yet you had a Father, Sir. But why do I tell him so? that was his Mothers fault not his. This is mad doctrine. I'll bid your excellence good night, but first I'll leave this information in your ear; you'll find your Sister of my mind, the fain would marry too.

Thean. Oh prodigy! 'belike she understands then what it means, wrong not a Lady, Sir, whole innocence is such, she wears no blushes for her self, but you. Leave me, although our friendship, Sir, be great, my patience is too little to subdue my rage; to Bed my gentle *Phylomont*, if thou art guiltless, thou wilt sleep.

Phyl. I'll take your counsel, Sir, the morning may reclaim us both. *[Exit.]*

Thean. O poor *Ariola*! where hast thou chang'd thy bashful virtue for unchaste desires? thy ears are blister'd with lascivious breath, thy understanding is become thy crime; I shall not know thee when I meet thee next, thy very soul is sullied, and thy blood

That ran so pure; will now grow black with Sin,

Till't make thy beauty like an Æthiops skin. *[Exit.]*

ACT III. SCENE. I.

Enter Theander, Ariola.

Ariol. **Y**Our looks are clouded, Sir, I fear your health is alter'd, or your mind perplex'd.

Theand. Your looks, *Ariola*, will shortly too decay; whilst by their strange and early perishing your former Beauty must be quite forgot, like sullen Roses that would wither on the Bough, e're thoroughly blown, e're gather'd for the Still; so lose all memory that they were ever sweet.

Ariol. I need instructions what you would infer.

Theand. Have you no secret sickness in your blood?

Ariol. Not that I feel, nor do I think my Prayers so vainly made, that I should perish yet.

Theand. Have you not heard of late some new discourse, such as inflam'd you to desire strange practices of heat, tryals of youth, I know, not what they are; but Nature oft doth put odd tricks on young and curious

fools, which still the bashful may resist.

Ariol. If to be ignorant be safe, I am to learn, Sir, what you mean.

Theand. Indeed! look up, and with a Virgin confidence contemn the inrag'd severity in my brow, by urging that for truth without a blush.

Ariol. Alas, you have amaz'd me, Sir, but I dare look i'th' face of Heaven, write all my willing faults, and stand unvail'd whilst they are read.

Theand. Perhaps the is abus'd. *Ariola*, pray tell me the request you sent by *Phylomont*; I know not how I understood it then, but sure't hath troubled all my powers.

Ariol. I sent you none but what was good and lawful.

Theand. Are you become so wise in wickedness, to chuse offences that the Laws protect? Th' ambitious in the worlds first Age invented them to gather wild and wandering Nations

Nations into Towns and Forts: and so rais'd Common wealths for their own pride to rule, those cunning Scriblers knew that Laws make Subjects, and tame Slaves, not virtuous men; live thou as not to know or need their use.

Ariol. I can be farther justify'd, for my request was fit and modest too.

Theand. Then you may name't.

Ariol. I gave him leave fairly to question your consent, that we might marry, Sir.

Theand. Do you already know what that word means?

Ariol. Your judgment had sufficient cause to blame my breeding else: I have been often told its sacred institution, and the use for which it was first ordain'd.

Theand. The use, *Ariola*? Sh'ath rarely profitted since my long absence from her at the Camp: who read these Lectures in your ear? if't were a Woman, sure, she fastned on on her Mask to hide her blushes whilst she talked.

Ariol. In my weak judgment, Sir, you are too nice, and make uncomly mystery of that which both the learned and the noble have allow'd and taught; and such as Vestals may discourse, yet not be banish'd from their holy lamp.

Theand. But to remain a Vestal still (*Ariola*) to live in sweet unskilful Virgin-hood, the Angels life, for they no Sexes know, but ever love in meditation, not in Act. Ha! is not this a sweetness far beyond, the pleasures that our appetites create?

Ariol. Sir, it is excellent and free, but I am told, the next degree of happiness, the married challenge and enjoy.

Theand. O she is lost! I will go weep into the Sea, and sooner hope to find my unmix'd tears upon my cheek again, than her perverted heart reclaim'd unto her former innocence. Reach me your hand; you are my Prisoner now, and must be kept from sight of men.

Ariol. Sir, though I cannot learn m' offence, yet I shall soon be taught t' obey.

Theand. If since thy late perversion thou hast left but one acquaintance in sweet Heaven, that dares befriend thy Orizons, kneel to him straight.

Ariol. Though you are cruel grown, you cannot want my tender wishes, that your angry thoughts be to their peaceful harmony restor'd!

[Exit. *Theand.* seems to lock her in.

Theand. Yet am I not left desolate to mourn with single grief, this ruin'd Virgins fate: my *Eurithea* when she hears of her revolt, will sigh her piteous soul away to air.

[Enter *Phylom.*

Phyl. *Theand.* I am come to learn. If

yet your temper can with kind, discreet civility, return an answer to my suit?

Theand. Sir y' have undone a noble Maid, one nurs'd in such severe behaviour of her mind, so meek and humble in desires, she seem'd much fitter for a Cloister than a Court; but now she aims at liberty and change.

Phyl. What I have taught her, Sir, Hermits and Nuns might in their dying minutes listen to without disquiet to their parting souls; and things less chaste I know, she would not hear.

Theand. Take heed my Princely friend? do not augment thy crime, by owning as thy knowledge, what is yet, but the mistake of thy belief; I had a hope thy vain conceptions would be mended much by sleep.

Phyl. Well, I'll be brief. Your Sister I would marry, Sir, and then as Lords and Princes use, that love their Wives, lye with her.

Theand. You are too Masculine? name not those words again: you blast me with your breath, poor Russians in their drink, are not to rude, leave me: my anger may undo us both.

Phyl. *Theander* can you think to fright me hence, or is it safe to chide me with bold words? I would be better us'd; tell me (I pray) is this all the answer my demands shall have?

Theand. All, Sir, and more than I can patiently allow, your conversation never could be less esteem'd.

Phyl. I fear your noble reason is diseas'd, where I have lov'd, affliction makes me pitiful, and where I pity, I can ne'er intend revenge: farewell injurious Prince, but know, if I can get your Sisters kind consent, I'll not endeavour yours.

Theand. Go not deluded with that trivial hope: she is my Prisoner lock'd and inclos'd, from all address that force or opportunity would make, thou shalt behold her face no more.

Phyl. Hah! imprison'd! examine, Sir, your troubled memory. It cannot be.

Theand. You'll find it most expedient, and a truth.

Phyl. Imprison her! her beauty will break forth. You may as soon in Christs Jails confine the Suns refulgent Beams, climb Heaven, reach down a Star, as imprison her!

Theand. This iteration will but vex us both. Farewell! you may believ't at leisure, Sir, time will persuade you to't.

Phyl. *Theander*, stay; mark how I cancel all th' affection, merit, and the glorious Vows we interchang'd in war, the parting tears we shed, when in the day of battel our bold Troops we did divide against the Foe: and

and those embraces made, when met again, joy'd and exalted with our Victory, are now eternally forgot.

Theand. I should lament this loss, had you preserv'd your virtue fill, and purity of heart.

Phyl. Until three journeys of the Sun expire, I'll give thee leisure to repent, but then release thy Sister to her free converse, and publick view, or I will spread my Ensigns here, and 'gainst thy Palace fix my Cannon, till I batter it to dust.

Theand. Poor *Phylomont*, how I neglect thy fury when it dares inkindle mine? if Fate resolve, we that in foreign Climes made others mourn, so soon must bleed at home; yet e're we part, let us salute like civil Enemies—Farewel. When next we meet, 'twill be in danger, noise, and sulph'rous smoke; for *Euritheas*' sake thy Fetters shall be easie.

Phyl. And for *Ariola's* if thou shalt fall beneath my Sword, I will embalm thee with my Tears; my eyes grow moist with pity of our Fates.

Theand. And mine with sorrow melt so fast away, I shall be left in darkness if I stay. [Exit.

Enter *Castragano*, *Fredeline*, and *Amadine*.

Castr. This *Gridonel* is young and simple, Sir, admires all women with a tame extasie. And then my Sister *Amadine* (you know) hath a most pure contriving wit; if we could get him marry her, it were a stratagem would make us rich and famous.

Fred. But will you bring her to him now?

Castr. That's our design.

Fred. Hast thou o'rewatch'd thy self? art mad?

Castr. Why Signior?

Fred. 'Tis past the time two hours, when by our great Physicians date, the Medicine gan to work. I do believe, the Duke e're this hath felt some sudden difference in his Maiden blood: And *Gridonel*, I'm sure, drunk his full share; 'twill work him to such fury, he will ravish thy poor Sister, nay eat her up, not leave a morsel big enough to bear her name, or memory that such a Creature was.

Castr. She's old, and tough, and will be sure to put him, Sir, to th' tryal of his teeth; but I had quite forgot, he took the Medicine, we must chuse some other time.

Fred. As for your Sisters marriage, Sir, with *Gridonel*, trust my plots, such I have laid, as shall join hearts and hands, then straight bring 'em to Bed I think, Sir, she desires no more.

Castr. Sir you oblige us with new benefits.

Fred. Some cause you'll have to say for now, read that——'Tis a Commission I procur'd the Duke this morning sign, which gives you a Company in's Regiment garrison'd at *Messina*: so you are now my Friend and Captain *Castragano*.

Castr. The latter adds to my revenue, Sir, the first to my content.

Fred. Have you employed your Sister *Amadine* in my behalf?

Castr. Sir, there she stands, ready to execute all you enjoin, to th' hazard of her life.

Fred. Sweet *Amadine*, your kindness can excuse an old sinner, I know you hold the Princess in your power; will you indear me to her fair esteem, procure me such address as may be opportune and fit.

Ama. Sir, I've already mov'd your praises with some vehemence, it prospers too, as far as good opinion of your person and your parts.

Fred. And is there hope we may converse, by Star or Moon-light, yet be so maydenly to call to have the Curtains drawn.

Ama. This, Sir, with good endeavour may be done.

Fred. Then cough and make a noise, till we grow witty in our fears, and break small jests, laugh out again, and lift the apron up to stifle it.

Arn. But meaning, Sir, no harm.

Fred. And whisper close, and then laugh out, and wake the Posset-eating-Nurse.

Ama. Still meaning, Sir, no harm?

Fred. None I protest, mine's pure Platonick love

Castr. My Sister, Signior, is inquisitive, guilty of my offence, she ask'd me e're you came, why you endeavour'd thus to have the Lady married to another, whom you meant to love?

Fred. That's the Platonick way; for so the Balls, the Banquets, Chariot Canopy, and quilted Couch, which are the places where this new wife Sect do meditate, are kept, not at the Lovers but the Husbands charge, and it is fits for marriage makes him none, though she be still of the Society.

Amad. And may besides her husband, have a sad Platonical servant to help her meditate.

Fred. All modern best Court Authors do allow't.

Amad. You give good light into the business, Sir.

Fred. Were *Euritheas* married, I would teach her the true Art, she is unskilful yet.

Ama. Hymen may burn his Taper to a snuff before

before we see her wedding day; there's nothing comes so seldom in *Theanders* thought.

Fred. But are you serious?

Amad. I've newly dress'd her like a Shepherdess; and he i'th' old Arcadian habit meets her straight, to whine and kiss, that's all they do.

Fred. How? 'tis two full hours since the prefix'd time our Artist did prescribe his Charm should operate; I hope he hath not us'd us thus. *Castragano*, Captain, I'd forgot: dear Sir, hasten, and see how it doth work with *Gridonell*: you, gentle Mistress, shall conduct me to some covert in the Grove, where I may best observe *Theander* and his talk, it will concern me much.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Arnoldo, Jaspero, Gridonell.

Arnol. This Creature you so much admire, is but the Prince's woman, Sir.

Jas. A very Creature, and doth serve.

Grid. Would I might serve her, Gentlemen; I long to wear a Fan, I have a tossing Feather in my Chamber, it will make two dozen of Fans.

Arnol. But for what uses could you serve a woman?

Grid. Instead of rearing a square Sconce. I'd learn to raise up Paffe; and then for push o' Pike, practise to poke a Ruff.

Jas. These qualities will make your wages, Sir, at least four Marks a year.

Grid. My Corp'ral shall serve too. It is an honest Fellow, and a Lover; he may wash bucks, and scowre dishes, instead of Armour.

Arnol. Is he a Lover too?

Grid. O I! he loves women; dares talk and handle 'em: and would tell such pretty tales of a fine gentle Damsel that he knew.

Jas. What was she?

Grid. I never saw her, Sir, but she boil'd Chestnuts, and sold bloat Herring in the Leaguer.

Arnol. There are ways left for you to compass *Amadine*, better than service: you should woo and win her.

Grid. Pray Gentlemen, how do they use to woo?

Arn. Why, with fine Language.

Grid. What's that, Sir, French?

Jas. French is indeed the smoothest and most prosperous.

Grid. Alas! I can speak none but a few words we use i'th' War, as at our Court *de Gnard*, we cry, *Que va la*.

Arnol. That, Sir, will serve when you shall meet your Mistresses in the dark.

Grido. And then after a Battel *Randee vous*.

Jas. This may be us'd, Sir, when the's obdurate, and will not yield to love.

Grid. This is all my fine Language.

Jas. Women are woo'd with Musick too?

Grid. Will the Drum and Trumpet serve, with sad Songs set to 'em, to the tune of a dead March?

Arnol. Yes, at the Fun'ral of a Generals Wife; but there is yet another means, they oft are woo'd by Letters elegantly penn'd.

Grid. I, you are happy that can write and read, I was taught once to set my mark to a Shoo-makers Bill.

Enter Castragano.

Castr. *Arnoldo*, does this Souldiers humour last?

Arnol. Still more, he's grown demurer than a young *Geneva* Bride; commits Idolatry to every Lawndress in the house, and dares not speak to 'em, but with his Hat in's eyes.

Castr. Belike the Med'cine hath not wrought, I'll lead him to my Sister: Follow, Sir, this is the blessed hour, wherein you shall behold fair *Amadine*, and court her too.

Grid. Good Gentlemen, pray go and bear me out: but teach me how to wear my Cloak, and when I should pull on my Gloves. ——— [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Fredeline, Sciolto, Buonateste.

Fred. We are undone: I found him lying in a Poplar shade, with colder thoughts about him, than old *Carthusians* have when they are sick, less apt for Love than *Muscovites* benighted when they travel on the Ice.

Sciolto. And works so little with my Son, he stands moping and fix'd, as he were to be sold to a Stone-Cutter for a Marble Statue.

Buon. My Lord, I'm lost in my astonishment, some envious spirit checks my Art, it was not wont to fail the strictest minute given, to make the virtue and effect appear.

Sciolto. This is the Powder that you priz'd so high, as'twere a grated Carbuncle, or that long Diamond pounded which the Sultan wears upon his Thumb.

Fred. Where's your Philosophy: your strong deep Art, that piercing through the Center, would look down to Hell, there number all the Fiends, and take account, how many load of Coals is every year allow'd for their expence?

Sciolto. Yes, Sir, and when the Sun is blown out by a strong Northerly wind, You'd

You'd undertake again to light him with a Torch heav'd up by a long *Jacobs* Staff.

Buon. My Lord, I smile at these vain injuries you do to Art, not me, 'tis fitter for your wonder than your mirth; but take your course.

Fred. Since your great Master *Aristotle* dy'd, (who fool'd the drunken Macedon out of a thousand Talents to buy Books) what have the multitude of 's learn'd Successors done, wrote Comments on his works; light! I could beat you all, have you so many Ages toy'd t' interpret what he writ in a few years? Is there yet nothing new, to render benefit for humane life, or strength in reason for our after hopes? Why, do we build you Colledges?

Sciolt. Yes, and allow 'em Pensions too, that they may scribble for no end, but to make Paper dear.

Buon. For one unlucky scape in knowledge must I suffer all this tyranny?

Sciolt. You study Phyllick too?

Fred. He knows to cure sick Chickens o'th' Pip.

Sciolt. I'd fain see one of that profession live five hundred years without loss of a Tooth.

Fred. No, Sir, they'll suffer ruine and decay in their own bodies for examples sake, that others may fall sick and make 'em rich.

Sciolt. Right *Fredeline*, for notwithstanding all their Min'rals and their Herbs, we must be fain at last to betake our selves to the wide yawn, grinning, and the long stretch.

Buon. You make all knowledge but deception, Sir, and Cheaters of the learned Philosophers.

Fred. 'Tis little less, the merry Fop of *Thrace*, that always laugh'd, pretending 'twas at vanity; alas, 'twas his disease, going to steal Mushrooms for his Supper, the blew mouth'd Serpent skulk'd under a Dock leaf, and bit him by the Thumb, from whence he took that laughing Malady.

Sciolt. And his *Antagonist* would ever seem to weep out of a pious cause, a fine dissembling Fellow, 'twas not sorrow made him weep.

Buon. No Sir, make that appear.

Sciolt. I'll shew a Manuscript, now kept i' th' Vatican that proves he had nine years a Fistula in's eye.

Fred. Meer coz'ners all.

Sciolt. As for *Diogenes*, that fasted much, and took his habitation in a Tub, to make the world believe he lov'd a strict and severe life, he took the diet, Sir, and in that very Tub swet for the French disease.

Fred. And some unlearned Apothecary

since, mistaking's name, called it *Cornelius Tub*.

Buon. My noble Friends, make much still of your spleens, tickle your selves with straws, if you want sport, I shall have my revenge ere long.

Sciolt. I think y' have poyson'd the Duke, and my Son too: if it be found I'll cut your throat.

Buon. My Lord, I scorn your Calumnies; I'll to *Messina*, and condemn you both. [Exit.]

Sciolt. My fears misgive me, *Fredeline*: if he should now take Horse, and leave us here to own his treacherous fact, that were a fine Philosophy.

Fred. Unless he have the subtle art to flie, we'll overtake him; he shall not stir until we know his Med'cines quality. [Exeunt.]

Enter Theander like a noble Shepherd.

Theand. Three weary circuits of the Sun expir'd, fierce *Phylomont* and I shall meet, to know the difference of our Stars, till then I'll practise Rites of Love: My *Euritheia* must not know our anger, nor the cause: Come forth my princely Shepherdess, and leave thy Lambs (less gentle than thy self) whilst we a while enjoy this gloomy shade.

Enter Euritheia like a Shepherdess.

Eurith. Why should we hide our selves, *Theander*, from the free discoveries of the light, that know not guiltiness to cause a bathful fear.

Theand. This green and fragrant Palace tempts our stay, here sit, where Nature made the sharper scented Bryer, and luscious Jasmine meet to qualifie and reconcile their differing smells within the honey Woodbines weak and slender arms; sit neerer, we are too remote.

Eurith. How, my *Theander*, am I still subdu'd with thy chaste Victories upon my heart? Would Heaven had ne'er begun these joys, till it had kindly promis'd they should never end.

Theand. Yet whilst they last, we'll strive to make the strict Example of our love, an easie Law, unto the vain fantastick world.

Eurith. The nimble Dwarf, and lazy Eunuch then (which are the Spies and Messengers of their blind god) might rest at home, for all their toils and simple business upon earth should cease.

Theand. And that small god himself (who ne'er could tempt wise Poets to increase his stature, or to mend his eyes, as knowing what a useless Deity they made) might soon go shake his Quiver, and unplume his Shafts. The influence with which

his fond Idolaters are giddily inspir'd, is incident to fallhood and to change.

Eurith. But our affection, time nor sad distress have power to alter or destroy.

Theand. Yet say the fury of some sudden War should lead us captive to a cruel Land, couldst thou endure the frowns of Destiny, and be thus beauteous still? when scornful men shall ask, where now your gaudy Vestments are, then you appear'd like various Tulips in the Ides of May?

Eurith. Fear not, my Love, the homeliest weeds should well become my beauty then, since humbled by my thoughts, the nimble Linnet in his russet Feathers flies, as warm as does that Bird of Paradise, with all his painted and his gilded trim.

Theand. But oh! methinks I hear thy mourning, and the faucy Foe demand, where are those Fumes of sweet *Assyrian* Nard, wild Cypress Boughs, and sifted Amber, which ever as you mov'd, *Theander* burnt, pretending Sacrifice, but 'twas to hide you in those costly mists, from Rivals eyes.

Eurith. Then with my wiser scorn I shall reply, for sweets, behold yond Bed of Violets, that lean and hang their heads together; as they seem'd to whisper and consult, how to preserve their odour to themselves, whilst neer each Christal Brook the Primrose stands triumphing on his stalk, as he disdain'd his hidden root, ambitious to be worn within a chaste, although a Captives breast.

Theand. Still, still methinks, this rugged Conqueror derides thee with his wit, and asks where are the whispers of your amorous Lute, that sooth'd you into slumbers till your dreams became your greatest sin.

Eurith. When I shall Musick need, I'll say each tree doth entertain a Quire at Nature's charge: and what is he dares touch the *Tuscan* Lute, whilst in the night he hears the Bird begin her pensive notes; whose feather'd Ancestor the fiery *Tereus* wrong'd?

Theand. And whilst thy days of bondage last, thou with thy artful Needle shalt draw in filken Imag'ry, the stories of our fatal love.

[*Theander gazing on her, rises and starts.*]

Eurith. Ay me, what sudden terror shakes you thus, into a wild demeanour of your looks?

Theand. Such fire as this I have not felt

before, it burns my heart, my blood runs flaming till my scorched Veins together curl.

Eurith. Tell me, the best of Princes? what's your grief?

Theand. 'Tis strange; come *Eurith* let us walk.

Eurith. Will you divide your troubles from my breast? shall I not know your grief, which though my pity cannot remedy, my prayers may?

Theand. It is a fire, kindled and bred in Hell: for it pervades and warms me to a guilt, as strange and distant from my knowledge, as my will; move on, my gentle Love. Oh stay! go back! go back a while till I've subdu'd my thoughts.

Eurith. Help him, sweet Heaven, preserve his reason safe.—

Theand. Nay, do not weep, those watry Obsequies serve to lament, not quench such Fun'ral fire as mine.

Eurith. A Funeral fire?

Theand. O yes; 'twill burn me after death, though thou couldst drop more showers than *April* weeps when *March* hath blown the ruder winds into his eyes; though every tear thou shedd'st were swell'd into a wave, thou couldst not quench this secret fire.

Eurith. Dear *Theander*!

Theand. Hide, hide thy beauty e're thou speak'st; put on thy Vail: nay, closer yet—

[*She veils her self.*]

Eurith. You careful Angels that reside above, can you have business of more grace or need, than to consider such a change as this? *Theander*, speak, what may it mean?

Theand. To name it, were such impudence, as Ravishers cannot attain till they are grown long exercis'd, and old.

Eurith. These words are newer than the wondrous cause that gives them breath.

Theand. Bold Devil! thou imperious flame, sure I shall stifle thee at last. Now come my *Eurith*, lets move on, thy strong o'recoming beauty clouded thus, we may converse, and safely too I hope. Alas, why dost thou weep? O sad, sinister change! I am resolv'd; for if my tainted Veins still harbour this disease, I will not need thy anger *Phylomont*, to make me bleed.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Buonateste, Sciolto, Fredeline.

Buo. **W**Here is the honour of my Science now? are my affections true? I told you, though their cold unpractis'd constitutions might for two short hours be an impediment to our fierce hopes, it could not fail to work.

Scio. Magnanimous Rabbin, thou hast conquer'd us, we yield to thy Philosophy; I would kneel down for expiation of my mis-belief, but that my joyns are old, and it were troublesome to rise again, my fine Magical Mounfier, be courtly in thy Learning, embrace us, and forgive our Hercfe.

Buo. But are you reconcil'd (with pious thoughts) unto the ancient Sages, and believe their knowledge of some use?

Scio. They are Right Worshipful, I reverence all their Ghosts; but for the old fellow that walk'd With's Lanthorn to find honest men, introth he did an Ancestor of mine a private wrong, flicks in my stomach yet.

Fred. My Lord, it needs must be so, long ago your goodness should perswade your memory to blot it out; but pray what wrong could poor *Diogenes* afford your Ancestor?

Scio. Why, meeting him in a blind Lane, he denied to lend him that Lanthorn, which you know, Signior, to a Gentleman in silk Stockings, and white Shoos, was a discourtesie.

Buo. You Lordship's subtle in Antiquities, and have kept a very nice Intelligence.

Scio. Well, *Fredeline*, this lucky Plot was ours, we've done enough. Hast thou convers'd with the good Duke since he did feel the med'cine in his blood?

Fred. O, Sir, the Ice is melted that hath kept his veins so frozen and condens'd; he must find out, that Nature made a Woman for some use more consequent, than to converse with and admire: besides, this our belov'd and knotty Sophister hath fill'd me with such potent arguments, Divine and Moral: to perswade the rites of Marriage, wife, and seemly too, as he shall needs consent in's reason and his will, that he was once begotten, and must now beget.

Scio. Th'ast drawn this Circle with my own compass, and rais'd a spirit in't *Agripa*'s self, were he alive, could not allay.

Fred. Nay more, by my appointment, Sir, there waits a Priest, at th' Chappel door, who just upon the nick of his conversion may appear, and tye that mystick knot;

which *Euristhea* hardly will unloose again.

Scio. Exquisite *Fredeline*, I hear the *Dose* I gave my Son, hath turn'd him from a tame Souldier to a Town Bull; I will go seek him strait, and find some means t'appease his am'rous wrath. [Exit.

Fred. Philosopher, we two must leal a brotherhood; come, let me shake thy Hebrew and thy Greek transcribing Fift: Not all thy Leathern, nor thy Vellum friends, those dead companions on thy shelves, shall be more faithful to thee than thy humble *Fredelene*.

Buo. Though my own studies, Sir, be solemn and profound, I honour a good Wit, and can be tickled with pure Fancy as well as youthful Poets in their Wine; yours I have plac'd in my first choice.

Fred. Ah my Philosopher! if thy almighty Art could do one courtesie, in my behalf.

Buo. But name it, Sir; we that are rich in treasure of the mind, like others wealthy in their gold, do of't preserve the best and chiefest part conceal'd.

Fred. Couldst thou by some rare subtle compound, work on Nature so, that whom I lov'd might be inforc'd to make return of an affection hot and violent as mine, methinks I see a cheerful answer in thy looks, be kind, and speak some comfort e're I faint.

Buo. This may be done.

Fred. How, how? my sage immortal friend?

Buo. You are in love!

Fred. Platonically, Sir, no otherwise.

Buo. Fie, fie! profess a friendship, and presume to gull me with a Ladies Paradox! do not I know what that imports?

Fred. Well, Sir, you that have skill t'interpret all the Eastern tongues, may manage my weak words into what sense you please.

Buo. If you expect redress, the Mistress whom you love must grow familiar to my sight, that I may study her complexion, and her years; then mark which way her soul's inclin'd.

Fred. I know 'twill be as safe a secret in your knowledge as in mine, 'tis *Euristhea*.—

Buo. I thank you much, not for the trust, you put into my breast, but for your brave ambition, Sir, for I affect great Spirits like great Wits: but give me leave to ask.

Fred. I will prevent you, Sir, for I presume

fume you'll but demand what others privy to my bold design, why I thus toil to make *Theander* marry her, since by my hopes prescrib'd for mine own Bed?

Buon. You guess my wonder to the full.

Fred. My other instruments I thought too thick and heavy foul'd, to merit knowledge of this mystery, but you have reason, Sir, and shall be satisfi'd.

Buon. Signior, I wear your praise as my best dignity.

Fred. Pray listen then. If I should think to enjoy her by the tame and formal title of a Wife, I were but simply gull'd by my o'reweening and too fawcy ignorance, as knowing well my birth, my fortune, and my years make me unfit for such a hope; but when she comes to relish man, whose warm contraction makes her thaw, then like a Spring too long imprison'd in her Ice, she'll spread into a lib'ral Stream, that ev'ry thirsty Lover may Carouse, until his heat be quench'd.

Buon. 'Tis subtly said; but Signior, now suppose the Wedding past, have you no other means to prosecute your love?

Fred. More cunning and sublime! my deep designments have contriv'd, before his bridal kisses cool upon her lips, he shall grow jealous of her chastity. This, Sir, is certain as the nights succession to the day, and well you know, she that finds her Husband jealous without cause, will lye Perdu until he give him one.

Buon. Thy bold ambition and thy wit, inear'd thee first unto my thoughts, but now I find thee deeply read in Lovers Politics; the lustful Priests of *Paphos* might have been Disciples to thy skill. How I affect mischief, when managed by a brain, can lead and usher it in new untrodden ways?—

Fred. But will you make this compound, Sir?

Buon. It shall be straight prepar'd, which e're you sleep you must receive into your nostril by a fume made on a little fire of *Cassia* Roots; then gaze on her to-morrow but two minutes space, until your am'rous Optick spirits by a secret transmutation steal into her eyes, and straight the work is crown'd.

[Enter *Theander*.

Fred. I am obliged to sacrifice my life: the Duke is come, away. It is not fit your friendship should be yet begun; go to your *Limbeck* dear Philosopher.—[Exit *Buon*.

Theand. Leisure, and drowsie sloth, did first beget these crooked and abortive thoughts: they are the progeny of ease. What do I here? when I had business in the Camp they ne'er durst tempt me in my idlest dreams: But oh! they have o'recome my

nature, and my strength! if there be remedies, I'll chuse the best.

Fred. This morn your excellence was pleas'd to think my counsels, learn'd, and requisite; I with your wise opinion may not change her faith; there waits a Priest within will give a sweet and sudden cure to your disease.

Theand. I thank you, Sir, have you acquainted *Phylomont* with my desire?

Fred. He will obey you, Sir,—look where he comes.

Enter *Phylomont*.

Phyl. Sir, I am told, you wish'd me here on some affair may much concern us both, and that our meeting should be full of equal courtesie.

Theand. Sir, I have done you wrong, and made mine eyes severe inquisitors to find your faults, but vail'd them when they look'd upon mine own. I'm grown less temp'rate than your self, something I feel, which to extenuate with civility I'd name, unruliness of youth, though I was wont to call't a sin.

Phyl. O, is it come to this? I'll cashier my new lev'y'd Troops, we'll kill no Soldiers, Sir, there's hope we may beget some now. *Theander*, speak? shall we preserve our Ensigns folded, and proclaim a peace?

Theand. My Sister you shall marry, *Phylomont*.

Phyl. I thank you, Sir, most heartily: You, if you please, shall marry mine, and then do with her what you list; for I'll make bold with yours.

Fred. This Duke is one of *Plato's* Hereticks.

Theand. Howe're our inward inclinations are most foul, let us (I pray) enforce a little virtue from Hypocritie, and hide it from external view.

Phyl. *Theander*, I was bred under as chaste and modest Discipline as any Prince alive; and can affect a Lovers tenderness, and decency of speech, but not to know the order and the course of things, were fond unmetall'd Ignorance. Is't not the custom, Sir, that we must marry first, and then to Bed?

Theand. To Bed, that is to sleep.

Phyl. Right, if the Bridegroom, Sir, be mad, sleep is his Med'cine then; I'm sober, I thank Heaven, and know my business, your Sister shall find it.

Theand. All this is news to me, either thou knowest too much, or I have thought a virtue what more pregnant men may term a dull mistake; it cannot be, I have a strange instinct that gives me pleasure in my former faith.

Phyl.

Phyl. Enjoy it still, your life and motion, Sir, you can preserve by immaterial fire, we that are forc'd to keep our spirits warm in flesh and blood, must be content to live as other mortals do.

Theand. I prethee let's dispute it bashfully; yet I would learn, is custom grown so bold? first marry *Phylomont*, and straight to bed!

Phyl. To bed, that's as you said to sleep; and then 'tween sleep and waking, Sir, to touch, as 'twere by chance, not purpose, and to fall into—You guess the rest.

Theand. Enough, I'll hear no more.

Phyl. But where's your Sister? I would fain dispatch.

Theand. Conduct him to her, *Fredeline*; this Key will open you the way, if I shall need her pardon to excuse m' unskilfulness, intreat it for me, Sir.

Phyl. It shall be easily attain'd.

Fred. This is a service I have much desired to your Excellence.

Phyl. Signior, you have deserv'd my thanks. [Exeunt *Phyl.* *Fred.*

Theand. This noble youth was by the general voice held most exact and heavenly in the whole demeanour of his life, his judgment is of late defil'd, or what I feel is no Rebellion of my reason, but my strength, not a disease, but some odd fawciness of health, which he doth merrily commend.

[Enter *Euritheia* vail'd.

Behold my fair *Cathusian* now appears; whose purer thoughts and beauty soon will turn this new opinion to an heretic.

Eurith. I was perswaded, Sir, thus vail'd, to wait on your commands.

Theand. 'Tis now (sweet *Euritheia*) in thy power to shew mercy that may save my life. Slaves that are chain'd unto the heavy Oar, who labour till they chase the restless Waves into a foam, are not intrall'd like me.

Eurith. Can you believe, my Lord, your griefs are so contracted to your self, so slow and lame with their sad weight; that in this tedious space they ne're could travel to my heart? know they have made a visit here, here they are lodg'd; and I could wish (though strangers much unwelcome'd at the first) they never would return from whence they came.

Theand. Thou art too pitiful: but be so still, that I may flatter my oppressions with some hope, if not with remedy, grant a request which I unwillingly must urge, and thou shalt faintly hear.

Eurith. Why do I languish with delays? call't not (*Theander*) a request, but a command, and justly confident reveal it straight.

Theand. O that we could exchange intelligence with our dumb thoughts, and make our meaning known ere it should need the tongue! I cannot, dare not name't.

Eurith. You wrong th' unblemish'd virtue of your soul, your contemplation never could create a business so deform'd, as not deserves to be deliver'd by your voice, I sigh, and mourn until I hear't.

Theand. If I must speak, I would some Northern Frost, that purifies the morn's infected mists, would purge my breath, ere it arrive unto thine ear. Poor *Euritheia*, you must marry me.

Eurith. Is't this, that so hath vex'd your utterance? more willingly than I would leave the black and sooty Caves, where Fiends reside, to walk i'th' fragrant dwellings of the blest: Lead on, be cheerful, and recall your health, your Priest, with ceremonious Rites will quickly perfect your desire.

Theand. So willingly! Itay *Euritheia*, can you guess th'intent of what you would perform, of many new and undiscover'd trials you shall make of things, we had not courage yet to learn; dark deeds, and practis'd in the night, which when our hasty youth shall ask our wisdom leave, may seem perhaps convenient, but not good.

Eurith. Why should I make my meditation judge of what your better knowledge hath resolv'd? thus I unvail, to tell the world I dare i'th' open interview of light, approve and justify your worst and secret thoughts. *Theander* lead the way.

Theand. O cruel Stars! I shall betray a Virgin now, whose innocence is so extream, it yields and turns to guilt?

Eurith. Why do you stay, my Lord, and strive to make, or find new sorrows, ere the old are lost.

Theand. Leave me, my gentle Love; I will not go, nor tell the cause: would thou weren't wicked as my self awhile, that thou might'st know't: my eyes grow sick 'tis not secure to wear thy beauties thus display'd.

Eurith. Alas, these are but couz'ning forms, there is no truth in your delays; I know you spoke in the sincereness of your soul, when you profess'd our Marriage would assist your mind's recovery. *Theander*, come.

Theand. Dull Fate! where is the vigour that I shov'd when our lowd Cannon seem'd to stifle the affrighted day with smoke, and Rivers flow'd themselves into a new extent, swelling their Tides with humane blood? in Lovers soft and simple War, I'm weaker than a Child.

Eurith. Still more delays! you kill me if you stay.

Theand.

Theand. She is resolv'd, her better Angel sure is ever by her side, no danger then can harbour where she goes, and yet I blush as I should need her Vail to hide my shame Ere I commit the Sin—lead you the way.

Eurith. This is a strange command! here, follow, Sir.

Theand. Thou little, though imperious God of love, how wilt thou sit and smile when thou shalt see
To sooth thy wantonness, and swell thy pride,
The Bridegroom woo'd, and usher'd by the Bride?
[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Gridonel, Castragano, Arnoldo, Jaspero.

Grid. I will not follow a Platonick Duke, so tell him, Sir, I am inspir'd, and know the meaning of the word.

Castr. Be not so furious, Sir, I'm of your Sect, unless he suddenly recant, I am resolv'd sooner to serve the great Turk.

Grid. The Turk! Is he platonically given?

Castr. Troth, Sir, not much; he hath some seven hundred of those taff'ry creatures you admire so, in's own house.

Grid. Would I were the great Turk but for one Month; yet 'tis a chargeable place, he can't spend less than a Colonels pay in Pins among these Damsels, besides Muffs, and fine white Gloves! Poor Gentleman, he lives at a great rate. *Castragano's*, a word—
[*Takes him aside.*]

Castr. Be not so boisterous, Sir, the Powder works strangely.

Grid. Fetch me your Sister hither strait.

Castr. But for what purpose?

Grid. What's that to you. I've occasion to use her. Something I must do, I know not what 'tis, but I begin to feel she will be very convenient for me at this time.

Castr. If you'll agree upon the wedding hour.

Grid. How long then must I stay?

Castr. Till a License be brought from *Palermo*, and the Priest have done his office.

Grid. I have not patience to expect till then, go bring her hither straight; dispatch, or I'll wear out my Fist upon your smooth countenance.

Castr. You are too rude, I'll leave you, Sir. [Exit.]

Grid. Deny me such a poor request? 'tis an ill-natur'd Rogue! Come hither, *Jaspero*, have you a Sister?

Jasp. Yes, and a pretty one, I thank my Stars.

Grid. Fetch her to me instantly, I cannot stay.

Jasp. You must have patience till her Nurse have made her ready, Sir.

Grid. Her Nurse, what does she with a Nurse?

Jasp. She is at suck, and hardly six months old.

Grid. At suck! nay if she lye at that poor Ward, she is not for my turn. *Arnoldo*? prethee fetch me thine.

Arnol. I would be glad to do my Friend a courtesie. Would you had spoke in time, for, Sir, introth she's dead.

Grid. I do not like a dead Mistress. Well, Gentlemen, you must each stand Sentinel close at the Laundry door, and bring me the first prize, no words, it must be done.

Arnol. Gladly, we love the employment, Sir.

Jasp. This Souldier has din'd with the Devil lately, he's vildly alter'd—

[Exit *Jasp.* *Arnold.*]

Grid. I'm wondrous hot withiu; my Guts are dry'd to a bundle of match; and I breathe Gunpowder. What have I done of late, where have I bin? let me consider it—

Enter Sciolto.

Sciolt. Hah! melancholy, Son; thy Corporal would look merrier when he sees his Feather worn i'th' Enemies Hat, and's Knap-sack without Bread, tell me, what dost thou want?

Grid. Something that you may help me to; you, Sir, are old, and well experienc'd in the world.

Sciolt. And thou shalt have it then: tell me what is't?

Grid. Why, Sir, a Wench.

Sciolt. How Boy! make me your Pimp! do not vex me, you should know I could fight in my youth.

Grid. I, Sir, any man will fight for a Wench.

Sciolt. You will provoke me; get you in, and give attendance to *Theander's* marriage Rites, 'tis straight to be perform'd.

Grid. Alas, I dare not go; there is a cause not fit to be told.

Sciolt. You know what's fit! y' had best to tell it me. Speak, what's the cause you dare not go!

Grid. Sir, I should ravish the Bride.

Sciolt. Are you so eager bent? Rare Philosopher?

Grid. If I but see a Priest, and a Maid by, I shall beat him, Sir, unless he do his Office, straight, and marry us.

Sciolt. Hah! 'tis high time to wear mine eyes open. He may chance in this mad fit, contract himself to some Inheretrix that's landed on the High-way, whose Father sells fine Crab-sticks, and Hazle-nuts to riding Citizens.

Citizens. Come, Son, this Key must lock you up; you shall remain a Prisoner in my Chamber till you grow more tame.

Grid. I'll not be taken Prisoner, Sir, by any man alive.

Scio. Nor yet obey your Father; you'll not enforce me draw my Sword?

Grid. No, Sir, you had not best.

Scio. D'you threaten, boy! not best to draw my Sword?

Grid. No, Sir, for fear you sprain your arm: these weak old fellows know not what's good for 'em.

Scio. Sirrah, go in, one disobedient word, and I will disinherit thee.

Grid. My Lord, I'll yield, but if you would but lock fair *Amadine* a Prisoner i'th' same room.

Scio. Thou Traitor, get thee in.

Grid. Perhaps he would be willing, Sir.

Scio. Go in I say. [Exit.]

Enter *Phylomont* and *Ariola*.

Phyl. Let me a while contain thee in mine arms (Belov'd *Ariola*) the force of Indian winds that shake the aged Cedar from his root shall not divide us now.

Ario. Here I would stay (my valiant *Phylomont*) till death should wave his dart, and beckon us to follow him unto the hidden shades, till he should make by angry power these kind embraces cold.

Phyl. How sad and dismal sound the farewells which poor Lovers take, whom destiny dis-joins, although they know their absence will be short; and when they meet again, how musical and sweet, are all the mutual joys they breathe?

Ario. Like Birds, who when they see the weary Sun forsake the world, they lay their little heads beneath their wings, to ease that weight which his departure adds unto their grief.

Phyl. 'Tis true my love: but when they see that bright perpetual traveller return, they warm & air their Feathers at his beams, and sing until their gratitude hath made them hoarse.

Ari. My Brother I request may be forgiven, and call not my restraint his cruelty, 't hath mended me within, and fill'd me with such bless'd designs, as will deserve your wonder and your thanks. Forgive him *Phylomont*.

Phyl. Our friendship is restor'd, which thus I will confirm with vows upon thy sacred hand, but surely it were better ratifi'd upon thy baulmy lip, which after absence, decent custom will allow to those, who are delighted when they meet.

Ario. Your virtues have such great and

safe authority, they can't ask what's fit to be deny'd. [He kisses her.]

Phyl. This seems, methinks, a new demeanor, she is alter'd much, more free and kind than she was wont.

Ario. Why dost thou ruminate aside, as if thy Meditation were too guilty, or too great too be reveal'd.

Phyl. Give me (thou pretious darling of my heart) the privilege to doubt a little, and resolve me 'trait; why are thy courties so great now, & so easily attain'd, which heretofore thou didst deprive me of with frowns.

Ario. It shall be ever thus, my passion, and my thoughts are chang'd; as *Euribea* with my Brother lives, so shall our conversation take all liberty, and our salutes be far more amorous and bold, though virtuous still.

Phyl. This bounty had been excellent, when you had privilege to give, or to deny; but now your Charter's out of date, and mine begins to rule: the Priest attends below to celebrate our Nuptial Rites, which is the happy hour that doth advance the Husbands Government; come to the Chapel, straight.

Ariol. A little pause; what need we marry, Sir? I lately was instructed to a clearer choice of our felicity: is it not better to live thus, in a perfection that we know, than to attempt new joys, which our unskilfulness should make us doubt? this is the Angels life; my Brother told me so, and then he breath'd such holy Lectures as have prosper'd much upon my soul.

Phyl. Not marry (my *Ariola*) is that the fatal word? take heed how you are sooth'd into a strange and fond belief.

Ariol. Your caution (Sir) is only needful to your self, can you desire a blessing more exact than this we may possess, to live in everlasting confidence of what we do, yet still embrace, and love, although in persons not conjoin'd, united in our souls?

Phyl. These are but trivial documents, alas! I'm hardly taught, thus rashly to renounce what all the wiser would have taken so much leisure to approve; besides, *Ariola*, you much mistake your Brother, for just now I saw him married, the Deeds past, these hands gave, and presented him to *Hymens* use, and he's preparing for my Sisters Bed.

Ariol. Your Sisters Bed! (gentle my Lord) beware how you confer a Calumny, which all your Orizons, and mine to help them, can't excuse to Heaven.

Phyl. Let me conduct you to him, and your eyes shall witness my assertion for a truth.

Ariol.

Ariol. No, Sir, if he be guilty grown, I shall not wish to see him so; can he recant thus soon, the fair Religion he did preach with all the fervency of mind?

Phyl. Do not lament, th' example you should rather follow than accuse: come, my *Ariola*, like him we'll marry too, our wisdom shall persuade us to't.

Ariol. Some wicked Spirit strives, Sir, to betray us both: make tryal of this new unusual happiness awhile, live, and converse beneath the spreading Poplar for our shade, and for variety we'll sit on yonder Rivers flowry Banks.

Phyl. There whisper till we court him to delay his journey to the Sea, and swell, until he leave his scaly deaf Inhabitants upon the Shore, as tribute to our loves.

Ariol. I, *Phylomont*, these are the guiltless sports.

Phyl. Fine holy Dreams indeed, but cannot last, you and I must marry, 'tis resolv'd.

Ariol. Banish that thought, or I will take my leave, and be estranged for ever from thy sight. But when reclaim'd, seek me i'th' mirtle Grove.

Phyl. Stay; fair *Ariola*, my reason sure must laugh at this subjection of my faith, but I will on, freedom and kind addresses she hath still assur'd; come follow me, like an Unwilling Profelyte, I slowly move To try the pleasures of Platonick Love.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Amadine, Fredeline with a Paper, and Castragano.

Amad. Dispatch, Sir, it grows late, my Lady will expect I wait on her to Bed, the intelligence I bring, is full of certainty and truth: make your advantage of't with your best skill.

Fred. Wilt thou adventure, *Amadine*, 'tis but (at worst) the forfeiture of thy poor service, which I'll requite with giving thee young *Gridonel* to be thy Husband; my plots have so design'd, why did I order't else that he should take the Med'cine which hath forc'd him to such feminine attempts?

Amad. Indeed he's grown more bold with me of late, and will come fairly on in time.

Fred. O doubt it not, can my experience'd head study in vain? Captain, my in-dear'd friend, will you forsake me now, when such a ripe occasion shows it self, to give success unto my hopes? your Sister is content to hazard all.

Castr. 'Tis full of danger, Sir.

Fred. I will be there my self, and stand between your person and his wrath.

Castr. 'Tis certain loss, Sir, of my company.

Fred. How? what's a Company that brings as frail Revenue, and uncertain, as our purchases at Dice, who'd live, and be maintain'd by others deaths? Look here, just now I caus'd him sign this Grant, the Provostship of *Necosta* newly void, which being under's Hand and Seal confirm'd, no new relapse of favour can recall the Gift. You see your Name here, Sir; the feat but done, I'll put it in your hand, then straight you may take Horse, ride Post unto your Government, your Sister with you, on some Parsons strong tall double Gelding, Sir, kept in my Stable for that use; and then laugh at your Patron till he ticken at your mirth.

Amad. But shall my Husband Elect follow us?

Fred. And ride as swiftly as a *Scythian* from a Battel lost.

Amad. In my weak judgment, Brother, our Rewards are fair, I am resolv'd to venture it.

Castr. Early i'th' morning, Sir?

Fred. Just at the first appearance of the light. The Door I told you of, must be the place.

Castr. You will be there protected with your Sword?

Fred. A Captain, and raise doubts, that sound like fears, come, Sir, all shall be safe. You to your Lady. Let's meet i'th' upper Lobby two hours hence, and there consult. My chymick fume I have already ta'ne, if that succeed, and this plot thrive, I will require no more from my

Uncertain Fate, nor Art, whose usual scope, Is but to pay learn'd industry with hope.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Theander, Euritheia, a Table, Stools, and Lights set out.

Theand. Husband, and Wife, we have a calling now; shews it not strange, disquieting thy tender ears with sounds th'are unacquainted with? Titles (methinks) that yet we know not how to wear, we should be taught behaviour, and some forms of gravity, are they not youthful, *Euritheia*?

Eurith. My Lord, I am more ignorant than you: if we have ventur'd upon errors, we'll conceal them, and forgive our selves.

Theand. Her beauty kindles in my breast new fires, before the old are quench'd; wife *Fredeline* told me, our Marriage would procure my remedy. Alas! the cure's to come, and now I must require't as custom, or a duty from her; in my nice thoughts 'twill teach her impudence. O curs'd disease! What shall I do?

Eurith.

Eurith. *Theander*, you are still perplex'd, I thought the holy Priest had a Myſterious power to make theſe troubles ceaſe. Did you not vow our Nuptials was the means to ſave your life?

Theand. To Bed, my *Eurith*, it is late. They ſay the married pair are incident to cares, 'tis fit they ſhould ſleep, prethee to Bed; ſhall I go call thy woman?

Eurith. My Lord, you are not kind: the tedious hours I could contract to minutes in your company, and waſte them faſter than our Village Girls that dance in Meadows all the Month of *May*. I'll take my leave, yet boldly too, with all the ſolemn ſweetneſs of a Bride— [Kiffeſſes.]
My Lord, good night.

Theand. I am inflam'd again, did ſhe not take her leave, and ſay good-night? then whither muſt I go? one Bed I thought kind *Hymen* had allow'd to both, ſince by his God-head we are made but one; thus it is generally receiv'd: Stay, *Eurith*, we muſt talk.

Enter *Amadine*.

Amad. Madam, your Bed's prepar'd, ſhall I undreſs your Ladyſhip, or the Bridegroom firſt? i'th' Province where I liv'd, we us'd to call a dozen apron Squires t'uncloath the Husband, then ſow him in a Sheet, and lay him on his Pillow, tamely to expect the Bride two hours before he came.

Eurith. Wench, thou art mad! D' you underſtand her, Sir?

Theand. A little, *Eurith*. Do not you?

Eurith. She talks as it were fit we two—

Amad. Should lye together, that's my meaning, Madam.

Eurith. Hence, and leave us, immodeſt Fool.

Amad. I knew 't would come to to this—
Fredeline will find my words true; the morning may, perhaps, make you both melancholly. [Exit.]

Eurith. This Wench, *Theander*, hath been ſam'd for wit; I doubt ſhe hath experience too in things not decent for th' obſervance of a Maid.

Theand. Alas, ſhe talks but what ſhe hears, and in her underſtanding ſeems proper and fit!

Eurith. That we ſhould ſleep together in one Bed.

Theand. Indeed it ſounds moſt ſtrangely to us yet, but uſe will dull thoſe ſcruples to the ear; it muſt be done, cuſtom will be obey'd.

Eurith. Never by us. We'll live to be examples, not, Sir, to follow thoſe we cannot like;

Theand. Conſider, gentle Love, e're you believe your own opinions beſt. Why did we marry?

Eurith. That's eaſily reſolv'd, I thought, *Theander*, ſome wild ſad jealousie had vex'd thy heart with fear of Rivalſhip, and by this ſacred band thou wouldſt ſecure and tye me to thy ſelf, more ſafely to deſtroy anothers hope, though theſe were needleſs doubts. I never gave you cauſe to hold my love ſuſpected yet.

Theand. Thou doſt miſtake my grief, it hath a cauſe more foul, which I'd acquaint thee with, if it were comely to reveal't, but ſince I have betray'd and led thy guiltleſs feet into this ſacred ſnare; 'tis fit t' avoid the ſcorns which ſingularity and overbaſhful niceneſs will beget; we'll live as others do, as much i'th' praſtiſes of night as day.

Eurith. O *Theander*! the ſweetneſs of thy ſoul is ſow'd, like *Cretan* Wines that are too excellent to laſt; my Blood thou haſt to water turn'd, and I ſhall ſoon conſume it all in tears.

Theand. Go, *Eurith*, to thy Bed, ſleep like a Virgin not a Wife, be by thy own embraces warm'd, enjoy thy boſom to thy ſelf, away! haſte to thy Bed, I to my Grave, and let my Coffin lye ungarniſh'd in the earth, come not to ſtrew it o're with Flowers: I am fo peſtilent, that I ſhould blaſt thee after death.

Eurith. *Theander* ſtay! who knows but Heaven may give ſuch mighty bleſſings to my ſpeech that ſtraight I may perſwade thee from thy guilty thoughts?

Theand. Never: my breaſt is now become the burning Priſon of the Fiends, it is ſo fulphurous and hot, methinks they find their puniſhment increas'd, and would to cool themſelves, return unto their former Hell.

Eurith. O direful extaſie! can I hear this and live?

Theand. I'll tell thee more, to make thee flye with ſome kind Angels borrow'd wings, from this infected Region where I breathe. Know all our marriage Vows (which certainly were firſt ordain'd for holy uſe) I meerly took, as formal helps to my pernicious luſt.

Eurith. Yet ſtay, in this ſhort tyranny of time, thou canſt not be ſo ſinful grown, as to deſpiſe my pity and my Prayers too! O ſtay.

Theand. I dare not, for thine eyes augment my ſmart, each ſmall neglected beam they ſhed, I gather up in flames, and quite pervert their virtuous influence to a luſtful fire.

Eurith. Thou loſt remainder of the nobleſt Prince, the active War or wiſer Courts e're knew, how do I bluſh to find my

F f f

groans

groans and sighs, have left me breath enough to speak my last farewell.

Theand. How far is it to Heaven, that yet this Ladies mournings are not heard, for if they were, my sufferings and my guilt would cease; or cannot our petitions climb, and get access as nimbly as our faults? O this is

it that so emboldens vex'd humanity, makes us complain, those undiscern'd immortal governours are often in
Their bounty flow, in Justice too severe,
And give not what we beg, but what we fear.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE. I.

Enter Theander, Fredeline.

Theand. **M**Y gladness doth o'recome me, *Fredeline*, the sickness of my blood is gone, my hot and eager thoughts grow temperate now, my veins are cool within, as silver Pipes replenish'd from a Spring.

Fred. It seems the Philosophers *Dose* hath done working, 'tis well he is already married.

Theand. O I am light, more nimble than a Dove, or empty Eagles in their mornings flight; methinks this sinful vestment of my flesh shews clean and new upon my soul, now I shall sleep again, and have such guiltless dreams, as I may tell my mother when I wake.

Fred. 'Tis strange the operation should decay so soon; some few hours hence my subtle Fume will govern in mine eyes; and there I hope continue longer than his lust hath done with him.

Theand. I'm thinking, *Fredeline*, how *Euritheas* will rejoice, when she shall find what mastery her holy friends above have wrought in my behalf.

Fred. 'Tis now near birth of day, and as I told you, Sir, to find her pentive in her bed, to draw her Curtains, and reveal your self, quite alter'd and recover'd in your mind, will by the sudden wonder much augment her joy.

Theand. It must be full of pleasure, shew the way.

Fred. That's her Chamber, Sir, but through a back door (unless her careful woman hinder us) I can convey you to her without noise; make me your guide, and move to your right hand.

Theand. I shall be welcom'd and admir'd, as I had made my visit from a Region so remote, that my return would be no more believ'd, than from the Grave.

Fred. Here I enjoyn'd my Captain and his Sister stand conceal'd. If he should prove too cowardly for such a guilt, I were undone—Sure that's his voice.

Enter Castragano (in a night Gown unready) and Amadine.

Castr. They both are come, speak louder, *Amadine*, he cannot hear us else.

Theand. Hah! who are these?

Fred. They come from *Euritheas* Chamber, Sir, let's retire to the Arras, and listen to their talk—

Amad. Brother, take heed how you discourse and boast of your access, *Theander* would go near to kill us both, if he but knew of this nights revelling.

Castr. Dost think I wear my tongue so slip'ry in my mouth, these are not pleasures fit to be reveal'd: away we have said enough? [*Ex. Castr. and Amad.*]

Fred. They have observ'd your language to a Syllable.

Theand. Sure he did urge my name! and spoke as it concern'd my justice to destroy 'em both. Who are they, thou know'st 'em *Fredeline*?

Fred. My indear'd friend; can you be guilty of such close night exercise?

Theand. Who is thy friend? death on thy courteous fears? why dost conceal't so long? what is he call'd?

Fred. Were he my Brother, and thus injur'd you, my secrecy should never make him safe. 'Tis *Castragano* and his sister *Amadine*, she that attends upon your wife.

Theand. My wife: that title's new, and will grow horrid now! her Chamber was their Sphere of revelling: they came from thence.

Fred. Can you think so, my Lord?

Theand. Why dost thou strive to lessen my belief, with wearing such disguises on thine own? Thou saw'st they came from thence.

Fred. Sir, if they did, that can infer no cause, to make your reason so disquieted; Are there not many that will have their Lovers in their Ladies Chamber whilst the sleeps?

Theander. Her Lover *Fredeline*! thou wouldst beguile my jealousy with hopes impossible:

possible: it is her Brother, think on that.

Fred. Can Incest seem so strange to your conceit? the sooner, Sir, for by that means th'are sure t' increase the alliance, of those Children which they get, and make them more akin unto themselves; but if the gentle *Euristhea* you suspect (as be it far from my dull thoughts to raise a sawcy fear) let me kill him——

Theand. Go, follow straight: bring me his heart, that I may see it pant and bleed within my hand. Kill him, his Sister too: Yet stay, stay *Fredeline*: 'tis not the custom of my soul, to be reveng'd by Deputy, or fix my anger where there is not equal strength and valour to encounter it.

Fred. But, Sir, if he should live to prattle in his Wine, and boast what he hath done?

Theand. Go then, take care thou see him straight imbarqu'd, and let some cunning Pilot steer him to a Coast so wild and distant from this Clime, that's language never may be understood? not to secure my fame, but in a piteous tenderness to *Euristhea's* Sex. False *Euristhea*! when I had purg'd my memory of all my raw unwholesome thoughts, could'st thou desire't again with acting what I but unwillingly desired?

Fred. 'Tis worth my poor vexation too, when I consider how the scornful, that malign'd the pure celestial Sect of Lovers, which you mutually conspir'd to raise, will smile when they shall hear of this, and say, 'twas an old Platonick trick.

Theand. Leave me, and see him suddenly imbarqu'd.

Fred. Sir, your command shall be obey'd; but I beseech you not proceed to danger, on these weak unlucky doubts.

Theand. This was the cause she did disswade me from her Bed, that she might make another room, most Virgin-like pretending 'twas a crime to ask a Husbands privilege: prethee leave me.

Fred. I dare not yet my noble injur'd Prince. [Exit.

Enter *Castragano*, and *Amadine*.

Cast. I'm glad the danger's past: It had been hard to make me venture it, but that the Provostship was a most powerful bait.

Amad. And then to make the rich young *Gridonel* my Husband too, for all his plots are sure.

Cast. But that which perfected my confidence, was thy assurance of the Lady's easie inclination to forgive; for, as thou told'st me, if the worst succeed, and we should be constrain'd to tell the truth, she'll pity

young beginners, that are forc'd to hazard a little honesty to make 'em rich, and is able to procure *Theander's* pardon as her own.

Amad. You may presume it and rejoice, for I have felt her breast; 'tis soft and tender as a Pellicans——

Enter *Fredeline*, with a Parchment writing, and Pocket Inkhorn.

Fred. My noble Captain, and my pretious Friend, I will not name what lasting gratitude, your cares and courage have oblig'd me to: Men that are hearty and sincere come late with promises, and early with their deeds.

Cast. I hope, Sir, though our Dialogue were short, we utter'd your meaning in your own words?

Amad. My voice was valiant too, and loud enough.

Fred. All was exacter than my hopes desired: and now (just dealing, Sir, doth strengthen love) there is the Patent for your Provostship. Pray put it in your Pocket safe, make choice of all my Horses, straight to hasten you unto your Government.

Amad. And shall my Husband follow us?

Fred. Just now he's drawing on his Boots. Friend, I implore I may by ev'ry Post have Letters of thy business, and thy health; and pretty *Amadine*, when you have Children (as Heaven no doubt, will send you store) pray keep them warm, and let me eat no Fruit, nor Fish; you go unto a cold raw Clime, and I desire all your posterity might thrive.

Amad. It is the kindest Gentleman.

Fred. We'll meet i' th' Stable straight, there have a parting tear or two, and so farewell. Mischief on my frail memory. I had forgot a written Schedule here, to which I must entreat your hands——

[Draws out a Paper, Pen and Ink.

Cast. How! what is it, Sir?

Fred. Only a short Certificate, that justifies you lay with *Euristhea*, Sir; and *Amadine* must needs subscribe, as witnesses that the saw you in her Bed.

Cast. You shall excuse me.

Fred. Can you deny me this?

Amad. What w^e have already done can raise but his suspicions, this will make him mad.

Fred. Speak, will you write?

Cast. Our other crime if it be found may be forgiven, but once consent to this, he'll grow too wise, Sir, to be merciful.

Fred. Well, I must seek for friendship among beats, there is no courtesie, no honesty

honesty in men. Determine straight, will ye subscribe?

Castr. You have our answer, Signior, pray receive't.

Fred. Dear Friend I take my leave, sweet *Amadine*, farewell. I'm sorry we must part, as blind men do, never to see each other more.

Castr. Believe not so unkindly of our destinies.

Fred. Never, I fear: for I suspecting you'd deny this small request, was fain to hire two shaggy ill-look'd Gentlemen, a brace of massive hilted Rogues, who wait below to cut your throats.

Castr. Y'are not in earnest, Sir.

Fred. Dear Friend, when did you find I was in jest. However, if you'll fix your Names in writing here, you may go on with safety to your Government; shall they come up?

Amad. No, no Sir, if they be Rogues, and have such shaggy looks: Brother, I find he's mischievous.

Castr. Give me the Paper, Sir.—

[*He writes, and gives it Amadine.*]

Fred. Gentle Mistress, your name too—So, now ye are kind, let me embrace you both. And pray look on the Patent, Sir, I gave you to assure the Provostship.—

[*Castr. takes it out, and opens it.*]

Castr. Hah! here wants the Dukes hand.

Fred. Right; to what purpose pray should it be there, when the Office is not fain.

Castr. I'm gull'd, led by the ears too like an Ass.

Amad. And shall I have no Husband, Signior?

Fred. In troth I have been busied much of late, and never spoke unto the Gentleman; besides, I thought y' had been inclin'd to the *Platonick* way.

Amad. I would my Nails were long enough, Villain, I'd flea thee for it.

Fred. Alas, I smile at Injuries.

Castr. Peace, do not anger him: come, Sister, we'll unto my Garrison. I've a Commission for a Company, I hope you'll speak unto the Duke I may enjoy't. I'm sure his hand is to't.

Fred. But yet you'll find a willing small mistake too in that Grant; the Captain is not dead that had the place.

Castr. Would I had spirit but to beat my self.

Fred. You are a *Florentine*; one of the subtle Tribe, that think your Neighbours have no brains: I pray believe you found a dull Sicilian once, that could out-wit a Tuscan Gentleman.

Castr. Y'are Master of your pleasure, Sir; whither shall we go?

Fred. You must to Sea.

Amad. To Sea, I'll drown here first, or ask pardon, and confess all.

Fred. Not one word more, on forfeiture of life.

Castr. My wonder makes me dumb, I need no threats.

Fred. You shall to the *Bermudoes*, Friend, and there plant Cotton whilst your Sister learns to spin: it is the Duke's command; and till I can provide a Ship, I must inclose you in a Garret safe, where you may weep and meditate. No howling now, nor crying lowd, for fear my ill-lac'd Blades below o'reheart, and straight to qualifie your voices cut your throats; nor do not grumble curses out, I hold them much unwholesome in a morning e're I break my fast.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter *Phylomont*, *Buonateste*, *Ariola*.

Phyl. I'm weary of this dull *Platonick* life: d'you think that I'll sit sighing thus (*Ariola*) under a Poplar Tree, or whining by a River side? either consent to marry, or I will straight take Horse, ride to my Province and seek some down-right Virgin out, that knows Natures plain Laws, though not the Art of love.

Ariol. Can you complain I am unkind, or the sweet freedom which I give, is not so much as either's virtue might allow?

Phyl. It is enough! men that are satisfy'd with wind and air, may keep Camelions company: I'm of another diet; I, my learned new acquaintance here, laughs to conceive what *Hercules* and's fifty Mistresses would have thought of a *Platonick* Lover.

Buon. He would have beaten's brains out with his Club.

Phyl. Will you consent to marry, speak?

Ariol. If I am powerful with thee, *Phylomont*, let me but woo thee to the Woods again, and try how my persuasions can subdue thy mind, unto our former temperate love.

Phyl. No, I thank Heaven; my sage and learned Author, shall I humble you so much as go to bid my Followers prepare for my departure hence.

Buon. Stay a little, Sir, the Lady may relent.

Phyl. My hopes grow cold. I'll instantly away.

Ariol. Stay, *Phylomont*, I do command thee stay, by the Religion of thy sacred Vows.

Phyl. One hour I will, upon condition too, you walk aside with my Philosopher, and listen reverently to his advice.

Ariol. My reason's fortify'd, let him come in.

Phyl.

Phyl. Away, use all the force of your capacity.

Buon. *Plato* shall lose one fond disciple, Sir, or I'll go burn my Books. — [Exeunt.

Enter *Theander* and *Euritheia*, at several doors.

Theand. In this coorse Pilgrims weed, I shall enjoy that quietness, which though great Princes have the power off to preserve in others, yet can ne'er command unto themselves.

Eurith. Alas, my Lord, what have I done, that you should leave me and suspect my innocence? Why, will you thus become a holy wanderer, to seek that happiness in other Lands, which here you scornfully forsake? What have I done?

Theand. Is thy offence grown up to be thy glory now, dost love to hear it told? or art thou sooth'd with hope it is conceal'd, the Stars are witnesses; they all grew weary of the night, and wish'd for Clouds to hide their radiant eyes, from what unwillingly they saw?

Eurith. Ease my amazement quickly, or I dye.

Theind. Thou, *Euritheia*, and the world are grown too false and subtle, for the easie dull sincereness of my heart, I will retire to Desarts and to Rocks, there feed the winds with my continual sighs: until I raise a storm shall nightly shake this Palace Towers, And give thy flattering conscience cause to fear,

Though I am gone still my revenge dwells here. [Exit

Eurith. O, I would follow, but my griefs are grown so burdensom, they bow me to the ground, [She falls, How various are the changes of our fate, Now must I lose him, when he's safe restor'd to all his chaste and noble thoughts: which way could I consent to an offence? I am by some conspiracy betray'd.

Enter *Fredeline*.

Fred. This Fellow and his Sister must be sent to Sea with speed, for fear some accident discover all. *Euritheia*! the most illustrious Princess of this Isle, look up, fair Virgin-Wife: alas, why do you weep?

Eurith. I am forsaken, lost! *Theander* is unkind, o'recome with jealousy and scorn.

Fred. Madam, I think, I partly know the cause, believe't, there are more Villains in the world, than will appear so in the face.

Eurith. But, Sir, know you what thus disturbs my Lord?

Fred. Your Woman's false: her Brother such a Knave, as were he sent to Hell, the Fiends would crowd together t'avoid his company.

Eurith. She and her Brother false to me!

Fred. Rise up, I do beseech your Excellence; and having wip'd away those liquid pearls from off your beauteous eyes, read this and wonder.

[She rises and takes a Paper from him.

Eurith. O dismal! horrid treachery—

Fred. There you perceive, he doth affirm, he did enjoy your Bed, and *Amadine* subscribes to witness what he certifies.

Eurith. Though they are cruel, I forgive them both.

Fred. That's heavenly said: yet mark their impudence, this Note they sent to me, t'intreat me give it to the Duke, but when I do, let the quotidian Gout cease on my hands.

Eurith. Sir, I believe you'll strive rather to lessen his suspicion, than by new contrivements give it growth.

Fred. D'you think I am of humane race? this Room is much too publick for your miseries. I pray retire within, and we'll consult, how to dispel all these enchanted Clouds.

Eurith. You are become the treasure of my hope, and will oblige me when my fortune smiles again, unto a gratitude, that shall be great, and suffer no decay.

Fred. Already she is very kind, I hope my fume begins to work, I'll gaze upon her still until mine eyes melt into hers. [Exeunt.

Enter *Jaspero*, *Gridonel*, *Arnoldo*.

Jasp. Your Father sent us to release you, Sir, you have the house at liberty again, he says, he may trust you with Women now, for there is such a blemish found in one of the fairest of the Sex, as he presumes, will teach all men to slye their company.

Grid. Indeed my danger towards women's past, for whether'the with fasting without my Supper twice; or walking gently in my thirt, whilst the Moon shin'd, I cannot tell, but I am strangely alter'd, grown so cold within, as I had lain a whole night perdu O' top o'th' Alps.

Arnold. But you were very hot before?

Grid. O *Arnoldo*, thou may'st be glad thy Sister was dead, I had so maul'd her else.

Jasp. 'Twas happy mine was at suck too.

Grid. Th'art in the right; for had she been but old enough to wear a Bongrace on her brow, sh'ad serv'd my turn.

Arnold. 'Twas a miraculous Feaver you was in.

Grid. Well, shall I tell you, Gentlemen, believe't,

believ't, I had eaten some strange odd meat, the pickled kidney of a Goat, or the rump of a Devil broyl'd. But have you heard of a fair Lady that had got a blemish?

Jasp. Our brave new Dutchess, Sir, sh'ath troubled all the house, and in her very bridal night they say, play'd the Adulteress.

Grid. How, Gentlemen? pray hear me speak; I've judgment in these things. I will be hang'd, if she hath not dip'd her finger in a French Pye, some kickshaw made of several strange bits; just such as I encountered with, and there devour'd the kidney of a Goat. Come let's go seek my Father out.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Phylomont, Sciolto, and Buonateste.

Phyl. Though I esteem *Theander* at a rate, as it I vallu'd all his victories, and all the honours he hath won, by conq'ring the mysterious sense of books: and add to this our loves, begotten in our Infancy, our noble friendship of a better growth. Yet *Enri-thea* is my Sister, and the chiefest of my blood, one whose virtue and perfection I'm so well experienc'd in, that neither can admit my least suspicion or my fear, th'are both abus'd, but if my friend will grow too credulous, I'll learn to use him as my Enemy.

Sciol. For my part, Sir, I want instructions, what I should believe, and words to utter half the dismal wonders I have heard: But sure he doth proceed on grounds so relative, as would persuade the wisest to a jealousy. Yet on my soul she's clear.

Phyl. Then there is treachery, let it be found; if he permit my Sisters honour bleed, without full arguments to warrant his, suspect e're yet the circuit of one Moon be added to my age, I'll give the people of this Province cause to curse their Princes negligence.

Buo. Your Grace hath found I've been a little prosperous of late in your affair, trust me with this: be pleas'd to tarry here a while conceal'd, you both shall find I will untie these Magick knots, and straight restore the Innocent to such a light as shall have force to make their virtue shine.

Scio. My man, o'Medicines, if thou perform this, although old *Aesculape* had but a Cock allow'd him for a cure, thou every meal shalt have a brace of fat cram'd Capons at thy board.

Enter Theander like a Pilgrim.

Theand. I seek thee, *Phylomont*, and like a friend whose kindness grows upon him

near his death: I come to give thee Legacies, the Arms I won at *Capua* are thine, and those *Sardinian* Horse I chose for our last War; my glories are eclips'd, and I will go where there is no need of policy nor strength, unto some dark and empty Wilderness, where Fame can put her Trumpet to no use, where all my danger is leanness and cold, but I shall live secure from Ladies that are fair and false.

Phyl. Were I so cruel to believe the cause of thy calamity a truth, I would invest me too in such a homely weed, and wander with thee where the Sun, in's universal journey, should not find us out? but thou art govern'd by mistakes, some treacherous practice hath subdu'd thy sense; for both our safeties think my Sister such, as I pronounce of thine, I must not find her in thy doubts.

Thean. O *Phylomont*! I have not blood enough to use in blushes, should I name her crime.

Phyl. Thy passions I forgive again! but mark how much they are mis-led, this learned Gentleman, will free disguis'd truth out of that Labyrinth, and dismal shade where she resides, then give an instant remedy to all our griefs.

Buo. But you must promise patience, Sir, and when I give the sign, retire to th'Arras all silent and conceal'd.

Thean. Such blessings as you promise, seldom come from Heaven, I'm sure no humane help can do't.

Enter Fredeline creeping in as he were sick,

Buo. Away, listen and hide your selves, there stands the Conjuror that I must first out-charm.

Fred. How am I Planet-struck, how suddenly depriv'd of strength, I breathe faintly and short; like wearied Coursers when the Race is done: my sinews shrink, and bear me crooked when I move, as I had been their load a hundred years. Palfies and Agues have possess'd my joynts, I quiver like a naked *Russian* in the snow; and my dim eyes begin to glare and wink, like to a long neglected Lamp, whose oyl is wasted to a drop.

Buo. The generous *Fredeline*? how do you, Sir?

Fred. Villain, th'ast poysoned me, the Minerals which thou gav'st me in thy fume were full of death?

Buo. I must confess they were not very wholesom—— [*Fredeline offers to draw.*]

Nay be not angry, Sir, you draw a Sword? 'Las, poor weak Gentleman! but if you could, here at my old friend *Archimedes* waid

ward I'd stand—We Mathematick Mount-
fieurs have our lines revers'd, and our Stoc-
cato's too.

Fred. This scorn will bring a worse dif-
ease into my Gall, than what's already in
my Blood.

Buon. You have been bred in Cities, Courts,
and Camps, and weighed the hearts and
brains of men in your own scales, would
fool the wisest Conclave too, though they
went fasting to consult; so wise, you'd
make the Devil oversee at Cards, and then
perswade him's horns hung in his light.
You had your plots, but we dull Bookmen
have our counterplots.

Fred. Sir, 'tis confess'd too late.

Buon. It was not in the power of Art to
make that fume I promis'd you, else you
had had it, Sir, but this will serve your turn
as well, 'twill end your lust, and give it
ease at once.

Fred. Have pity on my languishment and
pains.

Buon. Y^e are now within the arms' of
death; but I've a Cordial that may prove
restorative, if you will justly answer what
I ask.

Fred. All, Sir, and not disguise an Ar-
ticle.

Buon. How did you raise this jealousy in
the offended Duke? I've heard he found
two at his Ladies Chamber door, where
they discours'd such language as infer'd *Eur-
ithea* false.

Fred. Sir, they were planted there by me,
and what they said was counterfeit, such as
I then appointed them to speak?

Theand. O damn'd infernal slave!

Phyl. I held him for a Saint.

Sciolt. Contain your self, my Lord: you
shall hear more.

Buon. Where have you hid those pious
instruments?

Fred. 'Twas *Castragano*, and his Sister
Amadine; th^y are lock'd i'th' Garret near
the Turret Leads?

Theand. Give way to my revenge, that I
may kill him with my foot, spurn out his
monstrous soul—

Phyl. *Theander*, hold, your anger was not
wont to stoop so low.

Theand. Your counsel's timely, Sir, I give
you thanks; *Sciolt* bear him from my
sight: let him and's cursed instruments be
safely kept.

Sciolt. Do you grin now? a pox o' your
mild looks. You took a pretious care o'th'
Dukes posterity?

Fred. I'm an unfortunate Platonick Gen-
tleman.

Buon. Keep him for justice, Sir, the Phy-
sick which he took will quickly cease its vio-
lence.

[*Exeunt* *Sciolt.* *Fred.*]

Enter *Ariola*, *Eurithea*.

Ariol. Where is *Theander*, that hath
vex'd the best and gentlest Lady in the
world to such astonishment, that she is
drown'd in tears?

Theand. Kind *Eurithea*, pardon me, thy
fate decreed, that thou who hast so long
preserv'd my life, shouldst by thy mercy
now have privilege to give it too.

Euritb. Restore me to your love (my
Lord) and then your bounty is so great, that
all I can bestow will be declin'd, and not
seem worthy of your thanks.

Theand. Things are reveal'd, thou'lt hear
of horrid miracles; but sure, henceforth I
shall not dare to trust my heart within mine
own inconstant breast; it must be lodg'd in
thine.

Euritb. I shall be tender how I give it
cause of a remove, lest mine go with it
too.

Phyl. *Ariola*, my Philosopher says his
Lectures pierc'd quite through your tender
ears.

Ariol. Well, Sir, y^e had best to take me
whilst my new Religion is i'th' fit; he has
most mighty reasons, and a fluent tongue.

Enter *Sciolt* and *Gridonel*.

Phyl. To th' Chappel then, my business
will lie there.

Sciolt. The Villain is imprison'd, Sir, and
his Confederates acknowledge all that he re-
veal'd, for an unhappy truth.

Theand. My *Eurithea* must become their
Judge.

Euritb. That will but hearten others to
do wrong, for mine will be an easie doom.

Sciolt. Pray, Sir, be known to my Phi-
losopher.

Theand. I must embrace him for my
Friend.

Sciolt. Well, he hath done strange feats:
you took a powder, and my Son too, there
was no harm intended. You shall hear all
within, perhaps find cause to swaddle my
old Hide.

Grid. By this hand, Sir, were you not my
Father, I would begin; I thought y^e had
powder'd me, 'tis well the heat is past. Lord,
how I dream't of Taffety Kirtles, French
Gowns, and fine Italian tires, that hung (me-
thought) by my Bed side.

Sciolt. Son, I'll requite thee with a wife;
my friend hath so behav'd himself for the
credit of the Arts, that I'll be at charge
of a Primmer, and a Fescue till thou learn
to read.

Phyl. When I'm married, Sir, I straight
command

command you hear this brisk Philosopher
one hour upon that Theam.

Bacon. Wife Nature is my Mistress, Sir, I
shall demean my self most stoutly in her
cause.

Theand. Then surely I must yield: Come,
Phylomont, your Nuptial Rites perform'd,
let's all enjoy the treasure of his knowledge.

Yet we (*my Euritheia*) have a while so rul'd
each other with nice tears, that none here-
after will in civil kindness doubt

There are *Platonick-Lovers*, though but
few;
The Sect conceal'd, and still imagin'd
new.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

EPILOGUE.

UNto the Masculine I can afford (word:
By strict Commission scarce one courteous
Our outpour hath so little cause to boast
His hopes from you, that he esteems them lost,
Since not these two long hours amongst you all
He can find one will prove Platonical,
But these soft Ladies, in whose gentle eyes

The richest Blessings of his fortune lies,
With such obsequious homage he doth greet,
As he would lay his Laurel at your feet:
For you (*he knows*) will think that Doctrine
good,
Which entertains the mind, and not the
Blood.

FINIS.

THE Tragedy of Albovine, King of the Lombards.

To the Right Honourable the Earl of Somerset.

My Lord,

YOU read this *Tragedie*, and smil'd upon't, that it might live: and
therein, your *Mercy* was divine; for it exceeded your *Justice*. My
Numbers I do not shew unto the publick Eye, with an ambition to be quickly
known; (for so I covet *noise*, not *fame*) but that the world may learn, with
what an early haste, I strive to manifest my service to your Lordship. I have
imaginations of a greater height than these, which I do also dedicate to your
Lordship. And I shall live in vain, unless you still continue to acknowledge

Your humblest Creature,

D'avenant.

Upon the Tragick Muse of my Honoured
Friend, Mr. William D'avenant.

OUR stately Tragick Scene (whose high
disdains.
Slight humble Muses) courts thy lefty strains:
And with ambitious love doth climb the Bays,
Whose ample branches her bright glory rays:
Whence (as from Heaven) her spacious eye
doth view

Of storied tears, and blood, the heavy crue
How long they crawl, (while she far more
Divine!)

Sides great Sejanus, and fierce Cateline:
Where, in calm vertue, she more sweet doth
show

Than Jove, when he in Golden drops did flow:
But if in Stygian Lake her veins she steep,
Her act infernal runs so horrid deep,

As saints Medea: makes thy Herculan rage
Seem a tame patience to thy ravisht Stage.

Had stern Achilles breft such fury known;
His Story had turn'd Miracle, and grown
Too much for his great Poet, unless Fate

Had rack'd his spirit up to thy high rate.
Rash Imitation at thy heavenly Ay,
Intombs faint Envy in a just despair.

Hen. Blount.

To his Friend, Mr. William D'avenant.

WHAT should the fond ambition of a
friend,

With such industrious accents strive to lend
A Prologue to thy worth? Can ought of mine
Enrich thy Volume? th'ast rear'd thy self a
Shrine

Will out-live Pyramids; Marble Pillars shall,
E're thy great Muse, receive a funeral:

Thy Wit hath purchas'd such a Patrons name
To deck thy front, as must derive to Fame

These Tragick raptures, and indent with Eyes
To spend hot tears, t'enrich the Sacrifice.

Ed. Hyde.

To my honoured Friend, the Author, on
his Tragedy of the warlike *Albovine*.

Great *Albovine*, whose Fate in war had
cut (shut
His passage through the neigh'ring Earth, and
Large Provinces within his grasping palm,
Had sunk from honour in the patient calm.
Of a long silenc't Fame, had not thy pen
(With soaring language) rais'd him up again.

He vows, by cool *Elizeum* (from whence
He breath'd the valiant oath) he would dis-
pence.

With all those joys that court his soul, to fling
His open'd breft upon the poy'nous sting
Of rougher wars, if the triumphant Bays
Sprung from thy Ink, might crown his second
This is a Poets height; conquest by thee (praise
Describ'd, becomes a double victory.

Rich. Clerk.

To my deserving Friend, the Author.

Were those Tragedians, whom the world
so fame,

For their ingenious and admired strain,
Alive, to see this Poem, and thy Name;
Asham'd they'd dye, finding their Lines too
vain.

Were that pure Spring the winged-hoof brought
Wanting supply, dry'd up, thy abler Pen (forb.
Would work a second wonder by its worth,
In making it a running stream again.

Be then assur'd, this Tragick strain shall live
A pattern for th'next age to imitate,
And to the best wits of our times shall give
Just cause of envy, for thy learned Fate.

Rob. Elice.

To his noble Friend, the Author on his
Tragedy of *Albovine*.

THE gelid North grows warm, and by
thy fire

Cold ignorance exil'd. The Virgin Quire
O' th' soft-hair'd Muses leave the Thespian
Spring,

To tread a fun'ral Measure, whilst you sing
This Tragick Story. With sad plaints of love
Fam'd Orpheus charm'd rude beaps, did Ce-
dars move,

Forc'd Mountains from their station: but thy
Hath now amaz'd the fiery souls of men (Pen

Will. Habington.

To my Friend, Mr. D'avenant.

Scarce home return'd, but straight I find
great Fame
Ayring her wings to spread abroad thy Name.
One of the Nine (before of me ne're seen,
Sure sent by thee) assaults my merry spleen
G g g With

With mighty Verse; and makes me laugh at
those
That are so dull, to melt their thoughts in Prose.
I wish her prosp'rous flight, may she return
With happier wings, if happier may be worn:
My flame is spent. I dare not undertake
Thy praise, who am but newly for thy sake
A fierce Poet, and doubtless had been one
Ne'r but for thee, or else had been unknown.

Rog. Lort.

To his much honour'd Friend, the Author.

LET not loud Envy's sulph'rous blasts cast
forth
Venom'd aspersions on thy noble worth:
Gainst sawcy Criticks thou need'st no defence,
Whose sacred lines, arm'd with sweet eloquence,
Are proof against their censures, who'd prophane,
With their bold breath, the glory of thy strain:
Wise Fame shall sing the praise of thy desert,
And voice thee glorious both in Arms and Arts.
Whilst thou, releas'd from the Wars sad mishaps,
Rests in soft dalliance on the Muses laps;
Those beauteous Ladies love shall high advance
Thy fame, whose worth exceeds my utterance.

Their Tragick falls, who in thy Scenes appear,
Shall on these Monuments fair Trophies rear
Unto their Fame, Thus are thy works become
To be to them, as their Elizium.

Tho. Elice.

To his worthy Friend, Mr. William D'avenant.

HAST thou unmask'd thy Muse? And shall
the Air
Breathe on her matchless Fabrick? then repair
To some soft censure, lest the churlish sence
Of Ignorance accrues thy recompence;
And budwink'd Error do surprize the Fame
Due to thy Story, and Verona's name,
Whose limits Plinies and Catullus bred
But in thy Muse her joys are centupled:
For her invention, truth, rare wit, and state;
Copper-lac'd Christians cannot personate.
Her Tragick Scenes, like well-tun'd Chimes i'th
Skie,
Leave Time loud Ecchoes of thy memory.

H. Howard,

The Actors in this Tragedy.

Albovine, *King of the Lombards.*
Paradine, *A captive Souldier, his Favourite.*
Hermegild, *A captive Statesman, the Queens Favourite.*
Grimold, *A rough old Captain.*
Gondibert, *A Captain, his friend.*
Volterri, *A Souldier, friend to both.*
Cunymond, *A Courtier.*
Conrade, } *His Companions.*
Frollo, }
The Governour Of Verona.
Rhodolinda, *Captive, and Queen to Albovine.*
Valdaura, *Wife to Paradine.*
Thesina, *A Court-Lady.*
A Page To Paradine.
A Gentleman, *A Messenger.*
The Guards, Servants, and Attendants, &c.

The Scene VERONA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Paradine, Grimold, Gondibert; the Drums ceasing.

Parad. Give the word aloud?

Grim. Stand.

Within. 1. Stand! 2. Stand! 3. Stand!

Parad. Our motion has been swift: we out-march time. *Verona* (which with the mornings dim eye we seem'd to view like Landscape afar off) is our full object now. She must repent; our King is Steward unto Fate; and all receive from him their destinies.

Grim. Sure, the Governour sleeps. My Lord, is't fit we wait upon such Silk-worms?

Parad. Since we attain'd the Town not by assault, he shall express humility enough to meet us at the Gate.

[Enter Hermegild.

Gond. Here comes *Hermegild*.

Herm. Hail, my noble *Paradine*! the King must hold my nature much excus'd, if I do greet his safe approach with love, less violent than I express to thy rich soul.

Parad. Ere I return your kind salute, I would after your fair charge-enquire. Say the Queen smiles in captivity, my *Valdaura* hurts not her health with grief; then I have heard enough to make me cherish life.

Herm. *Rhodolinda* doth become her title and her birth. Since depriv'd of popular homage, she hath been Queen o're her great self. In this captivity ne'er passionate but when she hears me name the King, and then her passion's not of anger, but of love: love of her Conquerour: he that in fierce Battel (when the Cannons sulphurous breath clouded the day) her noble Father slew: our Royal Master once; now sunk into his soil; where like the Lilly wither'd, he never shall renew his growth again. My memory disturbs my Tongue! your fair *Valdaura* makes the Queen her rare and just example, and is in patience, Sir, a miracle.

Parad. Know, *Hermegild*, no hasty minute pass'd (Since their captivity) wherein I fail'd to be a sutor to the King for both. But he's in kindness prompt, and still doth speak like Musick, when he *Rhodolinda* names: you hear 'tis his edict we call her Queen?

Herm. Thy vanquish'd Country owes unto thy fame a Pyramid! the captiv'd Virgins of our Nation shall in their last Dirges sing thy praise. O, I could grow old within thy light. Something we now must talk together, and Heaven will listen to't, as to the breath of Saints—

Parad. I knew we should have use of conference: which made me beg the leading of the Van, the more to assist our meeting.

Herm. Afford your ears in private.

Grim. Though *Paradine* look flourishing, and like a flame of triumph, (as if his Father surfeited in some o're-grown City when he got him) yet he hath in him seeds of war, bold thoughts, and we i'th' Camp, esteem him honest too.

Gond. He is our Kings Minion, sleeps in his bosom.

Grim. True, and the Royal Fool greets him with such ravenous kisses, that you would think, he meant to eat his lips.

Gond. The Captive captivates the Conqueror. Three Moons have not expir'd their usual change, since he was prisoner to the King; though now his Favourite.

Grim. Th' art too loud! If thou'lt talk safely, go get a sore throat; hoarse men speak low. The captiv'd *Rhodolinda* (whose Father *Albovine* depriv'd of life and Kingdom) hath with such amorous subtilty behav'd her self, that *Albovine* is now her Prisoner. This martial progress was but made to visit her. She makes him guilty of Idolatry, as she ascends, her Country-men must rise.

Gond. You have call'd that *Hermegild* her Creature?

Grim. He was her Father's Counsellor; a man created in the dark: he walks invisibly; he dwells in Labyrinths; he loves silence: but when he talks, his language carries more promiscuous sense, than ancient Oracles. So various in his shapes, that oft he is disguis'd from his own knowledge. An error much incident to humane Politicks, who strive to know others more than themselves.

Gond. Observe their complement.

Grim. Pox o' these French Jigs? Courtiers always dance. This is to *Hermegild* meer lechery: this wanton gesture doth obscure thoughts of such consequence and weight, as hang like Plummets on his heart. *Paradine* is a soft, easie Fool, and must be gild.

Herm. O my sweet Lord—

Grim. Now the motion speaks.

Herm. Such indecements would too much impoverish my gratitude: yet, 'tis meet our actions carry smooth equality, your content

must

must further all my futes. You are the Kings Jewel, and hang richly in his ear.

Parad. You are pretious unto her, whom loud noise already calls our Queen: fair *Rhodolinda*! we may (if they prove natural and kind) govern the Nation that hath conquered us; gain our Country liberty, and yet not stray from noble Arts: such hopes our free embraces prophesie. The King.

[*Loud Musick.*]

Enter Albovine, Frollo, Conrade, Vollterri, &c.

Froll. Your Troops (Sir) are so divided into mix'd Files, that to the City you do march between thick walls of men.

Alb. Let my Horse-Guard bring up the Reer. W'll sport with war. We have no use of.—But of magnificence.

Vollt. The order is already given. It was your Royal will, each Squadron should double their march.

Alb. My Boy, I bring thee home my chief Trophy: thou dost delight me more than Victory. Retire; I am in love too violent. My embraces hurt thee, thou art but yet of tender growth.—

Parad. My Country-man would kiss your Royal hands, and then expect no greater happiness till he arrive in Heaven. He hath done your *Rhodolinda* service.—

[*Presents Hermeg. on his knee to the King.*]

Herm. *Rhodolinda* is your humblest captive. She inserts you often in her Prayers, and call'd it my chief duty to present her true service to your Majesty.

Alb. Her name doth enrich our Language. My Boy can witness that I love her: Rise, and expect Honour.

Enter Governour of Verona.

Govern. High and sacred Majesty! *Verona* hath unhindg'd her wide Gates: proud to admit the Fate of Kingdoms. Our crook'd Matrons forget their age: and (as the ragged Earth at the Springs warm approach) look fresh, and young, to entertain you. Our timorous Virgins (with the bold Youth) join in one wanton Quire to sing your welcome.

Grim. How the Spaniel fawns, cause he dares not bark?

Govern. Th' amorous Vine clips not the shady Poplar with such regard (about whose mossie waist she hangs a smiling Lover.) Our City is by the reflection of your blest approach like *Pelion* deck'd, whom *Typhon's* Mistress (leaving the weeping East) with brightness gilds. There's not a wrinkle left in all *Verona*, wherein pale sorrow, or

rebellious envy can find their loathed Mansion. Flattering joy swells big each loyal bosom. All implore you as their safety; who hath hush'd the noise of discord and loud war.

Grim. The Rascal flatters, as if he had serv'd his Prentiship in Court.

Alb. Th' *ast* done me justice, Governour, and knowest the way to make me thankful, but not proud. I understand thou hast with honour'd safety preserv'd those Jewels to thy charge committed, (my *Rhodolinda*, and my Boys *Valdaura*) and so increas'd new motives of our thanks.

Gover. Heaven has made your memory too humble, thus to record your Creatures service.

Alb. Let now the weary Labourer rest with ease, and release his Team, and his industrious Plough. Let him sing glad *Tis* to the rustick Powers that guard his fields, and unto me.

Govern. It is by you we are: no warlike Ram, nor battering Engine forc'd a bloody entrance through our thick walls. It was the powerful breath of your victorious fame, that conquer'd us. To that we yielded: which as a rough blast that poiss from the cold Artick Pole, hath born before it captiv'd Nations.

Alb. By Heaven a good old man; if he be learn'd, I'll have him write my Annals.

Grim. Indeed he looks like a Chronicler.

Alb. *Paradine*? inform him of my deeds. Thou hast beheld my discipline full of shape and order, when confusion did oppress the Foe, and stifled them in throngs. Hah! look! *Rhodolinda's* come to gild our Triumph!

Enter *Rhodolinda*, *Valdaura*, *Thecina*, and Attendants in mourning.

Parad. And my *Valdaura* too! let Nature shew a third object to delightful, we'll swear she is not old, nor her first materials wasted, but in creation still retains her former strength and skill.

Alb. But why (my beauteous Captive) art thou still in Sables wrapp'd?

Rhod. Your Stars bid you be happy. My cross Fate, like the Raven, crokes a Funeral note: this mourning habit, but paints forth the grief that chains my soul in darkness. And filial love commands me mourn for him, whom you too soon depriv'd of life, my conquer'd Father.

Alb. Let his ashes rest at quiet in their Urn. His Ghost long since hath wash'd away the memory of his Fate in slow-pac'd *Lethe*. Take me, modest fair, into thy bosom; hide me there! O, my glad soul, how full

full is thy content? Now thou fear'd thing,
that guid'st the heavenly Empire, rend all
the murmuring Clouds, and dart thy Thunder
at me: I am safe.

Rhod. My captivity must needs seem easie,
whilst the Conqueror proves so kind.

Alb. I could gaze thus on thee, till my
wonder did convert me into Marble; and
yet my soul would in her self retain a fire,
lively as that which bold *Prometheus* stole.
Were the world return'd to th' antick Chaos,
thy look would force the warring elements
into a sacred order; and beget a harmony
like this they now enjoy.

Rhod. You are too powerful in your
speech.

Alb. Yet when I value thus thy excellence,
let me not forget my own high being. I've
humbled all the Nations of the earth;
brought home as spoils the whole wealth of
Nature: yet *Rhodolinda*, nought like thee.
Let me whisper my content, for soft music
most delights the female ear.

[*They walk aside.*]

Parad. Why, my dear *Valdaura*, dost
thou suspect me? let hungry death seize on
my honour, before it seize on me, if in my
breast I entertain a thought unlawful.

Vald. I esteem you (Sir) a friend to virtue,
and in that hope would cherish all
your love.

Parad. In thy fair brow there's such a
Legend writ of timorous chastity, that it
doth blind th' adulterous eye. Not the
Mountain Ice (congeal'd to Christal) is so
frosty chaste as thy victorious soul, which
conquers man, and man's proud Tyrant-
passion. But I am too rough for Courtship,
the soft harmony which wanton peace in-
structs the tongue to make, I have forgot.
Trust me (bright Maid!) I love thee dearly.
Though I've found thy heart like Pibble,
smooth, but stony.

Vald. I've heard my Mother say: the
curled youth of *Italy*, were prompt in wan-
ton stealths, and sinful Arts. Till time had
given me assurance of your noble thoughts;
'twas safe to doubt your love. But now I
wish I were more worthy, and then would
prove more liberal of my self.

Parad. Let me enjoy thy hand! that so
attracts my soul! We will (e're night her
black Curtain draws) make compleat this
love, with marriage Rites.

Alb. How now, Boy! is my interest so
decay'd in your person, that you give away
your self without my leave!

Parad. Humbly on my knee, I beg the
vulgar privilege due to all hearts. To
love, and not enjoy, is a torture, I cannot
suffer long, and still remain possess'd with
breath.

Alb. Thou hast shew'd me physick for my
passion. Take him, *Valdaura*, and be proud!
'Tis I that love him: nor shall your joys be
single. I'll make the number yet more full.
This day we'll consecrate to Hymens use.
Behold your Queen (who though my Cap-
tive) for her birth and beauty, is the first of
Queens.

Govern. High Heaven increase your joys!

Herm. And may you live together until
time shall sicken with his age.

Froll. Conrad. Long live *Albovine*, King
of the *Lombards*!

Herm. Cry up *Rhodolinda* too!

Froll. Conrad. Live *Rhodolinda*, Queen
of the *Lombards*!

Alb. Governour! 'tis our will that you
expect honour, and true safety. Your Ci-
ties love I shall perceive by popular noise,
and your behaviour in this great Solemnity.
Let the Sun smile; the Wind sport
with our Plumes! this day let sick-men too
forget to groan

Let all glad Hymns in one mix'd concord
found,

And make the echoing Heaven your
mirth rebound.

[*Exeunt all but Grimold, Volterri, Gondibert.*]

Grim. The King's head must now convert
to rotten wood.

Gond. Why, *Grimold*?

Grim. That Court Earwigs may live
there, and devour his brains. Dost not per-
ceive how they begin to creep into his ears?
Gond. Generous souls are still more sub-
ject to credulity.

Grim. He is a German in his drink: bu-
sied with a wanton pride, which his Flat-
terers admire for mirth, but his friends do
pity.

Vollt. He should be told his sins.

Grim. By whom? *Volterri*, now the King
forfakes the Camp, he must maintain luxu-
rious mouths, such as can utter perfum'd
breath, and these straight compose a Fac-
tion, engross his ears. They limit still his
conversation. Even as the slow finger of
the Dial doth in its motion circular remove
to distant Figures: so by a subtle leisure
they do prefix the hours, when he must
change his rotten Parasite, for one more
skilful, how to admire, and praise. No ho-
nest tongue can ever interpose to tell him he
is mortal.

Gond. It is the chief misery of Princes,
ne'er to understand their own crimes, to sin
in ignorance.

Grim. True, his Confessor, that in sight
a Patriarch seems, will gain by flattery, and
superscribe unto the King, as to the Pope
(his Holiness.) But *Gondibert*, whom Con-
claves

claves here in Court do canonize for Saints, will scarce be admitted in Heaven for Angels.

Vollt. Now *Rhodolinda* is become his Rival in high Sovereignty, the will permit no errors but her own: the King must mend what she dislikes.

Grim. She gives us leisure to expect her character. Women make themselves more known when they do rule, than when they obey.

Gond. *Valdaura* is enrich'd with a sweetness so religious, that *Paradine* must sin in private, or need no mercy.

Grim. Th' art nam'd her! though my obdurate sufferance in active war hath quite depriv'd me of all amorous thoughts. Though not these forty Winters, I have seen any of her Sex but Sutlers Wives. When I see her, I grow as proud and as nimble as her *Paradine*.

Gond. *Grimold*, speak low.

Grim. She's none of those that on their heads advance high swagg'ring Plumes, like a gay Forehorse in a Country Teem. O, she's worth the tempting!

Vollt. Dost thou so commend her virtues, and yet wouldst thou tempt her unto vice?

Grim. That's a trick I learnt of the Devil. Those that are virtuous, need his temptation, the wicked have power enough to damn themselves.

Gond. Hark how they shout! away *Grimold*, or we shall lose the Triumph!

[*Shouting within.*]

Grim. Room for Cuckolds, whose horns are so high.

They bore the Moon, as she frisks in the Skie!

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Grimold, Gondibert, Vollterri.

Grim. **T**HIS Peace makes me rotten and dusty. I live like a Cricket i'th' corner of an Oven. Pox o' these o'regrown Cities. To be valiant here, is to forfeit ones freedom: and these furr'd Gowns hold, there is no sin so great as poverty.

Gond. Thou art as melancholy as a lean Judge!

Grim. I, or a corrupted Officer at the noise of a Parliament. In this division of unvalued Trophies, Territories vast and ample (gain'd partly by my sweat) not a single Acre falls to my share.

Enter Cunymond, Frollo, Conrade, Servants with a Banquet.

Cuny. Bear back there! they thrust as if they meant to get me with child——

Froll. You, Sirrah! d'ye get the Kings Officer with child?

Conrad. Bear back there! or we'll put ye to the charge of Surgery——

Cuny. Dispatch, Fellows!

Gondib. Is not that *Cunymond*?

Grim. The same. He is a great Astrologer. The meer Anatomy i'th' front o'th' Kalendar. You may know where the Sign is by some toy in's habit, which he removes as the Sign removes.

Cuny. *Frollo*, did they enter here by your permission?

Froll. Not by mine, Sir.

Cuny. Nor yours, *Conrade*?

Conrad. They are men of *China*, for ought I know.

Cuny. Then they must out. Gentlemen, turn out; and leave the Presence.

Grim. 'Sdeath, Sir? d'ye make us Dogs?

Vollt. Come draw your Bodkins forth!

Gond. Draw i'th' Presence? art thou mad?

Grim. How he stands? he is created of Starch, and dares not use a boisterous motion, lest he should fall in rumples.

Cuny. Sir, you may speak like a Cannon! but you shall either go, or——

Grim. Or what, Sir?

Cuny. Or stay, Sir.

Conr. By heaven, he shall do one, Sir——

Froll. Nay, Captain, do not look as if y' had drunk Vinegar. You must, or go, or——stay, Sir—— [*Loud knocking.*]

Cuny. Hey! we are tumbling in a Drum. *Within.* Fellows o' the Guard, make way there! Officers open the door——

Cuny. Bear back there! Gentlemen! what d'ye mean? pray bear back——

[*Loud Musick.*]

Enter Albovine, Rhodolinda, Paradine, Valdaura, Hermegild, Thesina, &c.

Herm. *Phæbus* will be thought more rash than

then *Phaeton*, if now he hasten to the West. Sir, this glorious day, merits well a longer age, then what is limited to all within our Kalender.

Alb. *Hermegild*, thy free heart adds to our triumph!

Grim. Sir, I've some few words, I needs must utter: since my last services in *Hungary*, you remain on my Tally six thousand Duckats: I'm loth to score up still, and pay my self with my own Chalk.

Alb. Wouldst have thy foul dismiss'd a natural way?

Grim. I would not starve, look like a parch'd Anatomy. Pay your debts, Sir!

Alb. I never met with boldness until now! my courage is quite puzz'd!

Grim. Do your ears blister to hear this? my breath is wholesom. I say, Sir, pay your debts!

Alb. Sure, thou art some spirit! I cannot kill thee!

Grim. In this division of the Lands, I help'd to conquer; I am not furnish'd with a Mole-hill for a pillow.

Alb. *Hermegild* sat chief in the Committee for division of those Lands: bid him reward your service: besides, I mistake the custom, or 'tis my Treasurers office to pay my debts, not mine.

Grim. No, Sir, (thanks to your Royal thrift) it is your office to pay all; your Treasurers custom to pay nothing.

[*Thrusts him away.*]

Alb. Do not interrupt my marriage Rites!

Grim. I cannot take your reference for payment.

Alb. Would thou wert dead!

Grim. Sir, I'll make my Ghost my Executor, and walk after death e're I'll lose my money.

Alb. Sit, my *Rhodolinda*; This is thy Sphere! In th'absence of the Sun, we must receive our light from thee. *Paradine*, thy Bride expects thy service.

Parad. Sh'as an ill bargain on't, to rule one night, and ever after to obey.

Herm. Captain, though the King be prompt in mercy, yet hath he so much anger in him, as will express him mortal. 'Tis for your safety, to avoid the presence.

Grim. I'll bribe your Lordship with a *Guisney* Tooth-pick!

Herm. You must repent this language.

Parad. He must not, *Hermegild*!

Herm. How, my Lord!

Parad. These whom your number in your faction enjoy, by your assistance, proud structures, and fertile Granges, to maintain their gawdy Riot. Sir, you had a frail memory, or a degenerate heart, when you forgot his merit; might you incorporate those

in one, the fordid bulk could ne're make up his shadow.

Hermeg. I am prescrib'd my discipline in Court!

Parad. *Grimold*, away! 'tis my desire you leave the Presence.

Grim. I am obedient, Sir, to your desire.

Gond. 'Slight, thou hast made a brave retreat.

Volt. I look'd when both of us should taste of immortality.

[*Exeunt Grimold, Gond, Volt.*]

Herm. He that inflam'd this fire, will scorch his busie Fingers. My Lord, it was unkindly done t'affront my anger thus: but I have hope it is your last fault.

Parad. I cannot reckon it among my faults. Sir, you involve your meaning in your speech. The world shall find me honest.

Herm. You are a Bridegroom now.

Alb. *Hermegild*, make your anger known, for else your frowns will cause your loyalty to be suspected. This night should be as smooth and pleasant, as that to which we owe our blessed Nativity.

Herm. Sir, you are great on earth! I am merely your creation: My passions do afford your high delight all sympathy. Old Time hath thrown his Feathers from his heels, and slowly limps in's motion to prolong this Triumph: but if *Paradine* affront *Hymen*, and me with sudden rage, it shall be call'd my piety to suffer. [*Rhod. stands up.*]

Rhod. How! your Excellence ought t'excuse my speech! when your victorious Sword depriv'd me of my Father; I enter'd to captivity, as to the oblique shade, where death inhabits. Till you allow'd me *Hermegild*; who with his high Philosophy did make my bondage sweet. My Father lov'd him well: he was his noblest Servant, and must not for his virtues suffer, until your sacred tongue forbid me share with you in Sovereignty.

Alb. Boy, this was a bold crime. You must not give me cause to chide. *Valdaura*, urge him to proffer friendship unto *Hermegild*; you are powerful o're his nature. I have deserv'd to lose my chief prerogative—

Vald. I am too timorous to deal with anger: if he prove stern of nature, my marriage is my Funeral. My Lord!

Herm. *Paradine*, I've an humble love. I will present it first to your refusal—

Parad. I want your phrase, to make my manners seem less rugged. All that is love, I cherish with such religious heat, as my *Valdaura* claims; since our young Nuptial—

Alb.

Alb. This is a sacrifice to thee my Queen: whose deity consists of love. Sit, and with your persons, straight intrench the Table. Some wine! fill in my *German* Plate; I'll drink as when I'm hot with victory. This to my Bride—

Cuny. Sound high!

Alb. More wine, and noise! now Boy, I celebrate *Valdaura's* health—

Cuny. Bid their Instruments speak lowd-er.

Alb. This is legitimate blood of the rich *Corfick* Grape: precious as thy tears (my Royal Girl) when thou art penitent to Heaven. [*Whilst the King talks, they drink.*]

Herm. Spare me in the next, and I'll esteem you courteous; so much wine will put me to the charge of *Physick*.

Cuny. Your Lordship owns it as a virtue—

Alb. Shall the world bleed? but frown, and thou renew'st a Chaos. Malign the pride of some far Eastern Queen, whom Travellers belye, and I will forage there, like loud thunder! or like the Northern wind upon the Main.

Rhod. I merit no such complement.

Alb. I'll do't. 'Tis thought I am immortal. The chief of my great Ancestors, that made a wild incurfion o're this fertile soil, was but a tipe of me. More wine!—Thy breath is as the smoke of Spices. I taste thy melting lips, and straight ingender kisses. Heart! Boy, you are too ravenous!

Parad. I ever held your Majesty my best Example. Kisses nimbly gather'd, the faster grow.

Herm. The Lombards use to share this sport! [*He kisses Thesina.*]

Alb. Is not your name *Pigwiggin*?

Cuny. *Pigwiggin*! your Grace was wont to call me *Cunymond*: I am no Faery.

Alb. Nor I the King of Faeries. 'Slight, Sir, d'ye present me with a Cup, made, o'th' bottom of an Acorn, or Queen *Mabbs* Thimble? fill me a Bowl, where I may swim, and bathe my head, then rise like *Phæbus* from the Ocean, shaking my dewy Locks. A health to *Cæsars* memory. Boy, do me justice, or thou afrontst my Triumph!

Parad. *Conrade*, the King will drown us all!

Conr. Y'have now, Sir, but the moiety of his draught.

Rhod. Though Fame lends you her Trumpet, gives you leave to speak your own praise, you cannot utter more than my belief shall warrant.

Alb. Now thou art kind, my Love. I am the Broom of Heaven, when the world grows foul, I'll sweep the Nations into th' Sea, like dust. Thy Father was magnani-

mous, and great King of *Girpides*. Yet his Title sat not so nobly on him, as my Conquest. Know his unkind fate was his chief glory: for it was I that slew him; and thou his captiv'd Daughter art my Queen.

Rhod. Sir, if you continue this narration, I shall weep.

Alb. Do, weep! then on my heart-strings I will thread thy tears instead of Pearl: such a wealthy Bracelet, *Jove* would present unto his Queen: more wine! bring us the Bowl of Victory.

[*Exit Cunymond. Paradine kneels.*]

Parad. Sir, you engag'd your Royal word, never to present that fatal object.

Alb. *Paradine*, do not resist my pleasure.

Parad. I am in my ambition virtuous, if I desire t'expire a Sacrifice to loyalty. Sir, ruine what you made, but do not violate your Vow.

Alb. Hence! I shall delight in fury!

Enter Cunymond with a skull, made into a drinking-Bowl.

Welcome, the horrid Trophèy of my chief War! *Rhodolinda*, I'll try thy fortitude. This was thy Father's skull: thou shalt pledge a health unto his Ghost.

[*He drinks: all rise up.*]

Rhod. O fatal! my eyes shrink into my head, I tremble like the new yeand Lamb.

Vald. Hide me, *Paradine*! the object doth so penetrate, that when I wink, methinks I see it fill.

Alb. Tame, feeble soul! will she not pledge what we do celebrate? bid her return—

Cuny. Madam, the King—

Rhod. The King's a Tyrant, and thou his Slave. [*Strikes him, and Exit.*]

Froll. That's a favour, Signior.

Cuny. I wear it as a Jewel in my ear.

Parad. Fly, dear *Valdaura*; and meditate for the King.

Vald. *Thesina*, prethee help me; my wonder (Wench) doth so disturb my speech, I fear I shall grow dumb.

Thef. The work is pious we attempt.

[*Exeunt Vald. Thef.*]

Herm. The harmony of your sweet tongue is his best Physick now: divorce him from those black thoughts, whilst I employ my utmost skill, to win the Queen to his embraces. She's great of Soul, and may determine what my fond heart laments to prophesie.

Parad. Y'are my best Countryman, kind and loyal. [*Exit Herm.*]

Alb. So pale and timorous!

Parad. My Royal Lord!

Alb. Hah! am I alone? have they all left

left me? where is my Empire? Do I govern in the Air?

Parad. Sir, am I lost unto your memory? you were wont to trust my service: the way unto your Couch lyes here—

Alb. None shall be proud but I. My smiles revive the dead: but when I frown, the living straight melt into Ghosts.

Cuny. Lights for the King there!

Parad. *Cunymond*, you are too officious! The Kings departure must be private.

[*Exeunt Alb. Parad.*]

Froll. The King is light enough himself.

Cuny. And heavy enough! for he seem's to reel with his own weight.

Con. No Masks! no Epithelamion now! call for a Bonefetter, for time hath sprain'd his feet, and goes awry. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter Rhodolinda, Hermegild.

Rhod. O *Hermegild*! a general eclipse in Nature, would not seem to horrid! to cut those strings which *Hymen* had but newly ty'd.

Herm. I, there's the horror! whilst his Vows sat warm upon his lips; his breath not mingled yet with cooler air; thus to perturb by stern practice your sweet rest, was worse than perjury.

Rhod. To present my Royal Fathers skull, in drunken triumph.

Herm. Take heed! you will distract your memory. There's a Record, Time strives to lose; and Fame to hide beneath some oblique fold in her thick Volume, as loth to discredit all mankind. Your Father valued you next to his interest in Heaven. I've seen the good old King search for his Picture in your eyes; then—

Rhod. No more: patience is sinful now. Thou art deeply read and wise: instruct me to be bold, for *Alboline* hath taught me to be cruel.

Herm. Yare now by holy Church incorporate; therefore Divinity forbids me use my natural reasons. Howe're I think it fit, you give him direful cause soon to repent: Repentance sure is Physick for his soul.

Enter Paradine, Valdaura.

Paradine and's young Bride! your Excellence shall please that we retire: whilst I disguise my self, and seem to flatter in the Kings behalf—

Parad. To bed, soft modesty! I will my self deliver to the Queen the King's intent.

Vald. Sir, the King is cruel. Should you prove so to me, I'd soon distill my soul to tears, and weep an Ocean deep enough to drown my sorrows and my self.

Parad. 'Twere cruelty to doubt my nature. Fair Saint, to bed, I long to lose my youth in warm embraces! To bed! with winged haste expect my presence.

[*Exit Valdaura.*]

Herm. How smooth appears the brow of Youth!

Parad. Hail, *Rhodolinda*! the Royal Mistress of this night. Thus *Alboline* (our great King) bade me say, 'Y' are dearer to his eyes than light. Though every Bride may claim from *Hymen* privilege to rule her Lord, till *Hesperus* appear, and cancel her brief Charter. Yet he doth humbly beg; you'll not infringe the *Lombards* custom, whose Virgins never vow a continence the nuptial night.

Rhod. I your meaning, Sir, do not understand.

Parad. 'Tis his chief hope that you will straight expect his person in your Bed.

Rhod. How! lye with him? I'll sooner chuse a Lodging in a Sepulchre: there commit incest with the remnant of my Fathers bones, than lye with him.

Parad. O take heed! take heed, fair Majesty! let not his rash sin provoke you to so dire a resolution, e're yet the Wine hath lost th' unruly operation; the King disclaims his wanton pride, and mortifies himself with grief.

Rhod. Canst thou suspect I will prove inconstant, to what I sacredly determine?

Parad. Heaven avert you should approve your error.

Rhod. I'll kneel, and vow with all solemnity—

Herm. O hold! 'twere black impiety in us to suffer such a horrid crime. You may inform the King of my religious loyalty, already I have us'd persuasive speech to reconcile this odds: But she grows wild, repugnant to all mercy.

Parad. As you esteem your Royal self, or us, who (when kinder Planets rul'd) were servants to th' unhappy King your Father; cherish no more this anger in your breast, lest Time afford it growth and violence, till it disturb the world.

Herm. He counsels like a sacred Oracle.

Parad. I will inform the King, your continence you only celebrate to this black night, and give him hope that you'll hereafter smile. Though I am rough and shap'd for war, this softens all my faculties—

Rhod. Stay, *Paradine*, didst thou not name my Father?

Parad. I did with a devout remembrance!

Rhod. And thou know'lt how thy good Country suffers?

Parad. I think on it, and it makes my heart hang heavy on its strings.

H h h

Rhod.

Rhod. *Hermegild* oft receives intelligence from some in bondage there, which writ in Prose, do, i'th' reading, into Verse dissolve: so sad the business is, so fit for Elegy.

Hermeg. So sad a *Requiem* yet was never sung, no, though the Raven, and the Whistler shrill, the Howlet and the Birds of night made up the fatal Quire. The young men there are yolk'd in pairs, and stretch their sinewes in a Teem, to draw the wealthy Harvest to the Grange, where the insulting foe resides. The aged (heretofore in Purple cloth'd) that dispos'd of Law and Justice, dwell now on parch'd hills, to tend the flocks; whose fleece the Victor wears in gawdy triumph.

Parad. O harsh captivity! our Country groans! till now I thought the Conqueror 'gan to ease their bondage, not add to their weight.

Rhod. The King's a Tyrant, *Paradine*.

Parad. Yet he hath us'd me gently still, ta'ne me from the cold Earth, and warm'd me in his bosom; and *Hermegild* has full cause to bless his bounty. But you (now our Queen) he values next to Heav'n; howe're this rash error strives to disgrace his love. We are his Captives too; heretofore not heeded by our Stars; though we now swell with titles and his favour.

Herm. My Lord, the King is kind to us! yet give me leave to say, you may mistake his love unto the Queen. Yare skilful in the deeds that appertain to War; but they

but they that aim at victory in Court, must practise smooth and subtil Arts. Wife Favourites do walk i'th' dark, and use false lights. Nay, oft disguise their breadth and stature too.

Rhod. Think on thy Country, *Paradine*! Is there in Story no mention of some great Soul, that did his Country prize above his own mortality, and dy'd to gain his Nation freedom?

Herm. The Noble *Brutus* for his Country's health made *Cæsar* bleed; *Cassius* was heroic too, and had in War loud Fame—'Tis wrought with skill. His thoughts grow numerous, and ingender horrid shapes; such as fright his fancy.

Rhod. *Paradine*, good night!

Herm. *Hymen* and your Bride, will blame your tardy service. Sweet Lord, a thousand times good night.

[*Exeunt Herm. and Rhodolinda.*]

Parad. False unto me! when Thunder wakes the dead; when the Sky looks black; when the Earth seems to stand as in a gloomy shade. When the wind blows till it grows hoarse; then I shall try the King, and fathom his deep soul. If he start, complain of his mortality, kneel oft; and pray aloud, as Heaven were deaf: if thus, I will conclude him false.

For horrid storms that Tyrants waking keep,

Do rock the noble Conscience safe asleep.

[*Exit.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Rhodolinda, Valdaura, Thecina.

Vald. I Knew your Excellence did visit me for mirth and laughter.

Rhod. So early up? your Lord is temperate.

Thef. I should like their tempers better, if she were down, and her Lord up.

Vald. Fye, *Thecina*, your tongue's unruly.

Rhod. The morning might have shewn me too for mirth, had not the false King made the night so sad.

Thef. She moves as she were sick, this skirmish has much weakned her.

Rhod. Dost thou call't a skirmish?

Thef. I, Madam, a French skirmish; where th'onset is hot and fiery, but the retreat cold and tame.

Enter Hermegild.

Herm. Madam, the King?

Rhod. Hah!

Herm. He greets your Excellence, and begs you will permit his early visit.

Rhod. I'd rather lose my eyes than see the Tyrant. *Valdaura*, you shall lodge near me to night. [*Ex. all but her.*]

Enter Albovine, Paradine, Cunymond, Frolo, Conrade.

Alb. She's lost, my Boy; blown from my fist; her wings have gather'd wind; they flye (like those of Time) swiftly forward, but never return back.

Parad. Sir, I have hope, she will repent this breach of duty, and court your Royal smiles again.

Alb. Is it a sin to drink? Nature has given to Fishes a prerogative greater than we enjoy.

Cunym.

Cuny. Fishes are dumb (Sir) they never fox themselves with talk.

Alb. Slave! thy mirth's unseasonable!
Paradine! thou hast consum'd to night the wealth of love, whilst I (like the solitary Phoenix) expect no heat but in my funeral flame: yet, Boy, thou canst not make me envious; thou art more delightful, then my *Rhodolinda's* smiles. I hug thee as my health—

Parad. He bruises'd me in his arms. Can love express such violence, and yet be false? *Hermegild* still whispers in my ear, the King doth hate thee, *Paradine.* But *Hermegild* is read in all the arts of Court, and strives perhaps my sense to poison with lean jealousy.

Herm. Sweet Lord! y' appear blushing like the morn! something your Bride and you have done t' encrease the number of the Worthies.

Parad. He courts me too! I want a Perspective, to draw these distant figures near my sight. I ne'er shall sleep again.

Alb. *Hermegild*, thy aspect shews ominous! how thrives our Embassy?

Herm. I have consum'd my breath, till I grew faint, and wept to invite her mercy; but tears were spilt like water in the Forge, only t' enrage the fire. She doth abjure your visit.

Alb. He that drinks, forfeits his mortality!
[Enter Grimold.]

Grim. How, Sir, must we not drink?

Alb. No, Souldier.

Grim. If you'll extirpate this vice of drinking, give order for a privy search i'th' Ocean; there dwell the greatest drinkers.

Alb. Good! we will embark for Sea. I press thee up for this employment.

Grim. Stay (Sir) ere I engage my self in new services, pay me for my old. You rest upon my Ticket, six thousand Duckats; and I have not seen your Majesty's face in any other metal, but your own flesh and blood, these three months.

Alb. Thou grumblest like a Wolf.

Grim. 'Tis then for hunger, Sir.

Herm. Captain, you mistake the King: He's royal as his blood, and liberal as the Sun that shines on all.

Grim. I will out-roar thunder, but I'll have my pay.

Parad. Grimold, you indanger your friends.

Grim. My Lord, give losers leave to speak. I've lost my youth and blood i'th' wars, and I want food, a reverend Als bears my Wife and her young Eggs in Panyers up and down the streets. I travel like a Tartar, with all my Family about me. Nay, nay, nay! you would be gone!

Alb. Art thou not yet dead?

Grim. You must not move, till y' have paid me. I know you may be angry with more safety than I. Bid some Colossus of your Guard cleave me with his falchion; yet I shall seal a passage o're the black River, when *Charon* slumbers, and fright your Grace.

Alb. I dare not strike thee (old man) lest thou shouldst fall to dust and choke me.

Grim. Good King, pay me. I love thy Grace: and will fight for thee, whilst I've motion left to stir a Feather. My want constrains me to't. By this hand, I'm fain to eat Brarrand Parsley, like a tame Rabbit.

Herm. Lend me your ear, Captain!

Grim. You'll entice me now to enter into bonds.

Herm. You look indeed like a young Heir. Well, Sir, value me according to my true rate: I am your Friend. You make ill choice of hours for help of your design. The King hath now sad and tumultuous thoughts about his heart.

Grim. Great men are always sad when they should pay their debts.

Herm. Sir, you interpret ill. Grow more sober, then challenge all my power in your behalf.

Grim. He that receives a kindness from the Devil, shall be sure to lose by the bargain.

Cuny. Captain, you should chuse a luckier minute: the King is now in love.

Grim. With whom?

Froll. With the Queen.

Grim. In love with his own Wife! that's held incest in Court.

Alb. Be powerful in thy speech, my *Paradine*, yet gentle too. She is the Star that rules my faculties.

Parad. The Queen will bless your temperance, and repent. *Hermegild* is too busy: he must be more at leisure, and I more active.
[Exit *Parad.*]

Alb. *Hermegild*, stay near us—

Grim. Your Majesty has a frail memory, to forget me so soon—

Herm. You'll forfeit me, and the Kings mercy! away!
[Exeunt *Alb.* & *Herm.*]

Grim. 'Tis no piece of unkindness to wish thee in Hell, for all thy friends dwell there. Th'ast none upon the earth. Gentlemen will you be open to me?

Cuny. In all parts, Sir, but our purses.

Grim. Draw near! let us communicate our hearts! does not that wealth, which you disburse for powders, perfumes, clothes, and physick for the face, return with gain?

Froll. Expound your Riddle, Sir.

Grim. Have you not each a Mistress that maintains you in expence and riot? Hah? same gives it out, you smooth Gallants are

much obliged unto the sins of Ladies.

Cuny. *Conrad* can prattle somewhat, Sir, to that purpose.

Con. Good faith you do me wrong. I've worn, Sir, a Ladies slipper in my Hat, or so. *Froll* is the man that gets their Pendants, Armlets, Rings, all the Toys of value.

Froll. Excuse me, Sir, not I. Signior *Cunymond* has all the voice at Court. We know, Sir, when, and where, a certain Dutchess, Sir

Cuny. Hold! grow particular in such a Theam as this!

Grim. Well, Gentlemen, I must be furnish'd too.

Cuny. With a Mistress?

Grim. Yes, enquire me out some old Land-Carack. I am content to stretch my loyns for a Pension.

Cuny. At what rate do you value your self?

Grim. I was never pawn'd, Sir.

Cuny. How, Captain!

Grim. In this lean age, we value all things according to the rate, they pawn for.

Froll. But we must know, how much you would receive in price of your activity?

Conrad. You must never stray after fresh pasture.

Grim. Some eight; I, I, eight hundred Crowns a year will do't. I am desirous of no more than will maintain my Genet, and my Dwarf.

Cuny. Your excuse procur'd, 'tis fit you now tell, how far in your defence I may engage my honour: is not your flesh a little tainted! are you not unwholsom?

Grim. O death, no; no, no, no! Do not think I have a conscience so ill-bred, to put my self upon a Lady, when unfit for the affair.

Cuny. Well, Captain, now with your own eyes survey your limbs; what use can a Lady have of you? to propagate the Cough o' th' Lungs?

Froll. Or beget Cripples, to people an Hospital?

Conrad. Or produce another Nation that may wage fierce battel 'gainst the Cranes?

Grim. Yet I can follow your bodies with rough motion, and nor shed my limbs by the way.

Cuny. I told ye, he'd make a jeast on't.

Grim. But I will kick ye in earnest,—kick ye for my exercise and warmth—till my toes grow crooked— [Exeunt omnes.]

Enter Valdaura, reading to her self, then Albovine, Hermegild.

Herm. Pursue *Valdaura*, Sir. You want the silken garb, that must indear you to the Ladies eyes.

Alb. Yet I am loving in my drink.

Herm. Salute her kindly, Sir: 'tis *Paradine's* Bride. You have not seen her since the endeavour'd to increase the number of your subjects, with loss of her Virginity.

Alb. *Rhodolinda* doth so ingross my love, that on other Ladies I've but little to bestow.

Herm. Sir, practise but your Courtship here: in troth you must be smooth and pliant, it will never do else. I've heard the Queen complain, you are too rough: and what these Ladies do observe, will take a sudden flight unto her ear. Often flatter 'em, and with a vigorous breath; they'll then implore the Queen in your behalf: and, Sir, their praise will soon procure your peace.

Alb. If they would soften *Rhodolinda's* heart, and reconcile me to her smiles, I would grow fond, and dally with all the Sex.

Herm. Begin your trial. If you salute this Lady, and wanton like, seek pictures in her eyes: they will admire you for't, and sing your praises to the Queen.

Alb. I shall be taught in time.

Herm. The Engine's now compact; each wheel doth move with silent screws. The Mole's the subtle Pioneer: for when the undermines the earth, her slow motion makes no noise. [Exit.]

Alb. Y'are devout. *Valdaura.* Teach me to pray: we have no leisure for't in War; and 't has been long time out of fashion here in Court.

Vald. I fear I make some breach of duty with your Excellence, to hinder thus the passage of your Royal thoughts.

Alb. You teach me now, t'excuse my own abrupt demeanour; but I can do't. My harsh Queen (whom Heaven forgive) doth much mistake the posture of my limbs, and motion of my tongue among your Sex. I never use, like rugged *Polypheame*, to hurt whom I but touch: Thus, I can gently meet a Ladies lips—yet make no battery there. Was it not well perform'd! tell my proud Queen, I've lost my Iron garb, and now am grown thus fond and smooth.

Vald. O Royal, Sir, her cruelty hath put my eyes unto th' expence of many tears.

Alb. I, but in vain! those clouds must weep apace, that mean to penetrate the Marble, or the Flint: I wear no Gauntlet on my hand, why should you think that I would bruise your fingers with my touch—

[Sports with her hand.]

Enter Hermegild, Rhodolinda.

Rhod. Is this *Paradine's* Garden?

Herm:

Herm. I, Madam, and your Excellence may find a sudden growth, in all that shadows us.

Rhod. Hah, I look there!

Herm. What is't your eyes so eagerly discern?

Rho. The King! how sportful he is grown? how full of amorous game and dalliance?

Herm. I spie *Vauldaura* there: but is that the King?

Rhod. Thou dost enquire, t'affront my sight.

Alb. You must inform the Queen of this: Say, I am smooth, and musical and trim, and that I talk no more of war, nor drink.

Vald. 'Tis my duty to urge all that may credit you in her esteem.

Alb. It is a piece of courtship to salute at parting—*[Kisses her. Exit Vauldaura.]*

Rhod. Is that a safe conjunction in so hot a Climate!

Alb. Hell and Death! what discipline is this? I should conduct her in her way—

[Exit.]

Rhod. So violent in pursuit of your game? Let's follow, *Hermegild*.

Herm. Not for all the Sun beholds in his journey through the world—

Rhod. Why?

Herm. It shews but little art to seek what you would not find.

Rhod. I prethee grow particular: dost think they purpose ought i'th' dark? or, was this same but ceremonious form! such a greeting as courtship will admit in publick interview?

Herm. The King was never given to complement, you know. As for *Vauldaura*—

Rhod. What of her?

Herm. I think that she is chaste, but—

Rhod. Do not involve thy language thus in periods of suspense.

Herm. I with the King had not deserv'd to be depriv'd of your soft embraces, then he might have kept this constitution tame.

Rhod. O, is it so?

Herm. It ill becomes the garb of Majesty, to run thus neighing (like a riotous Horse) after each female that he spies.

Rhod. Why, does he use it?

Herm. Madam, you question me, as if what I declare, were to your knowledge new and strange.

Rhod. By Heaven and so it is.

Herm. O my officious Soul! must it be my crime to give the information up? would I had known the King was here, you should have made another path your walk.

Rhod. *Hermegild*, you did mis-spend that breath.

Herm. Alas, you had enough of grief be-

fore. This addition will but shew a tyranny in fate and me. It works like strong new wine! as if 't would split the Cask.

Rhod. O perjur'd, black, adulterous King! affront my Fathers Ghost? disturb his ashes in his Tomb? when drunk with pride, he mock'd me with the gawdy title of a Queen, and now I am become a stale too for his lust. *Vauldaura* too! so pure of heart, forsooth, that she would bluth to see her own hand naked: they are prescrib'd. Know, *Hermegild*, our Country shall be free.

This is a noble rage! Heaven knows how I have griev'd. 'Twas my sad fear, that all the angry sparks, which were by justice kindled in your breast, had been extinguish'd quite, now they grow up in flames. You now like *Phæbus* shew, when he hath wash'd his face with Dew. Your influence doth infuse a noble heat, such as would motion give to aged Statues; make them pluck up their massie feet, and walk.

Rhod. What, *Hermegild*, in this great business wilt thou do, t'encourage hope?

Herm. I will mingle poyson in my Ink, write with a Ravens Quill! 't will be a fatal Scripture: and shall charm like those wise Hymns, the *Sirens* sing. Some must direction bear t' our Pensioners, that in our Country rule the stern Edicts of Law: some to martial Spirits, who with their able skill do lead those Regiments, the King hath garrison'd i'th' bordering Towns. They shall revolt, my Queen, and seat thee in thy Fathers Chair: they must be drunk with the Elixir of my Gold.

Rhod. When first I chose thee out for this great work, I saw thee thorow a Perspective revers'd; for thou didst seem much lesser than thou art. Kneel, and be happy—Before, the Genius of this place, and what is here immortal, I vow to assist with my most active skill, all thy designments 'gainst the King; and when my just hopes are finish'd; to be thy Wife. Such as do perjur'd prove, Lightning and Thunder strike to Hell.

Herm. This new ambition hath so exalted all my faculties, that I think I am taller kneeling, then when I stood. But here with strict solemnity I vow to teach my soul new ways of merit: to revenge with stern, and horrid wrath, the Kings proud tyranny. To make your greatness absolute and high, or sink my self into the bosom of the earth.

Rhod. Enough. I proffer to thy lip, the first taste of my affection—

[They kiss, then rise.]

Herm. 'Twas luscious! and I will cherish this. Trees that tallest grow, do take the deepest root, so I must first sink low in the Earth; and after climb up to the Clouds.

First,

First, praise her mighty Spirit; then when she weeps, gather up her tears for scatter'd Pearl. This disguis'd humility is both the swiftest, and safest way to pride——

Rhod. Sure, *Hermegild*, I have amaz'd thy fence, thou look'st like a fallen Lyon chain'd within a silent Cave. Let us retire, and I'll discover how I've practis'd my revenge.

Herm. I am considering how to make you mighty! you shall ascend, my beautiful Sovereign, till you can reach the Moon, and pick those seeds of light (the lesser Stars) from forth their wandering Spheres; to wear as new embroidery on your sleeve. I long to hear you, though a Woman's will is not so strong in anger as her skill.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Paradine, a Gentleman, and Page.

Parad. You bring no Letters from *Crasovia*, Sir?

Gent. None, my Lord.

Parad. Nor from *Sienna*?

Gent. Your Lordship in those few receives th' entire purpose of my journey.

Parad. Alas, my Countrymen! Captivity is hoarse, they have more griefs than tongue, they speak not loud enough to wake the ear of Heaven. Henceforth to *Hermegild* bid them direct their sighs; for I'm so dull, so weary, and neglectful of ambitious ends, that I shall lose my strength, and favour with the King.

Gent. My noble Lord, our prayers will over-rule that prophecy.

Parad. You may expect, whilst I am able to perform. Boy, give the Gentleman a free and bounteous welcome. Sir, I will hasten your dispatch.

[*Exeunt Gent. Page.*]

Enter Thebina.

Theb. My Lord, I have tyr'd my self in your search.

Parad. The fair *Thebina*? you are rarely here a Visitant! where have you left my Bride?

Theb. With the Queen, my Lord, who is so fond of her attendance, that to night she lyes within her Chamber.

Par. Hah! so soon divided! th' approaching night should help to second our embraces.

Theb. Y'are now to trust my Art. For *Valdaura* sent me to express her joy, i'th' delivery of this message. You shall lye with her to night.

Parad. How can my faith admit of this, since she is lodg'd where the Queen sleeps?

Theb. I'll perfect my assurance, so you'll please to obey what I enjoin. When you approach the Sphere, where your bright *Phabe* rules, do not occasion so much noise as shall express you living. You must not speak to her, nor make her speak: all this perform, lest you should wake the Queen.

Parad. This is a fine receipt to get a silent Girl: But I shall prove obedient.

Theb. And (Sir) as y'are merciful to Ladies (ripe in growth) do not breathe too loud, lest we i'th' neighbouring room, o'rehear the harmony, and sin in wishes.

Parad. Fear not, *Thebina*: I shall be temperate.

Theb. But you young Souldiers are so boisterous, you'll think anon, y'are battering some Town-wall. Follow, Sir, I'll direct ye to the place, where, when the dark hour arrives, you must address your visit.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Paradine dressing himself.

Parad. THE early Lark climbs higher than his voice; and whispers into *Phabus* ear, a glad welcome; who smiles, and seems to prophecy a gawdy day. *Valdaura*? Madam? speak, sweet Lady! or, if for concealment of our stolen rapture you silence still assume; yet rise, and bless my fight with thy fair presence. Come, and eclipse the envious day! Kind *Valdaura*, speak! [*A hand is thrust out between the Arras.* See, a new day breaks in her hand! these are the rose Fingers of the morn!

Pulls in Rhodolinda.

Hah! the Queen! *Valdaura*! Bride, where art thou?

Rhod. In vain thou call'st. A Cannon fired Scarce could reach her ear. She's in *Parvia* now, two Leagues from hence.

Parad. You are mysterious as an Oracle!

Rhod. I sent her thither, with pretence she should survey the model of a Garden-work. But 'twas done, that *Thebina* might intice thy person to my bed. At noon thy wife returns.

Parad. I've mistaken then, and sinn'd with thee, adulterous Queen!

Rhod:

Rhod. Thou hast enjoy'd what *Albovine* with all his Royal sighs and tears despair'd to merit.

Parad. O horror! Could you make no choice to quench your ravenous lust, but me? Where were the broad-chin'd *Zwitters* of your Guard?

Rhod. This, *Paradine*, denotes a melting brain: which out of vulgar pity I forgive. 'Twas not the wanton taste of lust could make me use this stratagem. But love of my revenge. I've strongly now engag'd thy power to kill the King.

Parad. Hah!

Rhod. Which do, and e're the Sun arrive i'th' West; or with dishevell'd hair, my vestments torn, I will approach the Tyrant, acquaint him with this deed, and call my own adultery thy foul rape.

Parad. Who's within there, ho! good Heaven! how lean should I have made my self with studious thoughts, e're I the skill had reach'd of such a damn'd project.

Rhod. Collect thy scatter'd thoughts: What thy respect to thy captiv'd Country, could ne'er charm thee to revenge; be prompted to, by a kind affection of thy own dear life: revenge upon a Tyrant; one, that loves not me, nor thee, unless in speech: he hath a smooth tongue, but a rugged heart. My *Hermegild* perceives this truth, and can deliver it with all the pride of knowledge.

Parad. Sure Time grows humerous with age: for things do differ much from the sincereness of their first creation. I will go weep till I am blind——

Rhod. Stay, *Paradine*. If thou dost mock thy hopes with a slow motion in this just design, expect to find my anger fatal. I'll to the King, and make a forfeiture of both our lives: but if thou kill't the Tyrant, I'll call thee then my Souldier. Besides thy Country's thanks, thou shalt enjoy me for thy Queen, thy Wife, *Paradine*.

Parad. New arts to ruine me! how can this be, and my own Wife alive?

Rhod. Would'st thou embrace so eminent a bliss, without some danger to thy soul?

Parad. My memory betrays my skill! I know there are a thousand ways to discredit her.

Rhod. Alas, good easie Soul! she'll ne'er be mis'd among the living. Know, *Valdaura's* false.

Parad. How! false!

Rhod. She is a open whore, and hath taught me this art of lust.

Parad. More horrible than Hell! now make me the common Executioner: *Valdaura* false!

Rhod. Wilt thou thus leave me in a wild suspence?

Parad. For credit of your own humanity, do not infringe the vulgar privilege due to all hearts. Give me but leave to think; and ne'er doubt your business! though I'm a young sinner; yet I shall soon enquire the way to Hell. 'Tis a continued throw-fare from this Climate thither. Good night, Madam.

Rhod. E're yet the morn's fair cheek hath lost her tears, dost call it night?

Parad. To me it seems the Eye of Heaven doth wink. All things are cloath'd in darkness, black as your design.

Rhod. Stay, for else my rage will not permit that we survive another meeting. If thou suspect it we are too loud, I will distill my thoughts into thy ear.

[*She hangs about his neck, whispering.*]

Enter *Hermegild*, *Valdaura*.

Herm. Though t'assist my great hopes with opportune induction, I consented to this act; yet now I chide my fond spirits. For who dares trust th' unruly appetite of youth? what I decreed she should but taste, she may delight to surfeit on. Here's the precious medicine that must restore health to my hopes. Follow, gentle Lady. You see 'em now?

Vald. Fall, fall, you thick black clouds, until you hide my sight. Do not my eyes begin to bleed at this object?

Herm. Mark how close they meet: what variety they use in lust: survey their gestures still. Now they depart.

[*Exeunt Parad. Rhod.*]

Vald. I'll summon all the hierarchy of Heaven to censure 'em.

Herm. Alas, pure soul! you perceive these are no Ideas now, no Fiction of the mind, or air incorporate to cheat the imagination.

Vald. Was this the cause, that made the adulterous Queen so strictly urge my journey unto *Pavia*?

Herm. I, and the motive that provok'd my Conscience to hasten your return, that you might tell sad tales to Heaven.

Vald. So soon prove false? e're the celebration of our marriage Rites were fully ended? e're the Sun in's journey o're this Region had twice beheld us thus incorporate by holy Church?

Herm. I, there's a contemplation that would crack even heart strings made of wyer. *Hymen's* Taper but newly lighted, and he with rude breath blows out the gawdy flame. Then in the dark, thus wilfully mistakes your bed, and riots 'tween unlawful sheets. Horror! horror!

Vald. O my sinister Stars! thus I shall weep till I have emptied all my stock of tears.

Herm.

Herm. What should such white and harmless souls do crawling on the Earth? alas, we cannot kneel like old Idolaters unto the rusty metal in a Bag. We want these helps to gain us honour and esteem.

Vald. I have a resolute intent to dye, and seek my Mansion in a purer Orb.

Herm. But e're you do begin your last long journey, some meritorious act should help t'assure your future bliss.

Vald. O name it, e're my sorrow shall decay my strength: for I would have my power joyn with my will.

Herm. Your Lord (foul and sinful as lust can make him) Salamander-like, shall bathe in fires, unless by sufferance here on earth, he penetrate the heart of heaven, and soften their decree. It will be call'd your merit to revenge his crime, even with his death.

Vald. How! would you have me kill him?

Herm. Since I am strict to virtue, I must needs be cruel unto vice. Let him not live to increase his own guilt, and betray more Ladies.

Vald. But shall I justice take from powerful Heaven, and use it with such cruelty?

Herm. Believe my skill in sacred Oracles, my piety to warrant the design. Nor will I fright the frailty of your Sex, with horrid circumstance; he shall not bleed, this Viol doth contain a draught; which if he drink, will cozen him of's leprous soul in his most quiet sleep.

Vald. I do suspect my courage!

Herm. Tak't, fair one! think on't in your prayers. If you but enjoy one single motion that informs you it is good: do't with pride and boldness masculine. Distinguish thus its operation. Four days must be fully spent e're it effect our hopes. Before that hour arrive, he must be wrought to kill the King. [Aside]

Vald. The Viol liquid Lead contains, or else some far more ponderous Metal: for whilst I bear it thus, the weight seems to infuse a Palfey in my hand. I tremble like a string touch'd on my Lute.

Herm. It is the Fiend that would debort you from a pious act: trust not his whispering charms, but with a courage (more than is natural in thy modest Sex) proceed to merit heaven. And now requite my forward zeal to virtue, with concealment of my name, and interest in this act. Let not the Queen nor your false Lord, know me the Perspective, through which you saw their ravenous lusts; but say, the King reveal'd it to your ear. 'Twill make them wild, and doubt their own confederate Bawds. Think not I forbid it as a danger to my person; for I affect not life. So soft

and easie is my heart, so well I love your sinful Lord, that when I hear the Bell proclaim his death, I fear I shall dye crying.

Vald. Why would you have him kill'd, yet love him thus?

Herm. I, but I love Heaven better. Where, when I come, troth I shall prove too fond a Saint. Those Votaries that pray to me, shall find their business soon dispatch'd: here, let this Key obscure ye in my Closet until noon: for then the Queen expects you will return from Pavia. Farewel, the most abused, but noblest Lady in the world. [Exeunt.]

Enter Grimold (in an old rug Gown, muffled with clouds) Gondibert, Vollterri.

Gond. This is the privy Gallery; place the Chair, *Vollterri*, where it needs must interrupt the King in's passage.

Voll. If thy disguise should fail us, *Gondibert* and you must be attach'd for an Impostor.

Grim. And then be crop-ear'd too, like Irish Nags. I shall prove fleet in a Race, provided the Foe charge in the Rear. Seat me tenderly.— This luxurious City hath made me so rotten, I dare not walk in the wind, lest I should be blown in pieces.

Enter Hermegild.

Gond. Quick, now counterfeit! here comes *Hermegild*. Groan out like a hungry Bear. [Grimold groans.]

Herm. Who owns that clamour?

Gond. One, Sir; presented here to tempt compassion from all charitable eyes.

Voll. Want hath betray'd him to hunger, hunger to this disease.

Grim. O, o, o, the Cramp! the Cramp!

Herm. Where, Sir?

Grim. In my stomach.

Herm. That's indeed a clear symptom of famine.

Grim. I've eaten nothing this month but ayr, and that gives but weak nourishment to age.

Herm. It is my wonder, in a state so rich as ours, a climate still befriended thus by Nature (flourishing with hopeful Springs, And Summers choak'd with wealth) a Souldier should be forc'd to make his hunger a disease, a prodigy unparaleld, that want should e're occasion such a dangerous fast. Was't not devotion made him thus abstain from meat.

Grim. Pure want, Sir, I know small devotion, I. For though I fast much, I pray as little as most Christians of my Calling.

[Groans again.]

Herm. He must be sent unto some Hospital

tal, there eat warm broths, till he recover health: And then I will procure him from the State some thrifty pension, to maintain the short remainder of his life. He shall sing Hymns, and pray to the kind Saints.

Grim. Alas, Sir, I am grown so hoarse, the Saints can hardly hear my Orisons.

Gond. He will prove, my Lord, a chargeable cure for the Physicians do prescribe him nought for med'cine, but *Aurum-Palpabile*.

Grim. The Elixir of Gold would surely much assuage the grief in my stomach—

[Groans.

Herm. He must needs be hungry, that like th'Oltridge can digest Metal.

Volt. The King for his last services remains his debtor six thousand Duckats. My Lord, you shall express much charity, if you procure it in a sudden payment. The same will defray his sickness charge, and maintain him well in's health.

Gond. Your Lordship shall engage us then to drown your chief Title in the best Wine. We'll drink your health, until we raise the price of it.

Herm. Let him continue there. Perhaps they (whom I shall straight conduct this way) will so commiserate his want, that he will soon reliev't, though he increase his own. There is some Art in this, which I must needs discover, or forfeit my pains,

[Exit.

Gond. The Fiend is gone!

[Grimold rises.

Grim. Will all the vast accruments I project from this disguise, convert into the slender purchase of an Hospital?

Volt. Thou turn Votary?

Gond. He'll pray in no language but the *High-Dutch*, the angry tongue, which seems to threaten more than implore.

Grim. Six thousand Duckats for a Mansion in an Hospital, no bigger than a Coffin: where like Carthusians, we must feed, not to prevent hunger, but to hinder lust. Princes may easily pay their debts, when they enforce their Creditors to buy Titles and Places too at their own rates.

Volt. Hark! there's some body approaching hither. 'Tis no safe game to sport with Kings. I'll be gone.

Gond. Grimold, now trust to your own performance, I may have use for my ears, I would not yet leave them in the Pillory.

[Exeunt. Gond. Volt.

Grim. *Gondibert*, *Vollterri*! forsake the storm e're ye are wet? Weezels! Monkeys! Dogs!

[Drops down in's Chair.

Enter Albovine, Hermegild, Thelina.

Herm. Madam, you are now fully satisfied i'th' intention of this visit. I wish

you'd be as free with him, as your modesty will give you leave.

Thes. Trust my obedience, and my skill; Sir.

Alb. He looks like a watchman in that Rug.

Herm. Your Majesty receives new cause to doubt the truth of his disease, from my Servants information. Who swears, this very morn he hath been seen in all the violence of drink, and i'th' *Burdelli* too. For, Sir, though he be old, he's given much to the old sport.

Alb. Let us retire 'tween th' Arras, and we shall share, i'th' whole discovery.

[He groans.

Thes. Alas, who is't, that so provokes the tongue of pity!

Grim. An old Souldier o' the Kings—

Thes. Hah! Captain *Grimold*! how come you thus imprison'd in a Chair? have you the Gout?

Grim. I am not rich enough t' enjoy the Gout.

Thes. What name then do you give to your disease?

Grim. The Physicians call it Famine.

Thes. How? Heaven secure the State! I hope we are not guilty of a sin so horrible, to deny a Souldier fit materials for conservation of his life.

Grim. 'Tis fourteen days since I have had a just occasion but to pick my teeth.

Thes. Alas the day!

Grim. Each of my thighs are dry'd, and hardned like an old *West-Falia* Flitch. All m' interals are shrunk up: and were my lean Jaws un-muffled, you should see me mump, like a Matron that had lost her teeth.

Thes. O cruel Stars!—

Grim. Hah! Does she weep?

Thes. Could you on this wide Earth, find no object for your fury, but brave *Grimold*? or is't because you saw, it was my chief virtue to affect a Souldier?

Grim. If she should be in earnest now?

Thes. I hope you do not utterly despair of life?

Grim. I may linger out a score of years, or so; but I cannot live long.

Thes. Since you are mark'd for sudden death, cold death that silenceth all tongues: and since this place is so secure from neighbouring ears, I will disclose, what until now my modesty inforc'd me to conceal.

Grim. I shall forget to counterfeit.

Thes. Know, Sir, that I have lov'd you long; lov'd you with soft and tender passion.

Grim. O Rogue! what do I like the picture of Winter, in this wither'd habit? I must recover my health. But alas, Madam,

do not deride his destiny, that now is taking flight to reach that place, where your best Star inhabits, and shall have power to tell loud tales: if you prove thus cruel. How could you e're love me? I have been old, even since I knew you first.

Thes. But if you will permit I may express a little vanity in love, I can inform you, Sir, how much we Ladies prize age before youth in Lovers. Old men are discreet sinners, and offend with silence: But young men when the game is done, do crow like Cocks; boast to the world their strength in folly. Besides (Sir) an authentick Lady says in her Problems thus:

The young and slender Graft is eas'ly broke,
But who can thake, or bruise the aged Oke?

Alb. A rare Adage.

Herm. The Lady Authour, sure, is o'th' Moderns.

Grim. My joy is turn'd to a disease; it makes me speechless! I ever thought these Court-Tits were much taken with my smooth looks; but that their modesty still kept them from my reach. Foolish modesty! it has hindred my preferment much: for, since I left the Camp, I have been in love with some three hundred of 'em, yet never durst lay claim to one. Uh! uh! if Heaven should to affect our mutual appetites, as to restore my health, would you continue still to doat upon an old sinner?

Thes. O, I should grow more fond; preserve you long alive with zealous Orizons!

Grim. 'Las! poor *Maulkin*! he's caught! I shall grow rich: for I have heard, these Court-Ladies allow large pensions to their Paramours. Help, help, to move me higher in my seat—

[*She takes him by the hand, he rises.*]

Thes. Blessus! methinks, Sir, you begin to use your legs with active strength.

Herm. A pretious Ape!

Alb. He will shew fine tricks anon!

Grim. Some strange influence from your touch, hath given a second youth unto my faculties: before I seem'd to crawl like to a Crab: now my joints grow supple, as if I were provided for a Race. This hand inspires my strength—

Enter Cunymond, Frolo, Conrade.

Cuny. I have a Key, will give us passage here to th' Park.

Thes. Unhand me, Sir, for I shall forfeit all my fame else. They'll think, I am immodest—

[*He spies them, then drops down in's Chair.*]
Conrad. Captain *Grimold*!

Frolo. He sits like a Witch, sailing in a Sieve.

Cuny. Hah! sick! Gentlemen, avoid the windy side, lest he infect ye with his breath. I know his disease, and whence it came, shortly you'll see him wear a Curtain 'fore his Nose; that's now the newest fashion that came from *Paris*.

Frolo. I, 'tis it: he has them growing on his Temples here— They'll shortly be as big as wild Dove's Eggs.

Conrad. He must to *Rotterdam*, to the fat Doctor there, and be stew'd in a Stove, until he spit his venom out.

Cuny. And whilst you are in Physick (Captain) you fare like *Oberon*. 'Tis a very slender diet. The lean thigh of a Wasp to dinner; and some two or three of your own penitent tears for your beverage.

Grim. I've but too much breath left, as would make up a short Prayer to secure my last jaunt: Yet I will spend it in a hearty curse for your dear fakes.

Cuny. March on! if he do find himself agriev'd, let him send me a challenge after his death; and I will meet him, i'th' *Elizabethian* Fields.

[*Exeunt Cunymond, Conrade, Frolo.*]

Grim. I will eat that *Cunymond*!

Alb. How prompt the Slave is, in's metamorphosis?

Herm. To him again, Madam?

Thes. Alas, dear Captain, what bodily hope can a young Lady have of your performance, that fall so soon in a relapse?

Grim. When you depriv'd me of your hand, you took away my strength and heat: touch me again, and I shall walk stiff as *Cacus*.

[*She lifts him up.*]

Thes. Take leisure in your motion, Sir.

Grim. Look, Madam. I creep as other mortals do, on the surface of the earth—

Thes. Methinks you stand upright too.

Grim. I, a Ladies warm hand will do miracles. A little Physick from your Lip, and then my cure is quite finish'd—Hem! sure this was *Nestors* receipt to recover his youth. Hem!

Thes. I shall be fainter for this miracle.

Grim. I am as wholesom as a Nut, and have as proud flesh about me, as the youngest Gamester of 'em all.

Thes. Fye, Sir.

Grim. If this heat continue, I must e'en call for a Julip, or sow my wild Oats in the next soil I meet.

Thes. Your tongue is blister'd.

Grim. When shall we solace our bodies?

Thes. Your meaning, Sir?

Grim. I mean i'th' dark. Speak, pretty Finch with the green tail? Hah! must we kiss close and often? wriggle up and down like young Eels—

[*Hermegild comes behind him, and pulls him by the arm.*]
Herm.

Herm. Captain, I have brought the King here to view, and to commiserate your lean sickness, and your feeble wants.

Alb. Thou old ravenous Goat.

Herm. He looks now like an Alchymist that is broiling o' red Herrings.

Thes. Or like the brazen head, when 't was about to speak——

[*He takes the King aside.*]

Grim. You mean to hang me now.

Alb. Hast thou deserv'd an easier sentence?

Grim. When I am dead, then all my debts are paid. For I leave small Lands and Chattels behind me. But heark ye (my Liege) you may pay your debts in your life time, so deprive your Executor of a trouble.

Alb. O what a trivial exit shall I make from my own world? for when I die, I die for love.

Grim. And I for lechery. Sir, I would fain depart in quiet like other young Chrysolomes: fain make all even between the world and me. I beseech your Highness discharge my Affairs for my last service in Hungary, then hang me when you please.

Herm. Captain, I will be a Sutor for your reprieve. You shall only forfeit what his Grace owes you; and then your life's secured.

[*Grimold kneels.*]

Grim. I will rather dye twice. O Sir, pay me six thousand Duckats, and then proclaim your sentence here aloud. I would fain dye merrily. I have not been drunk at my own charge, this four months.

• Enter Rhodolinda.

Alb. *Hermegild*, now speak to her; for by the gentle carriage of her eyes, I do perceive she 'gins to pity me.

Thes. Away, Captain! be gone whilst you are yet alive. I have much power with *Hermegild*, and will upon your patient sufferance redeem my credit with you. Quick then, move with silence.

[*Exeunt Grim. Thes.*]

Herm. Madam, the feather'd Arrow lings i'th' Ayre, ere it arrive where it must wound; so this sweet harmony, I'd have you counterfeit, but tempts him to security in sleep, before his death.

Alb. I'm much oblig'd to that good soul.

Herm. True, my Royal Lady! yet now peruse the greatness of his being, his fate in battles, and by your remembrance be inform'd of our Captivity.

Alb. Honest *Hermegild*?

Rhod. He was too cruel to a nature so remils and timorous as mine?

Herm. Alas, this crime he expiates with sighs.

Alb. That's complement!

Herm. These angry frowns upon your brows make you appear aged.

Rhod. Could I assure my heart; he would no more triumph o're my dear Fathers memory; I then should meet his love with too much passion.

Alb. When I am more my Chronicle, or speak my deeds with pride, may my tongue blither.

Herm. You hear his vows?—— Seem fond. If you can shed a tear or two the more; to credit this Atonement, 'twill much advantage our pretence. Sir, now enjoy what your indulgent grief merits to keep, e'ne from the hands of death. Good Lady, see how she weeps?

[*King kisses her.*]

Alb. I'm soon o'recome in this soft War. S'death all can thaw but I. I never wept; but when th'unruly wind blew in my eyes; and 'tis no argument for battle; else I would fight. To testify the joy my soul conceives, I'll drink——

Herm. Sir, you neglect to use her like a Lover; this dull German phrase, makes her suspect your temperance. Mark how she trembles.

Alb. I must go learn to complement. Dost hear? is't fit I proffer her my embraces—— thou know'st——

Herm. Sir, not to night. That was a serious sute she bad me make, when first she purpos'd this Atonement.

Alb. I do obey. Though I have thoughts would fain persuade me to rebellion.

[*Exeunt Alb. Rhod.*]

Herm. This was a subtil caution! else my hopes had twice been Cuckolded. Let 'em revel with their Lips. Th'other sport is fulsom. But *Paradine* disturbs my sleep, he's young, enrich'd with all the strength of Nature? and needs must prove more riotous in sin than I. The Queen hath tasted him, and may, perhaps, still like to possess his lust; remove *Valdaura* from this Soyl; then make him Lord of all my hopes. This to prevent, I have decreed, *Valdaura* first shall minister his death. I've taught her too to make him now believe, that the King told her of's adulterous lust; good, for when he thinks the King doth know that guilt, his own safety then, will soon provoke him hasten on his murder. This may be done before the Poyson operates, for that delays its power, till fourscore hours expire! which then no Antidote nor humane skill resists. Mount, mount, my thoughts, that I may tread on Kings, Or if I chance to fall, thus soaring high; I melt like *Icarus*, in the Suns eye.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Paradine and his Page.

Parad. The Sun doth melt us with his scorching beams. Go fill my usual draught, I'll drink till I am cold. *[Exit Page.]*

The constitution of my soul, agrees not with this Climate. I grow weary of mortality. Even in my childhood I took my breeding in the Camp; where had I still remain'd a dull practick Souldier, and ne'er seen a woman, nor the Court, I might have had some hope, to gain by faith, but now I reach at wild despair. *[Enter Page with a Bowl.]*

Page. My Lady, Sir, commends her love, and this to your acceptance; she made the mixture with her own hands.

Parad. The Queen prescrib'd this hour for her return. Say, I greet her health. *[Drinks]*
[Exit Page.]

Enter Valdaura in close mourning.

Parad. Hah! why, *Valdaura*, dost thou appear like a Funeral night, in dark mourning weeds!

Vald. I mourn for you, since you must hasten your eternal absence now from me, and all that else are mortal.

Parad. Speak things, that are less dangerous to my sense. This wonder will distract me.

Vald. E're Time shall with swift motion add another hour, to th' life of this sick day; thou shalt begin thy last sleep.

Parad. A Swan hath sung my Dirge! O fatal musick! but how comes this intelligence to ears of flesh and blood? my faculties enjoy that pleasant strength which appertains to youth and temperance; why should I yet dye?

Vald. How, *Paradine*? art thou so full of guilt (most ulcerous and deform'd) yet thinkst to keep thy life at Natures charge, t'exist till age makes thee a Cripple: then in thy Bed, (like some good old Patriarch) thy soul dismiss with a divine rapture? No, no; just Heaven provides more horrid deaths for such, as in adultery bathe their wanton Limbs.

Parad. Hah!

Vald. I know thy guilt; the King hath told me all. 'Twas wondrous strange! our Vows but new arriv'd in Heaven, that did oblige our mutual Faith in love: and thou with savage lust to break them? though grief hath much consum'd my tears, yet I have some still left t'express my pity.

Parad. My adultery already known, both to the King and her? why, these are prodigies indeed. How sin imboldens the aspect! she doth accuse me for a guilt, which yet

remains unpardon'd in her self. Mine was a dire mistake: but hers—that must be known, and then her Veins shall weep.

Vald. You are poyson'd, *Paradine*.

Parad. With that cold draught you sent me now t' th' Bowl?

Vald. The Vipers vomit bears not such a dangerous enmity 'gainst humane Nature, as that you drunk.

Parad. Stay! methinks I feel no infection in my blood; sure it swells not yet.

Vald. It takes a subtle leisure to disperse through all your Organs and your Arteries, that it may straight with abler violence consume your strength.

Parad. Will't make my eyes start from my skull, or drop down at my feet? Speak, shall I foam at mouth like some young Courser, that is hot and angry with his Bit?

Vald. Not the first Chaos was so ugly and confus'd, as you'll appear, when this distilment works.

Parad. Yet I forgive you, all, e'en from my heart: whilst my cogitations now are sober, and can distinguish things I do applaud this cruel benefit. These subtle vanities of Court have tir'd my observation. I was nurs'd within some Armory, and took a proud delight in active War; but since our Drums have ceas'd their noble clamour, I find no business upon earth for me; 'tis fit I grow immortal.

Vald. I did not think his fancy at this news could prove so temperate.

Parad. To sleep in cold earth, whilst my dead Neighbour never at my Coffin knocks, for all are silent in the Grave. Harsh destiny! such as I could ne'er expect from thee, *Valdaura*.

Vald. My nature you shall find much different, from what your knowledge heretofore discern'd. I have contriv'd another way to punish thy adulterous heat.

Parad. You find my sufferance tame enough. Publish all!

Vald. To meet your sin with apt revenge, I'm grown a foul loose whore.

Parad. Hah! contain thy speech. Express but so much modesty, as may secure thy life: for my death doth not concern my rage so much, as this foul murder of thy fame.

Vald. 'Tis truth: and I confirm't with pride.

Parad. Oh, oh! these are the Mandrakes groans (fatal!) for who's hears them, straight incounters death. Now simile (sweet Heaven) since thus I but return her own justice. For my adulterous act, she takes my life, and shall I let that bold Adulteress live?—

[Stabs her with's Ponyard.]

Vald. Oh, oh! Hold, hold! leave me a little

little breath to use in Prayer.

Parad. I am not fraught with Divels spleen; I would not hurt thy soul: here sit, whilst I send up an humble sacrifice, that shall bespeak a pardon for thy crime, ere thou arrive near Heaven.

[*Puts her in a Chair.*]

Vald. Dare you trust my last words?

Parad. O speak, ere thou dost go, and shalt be heard no more.

Vald. I am not false unto your Bed: I ne'er in act, nor guilty thought, did violate my marriage Vows.

Parad. Art thou not a Whore?

Vald. No Vestal that preserv'd with quickning Oyl, the sacred flame, was in her chastity more cold, more timorous than I: nor are you poyson'd.

Parad. Hah! was not that a mixture of distill'd Venom, which I drunk?

Vald. 'Twas healthful, as the blood of Grapes to age, and all your faculties do still preserve their wonted harmony.

Parad. Sweet spirit, do not riddle thus with Heaven, nor sport thy soul away. Why didst accuse thy self of murder, and pernicious lust; yet art thus clear from both?

Vald. 'Twas to inrage your violence, with hope to make you soon my executioner. For hearing you were false, I found no joy in life: your hand hath seal'd my wishes.

Parad. New arts t'increase my wonder: I'm o'reach'd, where I thought my na-

ture was most skilful! e'en in love! O stay: had not distraction seiz'd my memory; I should at first have told you the mistake, by which the sinful Queen and *Hermegild* betray'd my chaste intent.

Vald. Nam'd you *Hermegild* guilty of that sin? he's then a horrid hypocrite: he did entice me by a poysonous practice to contrive your death, but found my nature loyal.

Parad. New wonders still!

Vald. I feel the frozen hand of death. Oh! oh! oh!

Parad. *Valdaura!* Bride! O noble Girl!

Vald. Mercy! mercy! [*She dyes.*]

Parad. Already turn'd a Ghost! 'tis heavenly musick now indeed, since thou art gone t'increase the sacred Quire. I may behold thee in the purple skie, mix'd there with other Stars, but never on this soil again. Be this thy Tomb awhile. The Curtains softly drawn—*Hermegild* treacherous! with poyson too? that was her word. 'Tis fit I seem t'have drunk the med'cine up. Good! the rough young Souldier may spy at last these spirits of the Court, that walk in artificial Clouds: or if their high conceptions soar above my reach, yet they have mortal hearts; such as our own dull Steel may with feeble motion pierce, Pierce till they groan: for I have now decreed, Whom my dull sense cannot subdue, shall bleed. [*Exit.*]

ACT V. SCENE. I.

Enter Hermegild, Thesina, Paradine, Rhodolinda.

Thes. Shall I belye my self.

Herm. Be sudden and confirm my words: then dispose e'ne of my wealth and person, make any use of this new interest.

Thes. Sir, you'll forget my merit in this danger?

Herm. Never.—My Lord, I have discover'd all. See how aguish her guilt hath made her. How she trembles. Nay, Lady, ne're scatter thus your wild looks. Confess the truth, and you'll gain mercy. *Valdaura* (whose Soul Heaven keep from purging fires) hath told her Lord, the King knows of his wanton stealth with our good Queen. You were the Instrument that betray'd him to th'mistake, and whose secrecy to doubt but yours, our reason cannot yet inform us.

Thes. Thus kneeling, I confess with pe-

nitence, 'twas I reveal'd it to the King.

Rhod. Tear forth her eyes, and let her then grope out her way to Hell——

Herm. Stay; dear Madam!

Rhod. *Paradine* is poyson'd, who knows, but the doth amply share in that guilt too?

Herm. At my humble sute, contain your fury! we shall discover all. My noble Lord, it is a grief that will deprive my life of many years, to think, I'm held suspected as an Agent in that practice.

Parad. I have reveal'd the evidence, that doth perswade my faith.

Herm. What, Lady, do you know of this?—Speak with courage, I am your safety.

Thes. I saw the King reach to *Valdaura's* hand a poysonous Viol, and with religious hints, taught her to mix it in her husbands draught.

Parad:

Parad. Hah!

Herm. Perfit in my instructions! [*Aside.*

Thef. 'Twas that night when he enjoy'd her person—

Parad. Injoy'd her! how?

Thef. As you injoy'd the Queen.

Parad. Heaven! will these miracles ne're cease?

Rhod. I shall convert to stone!

Herm. Now retire, *Thefina*, till I have begg'd your free restorment to the Queen's mercy.

Thef. My Lord, you'll not forget your kind promise, you'll marry me.

Herm. I've nought else, to trouble my remembrance. Away, away! [*Exit Thefina.*

Rhod. What did remain in doubt, is here confirm'd:

Herm. Now, Sir, y've heard such real circumstance, as needs must settle your belief, and free my heart, from your unkind dislike.

Parad. *Valdaura's* damn'd! she howls so loud, that she disturbs all hell! O perjur'd Whore!

Rhod. Now *Paradine*! instruct thy self. Is't evident he ever could affect thy person with sincere dotage, yet thus betray that Fort, where thy honour still stood Sentinel?

Herm. I have other motives to make you doubt his loyalty in love, which my fond heart cannot conceal, though't would advantage much my own profit. He hath of late hung thus—upon my neck; until his amorous weight became my burden: and then lay slabbering o're my lips. This sport my serious brain abhor'd. 'Twas my wonder (Since you are call'd his Minion) he could e're affect my look. I that am like Winter, old and froward; you the darling of the Spring.

Rhod. Speak, is thy Gall shrunk up; hast thou nothing bitter in thee? Thou art far, far more opportunely stor'd with time and place for thy revenge, then we i'th' midst of day; when the bright Sun most powerfully doth warm the world, in thy secret Closet he takes his usual sleep, go, drill his heart! and make the Couch whereon he lyes, his easie monument.

Herm. And then enjoy a Queen, with all that doth belong to her high birth. As for my services, they merit no reward. I know my own creation much unfit for Court affairs.

Rhod. Do't; *Paradine*! and Fame no Trumpet then shall need to speak thy praise. Thy Country will afford thee power to sanctifie the chief o'th'days within our Kalender.

Herm. And to thy memory high Statues

build, 'bout which our noblest Virgins once a year shall dance in Circles, and sing, until they make the Marble move, like to those which or'heard *Orpheus* and his Harp. Or if these cannot inspire heroique fury, yet argue thus; you knew his Bed, but by mistake, which was our guilt not yours; and for our Countries benefit contriv'd. But he desil'd your sheets in the pride of lust. Horror! this would incense the temperate Dove; Turn all his moysture into gall.

Parad. Fire! fire! and blood! [*Exit.*

Herm. Follow, follow him, my dear Sovereign! add new heat unto his rage. And d'ye hear! since he is poyson'd, 'twere most fit, some learn'd Physician did endeavour to secure his health.

Rhod. I heard him say, he is already furnish'd with a powerful med'cine.

Herm. Should you now forget your Royal promise, I lose all my industrious merit, and remain a sacrifice to love.

Rhod. Dost thou grow jealous?

Herm. *Valdaura* now is sever'd from her soul: and *Paradine* is abler in delights of youth, more amorous than I.

Rhod. Away, fool! I seal thy safety with my lip. [*Exit.*

Herm. Thus Nurses hush their froward Babes asleep. These femal Arts can ne'er my dark authentick practice cheat. *Paradine* must die! so I still secure my hopes, When that sad hour arrives, wherein the poysonous draught must work, no charm'd med'cine can resist its strength. I hug my Genius! 'Twas a subtle reach to tell him, that the King hath horn'd his brow: for that will more incense his wrath, and aggravate the Queens revenge. The weight I bear, doth make

My motion slow: slow as the Snail I tread, Who travels with his tenement on's head.

[*Exit.*

Enter Grimold in new Clothes, Gondibert, Vollterri.

Gond. The King has pay'd him all's Ar-rears.

Vollt. 'Twas by *Thefina's* sute to *Hermegild*: the Snake has cast his skin too now.

Grim. I, Sir, 'tis a poor Snake that cannot cast his skin once in a Summer.

Enter Conynmond, Conrade, Frollo.

Con. 'Slight, here's *Grimold*! didst not thou say he was dead?

Conrad. But I have heard since, his Ghost walks.

Froll. Look! 't has found the hidden treasure then, which made it walk; for the Ghost

Ghost hath bought it self new Clothes.

Grim. Nay, nay, stay, Gentlemen! let us forget old quarrels, then end our new acquaintance. We are for the Country now. I'll but tell ye a few of your faults, and leave th' amendment to your own leifures: but you all think y'are wifer than I.

Cuny. We should abuse our judgments else.

Grim. Mark, this is a new Court-thrift: when you are loth to maintain Flatterers, you publish your selves with your own praise. Lay your Fingers here.—Not a word, lest I return ye a blow. I know ye cannot speak without a complement.

Volt. They use it in their prayers, they.

Gond. *Cunymond*, in one single complement, so much wasted his Lungs, that I was fain to call for *Aqua vite* to recover his breath.

Grim. I've heard you have transported from *Paris* the Geometrical cringe, and the Art of numbring the hairs upon your Chins.

Volt. And of starching your Beards.

Gond. Yes, and of perfuming your very shadows.

Grim. And they say, it is your custom to sleep in Pomatum Masques.

Volt. And that you paint your pretty Vis'gnomies.

Grim. Yes, and colour them so red, that you seem to blush more, than the Sign of the Kings-head before a Country Inn.

Gond. Y'abuse Astrology too; for you clip Black-Taffaty into Stars; and for a foil to your beauty; fix 'em in several Regions of your face.

Grim. Which makes it look like the Picture of Doomsday; when all the Planets are darkened.

Volt. Nay, nay, stay awhile.

Grim. Leave off your jiggling motion, when you mix your selves in a salute; your bodies seem to dance upon your knees. You pinion up your Elbows thus:—like Pullets trust upon a spit. Then wreath your Hams in thus; and move with a discreet leifure, as if you meant to number all the Pibbles in the Street. And then you flee, as if y' had wash'd your Gums in Vinegar. This you admire for gesture of the newest fashion. I say, 'tis scurvy.

Volt. If you will take Physick for your souls health, retire into that part of the Kingdom which lies farthest from *France*.

Gond. He counfels well: for the French air hath made many of our Gentry drunk.

Grim. And now move hence; but with your lips sow'd up, for fear of a complement.—You two shall straight take Horse with me, and be billited in my Quarter.

Stay, Gentlemen! One word more! this is a hot Climate: when you must needs marry to increase your Tribe, your best way is to go a wooing in the City: for certain rich Widows there, love Court-fools. Farewell.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

A Canopy is drawn, the King is discover'd sleeping over Papers: Enter Paradine, with his Sword drawn.

Parad. To make him bleed, and leave his Arteries (where the delighted spirits walk) shrunk up, until they curl with heat. The wither'd frame straight to convert to dust. Then th' umerous wind to fan it o're the world. Speak, just Heaven! is this fit usage for a King? *Cassius* was rash: Hah! but *Brutus*, noble *Brutus*! the pride of Arts and War: so temperate, his soul was more harmonious than the Spheres. Instruct (heroick Lord) thy young Pupil! Why did the mighty *Cesar* fall, by thy cold wrath? all silent as the night! he sleeps: before him too, those Papers that concern my House Affairs; and here he comments on my Letters! here with thrifty documents limits my expence. Can this indulgent care be counterfeit? and merely carry a pretence of love? he made my Wife a black Adulteress. O horrou! yet who knows, but 'twas rather his revenge than lust; a furious riot, after that he knew I whor'd his Queen.—

[*He blinds his own face with a Scarf, sheaths his Sword, and then kneels.*]

Sir! My Lord the King! Sir!

Alb. Hah, *Paradine*! what witty emblem's this? the more to certifie thy love, dost thou appear blind.

Parad. O, Sir, do not mock my penitence, nor seem thus to disguise the knowledge of that crime, which hath defil'd my modest blood, and makes me now asham'd to meet your eyes.

Alb. He is drunk! Maudlin drunk!

Parad. Sir, I could creep alive into my Tomb, and mix society with Ghosts, could I but hide my guilt from your perspicuous sight.

Alb. By Heaven, drunk with Beer; I'm sure the Corrick Grape insuseth no such whining passion.

Parad. Those immaterial powers, that see the thoughts of men, when growing in their hearts, can witness I abus'd your Royal Bed, but by a dire mistake.

Alb. Hah!

Parad. Your black adulterous Queen betray'd me to her lust by wicked Arts.

Alb. This is a sober passion, but implies something that is horrid.

Parad. Had not heroick war taught me
passion

taffest no rage, but noble; the and *Hermegild* had entic'd me now to lengthen this your sleep, until the day of general accounts.

Alb. Suspicion may be rash. Make your face known!

[*Snatches off his Scarf.* He blushes like a young Bride; I must counterfeits, and seem to know all. *Paradiné*, 'twas far from my conjecture, that a heart so much oblig'd unto my love as thine, should wrong my Honour in a sense, which but to mould in words would deafen all that hear it.

Parad. Thunder and sulphurous fire snatch my cold limbs from this dull earth. Sir, whilst my soul affords me reason, and can direct me unto whom my true allegiance is a debt, kill me! when I am mad, I shall forget all duty, and refuse to obey your Royal Charter. Thrust your Sword home, till my heart shall kiss your Hilt. Are you so slow in justice? think, how by a dark mistake, I whor'd your Queen: whor'd your Queen! O prodigious phrase!

Alb. Howl Wolves, and hungry Tygers! the resurrection is too long delay'd, since we want horreur to celebrate this news. Good! I have now decreed it. Draw thy Weapon!—

Parad. For what dire use?

Alb. That we may meet in single combat here, and struggle till we want our Souls.

Parad. Though this high enticement charms my blood, yet my remembrance calls you King; my Royal Master. I would not join rebellion and ingratitude to the number of my sins.

Alb. O fond, indulgent Boy! I mourn at this decay of courage. Does it become my great being, and my glorious name in story, to offend without resistance? Draw: and be nimble in thy motion!—

Parad. I dare not so disgrace my Religion, and my love.

Alb. 'Tis time that I were dead, for I shall else outlive my chief prerogative. I have forgot how to command. Unsheath thy Sword! or this breach of duty shall teach me think, I ne'er enjoy'd thy real love, and 'twas not a mistake, that utter'd thee to sin between my sheets, but a confederate lust!—

Parad. No provocation like to this, could tempt a danger from my arm!—

[*He draws.* *Alb.* Why dost thou dally thus with feeble motion? bear up! and use more violence!

Parad. Some surgery from Heaven! are you hurt, Sir? you willingly oppos'd your breast against my Steel, and never sought to endanger me with yours.

Alb. Th'ast perform'd, what my wish did prophecy: I'm wounded here, about the heart; and my Veins grow empty.

Parad. Then glorious war, and all proud circumstance, that gives a Souldier noise, for evermore farewell!—

[*Falling on his Sword.*

Alb. Hold, *Paradiné*. 'Tis my last sure, that thou survive to minister a just revenge on those whom I proscribe, help my quivering Limbs, and seat me in the Chair!—

Parad. Shall posterity read it in story, and believe; a Prince that doth deserve to be the first i'th' List of those that gather'd fame in War, can be thus covetous to expire in silence. Fall on my fatal point, and yet command that I survive the Tragedy!

Alb. 'Twere in me an affectation to cherish life, now *Rhodolinda's* false. For should I still preserve my soul in flesh, I know my mercy is so fond to her, I should forgive her all: and wert thou dead, my hope were then depriv'd of future justice. Live to revenge her falsehood. I know thy heart so sincere and noble, that I suspect not thee a sharer in her guilt. When thou didst first confess th' adulterous crime, join'd with thy own mistake, through *Hermegild's* deep Art, my faith conceiv'd the truth: for thy Nature is much too blunt, and credulous for Court?

Parad. Should I but speak each cunning circumstance!—

Alb. Contain thy breath! to hear, that told, would make my soul wander in my last journey. 'Till thy relation brought it to my ear, I never knew her false.

Parad. Still my amazement doth increase! were you not told of this before!

Alb. My knowledge only learnt it of thy Tongue.

Parad. Stay! nor with *Valdaura*, you did ne'er project my death by poyson?

Alb. Never.

Parad. Yet one reply, then make my joy exceed my wonder. Did you never in my Bed commit a lustful stealth?

Alb. Angels in that, are not more free from guilt.

Parad. What Potter made this earthy Skull! pardon (dear *Valdaura*) my dull suspicion! sing out the Hymns in Heaven; and never listen more to my fond speech; for they have made me mad!

Alb. Now my last, and short minute is arriv'd; I do, resign my Crown!—

Parad. To whom, Sir?

Alb. To him I hate. But be thou sure, he wear it not 'till ne'er his death: for it's a happiness to live enthron'd, but 'tis not safe to dye a King.

Parad. He doth pervert my sense.

Alb.

Alb. Let the Drum cease! I'll have no more Battels. He that to waste his trivial rage, doth fight a Battel, rides a hawking with the Devil.

Parad. Mad as the Northern wind!

Alb. He sends a thousand drinking Animals to take their flight i'th' ayr, whilst little, black Divels (d'ye not see 'em?) they look like Ravens. Mark how they prey on those immortal Fowl, and gripe 'em in their Talents! I do not like this Falconry: it is too sad a game for sinners. Oh! oh! oh! ——— [Dies.]

Parad. There dy'd the noblest Trophy of our War! The Lombards now have lost their victory. All that are nours'd in war, shall mourn for thee. Our Ensigns now we will of Cypress make. [Knocking.]

Hah! it is the wind that whippers! he must be hid. I'm sure this noyse can never wake him ———

He puts him behind the Arras, opens the door,

Enter Rhodolinda:

O, are ye come?

Rhod. Thou hast a wild aspect! is it done?

Parad. He has paid his hire already, and is now entering Charon's Boat.

Rhod. Th'art pretious as my soul!

[*He opens the Arras*

Parad. There's the old Face.

Rhod. Our chief design is finished: but thou must add one knot more t'oblige my gratitude, and then we shall triumph with safety. *Hermegild* must dye; he knows too much.

Parad. It is as if the *Parce* spoke. If there be any other whom your envy, or your hate would have dismiss'd the world, make him but known, and he is numbred with the dead.

Rhod. Dear *Paradine*, I sure shall ravish thee, my appetite is grown so fierce. Let me begin with thy moist lip ———

[*Pulls her to kiss him in the Chair.*

Oh! oh! help! help!

[*Both are bloody about their mouths.*

Parad. Cease your loud clamor, Royal Whore.

Rhod. Thou didst eat my lips.

Parad. Thy flesh is tainted; for else like the *Anthropophagus*, I had devour'd the up. This made *Valdaura* bleed, and must let forth thy leap'rous soul ——— [*Stabs her with*

Rhod. Oh! oh! oh! ——— [*his poniard.*

Par. For *Albavine* my Royal Master, this ——— And this to pacifie *Valdaura's* Ghost ———

Rhod. Oh, oh, oh!

Parad. So hard and stony is thy heart, that it turns the point of my bright steel.

Rhod. Mercy Heaven! [*She dies.*

Parad. Since thou hast receiv'd my justice, I wish thee mercy too ——— [*Knocking.*

Hermegild within. My Lord.

Parad. 'Tis *Hermegild*, now I shall end my chief discovery. What a full Sepulcher is this ——— [*Carries her in.*

Now I must practise my disguise.

[*Knocking again.*

Turn the Spring twice and you may enter.

[*Counterfeits a sick voice sitting.*

Enter Hermegild; Thesina:

Thes. My Lord, I have lost my honour in your service, you may chuse one that shall affect you worse.

Herm. Lady, this is no time to wooe: but d'ye think I'm so profane to violate my vow? nimbly depart, I do conjure your absence with this kiss ———

Thes. If you should prove false ———

[*Exit Thesina.*

Herm. 'Slight, these Wenches at fifteen, are as riotous as Elephants. There he sits! Hah, sick! my sweet Lord, how thrives your health? di'your pulses still preserve their temperate music? have you effected yet our great business?

Parad. The King is dead, that bloody instrument did set his soul at liberty.

Herm. The Lawrel, Mertle, and the Bay shall still cold and naked stand before the Winters frosty breath; still strip their Boughs, to make your head triumphant wreaths. Where is the Queen? methinks, my Lord, your body and your mind seem much disturb'd.

Parad. Oh, oh! the poyson works ———

Herm. Alas, my sweet dear Lord! (pretious medicine!) he cannot possibly survive the next minute. Does it destroy your strength?

Parad. Oh, oh! it scorches all my entrails up; as if like *Porcia* I had swallowed coals.

Herm. And you are fastned in the chair with weakness?

Parad. I cannot rise. A stiff convulsion in my Sinews fetters all my limbs ———

Herm. Hah, hah, hah!

Parad. O heaven will you permit him laugh?

Herm. I know th'Ingredients of thy poysonous draught. 'Twas I that gave it to thy wife. 'Twas I did counsel her to mingle it in thy wine; when thou wert hot, and all thy Pores open.

Parad. Oh, oh, oh!

Herm. Do, groan, till thou raise an echo in this square roof. E're long thy Ribs will start from their places, and thy lank Belly swell into a hill.

Parad. O horror, horror! is Heaven asleep?

K k k

Herm.

Herm. The King ne'er knew of thy adulterous crime. 'Twas I told it to *Valdaura*, and made her think, thy guilt proceeded not from a mistake, but from thy wilful lust, and now I triumph o'er thy fate. This is Italian spleen.

Parad. Had I but strength to finish my revenge?

Herm. Good, dull Souldier! why didst thou leave the Camp, thy rusty Morion there; thy batter'd Corlet; and, thy shiver'd Lance, t' amble here at Court in silks; to walk in cloudy mits of perfum'd air?

Parad. Draw near, and let me then but kill thee——

Herm. Troth, thou art so feeble now, that were I kill'd by thee, I scarce should think that I were dead.

[*Paradine rises, and snatches Hermegilds Sword from his side.*]

Parad. No! that shall arrive unto the test. Dog! grim as th' angry Fiend, that must devour thy soul! I am not poyson'd.

Herm. Hah! does he counterfeit?

Parad. See here, what abject ruins thou hast made o' th' noblest Structures in the world——

[*He draws the Arras, and discovers Albovine, Rhodolinda, Valdaura, dead in Chairs.*]

Herm. The Queen there too! O trivial Arts, with my own Myne I've blown my self e'en into dust.

Parad. I will now see, if thou canst bleed——

Herm. Depriv'd of my defence! if th'ast a soul (great as thy fame) restore my Sword.

Parad. Thou bark'st against the Moon! I will requite thy own tyrannous scorn. That destiny was just, that thus betray'd thee to my mirth. There, Stygian Dog——

[*Wounds him.*]

Herm. Oh, oh!——

Parad. Where now are all the subtle Tropics of thy brain? Plots dark as Hell! such as threatned Nature, and seem'd to fright the Genius of the world. Now, now prevent these dire salutes——

Herm. Return my Sword, and let me meet thy fury——

Parad. Thus I salute thy heart——

Herm. I stagger, and am drunk with my own blood——

Parad. Take my last anger, and good night!

[*Falls.*]

Herm. Oh, oh! thou hast reach'd my heart!

Parad. Now I do swell with horror I will distract the world. Fire! fire! fire! Murder, Treason, and incestuous rapes! Fire! Fire!——

[*Exit.*]

Herm. I spie a white Soul hovering in the air! one that was sure some humble Hermit here on earth. He's acquainted with the way to Heaven: should mine take flight alone, I fear 'twould stray! ho! you, you that ascend the Spheres! We sinners still seem hoarse to Angels ears. What, ho! he turns not yet:

Vain Arts! ambition in all sacred Schools, Is held the sin of Heathens, and of Fools.

[*He dies.*]

Enter Paradine, Governour, Cunymond, Conrade, Frolo, the Guards, &c.

Gover. O dire and tragick fight! the King, the Queen, and fair *Valdaura* slain!

Parad. Here's another object fit for wonder, though not for pity.

[*Spurns Hermegild.*]

Gover. Hah! he dead too? Whence should these sorrows flow? Lay hold on *Paradine*.

Parad. All stay awhile, hark, the big Drum recovers breath, and speaks: March on, the scatter'd Foe retires, and all the glorious Horse are slain. I am magnanimous and high! O ye unkind false Stars! ye mock poor *Paradine*! a few clean tears to wash my sins away, and I am seen no more.

Gover. Seize on him, on forfeit of your lives.

Parad. Their lives are forfeited to me——

[*He fights with the Guard, they wound and disarm him.*]

Here, here, it gauld my very heart——

Gover. Convey him gently in, and use all help of surgery to stop his wounds: for from his mouth we must receive the knowledge of these fatal deeds. Some give the Allarum to the Ports: you Signiors, lead to the Citadel; where we'll proclaim *Albovine's* young Son, by's former Wife, to be his lawful Heir.

Wild Fancy may project things strange and new:

But Time records no Tale so sad and true.

FINIS.

THE
Just Italian.
 A
TRAGI-COMEDY.

To the Right Honourable the Earl of Dorset, &c.

My Lord,

THE uncivil ignorance of the People, had depriv'd this humble Work of life; but that your Lordships approbation, stept in to succour it. Those many that came with resolution to dispraise (knowing your Lordships judgment, to be powerful, above their malice) were either corrected to an understanding, or modesty: and this large benefit hath betrayed your Lordship to a Dedication. I am bold to believe, fancies of this composure, have been nobly entertain'd, by the most knowing Princes of the World: The ignorance, that begets the change in this our age, it may become your Lordships example, to correct, me to lament, if so tame a passion can possess a Poet, and one, exalted with a hope to be receiv'd

Your Lordships humble Servant

WILLIAM D'AVENANT.

To my friend, M. D'avenant, on his legitimate Poem.

EVEN so the silly Midas judg'd of old
 Twixt Pan and great Apollo. As this
 bold
 Herd, of his race, that th' untun'd Pipe ad-
 mire,
 And hear thy strains, as the dull Ass the
 Lyre.

What wonder then, if thou the lawful Son
 Of Phœbus, taste what was to him begun.
 Hence, giddy Fools; run to the noise they
 make
 At Paris Garden; or your selves betake
 To the new Motion, the fine Puppet Plays,
 And there adore. Commend the learned lays

Kkk 2

That

That make a din about the Streets, or els
Extol the Jews-Trump, or the Morris Bells.
That your great heads may manage. On-
ly let
The wiser few (whose blessed ears have
not
The harmony that all the Muses make,
And from those heavenly sounds assurance
take,

That thou sing'st the same Tunes) admit-
ted be
To thy Seraphick Musick, and set free
To entertain their Souls in that high
Quire,
Which, not weak Fools, but such as know,
admire.

Will. Hopkins.

To my worthy Friend, M. D'avenant, upon his excellent Play,
The Just Italian.

N'LE not mispend in praise, the narrow room
I borrow in this leaf; the Garlands bloom
From thine own seeds, that crown each glorious
page
Of thy triumphant works; the sullen Age
Requires a Satyre. What Star guides the soul
Of these our froward times, that dare controul,
Yet dare not learn to judge? When didst thou
flye
From hence, clear, candid ingenuity?
I have beheld, when pearch'd on the smooth
brow
Of a fair modest troop, thou didst allow
Applause to slighter works; but then the weak
Spectator, gave the knowing leave to speak,
Now wisse prevails, and he is tax'd for drowth
Of wit, that with the cry, spends not his mouth.
Yet ask him, reason why he did not like;
Him, why he did; their ignorance will strike
Thy soul with scorn, and pity: mark the places,
Provoke their smiles, frowns, or distorted faces,
When they admire, nod, shake the head: they'll
be

A scene of mirth, a double Comedie.
But thy strong Fancies (raptures of the brain,
Drest in Poetick flames) they entertain
As a bold impious reach; for they'll still slight
All that exceeds Red-Bull, and Cock-pit slight.
These are the men in crowded heaps that throng
To that adulterate Stage, where not a tongue
Of th' untun'd Kennel, can a line repeat
Of serious sense: but like lips, meet like meat;
Whilst the true brood of Actors, that alone
Keep natural untrain'd action in her throne,
Behold their Benches bare, though they re-
hearse
The tearful Beaumonts or great Johnsons
Verse
Repine not thou then, since this churlish fate
Rules not the Stage alone; perhaps the State
Hath felt this rancour, where men great and
good,
Have by the Rabble been misunderstood.
So was thy Play; whose clear, yet lofty strain,
Wisemen, that govern Fate, shall entertain.

Tho. Carew.

The Persons presented.

Altamont

Florello

Mervolle

Sciolto

Rossa

Molard

Niente

Dandolo

Strocato

Punto

Alexa

Charinba

Scoperta

Befogna

Mutes, &c.

The Just Italian.

A cast Souldier his Brother

Friend to *Altamont*.

A young Florentine.

Companions to *Florello*.

Usher to *Altamont's* Wife.

A Count of *Milain*.

His Champions.

Wife to *Altamont*.

Her Sister.

Sister unto *Altamont*.

Woman to *Alexa*.

The Scene FLORENCE.

ACT

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Mervolle, Altamont.

Mervoll. **T**HIS puzzles my belief: can it be that she so soon recoyls from grace, and the harmonious quiet of your bed?

Alta. My dear *Mervolle*, she is lost: as well may I collect the scatter'd winds, as bring her heart within the quiet list of wives that will obey and love.

Mervoll. Can the Duke (her Uncle) give an encouragement to her revolt, maintain the females Charter 'gainst the male?

Alta. Him and his supream title she still names to justify the glory of her birth, and then recites the Villages and wealth she brought to me for Dowry, in parallel with what I formerly possess'd, she doth affront my memory with stories of my lean and nig-gard fate, and urging then her vast supplies, doth challenge leave to call her pride and rigour just.

Mervoll. I am sorry to hear this.

Altam. The heart hangs heavy on the strings, when it alone contains the cause and knowledge of its weight: for troubled winds in their dispersion lose their strength; so griefs whilst th'are reveal'd, diminish. But the calamities, that do perplex the Nup-tial bed, ought to be hidden even from friends: for on such secrets Fame doth feed with fierce and eager appetite; and as swift Fame doth travel with them, they encrease. So much commerce I have with humane Arts, that I can sleep my Gall in my own tears; and make that salt which she intend-ed bitter. Shew her crime to spring, not from poyson'd malice, but from the femi-nine mistakes of wit:

For modern Courts now preach, Wit doth reside.

In Ladies subtle riots, and their pride.

Enter Florello, Roffa, Molard, in Souldiery mean habits.

Mervoll. Behold your Brother, Sir, whose safe return, this morn I mention'd to you—

Alt. Thy growth hath so o're-reach'd my sight, that I'm enstrang'd to my best blood: and but, thy figure in my heart I wear (by which my memory's inform'd) I should not know I had thee here—

Florell. I reckon this the chief delight I have receiv'd on Earth. And, Sir, your love is of such sov'reign quality, a little soon will overcharge my sense. Give but a

part to me, the rest confer upon my friends—who, though in wither'd habits, do deserve, society with Kings: for never yet did bolder Souldiers listen to the Drum.

Alta. Gentlemen, ye shall enrich my knowledge—

Roff. Noble Signior, unprofitable love is all our wealth—

Molard. But we'll contrive our selves for your best use—

Flor. I've said, consider them within; their Garments have been worn too long.

Alta. Brother, (howe're wife Fate may answer it) methinks, these your own Robes are not the richest nor the newest in the world.

Flor. Even thus, Sir, poor, and with small victory am I return'd from our cast Troops. Our pay rests in Areres, and *Pisa's* lost: but you, I hear, have found a Jewel, that contains all price and lustre; and you do wear it in your bosom: (A noble wife) whose birth and beauty are alike unvall'd as her Dowry. This I encountred on the Lips of Fame; and I made haste to share in your success, and put your bounty to the test.

Altamont. *Florello*, I have lost my sleep. Things differ much from the sincerity of their first growth: *Alteza* hath forgot the allegiance of a wife, she doth practise how with her riot to impoverish States. This Theam is sad; but I will give you cause to expect the utmost strength and power of my relief.

Flor. You teach my feeble wants a confidence.

Alt. If you a while obscure your self (for fear your poverty increase her scorn) you shall perform a rational request. Our young fair Sister, is conceal'd for the same cause.

Flor. Your mention doth anticipate my love. Is our fair Sister well?

Alt. She doth enjoy some beauty, and much health.

Mervoll. I hear your wife.

Alt. You and your friends move back and be not seen.

Enter Alteza, Charintha, Niente.

Alteza. Try Signior *Allidore*, *Antonio's* Son: *Urrazio*, or the rich *Piraccò*. *Grita-lin*, or old *Contarini* of *Placentia*—

Niente

Niente. Madam, your Husband hath protested 'gainst your credit, even to these.

Alteza. Slave, go force an answer more delightful.

Niente. I obey you, Madam. [Exit.

Alteza. Is't come to this?

Altamont. What is the cause my Princess thus delights in frowns? anger sits on her brow like age.

Alteza. Hence, the Raven's not so ominous and black.

Alta. Yet urge the cause (my Love) why your defiance is so violent and low?

Alte. A Millanoise shew'd me to day for sale, some bright large Jewels; but your malice hath betray'd my faith, with Merchants. You have now my credit wrought so low, I cannot stand depos'd for th' loan of forty thousand Crowns.

Alta. I would survey a list of all your wants, that I may so have power to hasten the redress: Do you dislike the Furniture of your House, your Vestments, or service of your Table; give but a name unto thy wish?

Alteza. I would have my Garden——pay'd with Agats.

Alta. O, and your Garden walls rais'd high, t'hedge in Paraquetos?

Alteza. Thou hast a rude heart, and a blither'd tongue.

Charinth. Well, the first day of your conjunction, Sir, I little thought you would have us'd her thus.

Merv. *Charintha's* become her Sisters Pupils.

Alta. Come, Love, be gentle as thy bridal smiles: for by thy self I swear, my speech did purpose nought that might offend, to tempt thy spleen. Lend me thy hand.

Alteza. There——'tis to reach back the heart I gave ye——

Alta. You spirits, that secure all humane love, be still official here! why should we not for ever thus remain. 'Tis sympathy, and love, that gives the world continuance and life. Each species love preserves. 'Tis love that makes th' eternal wisdom thus forbear the crimes of dull humanity: And suffers us, like each delighted Flye, To play the trivial wantons in his eye.

Alteza. You preach of love, but your obedience would more pleasure me.

Alta. This argues thy revolt! and is a stratagem against Nature. Thou wouldst usurp the Charter of the Male. 'Tis my confession that thy Dowry was vast and opulent, and such as may support thy titles, and thy birth, with all the pride and cunning of magnificence. Let my sincere phrase instruct thy heart. Reassume the blushes of thy youth; with timorous modesty behave thy self; and

then, thou shalt stand up exemplary to all triumphant Courts: the envy of the Eastern Queens: th' Astrologers mistake, who shall direct thy Opticks unto thee, as to a new and unknown Star.

Alteza. Sister!——

Alta. The small Musicians of the air shall be thy food. Thy Maids shall eat young Pelicans, and Squirrels hearts.

Alteza. Excellent!

Alta. Thy drink shall be prophetick and divine; for thou shalt drink that Sov'raign dew, that hangs upon the frighted Lillies check.

Alteza. O bounteous Sir!——

Altamont. The soft entrail o'th' Persian worm, th' Ermines pale Fur shall clothe thy tender body.

Alteza. More pretious still!

Alta. Those Gums and Spices which the Arabian Bird collects to make her tragick piles, shall be thy Winter Fuel.

Alteza. Pretty, Sir, proceed.

Alta. Thou shalt have Marmasets, and Dwarfs, the male and female too, to procreate in thy house; that thy delights may ever be renew'd. Thy Jewels shall increase, as if the lov'd Indies were thy Quarry. The Almighty Sun shall rise, and see a nobler day break from thy Cabinet, than yet the illustrious East e're knew.

Alteza. But how will you perform these hopes?

Alta. The miracle and power do both consist in my large wealth.

Alteza. Death on my Tribe! Your Wealth?

Alta. I, my sweet Love.

Alteza. Your Wealth?

Alta. Yes; Why not my wealth?

Alte. Canst thou persist in such accursed schism?

Alta. Did you not then intend, when you endow'd me with your wealth, that I should call it mine?

Alte. By Heaven, not I. I forfeited the love o'th' great Duke (my Uncle) to marry thee; that wert a thing shrunk from thy fate, and lost in poverty; but yet in most assured hope, that thou wouldst prove an humble and obedient husband.

Alta. Th'art more impudent than the Basilisk, who stares i'th' face of man, until he kill him with his eyes.

Alte. Hear, *Altamont*! for I will give solemnity unto a Vow, that shall for evermore divide thee from my Bed——

Mervol. Dear Madam, hold: I blush to hear your wild rebellious wrath. Hath not the Church nam'd him your Husband, and your Lord?

Alte. M'opinions of the Church, I'll tell to th' Conclave, not to you—— *Alta.*

Altamont. Is this the help Divinity gave man?

Alte. Thy anger's vain. Here I do banish thee my Bed, And we will never more embrace.

Alta. Rebellious Fiend.

Alte. I now divide my house: this side is mine, for here my Family and I will rule. That side you, and your meagre ragged train possess. Thou may'st henceforth my Neighbour, but no more my Husband be. *Charintha*, come away—

Alta. I must pursue, lest she her anger make too loud, so we invite the publick scorn.

[*Exeunt Alteza, Charintha, Altamont.*]

Mervol. Is not thy Brother's Wife a pure tame Hen? how dost thou like her noise?

Flor. Were she but mine, I'd teach her keep a noise too after death.

Merv. How so?

Flor. I'd strip her skin o're her ears, and make a Drum on't.

Rossa. She was born in a storm.

Flor. *Mervolle*, you have nam'd *Charintha*, as a Virgin, of Nature most remiss, a quiet tongue, and such a heart, as might become an able sacrifice, t'expiate the whole world?

Merv. This I esteem'd my justice and her merit, but it seems her Sisters documents o're-rule her now. Her Dowry's large, and may deserve the chief of our Italian youth.

Flor. What's *Dandalo*, that sues to her for love?

Merv. *Dandalo*, the Count of *Millain*? a thing compos'd of perfume and starch! Nature contriv'd him in her sleep: If's ignorance might answer for his sins; he would accompt amongst his wealth, the land he has in Heaven.

Flor. I heard you say, she never saw him yet.

Merv. Never, Sir: he woos her by his Letters. She desiring a personal survey e're prosecution of the sute, he sent her word, he'd make's address by stealth; but we expect him not this month.

Flor. Will his arrival be so long delay'd?— [Enter *Altamont*.]
Brother!—how thrives your patience o're your Wife?

Alta. Some hope remains: the storm can't last, because 'tis still more violent. Sh'ath ta'ne Caroch for the Palace, and means straight to disgrace me to the Duke, by her complaints.

Merv. Her Veins o'reflow with Gall!

Alta. *Fiorello*, I desire thou'lt not appear before her until thy Habit's chang'd. My present power fums but a thousand Crowns,

which I have brought thee here.—

[*Gives him a Bag.*]

Flor. Sir, it is fit your blessings were increas'd; and that your wife had read your worth.

Alta. My Art betrays my hopes, or I have found a remedy to cure her pride: your help, *Mervolle*, I must crave, and with swift speed. [*Exeunt Altamont, Mervolle.*]

Flor. *Rossa*, *Molard* (friends to my Soul and Brain) advance your Eyes! The sovereign Mine behold, that makes the solemn Patriarch dance, and the anointed King to skip, as doth his limber Dwarf.

Rossa. Yellow as foot of Kite.

Molard. Shall we be tender natur'd, and divide?

Flor. This is the portion will procure us all high dignity and place. *Rossa*, you must take pains and number these—Go, ransom out our captive weeds, and the rich habit I from *Pisa* brought: whilst you (*Molard*) with the assistance of these few—procure us fit materials to adorn our bodies. Enquire for Pearls: Stones of the cunningst soil, we'll like them, and disburse.

Rossa. Is there some aged Vessel now asleep in the Dock, that will pay for her calking?

Molard. *Fiorello*, must we stop the publick leaks?

Flor. E're long we shall be great, be able to advance with smiles, and with our frowns destroy. You, *Rossa*, I'll create a Magistrate. Go practise the auster Cough. Pale delinquents thou shalt learn to jeer, and to sleep o're men condemn'd.

Rossa. The Calling (Sir) I do vouchsafe t'accept.

Flor. Thou (my *Molard*) shalt rule in Villages, grow popular, and mistake the Laws. Thou shalt delight i'th' Kalendar: the Rubrick days thou shalt observe, and then destroy thy Beef. Whilst thy dull earthy Tenants feed until they stink.

Molard. My Launcepresado then shall sop his Crust in Wine.

Rossa. And my dread Corporal shall sin no more for Leeks.

Flor. The solitary Hostess shall no more boil the Carrion meat that she must trust, nor with a Requiem bring the service up, as if it were the Haunch of her dead Husband.

Rossa. I am entire flame.

Flor. These are the victories of wit: by wit we must atchieve our hopes; which to refine and purifie, with paces doubled let's descend a Marble Vault; there taste the rich legitimate blood of the mighty Grape. It magnifies the heart, and makes the agil spirits dance, It drowns all thoughts adulterate and sad; Inspires the Prophet, makes the Poet glad.

Exeunt omnes.

ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Altamont, Mervolle, Scoperto.

Alta. I Have receiv'd a mandate from the Duke, that will, I fear, encrease her insolence. Like an old Tyrant he bestows his threats; as if his anger did obey his will, not justice, nor the Laws.

Mervoll. Does your wife know this preparation you have made to cure her haughtiness?

Alta. All is discover'd to her ears: She now boasts of revenge, as if the thunder were her own.

Mervolle. 'Twere fit your pretty Agent here, receiv'd instructions how to shape her garb and port, just as th'employment doth require.

Alta. Her knowledge is already satisfi'd. *Alteza's* threats shall only move her scorn.

Scop. I will perform my best in your behalf; but I do fear I am not valiant, Sir.

[Enter Niente.]

Alta. O, you that call your sins your duty, that obey your Ladies riots out o' zeal!—

Niente. What mean you, Sir?

Alta. To cleave you from the pate unto the twist.

Niente. O mercy, Sir! so rotten are my Limbs that you may blow me into sand—

Alta. Coward! creep straight into my Houreglass then, and there eternally distinguish time— [Enter Alteza.]

Alta. What slave disturbs the quiet of my ear? [Niente steps behind her.]

Niente. Ne're look, Sir! I serve my Lady, and I do scorn to yield—

Alta. D'ye bristle, Porcupine?

Niente. Take heed!—

Altez. Stay, *Altamont*! withdraw thy violence! if thou disorderst but a hair, that doth belong to th' meanest Groom I have; I will proclaim my superiority, and rule i'th' streets.

Alta. Hell cannot miss thee long!

Altez. Insult beneath thy own low roof! This part o'th' house doth call me sovereign.

[She spies Scoperto, and comes near her.]

Alta. Retire!

Altez. Is the Piece you have so magnifi'd, the you boast of for your pastime Royal?

Alta. This is a gentle heat, whilst thus we bill, methinks we immitate the love of Doves—

Scop. That kiss, Sir, was so powerful, that you rob'd my Lips of all their wealth!

Alta. Take back thy wealth again!—

Altez. Are ye so hot?—

Alta. Thy Lips are thin and lank, *Alteza*. Hers gently swell, and are more soft than is the fleecy air that clothes the Infant morn.

Alteza. Pray a word; is there in this Pageantry ought like to truth? discover your intent.

Alta. I'll make my anger equal unto thine, and my revenge above them both. This beauteous Maid, shall govern in my bed. She is my Concubine: the Off-spring of her womb shall triumph here, maugre thy fight: whilst envy does consume thy flesh until thy body lighter grow than thy loose mind.

Altez. How well my Stars knew this.

Alta. *Mervolle*, go, I convey my Mistress unto those lodgings that o'review the Garden mount.

Scop. If you retard your presence whilst the Sun, in's race, fill up one hour, you'll find before your next review, that grief hath made me old, and I shall look more like a Matron than a Bride; so much your absence mortifies.

Alta. Thou art to every fence I have, a Spell. Conduct her straight, *Mervolle*, to some Throne. [Exit Mervolle, Scoperto.]

Alteza. Then are the vows, with which the zealous Priest oblig'd us to an abstinence from change and various love, quite cancell'd by your lust?

Alta. Accuse thy pride.

Altez. Thou art a perjurd man.

Alta. Go, thou art light as feathers, or the Air. *Alteza*, bath in penitential tears thy leaproous heart, or when the Elements are mix'd and the sad day arives, that dooms the world unto eternity of joy, or pain, thou shalt be hung upon the walls of Hell.

Altez. I smile at thee and thy thin Arts; like to some homely Village Levite, thou dost preach of terrors, to keep dull faith in awe: I pray stay; I am not angry, Sir.

Alta. No?

Altez. I practis'd all this while how to endanger your spleen, Sir, not my own; which if my powers prove just, I shall perform e're long. *Niente*, send the party in—

[Exit Niente.]

Alta. More wrath!

Altez. A slow device, Sir, but o'my own Brain.

Enter Sciolto.

Alta. Who art thou?

Sciolto.

Sciolt. A keen Guest invited here—

Alta. To what?

Sciolt. To taste—what your Wife pleases.

Alta. Bold Slave! be in thy speech more plain.

Sciolt. I am come to get your Children for you.

Alte. D'ye want a clearer paraphrase? he is my Servant, Sir, my Gallant if I please. A courtly implement, and much in use among Ladies of my growth and birth.

Alta. O my cold blood! my patience will be wrought so low, I shall be pointed at.

Alte. Since I'm so aptly furnish'd with delight, your Concubine may fearless walk about the house, and share the wholsom Sun in peace.

Alta. Thy threats I do neglect: but you (Sir) shall e're long shake of your mortality: The minutes you must waste on earth are few.

Sciolt. This I consider, Sir, and therefore make such haste to embrace your Wife, that the kind world may have some of my issue.

Alta. I can endure no more.

[*He draws his Sword, Sciolto his, Alteza her Stiletto.*]

Alteza. Hold, *Altamont*, or else I wound thy heart—

Alta. If there be Gall in Heaven, it falls in showers.

Sciolt. 'Slight, Sir; I come t'ease you of your labour, and you want courtship to return me thanks.

Alte. Hang him Ingrate.

Sciolt. But what hereafter I perform, shall be for your good Lady's sake, and not for yours.

Alta. Pray (Sir) lets interchange a few words; withall (if you consent) we'll put our Swords to a more quiet use—

Sciolt. Now, Sir, you may believe my blood affects to skirmish more with Ladies than with men. What would you speak?

Alte. My true opinion, Sir, concerning you. I know you do but counterfeit this lust, this lawless heat. You purpose not t'abuse my Bed.

Sciolt. Who told ye so?

Alta. I read it in your noble feature and your looks. You have Religion in your shape, and can it be you should so soon commit a crime so offensive to the Angels sight? let me now make a forfeiture of my eyes, if ever I beheld a man that's more oblig'd to Nature for his Limbs. A frame so full of equal strength I never saw.

Sciolt. The better shap'd I am (Sir) the more cause you'll find, to love the issue I shall get upon your wife.

Alta. Do not belie thy own true merits: th' adulterate fire did ne're inflame thy heart, I know thou scorn'st to do't.

Sciolt. Not I, believe it, Sir! Sir, I will do't. Is your Lady fruitful? I would be loth to lose my labour on her?

Alta. Pestilence! and blood!

[*He draws, and they as before.*]

Alte. Fling a danger from thy arm, I'll summon straight (with Trumpet and with Drum) the world to hear thy infamy—

Sciolt. O fie! you an Italian, Sir, and thus declare the knowledge of disgrace with lowd and popular complaint.

Alteza. Nay it becomes you finely, does it not?

Sciolt. You think, because y'are curs'd, we'll allow you short Horns: I'll graft upon your head a pair so tall, they shall go neer to over-look the highest pinnacle in *Florence*.

Alteza. He sleeps.

Sciolt. Signior, go! take down a Cushion; and pray! you cannot chuse but know the frailty of the times: and how great Ladies do relieve their appetites. Your own confession of my parts, commends your wife in her wife choice. There be that sin with feeble Ushers and the wither'd Dwarf.

Alteza. He wants a judgment to consider this.

Sciolt. I merit better looks, Sir, that must take pains all night for ye, and without wages, Sir.

Alteza. Dead as a monument. Let us leave him— [Exit *Sciolto*, *Alteza*.]

Alta. You swelling mountains (that o'review the Earth) fall now, hide me eternally; Philosophy contract thy mees sage brow: let Patience be no more thy Saint. Patience, thou art more fond than teeming Venus, tamer than sleep; Divinity which calls our anger sin, and courage pride, hath sent this silly Cherubine on Earth, Patience, (The Cowards Sword) which only doth disarm

Dull sleep, that neither can nor would do harm. [Exit.]

Enter *Sciolto*, *Alteza*, *Niente*.

Sciolto. *Florence* knows me well: I'm call'd *Sciolto*.

Alteza. I needs must sing my Ushers praise: he made a most discreet election of a man.

Sciolto. Your mercy and your kindness (Lady) thus advance my shape; your pleasure was I should despise your Husbands frowns; and I behav'd my self with terrour masculine: but now we are reserv'd, I know humility, a soft and quiet garb; a distance

that shall well become the state so eminent and rich a beauty claims.

Alteza. Sir, that we do expect, and then you shall o'retake our noble thoughts with newer love. Our Husband is a trifle, such as can no way disturb your peace or safety here.

Sciolto. Madam, store me with arms and weapons to resist his personal assault, and I shall need no more protection than my self.

Alteza. Active and bold: *Niente* thou hast made a choice out-parallel the world.

Niente. I will assure your Ladiship, the Bawds give him a good report.

Alte. Do they, *Niente*?

Niente. He's great with Ladies of all ages, all Degrees.

Sciolto. Excuse me, Sir, th'are great by me.

Alte. As how, Sir?

Sciolto. Madam—— They are all with Child.

Alte. How, Signior? is your appetite so strong?

Sciolto. Madam, blame the Planets that o'rrule the blood. E're yet this present Month expires; (let's see—I.) Some three and forty Ladies (or there about) will quicken with male Twins.

Alte. All of your begetting?

Sciolto. So wise Fame sings. I will make bold to gather my first Fruits——

[Goes to kiss her.

Alte. Stay, Signior! our love is not yet ripe: there is a larger distance too belongs unto our Lips.

Sciolto. How, dear Lady?

Alte. I am too proud to have my favours soon and easily conferr'd. Such smiles are cheap. I mean to meet you by prescription, Sir.

Sciolto. Death, I'm Sutor unto *Gallen's* Widow: Madam, I know it not becomes the high demeanor of your birth to dance (just like a Kid) to th' musick of each wind that blows. E're you admit of my embraces, I should use my Tongue, to court and woo you to consent.

Alte. Keep back, if you'll continue life. When I am pleas'd to be delighted, I can command you, Sir.

Charintha within. Madam.

Alteza. Sister, I come. Shew him to his Chamber——

Sciolto. Hast no good book, whose comfortable use may fill th' expence of time?

Alte. What would you read?

Sciolto. Any o'th' Moderns. *Rablays* i'th' praise of Midwives. *Araine* on copulation: or th' Odes of *Theophile* unto his whore.

Alte. My Usher in my Closet can appoint your choice of these.

Sciolto. Think on the frailty of the flesh; and be not long unmerciful——

Charintha within. Sister! Madam!

Alte. Away; I come, I come.

[Exeunt *Niente*, *Sciolto*.

Enter *Charintha*, *Befognia*.

Charintha. The *Millain* Count (my Sutor) is arriv'd.

Alte. Signior *Dandolo*! Why 'tis yet a month e're he should meet your expectation here.

Befog. 'Tis he, Madam, and such a he as must be only likened to himself.

Charintha. More rich and gaudy than the East. So lib'ral too, that you would think he Nature's Steward were. He gives amongst my Slaves, as if unto Ambassadors he did cast donatives.

Alte. Milk him (my *Charintha*) oft I have preach'd unto thine ear a Sov'raignty o're man. Take all he gives, it's princely fashion now. Could but thy acceptation begger him, thy little wit were ever magnifi'd.

Charintha. You know I am o'th' wits, I have been sworn to begger Sutors, and fear my Husband.

Enter *Florello* in rich Habit. *Rossa*, *Molard*, shifted like his servants.

Florello. Which is the Lady that I come to woo?

Charintha. My Name's *Charintha*——

Florello. Present me thy Lips! I say advance——

Alteza. You are not understood——

[He kisses *Charintha*, then gives her a Jewel.

Charintha. My Lord, I scarcely owne desert enough 'tence this Jewel from your Cabinet.

Florello. A Stone, a Stone! the thing grows, I've enow——

Alte. So free? I am *Charintha's* Sister, Sir——

Flor. It may be so. A fine House, fine Town too! were *Florence* mine, I would not give it for the best winter Seat my Father left me.

Alteza. 'Tis, Sir, th' ambition of my love, that you would know me for *Charintha's* Sister——

Flor. I shall. *Rossa*, remember it.

Rossa. My Lord?

Flor. I must know her for *Charintha's* Sister.

Charintha. Is there no trick in Ceremony, Sir, to give your memory a better hint.

Flor. I kiss none but thee: most Princes have one toy or other still, t' make their descent

descent known.—There, a Diamond that,
and that a Ruby—— [Gives to Alteza.

Alte. What means your Lordship?

Flor. Th'are none of mine. I have enow
wear 'em——

Alte. Your Lordship binds my great ac-
knowledgegment. He'll give away an Empire
in a moment.

Besog. I'm *Charintha's* woman, Sir——

Flor. Who can help it? Mistress, wilt
thou not bid my Servants welcome? th'are
rich Choughs, th'ave store of Villages, and
plough'd earth.

Charintha. Their judgment is so kind
(Sir) as to know they may command the
Houſe.

Roffa, Molard. We thank your Ladiship.

Flor. This is my Parasite, and this my
Pimp. I've a Fool, a Dwarf too at home.
I made my jaunt too early by a Month, or
else my Train had been enlarg'd.

Alte. Th'are rarely fix'd, if they import
as much as you denominate.

Flor. I keep my Paralyte to cure the dull
melancholy of State. He does admire my
wit and Beard. He says I cannot sin. Princes
would still be sad but for such worms.

Alte. But how (Sir) does your Pimp ad-
here to use?

Flor. He is as pertinent to Lords as lust.
My Fool I keep to laugh at me. My Dwarf
is for my Wife. I do intend she shall affect
the Court, and then she'll quickly learn to
make the toy useful.

Charintha. My Lord, be pleas'd to walk,
and use th'advantage of the air.

Flor. I've Instruments distinct, that take a
charge o'th' several quarters of my Frame, my
Dwarf doth dress me up unto the Knees, and
when his stature leaves his reach, young Vir-

gins then (th'issue of decay'd Barons) do be-
gin and govern to the Navel. Whilst up-
wards Barbers, Painters, and Parasites are
us'd.

Charin. But will your Lordship walk and
see the Spring? we have a Garden where it
ever dwells.

Flor. And shall we be delighted and en-
tranc'd?

Charin. We'll sacrifice the utmost of our
wealth and love, t'express your welcome,
Sir.

Flor. Wilt i' faith? There's a Saphyre
Chain: Tye thy Monky in't——Take it;
for by this hand I am in haste, and, cannot
offer twice.

Besog. If you should chance (my honour'd
Lord) to drop those trifles here, I would be
mannerly, and reach 'em up.

Flor. I will give thee a Bushel of Seed-
Pearl to embroider thy Petticoat.

Charin. This way——

Roffa. Your Lordship hath forgot to leave
notice for those Princes in disguise that shall
by chance demand ye at the Gate.

Alte. Who does he mean?

Flor. A leash of German Dukes that walk
in Rug-Gowns. I should consult with 'em
about the subversion of a State or two; but
I'm not yet at leisure.

Alte. My Lord, they shall be answered so.

Roffa. Your hypocrite wants a little Art.

Molard. Your bounty will impoverish us
too soon.

Flor. Ye both do lye, I weave my cun-
ning close. Fortune, redeem the credit of
thy Eyes.

Thou wilt (if thou art partial now and kind)
But wink on me, though to the world thou art
blind. [Exeunt omnes.]

ACT III. SCENE. I.

Enter Altamont, Mervolle, Sciolto, at the other door.

Alta. **T**His is the truth, therefore con-
sider now my Fate. Hah! *Sciolto!*

Merv. What makes he there?

Alta. 'Tis *Sciolto*, the brute Adulterer,
he whom I lately mention'd, a Slave more
hot than Hell, a Satyr or a Goat.

Sciolto. And shall be still so, Sir, unless
your wife dismiss her pride, and vouchsafe
to cool me.

Alta. Devils and death, I'm murder'd
through the ear——

[He draws, Sciolto pulls forth a Case
of Pistols.

Sciolto. Take patience, Sir, awhile; know

if there be a boisterous motion us'd, I have
for each of you a Plum, and they shall enter
your nice stomachs the wrong way——

Alta. Though thou wert hardy as the Ly-
ons race; and arm'd with all th' Artillery
on earth, I durst assault thee as I am; but to
I cannot satiate revenge.

Merv. Sciolto, now my memory begins
to know you better: for your riots and lowd
demeaner in this City hath been long ob-
serv'd. I wonder much y'employ your pre-
cious minutes in a course so vile.

Sciolto. What, to increase mankind? it has
been a vocation ever since the Sun spy'd man
thus

thus crawling on the Earth——

Merv. But what excuse canst thou in honour urge, for wearing such advantageous defence, against his just and single violence?

Sciolt. I have an odd humour not to be kill'd.

Alta. O *Alteza*, had but my name been hid beneath some fold in the voluminous dark Book of Fate, I might have mis'd of my creation then, so I should ne'er have seen thy face.

Sciolt. My curses, Sir, have cause t'assault her more than yours: for she has starv'd me here with want of natural delight. My free large growth and tincture of my hair denote, my constitution cannot suffer me to wear a Surple's, or proceed Eunuch.

Alta. A Salamander that doth feed and clothe it self with flame, was thy Progenitor.

Sciolt. Have I not equal reason to complain? in three hours not so much as a dry Kiss.

Merv. Fine calumny!

Sciolt. A Negro might be useful now, although sh'ad but one eye.

Alta. I'll strew upon thy food the teeth of Snakes.

Sciolt. Signior, presume no more upon a fond easie nature. I have been abstinent too long. Hasten, and with pliant steps present your wife; or else I'll assure ye you shall seek some other man to Cuckold ye for me.

Merv. *Sciolto*, this is barbarous.

Alta. I'll shoot thy heart with Needles, that thou may'st dye, and yet not know that thou art kill'd.

Sciolt. I thank ye, Signior, but we Florentines do sleep like Levorites, with our eyes open: howe're I could vouchsafe to shoot you now, and prevent your kindness——

Merv. *Sciolto*, hold. If either charge do miss, he that survives, shall pierce thy heart.

Sciolt. I meant not to give fire. There is a trick of gravity i' th' State call'd Law. Besides, you dead, the Children which I chance to get upon your bucksome wife, I should go near to keep at my own charge.

Alta. *Africa* breeds no monster like to thee.

Sciolt. I'll to my Chamber now, and fortify there, I remain (during the pleasure of your wife) your Tenant (Signior) in fee tail.——

Alta. It is a cunning, and promiscuous Slave. This story of *Alteza's* abstinence, he doth but counterfeit.

Merv. Had the Devil himself crept into flesh, and undertook this service to your wife, she had possess'd the weaker instru-

ment. He hath i' his Veins a most intemperate blood; his Valour's so renown'd, that all the smooth, the curl'd, and silken Nobles of the Town, do homage to his Sword; and by such acts as these maintains himself.

Alta. Thy faith was jealous, I seduc'd thy ear to an untruth: but now thou know'st too much.

Merv. Now, Sir, my temp'rate Lectures cease. Obey revenge, and I will follow it, until my wealth and life are forfeited to Law.

Alta. Hah! wilt thou? O my quickned heart (entomb'd before within my breast) wilt thou? This, this then is the direful night, wherein I'll give a strict and cruel justice to Revenge.

Merv. This then is the night, wherein my bold love shall merit me th' eternal name of Friend.

Alta. Come swear, swear now, (on this victorious Sword) thou wilt obey th' injunctions of my wrath, and yet not move, but when my will appoints.

Merv. My Religion, and the honours of my blood, I here do pawn to ratify the Vow——

[*Mervolle kisses the Hilt.*]

Alta. Now work my injur'd spirits, till you make dull sorrow rise into flame. Anger, Is blood, pour'd, and perplex'd into a froth, But malice is the wisdom of our wrath.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Florello, Charintha, Alteza, Rossa, Molard.

Charinth. Your Lordships Letters were of an excellent stile!

Flor. This orinet Roap is yours, and you must wear't.

Charinth. Your bounty choaks my thanks.

Alte. Take it. Afflict me fame, if e're I knew his parallel; he woos at *Nero's* rate.

Enter Befogna.

Befog. Madam, there's a new *Dandolo*, a new Count lighted at the Gate, and craves entrance.

Flor. That's rare i' faith; have I a shadow walks without leave o' the Sun?

Alte. A Conspiracy.

Flor. Did not *Mervolle* say, 'twould be a month e're he arriv'd?

Rossa. Be bold and meet your chance.

Flor. Stand firm, and stily by me then, avouch me still for the true *Dandolo*.

Alte. *Charintha*, 'tis some stratagem; but if he Jewels bring, and in a hand as large and open as yon easie Snipes, thou hast ill luck if you can't begger both.

Charinth.

Charinb. I'll smile no longer than these rich sparkles shine in my eyes.

Enter Dandolo.

Dand. The Lady that is nam'd *Charintha*; which is she?

Flor. 'Slight; this is the great *Cham*. Hark ye, Signior—

Charinb. My Lord, I pray afford him leave to speak.

Dand. What is that saucy Groom?

Florello. I'll shew ye my Trade; a poor Sword-man, I—

Alteza. Sir you destroy the quiet of my House: he shall have safety here, and leave to speak.

Charin. I'm call'd *Charintha*, Sir; proceed and speak.

Dand. I'll first do special grace unto your Lip—my Pen hath woo'd you oft; but now by stealth thus tingle I'm arriv'd, a Moon before the time I did prefix.

Charin. I Sir, the cause.

Dand. 'Twas Winter when I specif'd the date of my approach; and then my blood was cold; but now the Spring is comé. The String of Pearl there in your hand is round and orient, Lady.

Alte. I, Sir, and in such Toys she much delights: although her modesty be loth to make her fancies known. Would you had brought some few to match 'em.

Dand. Do you affect 'em, Lady?

Charinb. I rejoice in all the works of Nature.

Dand. I am instructed then.

Alte. As how, dear Sir?

Dand. That I did ill, to leave my Pearls behind.

Alte. Sister, this Hulk is neither rigg'd nor fraught.

Charinb. I'll have no more of him, he is too costly.

Flor. Sir, a word.

Dand. Has not this House the privilege of peace!

Flor. Ladies, this Impostor steals my Titles, and my Name; I ask leave to punish him.

Alte. We'll not protect his crimes, use your justice. [*Florello draws his Stiletto.*]

Flor. Unless you are an *Estridge*, Sir, and can digest Steel, cool your Lungs, and calmly wait th' inquiry I shall urge.

Dand. Hence, and be dead!

Flor. *Molard*, reveal how long thou hast been Pimp to the Family of the *Dandolos*?

Molard. About some thirty years, Sir. I've procur'd both time and place, for your good Fathers game, e're since he was capable of knowing woman.

Rossa. He us'd the Trade, Sir, in his infancy.

Molard. I scarce could walk, when I began't: the first I brought him was my Nurse.

Flor. Canst point at ought he did some two and twenty years ago?

Molard. Distinctly, Sir. I know that Gentleman, he was got on a Tripe-Wife of *Lucca*.

Alte. My Lord?

Flor. I'm an old Jew at Genealogies. This Fellows descent I know now, and where he took's beginning too. By chance I thus have met forty of my Father's Bastards. Th'are poor, and put me oft to charge. Brother, welcome.—*Rossa*, give him a *Quardecus*.

Charinb. Your train of Parasite, Pimp, Fool, and Dwarf, speak you at first, to be the true young Lord.

Alte. Yet th' other has some marks that do belong unto a Count, o'th' last edition too.

Dand. D' you think y'are the Count?

Flor. I do think it, Sir.

Dand. Thought's free.

Alte. He should be a Venetian, by th' wit and policy of his courage.

Dand. Beauties, were your hands clean they should be kiss'd.

Flor. Bold Bastard.

Dand. Sir—you shall know no man e're got me, but my own Father. [*Exit.*]

Flor. *Besognia* speak in my behalf; I'll give thee a Pearl then, big as a Wall-nut.

Besognia. Which, when your Lordship does, I'll return ye a pointed Diamond, big as a Steeple.

Alte. Y'on thrifty counterfeit, has much perplex'd your Servants wit.

Charinb. My Lord. Lets in, and jeer.

Flor. Slow method Fools obey. To th' Stars advance

His head, who thus resists the power of Chance. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter Scoperta, Sciolto.

Scoperta. Like to my Genius he doth move about the House. Our souls are surely near ally'd—

Sciolt. Calls he her his Concubine? by this hand, there's not a Prince in all the East, has such another. Be not displeas'd, O young and beauteous Lady!

Scoperta. The Garden, Signior, doth contain more walks: I do beseech you change your path, and leave me here.

Sciolt. You must not leave me yet.

[*Holds her in his arms.*]

Altamont

Altamont, Mervolle, from above.

Merv. My Vows have promis'd you the ample truth of my intelligence. Behold, whom there *Sciolto* keeps in amorous embraces.

Alta. Hah,—*Scoperta*! libid'nous Girl, what makes the with that Horse?

Merv. Shall I call to her, Sir?

Alta. No, my words shall never penetrate her ear, until I am reveng'd for what my eyes have seen.

Merv. There is a general tainture in the Sex.

Alta. She is proscib'd. I've fix'd her in the List with those that taste to night a bitter fate. Away, away. This object ruins all my kindness for her.

[*Exeunt from above.*]

Sciolto. I sigh, my first salute was so intemperately perform'd. But O! the justice of my Stars! my love is now reveng'd upon my lust. With pure chaste flame I court the Mistress unto *Altamont*; one here reserv'd for sinful use. Stay, stay——

Scoperta. If I am seen, my life is forfeited——

Sciolto. Hast thou not heard my Vows, whose violence and number well might satisfy the most suspicious.

Scop. How dare I traffick thus for love with thee: when thy accompits with Heaven are yet not clear'd, that lust betray'd thee to?

Sciolto. With what advice of modesty canst thou accuse my blood; when in this Mansion th'art contain'd for the like sin?

Scop. Were I well known unto the quality of thy new love, I would reveal my self, and take from thy belief the false opinion of my guilt.

Sciolto. If e're I practise impious heat again, some Fiend that in the Centre dwells reach me, and pull me into flames.

Scop. Bear witness, Truth, that I'm official here but by pretence, My Veins are cold and chaste as Northern snow.

Sciolto. Thy name, and then my doubts I will forsake?

Scop. *Scoperta* is my name. I Sister am to *Altamont*; not Mistress of his lust.

Alta. O dire affinity! my love is now ally'd unto my hate. Yet *Altamont* ne'er merited my wrath. It is the wit the policy of sin, to hate those men we have abus'd. When first I spy'd the grace and lustre of thy shape; methought I lov'd, and my sick heart inform'd me love was good.

Scop. And you when I beheld, I said to Heaven, O make but his immortal part like to the Garment Nature clothes it in, and he'll remain a Type, from whom shall be deriv'd the Prophets, and the Kings that rule the earth.

Sciolto. Her beauties so increase, that they do make my comprehension poor.

Scop. I should have us'd more leisure and nice art, when I did give my love away.

Sciolto. O stay, until my Vows afford a larger warrant of my faith——

Scop. Our new society must not be seen. But if thy love be free from carnal Arts, (such as the curled Youth of *Italy* do use) make me thy sudden stealth. Early, (e're the succeeding Sun arrive i'th' East) appear beneath my Casements view, and I will follow thee along the spacious world. [*Exit.*]

Sciolto. Go, noble Maid, wert thou divided from my reach, by Elemental fire, by streams of blood, or winds (when met to blow each other from the earth) yet I would pull thee to my heart: False lust, I take of thee eternal leave——

Enter Niente, Alteza.

Alte. Convey those odours thither, and disperse the costly smoke about the Room.

Niente. I shall.

Alte. Place soft and easie finger'd Lutes, behind the Arras; Voices feminine and young. And spread the Cowch, with the green Persian Quilt.

Niente. All is prepar'd. [*Exit.*]

Sciolto. For what are these design'd?

Alte. Come, follow me and know——

Sciolto. Now am I as rascally a sinner, as ever.

Alte. Why com'st thou not?

Sciolto. O Love! A little grace.

Alteza. Is not thy blood well? Kiss me, *Sciolto*.

Sciolto. Shall we be wrapt in soft embraces then.

Alte. We'll grow together in our loves.

Sciolto. Go, kneel to your Husband, and beg from him lawful embraces: my self intend to purchase a few Beads, and turn Vot'ry.

Alte. What motive (Sir) persuades ye use me thus?

Sciolto. Why—ye are not handsom.

Alte. Uncivil Slave.

Sciolto. Question your Glass.

Alte. Villain, thou ly'st.

Sciolto. Thy Teeth, in distance stand like the decay'd Arches of a Bridge.

Alte. Better, th'adst been unborn.

Sciolto. Wilt not yet go? thy Fingers are all crook'd, like the Talleons of a Griffon. Thou walkst on Cloven feet.

Alte. Hoa! Niente.

Sciolto. Thy Bones are pil'd across, much like the sticks on a Conjurers fire.

Alte. Are my Grooms dead? what hoa! I'll have thee dead.——

Sciolto

Sciolto pulls out a Case of Pistols.

Sciolto. It must not be. For with these two there shall be passage forc'd. Farewell Oyster! —

[Exit.

Alte. Where are my Grooms, my Slaves? injurious Wolf. Bark at my feature, and thus strew my beauty o're, with infamy and dust? Strike my green youth, with Epithetes of age? My *Altamont* ne'er us'd me thus. He oft compar'd me to the Stars, my Eyes t'Eastern light, when day smiles at her birth. O! I could curse the giddy judgment of my blood; that thus seduc'd me to forsake that Saint, and mix my knowledge with this Devil. He's fled too, untouch'd by my revenge. *Niente, ho!*

Enter Altamont.

Alte. 'Tis *Alteza*, I know her sinful voice —

[*she kneels.*

Alte. O, Sir, if anguish, or distress, can make an humble heart, behold your Lady now; thus prostrate at your feet —

Alte. What may this forc'd humility portend?

Alte. Sciolto (cruel as the winds in *March*) hath struck my woman-hood with tyranny, and scorn. Can Fate present so large a test of your true love (both to your self and me) as that you minister revenge upon that Villain: Go, and pierce his heart with your bright Steel, and then obedience claim repaid with fond idolatry and love.

Alte. The Fiends are surely marry'd too; for there's no torment like a Wife! false *Alteza*.

Alte. So ill I merit charity: that all my passions argue cunning and pretence.

Alte. This is a wise hypocrisy, to hide thy lust, or snare me in some guilt, whereby the Duke may claim my life, and thou receive more quiet space, t'enjoy *Sciolto's* person.

Alte. Those angry spirits that reside below, are not more cruel in their envy, than am I in hate to him.

Alte. So soon dost sleep him in thy Gall, whom thou hast took into thy heart.

Alte. If e're I knew him with more guilt, than what my wishes and my thoughts contain'd; let wrath then make me her experiment, to try how much of pain mortality can bear.

Alte. Thy perjurd attestations cease; for though the hours are few, since first you did confer, yet you had both the care to make the time advantageous to sin.

Alte. Express some mercy in your faith, and hear me speak.

Alte. Keep thy denial 'tween thy blister'd Lips, if utter'd thou art dead.

Alte. Love is for ever fled.

Alte. Dost weep? I sooner thought to have seen the Flint supple as Sponge; th'obdurate Diamond melt at the Glow-worms fire.

Alte. How hath the pride of Courts misled my youth, that you should think I've lost all tenderness and love.

Alte. Thou wert a Virgin sweet, so precious in thy frame, that with thy hair thou might'st have fetter'd Kings. When thou didst sing the quiet Stars, would fall asleep and wink. Thou art all discord now: thy glory's dark, thy blood is turn'd to Ink.

Alte. I have out-liv'd the help of penitence, and benefit of hope.

Alte. Oft have I said, let's leave the false, the busy world, and sleep beneath our Vines, Nature (not cunning) then, augments our wealth; the dew of Heaven is cheap, nor need we pay for th' Suns warm light. If kind Divinity allow t'each humane soul a Star; our issue we'll increase, until the bright and numerous throng be all employ'd.

Alte. But I am sterile as a wilderness, my name is sickness to your memory.

Alte. Witness you silent powers, the crime is not deriv'd from me. T'explain my innocence, know, she that here I hous'd, t'affront thy pride, was my chaste Sister, not my Concubine.

Alte. Then you are loyal still, t'oth' Marriage Vow.

Alte. But *Scoperta* is now thy Rival in *Sciolto's* lust.

Alte. All springs from the ambition of my guilt —

Alte. Although thy penitence be rash, it doth become thee well, and thou hast quite dissolv'd my stony heart. This night I purpos'd thee a cruel death, but now rise, and continue mortal still — I'll lay my mercy on thy Lip, and for it take my last farewell — I'll never see thee more.

Alte. This is a mercy that confounds the will and strength of all my gratitude. O sad Decree. You have divorc'd me from your Eyes.

Alte. Two neighbouring Lillies whom rude winds disperse 'mongst restless dust, may sooner meet upon their stalks again, and kiss each other in a second growth, then we our loves renew.

Alte. Take heed, Sir, how you prophecy! for my humility with moist contrition join'd, may hope to wash my leprous stains away.

Altamont. O no! my jealousy is grown so sick, that my doubt informs me, it will ne'er be cur'd.

Alte. I creep thus to my Tomb, indebted for your love, 'till all the drowsie world shall

shall rise to general Accomps; and then my want of earlier gratitude will make my debt a sin———

[Exit.

Alta. O trivial property of life! some do attend the mighty war, and make Divinity their yolk; 'till for the sport of Kings th' augment the number of the dead. Some walk in slippery paths of Court, and feed on silent smiles; some travel in the search of humane Arts, but knowledge is reserv'd:

She sits so high in Clouds, we cannot reach her with our Eye: or if with patient steps we to her climb, death says we cannot reach her with our time. For wither'd age arrives, when numbring on our griefs not years, the tedious space of life we straight accuse. For life is like the span

For'd from a gouty hand, which, as it gains Extent, and active length, the more it pains.

[Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Dandolo, Besognia, Stoccato, Punto.

Dand. MY journey was by stealth, else I had brought with these, Legions of Dukes to speak my birth.

Besog. My Lady 'gins t'enquire, Sir, after sleep, for it grows late.

Dand. My thrifty method shall be broke, e're I'll miss her view. This British Groat is thine; traffick for Pins.

Besog. Make the Devil your Factor; there's a stock to set up with. [Flings it again. Exit.

Dand. No bribes? I am belov'd.

Enter Florello, Rossa, Molard.

Flor. Brother, I wish you would avoid my haunts. 'Tis not for my credit, nor yet for our dead Fathers, thus to make your person known, being y'are illegitimate.

Dand. Go, let that Fellow dye.

Stoccato. Why, let him, Sir.

Punto. Were we his Heirs, w' had cause to hasten his decease.

Flor. D'ye walk like Neptune in a mask, attended on by two o'th' calm winds?

Dand. Th'are Nobles both. This is *Stoccato* call'd, and that *Punto*. They are come to warrant me the true *Dandolo*. Upon the Gauntlet of a Giant or a Whale.

Flor. Maintain your birth——were you my Fathers Bawds?

Stoccato. Alas, you are young, Sir, you know not us! we cannot swell and rant like things that would be rather heard than felt: but we can thrust our Whinyards home, with joy and quiet too.

Punto. Sweet-heart; you are not read i'th' Rudiments of wrath. You shall perceive some that are lowd and active with their Lungs; courage in them you may suspect: but when you see a cool and silent anger like to ours, then keep your wandering hands at home. Soft, Sir, beware.

Stoc. Stay, wot thou kill him, *Punto*, or shall I?

Punto. I've business now of a more serious garb. Dispatch him thy self. Early to-morrow I'll do as much for thee on the two *Zwits*.

Flor. D'ye make no more o'th' Infants of the Earth?——

Stoc. Fie, Sir. Draw your Weapon in a Lady's Chamber? You still display a courage ill brought up, most vainly nurtur'd, Sir, believe't.

Punto. Forbid it, Heaven; but you should have free space t'employ your best strength in your defence. But, Sir, 'tis sober patience makes us safe. If now on eithers Haunch you did confer a kick, our secret wisdom would direct us how to bear it for the time, and in our own advantage too.

Flor. Is't possible?

Stoc. Hear, Sir, th' advice of an old shot. I've hit the mark more than once in my time, and tam'd many a mad Boy too. If either of 's vouchsafe to greet ye with a hand or foot, take it, and be thankful: lest by return of wrath, worse do ensue.

Flor. Not I, believe't.

Punto. He's young, *Stoccato*, carve him gently up!——

Flor. They take me for a Capon. What Weapons fight ye with, Demiquilvering or Drake?

Stoc. Steel of *Toledo* is all we manage——

Flor. What then remains, but *Rossa* and *Molard* assault you two, I, my Bastard Brother——

Rossa. Come, Sir——

Molard. We'll jerk you with our Iron Rods——

Stoc. Keep your Sword warm, it 'longs to the Scabbard——

Punto. O, Sir, your Valour still imports some want of a discreet and temperate breeding.

Enter

Enter Charintha, Befognia.

Charintha. His bounty ne'er will give me cause t'advance my wit: he grows much troublefom.

Dand. Lady! behold two Worthies heres; Dragons in fight. They come to preach my birth. Th'are known to Fame.

Flor. Fame blew 'em from her breech.

Punto. Signior, you fill forget the quiet and the courteous ways of spleen.

Flor. I will try your pollitick patience, Sir ——— [*Kicks 'em.*]

Punto. You see we still are calm ———

Stoc. He has but thin Philosophy that cannot suffer this ———

Charin. Yon marmalet Count deserves as much too.

Dand. I do oppugn the motion with my scorn.

Flor. D'ye scorn, Sir, to be kick'd?

Dand. Pardon me, Sir! I fay't alowd; the proudest wight on Earth shall not kick me, excepting your dear self.

Enter Niente.

Niente. I have privacies, Madam, for your ear ———

Flor. You, and your fierce Champions, straight remove; craul hence, and be not vifible again.

Punto. Enhance our pay, we'll kill him in the dark.

Dand. Agreed, fix Duckats you shall number more.

[*Exeunt Dandolo, Stoccatto, Punto.*]

Niente. The Neighbours fay, forty Serjeants wait his departure hence, who give him a new name.

Charintha. Hah! what do they call him?

Niente, Florillo, and report him Brother unto *Altamont*.

Charintha. My eyes are inform'd, two Faces more ally'd I have not feen. The younger Brother unto *Altamont*; fantaftick too as winds, and fillier than a silenc'd Priest. Fate had much preferr'd me.

Befogn. Madam, it must be he. I've tane a strict survey of 's Nose; 'tis fo like *Altamont*'s.

Charintha. He is already fo exhaust, that his wife bounty can no more be Argument for wit: and now to have this plea for his diffimifion is above my joy. Signior ———

Flor. Sweet Love, I have been bold to give away one or two of thy Farms to these my Foll'wers, they are kind wretches both, and love thee well.

Charintha. Indeed?

Florelo. Yes, faith. They bid me rather

than thou should'st thus pine for love, to marry thee.

Charintha. Stand off! more distant yet.

Flor. Would'st view my Limbs? ———

Charin. When you do make your Christianity more known, you must be call'd *Florelo*.

Florelo. Hah!

Charin. Forty blew Fiends wait to arrest you in your passage home.

Flor. Madam, I am traduc'd.

Charin. Could your abusive Arts make choice of none but me? Be sure this visit is your last.

Flor. I must not, dare not, leave ye, till I've clear'd the errors in this calumny ———

Charintha. Return, or I shall think your love, is, as your person, counterfeit. The strength of all my Charity affords you but this Key; which in my Orchard Gate you may employ, and free you from th' Arrest. *Befognia*, I'll to Bed ———

[*Exeunt Niente, Charintha, Befognia.*]

Florelo, Rossa, Molard, look, glibly awhile at one another.

Flor. A sober truth. Sums I ow'd when I embark'd for *Pisa* ———

Rossa. Now shall I, like a melancholy worm, feed on raw Roots ———

Molard. Sing Canticles of woe! I must e'en go tag Points in a Garret.

Flor. This Key, with the help of our Rapiers will bring us home.

Rossa. No Moneys, Sir?

Flor. Faith we must all disrobe our old Vestments, stitch on again, and morgage these to raise a sum that may assist my liberty.

Molard. Creep in our Rags, in our thin and dusty webs again.

Rossa. I feel a heard of small Cattel graze on my left shoulder. ———

Flor. O my forward bounty! there's but sick hope my Jewels will return; since Custom shews;

What Ladies thus from their dull Sutors get They do preserve as Tribute to their wit.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Scoperta, and her Woman under a Canopy.

Woman. The greatest part of the Night is yet unspent.

Scoperta. Since time grew old, he slowly finds his steps i'th' dark: by day he swifter moves. Get thee to Bed.

Woman. Madam, good night. [*Exit.*]

Scop. Come, my *Sciolto*, and confirm the virtue of thy faith; or I disperse my soul in sighs, and make this Chair my easie Monument. [*Reads.*]

M m m

Enter

Enter Altamont, Mervolle.

Merv. All are departed that to *Charintha* made visit : your Servants have begun their sleep, and Guards are plac'd upon the Gates.

Alta. Are my bold Instruments in Ambush laid, and scatter'd for the best advantage of their conceal'd action, and their View?

Merv. They are.

Alta. Expect me then beneath the Garden Mount. [Exit Mervolle.]

Altamont steals to Scoperta, and shews her his Arms besmear'd with Blood.

Scop. You swelling Clouds hide my afflicted sight!

Alta. Behold my hands, they seem to blush with guilt of humane sacrifice. Methinks I look like to a *Memphian* Priest, that had dissection made of *Hecatombs* 'appease their false Divinity. *Alteza's* dead.

Scop. Can I believe your hands depriv'd her of her breath?

Alta. Fathers that feed on Sons, and Sons that drink their Mothers blood, reach not that cruelty which her stern guilt did throw into my Breast.

Scop. May some kind Saint weep o're your Soul until with holy dew, he wash this sin away.

Alta. Thou dost mispend thy charity. I'th' night I come, to find those Angels that have business now on earth here with thee : hoping I shall receive reward for my just Act.

Scop. The hours that gave her opportunity to erre, were known so few ; that my belief concludes her guiltless of the sin.

Alta. Before her soul forsook her Lips, she did confess *Sciolto* had enjoy'd her. *Sciolto* too, confirm'd her attestation as a truth.

Scop. Be deaf (sweet Heaven) to this. Did *Sciolto* iterate her foul speech?

Alta. He did, which I o'rehear'd, and forc'd a passage to his heart.

Scop. Is he dead too? the Genius of the world is sick, all Forms must cease.

Alta. Dost weep for him? This obsequy doth make compassion sin.

Scop. O *Sciolto*! Art thou so early fled, to taste eternity, and unknown fate.

Alta. Stint thy complaint, pernicious Whore. I had some hope, the interview that you enjoy'd might be enforc'd by his unruly strength : But now, I find it was with thy consent procur'd. All now is evident as light.

Scop. I bring my innocence, to th' clear survey of Heaven.

Alta. Though dull, to men of harsh, strict discipline, yet know, I have some cunning in my rage. I came to fright this secret from thy heart : My Hands I did not bathe in humane blood, *Alteza* and *Sciolto* are alive.

Scop. This joy will make my heart leap in my breast——

Alta. Sink into th' Earth, where sorrow dwells. Ere yon——Dim Morn shall add one hour unto her Age, *Sciolto's* soul shall take a doubtful flight : it only stay'd to mingle company with thine. My anger was so just, I would not prosecute thy life, until my doubts were clear'd. Go, go and number o're thy Beads.

Scop. Is there in all your Veins, no drop (unmix'd with Gaul) that from our Mother is deriv'd, and so may tempt compassion from your breast?

Alta. *Alteza* mourns, as if t'expiate a Nation with her grief. Hadst thou reveal'd such penitence, it might have softned my Decree. But thou art hardned in thy sin.

Scop. No mercy for our noble Mother's sake?

Alta. My Mother when she lay, a cold pattern for the Figure on her Tomb, spent her last breath in praise of thee. She said, for my sake use thy Sister well : th' acquaintance that she hath in Heaven is great. I'th' blossom of her growth she shall o'recome the Eyes of men, and in her age, she shall have skill in Prophecy. But O false lore! Our Mother kind (whom I *Sybil* held) thou now hast prov'd a Witch.

Scop. I am too weak to force from your belief mistakes so strong.

Alta. Go pray, the Hours are swift : I've purpos'd thee a Pris'ner here till my Return——

Scop. The last of all my merits shall be call'd obedience to your will : If you do owe a kindness to your self; think on Religion and the Laws. [Exit.]

Alta. Nature, do thou direct my spleen. The Laws are sinfully contriv'd. Justice should weigh the present crime, not future inference on deeds. But now thy cheapen blood : 'tis spilt to punish the example, not the guilt. Religion too, on our Italian Earth, grows like the Cedar big and high; but yields no fruit. The abject race of men the doth

Confound with hope, and bids them not obey, T'augment humility, but her own sway!

[Exit.]

Enter Mervolle, *Sciolto*, and three Mutes.

Merv. Your strength does but intangle ye the more.

Sciolto.

Sciolto. I'll not be trufs'd, Sir, like a Pul-
let thus——

Merv. Leave nothing that can minister
defence.

Sciolto. Pare my nails too——

Merv. Soon as we spy'd you scaling o're
the Orchard wall; we guess'd at your in-
tent. There have been snares laid for your
feet, e're since you left the House——

[*Exeunt Mervolle, Mutes, having rifled
him of his Pistols and his Sword.*]

Sciolto. There is some danger in this
chance, my dull heart beats with an omi-
nous motion* now——

Scoperta from her Window.

Scop. Pale Planet shine! it must be he.
My ears perswade me 'twas his voice. Sir,
Sir!——

Sciolto. Hah! *Scoperta*? a cruel destiny
hath murder'd all our joy: endeavouring
an address for stealth of thee, I was surpris'd,
disarm'd, and bound thus.

Scop. There's not a Star in all the Firmam-
ent belongs to us.

Sciolto. O none! or if there be, their in-
fluence is too weak to succour us. Sure our
creation we have took unknown to Fate.

Scop. Our love was of too nimble growth,
unless we may believe, that after death we
may converse; this is the last of all our in-
terviews.

Sciolto. That fatal Prophecy will shake
my soul from out my flesh; and like some
tame Hermit I shall unwounded dye.

Scop. The Sand that limits both our lives,
is fallen into the reach of number now: and
I have spent with thee the hasty time pre-
fix'd for a devout employment of my Beads.
The murderers are within.

Sciolto. Horror! hast thou no weapons
there that I may use, and fall here like a
man.

Scop. Unto thy Lips I'd throw a Kiss;
but that they've bound my hands——
Whence is that noise?

Sciolto. I'll be as calm as are *Arabian*
Winds. *Scoperta*, stay; unheard we will
converse——

Scop. They come, they come, dear love,
for evermore farewell.

[*The Mutes snatch her from the Window.*]

Sciolto. O for the Giant race, to help me
heave those Mountains up; that I might bu-
ry this proud Structure and my self.

Enter Altamont, Mervolle.

Merv. You have o'reheard all, what do
you gather from it?

Alta. Her soul is ill prepared.

Merv. I gave command they should a
while delay her death, lest want of leisure
might destroy her penitence.

Alta. Remain within my call, and leave
me here. I charge thee by thy Vow, and by
our friendship that thou depart.

[*Exit Mervolle.*]

Sciolto. Speak what thou art?

Alta. Some call me *Altamont*. I've seen
thee walk arm'd like a Magazine; but thou
art fitly now prepar'd for sufferance.

Sciolto. Not thy tame sacrifice, but victory
I'll be. For naked as I am I will resist my
death; and since unfurnish'd to revenge,
yet I shall trouble thy best strength——

Alta. *Sciolto*, though, thou merit treche-
ry, and opposition that, by darkest stealth,
may couzen thee of thy luxurious soul, yet
I will give thee fair and equal trial.

Sciolto. False tyranny!

Alta. Stay. This I will perform, and
'tis to know the utmost of thy might, what
wondrous flame and spirits do possess thy
spacious breast.

Sciolto. What's your intent?

Alta. I'd try the justice of my Fate; try
if they'll let me fall before thy bestial
strength; receive thy Sword——

Sciolto. Miracle of bounty!

Alta. If whilst we struggle thou canst
so weaken my defence, that I become dis-
arm'd; thy liberty is gain'd.

Sciolto. With solemn penitence I could
accuse my crimes 'gainst thee: but grief's
akin to fear. I know not which 't afford
thee most, my envy or my love.

Alta. The Moon hath now put on her
brightest Robe; my anger too, doth carry
fire enough to light us to the charge. Guard
well thy heart——

Sciolto. A little respite——Must we needs
fight?

Altamont. You then would cozen me of
my revenge?——

Sciolto. Yet stay!—Know I do love thy
Sister well.

Alta. Mark (sweet Heaven) with what
exalted triumph he boasts the foul remem-
brance of his sin—— [Thrusts at him.]

Sciolto. Stiff as a Column!——

Alta. Th' Arcadian Wrangler told young
Thesens so; but he did yield as if his sinews
had been made of silk. So fierce?——

Sciolto. This closure hath intangled us,
let's make another charge?

Alta. Even thus divided Billows part,
that they may meet in greater foam——

Sciolto. Wilt thou not bleed? not yet?—
I skirmish with unbodied air.

Alta. Thy guilt betrays thy hand——
Take that *Sciolto*.

Sciolto. That wound gapes wide.— [Falls.]

M m m 2

Alta:

Alta. Thy Sword is mine. *Mervolle*, ho!

Sciolto. I have some courage yet, left in my Teeth, if thou art kind, come neerer with thy Throat—

Enter Mervolle, Mutes.

Alta. O the Celestial powers are just. See there, see how he bleeds, whilst I remain untouch'd.

Merv. Has he not lost the benefit of breath?

Alta. Stop all his wounds, and give him time to spend the rest of's time in repentant tears—

[*They bind him with scarfs.*]

Sciolto. My wounds clos'd up, what means this courtesie?

Alta. That thou might'st leisure have to pray. Be sure, *Mervolle*, when's devotion's done, you strangle him.

Sciolto. Can thy young honour stoop so low?

Alta. Unto an equal danger I expos'd my strength, to try thy courage and my fate. This was my justice to my self: Justice I'll give to thee: Thy crimes do merit death.

Sciolto. O sooth my last ambition then, be thou my Executioner.

Alta. Thou art disarm'd, thy blooming honours now are wither'd on thy Crest. I should deprive my anger of her fame, to kill thee tamely now.

Sciolto. *Scoperta*, stay. My soul shall hover straight with thine. Stay for me in the Milky-path.

Alta. Let *Italy* avouch the justice of my revenge. Dull *Britains* know no wrath. Th'unskilful youth, that equal Duels give to him that first incens'd the blood; but tempt

The courtesie of Fate, such take delight To stroke abuse, pay injuries with right.

Mervolle. This way, Sir, leads unto your Grave. You shall have time to gain some friendship with the Saints—

[*Exeunt Mervolle, Sciolto, Mutes.*]

Alta. A sudden frost congeals my heart; I shrink like crooked age, as if my Veins were empty grown— [*Opens his Doublet.*]
Wounded. His point has stoln into my breast. Oh help. I've yet some use for life, Th' nice search I made to know Heav'n's secret justice is aveng'd. Repentance is An immaterial Salve, it cures th'unfound Diseased Soul, but not the Body's wound.

[*Reels off, Exit.*]

ACT V. SCENE. I.

Enter Niente, Alteza, in her Night-Gown.

Alte. A Guard upon my Gates, and have they there been plac'd ere since the first arrival of the night?

Niente. *Mervolle* keeps the Keys, he'll let no servant stir about the house.

Alte. The Sun begins to bathe i'th' mornings tears! hast thou *Lucio* call'd, and bid *Pycho* join with him in a sad Song?

Niente. I have, Madam.

Alte. No more (*Niente*) shalt thou service do for me: last night I told thee I had lost my vanity: that courtly Lady serve who finds it first. But lest thy wants augment thy sins, my charity affords thee this—

[*Flings him a Purse.*]

Niente. Well, I'm resolv'd to mend, or become worse.

[*Exit.*]

A Song between two Boys.

1. **T** His Lady, ripe, and calm, and fresh;
As Eastern Summers are;
Must now forsake both Time and Flesh,
T' add Light to some small Star.

2. Whilst yet alive, each Star decay'd
She may relieve with Light:
But Death leads Beauty to a shade
More cold more dark than Night.

1. The sawey faith of man doth blind
His pride, 'till it conduce
To Destiny all humane kind
For some eternal use.

2. But ask not Bodies (doom'd to dye)
To what abode they go;
Since Knowledge is, but sorrows Spy,
It is not safe to know.

Enter Mervolle.

Merv. Howl, howl, until you wake the inhabitants of Graves! 'till you disquiet all the Spheres, and put harmonious Nature out of tune.

Alte. What means this fatal summon, that doth make amazement cold as Ice.

Merv. Great *Altamont*, your Lord, who still was prompt to curb th' incitements of your

your wrath, threw wife advantage from his reach, and struggled with the bold *Sciolto*, in an equal War.

Alteza. I would not have the power to prophecy.

Merv. The surly Lyon and the Bore, did ne'er maintain resistance with like fierce and ruinous return of strength: for from their Eyes Lightning flew, 'till bold *Sciolto* ragged with his wounds; did bleed away his strength. This his false Sword your Husband bid me prostrate at your feet—and 'tis the last memorial of his love.

Alte. Ambiguous History! he Conquerour, yet this the last memorial of his love!

Merc. Wife Heaven did mock your *Altamont*: for whilst o'rejoy'd with Victory, he spies in's breast a large deep wound, and thence his soul took flight.

Alte. O my poor Lord! how soon hast thou begun thy immortality. The hasty spark so upward mounts, and then no more is seen.

Merv. I'th' last remainder of his dying speech, he briefly told his Testament. To please his Ghost, shew now a little loyalty and love, rise, and be conducted by me. I will inform your knowledge all that he enjoin'd.

Alte. Th' obedience which I scant to his life, unto his memory I'll strictly pay.

Merv. You have a loss that doth out-speak complaint! if sweet and pliant discipline of Courts, if seats of mighty War, or sober Arts advance th'esteem of humane quality;

'Tis fit your *Altamont* we strive to raise, Above the charity or skill of praise.

Enter Florello, Rossa, Molard, in their old habits. Dandolo, Stoccata, Punto, bound.

Flor. Who did assist your passage to this walk?

Rossa. *Mervolle*, Sir, with whom we us'd your name. Do you observe the Count, and his two lean Janizaries?

Flor. What, in captivity?

Rossa. Certain stratagems, Sir, have been levell'd against your life.

Molard. E're since the hope of day, they waited your descent from the Cloyster Bridge: but doubting their own courage, and meeting us disguis'd, thus in our original weeds; they would have brib'd us for two Pistols to assist the prosecution of your death. But have bound them to their good behaviour.

Flor. They walk like Caterpillers on a Leaf.—

[*Takes Dandolo aside.* Yield me the cause why you contriv'd my death.

Dand. Good faith, Sir, for no harm.

Flor. Give me a Knife—

[*They search Dandolo.*

Rossa. Here is one belong'd to *Hans van Genlicke*.

[*Florello cuts Dandolo's bonds, and gives him the Knife.*

Flor. Take your self solemnly aside and cut your Throat! do't straight, and neatly too, y' had best.

Dand. The motion I dislike, 'tis dangerous.

Flor. Have you three throats, can you revive as oft as you are kill'd, to take new punishment, that thus you musing 'gainst kind reason?

Dand. These thousand years 't has been observ'd, th'eldest Brothers of our house, Sir, could ne'er endure to cut their Throats.

Flor. 'Tis fit, dear Count, that you must dye, I'm else unjust unto my self.

Dand. With sapient Arts, we will project to save the reputation of your justice.

Flor. As how?

Dand. I will declare that I am dead, and both my Champions here shall swear't.

Stoc. We'll venture one Commandment to save another, Sir.

Flor. This cannot satisfy. How're (Sir Count) if you will patiently accept your death, I'll furnish ye with Guides, for your last jaunt. You *Punto* and *Stoccata* too! no more of your Philosophy. Fix Brow, to Brow, knock out each others Brains, and shew your Lord the way, unto the *Elizium* Field. Do it at first encounter too; for I'm in haste—

Stoc. 'Slight, Sir, I ne'er was in *Elizium*. Nor should I find the way thither, though Signior *Argos* lent me Ninety Nine of his Eyes.

Froll. Then *Punto* shall be Conduct to ye both.

Punto. Good Signior, any courtesie but this you may command. You still go most presume upon the calm and wise nature.

Rossa. They all are forfeig'd to the Law. If you'll bestow 'em but as prisoners unto us, they shall suffer, or give us large ransom.

Flor. How? a ransom? these two are poorer than Carthulian Monks: lean as a Romish Lent. Slaves, who pretend sickness, that they may lye in Hospitals to steal the Sheets.

Rossa. The Count, Sir, will untie his strings for 'em.

Dand. Ransom I'll give: for I do hate to dye.

Flor. The ransom must be small. Shuttle 'em together: and pack 'em hence. I will not hear a syllable of thanks. *Rossa*, see 'em hors'd for *Millain*.

[*Exeunt all but Florello.*
Enter.

Enter Charintha to him.

Charintha. O dismal change ! does your victorious Sword hang now on aged Belt of Bandedeer ? is your high Plume moulted to a sprig.

Flor. Who can resist the frowns of destiny ? My sufferance gives my merits their reward.

Charintha. Your speech was wont to be in a more high exalted Key : lowd as a Gulph ! your heart was full of Jigs, and your feet did wander even like Autumn leaves.

Flor. Affect so much humility as may employ your thoughts with more compassion on my ru'nous fall.

Charintha. I threw on you perpetual banishment.

Flor. I'm come to manifest the sin of my disguise : though it proceeded more from hope t'enjoy your person than your wealth.

Charintha. 'Has got a sweet and powerful way in speech.

Flor. This is my real shape, in which I do appear a thin and wither'd Souldier, born i'th' later age of war : when glory's sick, and honour is fantastical.

Charintha. He was not wont to use this Dialect.

Flor. Grant now (thou beauteous wealth of Italy) an expiation for my Crimes ; for know, I would be clean when I shall dedicate my future Vows to th' absent Altar of thy heart : lest I do lose the use of my idolatry ; and make repentance sin.

Charintha. Do all harmonious gifts reside within such course and humble weeds ?

Flor. Destroy me not with scorn : I know you Ladies most delight in name, and guilded pomp, which was the fatal cause I practis'd them on you.

Charintha. Y' endear the worst of fashion unto us, by making it a custom in your selves. If men did not provide such follies for our sight, we knew not where to find their use ; for they digest them first, then they become our nourishment.

Flor. Vain men. We alter our creation so with female shapes, that Heaven scarce knows its stamp, and Nature (that distinction still commands t'each Sex) forgets the work of her own hands.

Charintha. I ne'er beheld a feature masculine till now : had you but thus appear'd unto my first survey, I might have lov'd in haste, and yet excus'd the rashness of my eyes. I'gin to feel some danger in my stay.

Flor. Ere you depart, a small memorial from your hands, I crave, to wear upon my Crest, that it may tempt kind fate to look on me, when I in glorious battel strive ;

and I will absent my self for evermore.

Charintha. I nothing keep for such sad use, as to deprive me of so sweet a miracle.

Flor. Grant my request, or I'll pursue you for it.

Charintha. If you continue still to beg, I fear my bounty will prove rash : and I shall give so much of love, as you can ne'er repay.

Flor. O my auspicious Stars ! should I not now make use of your good influence, I were unworthy of your care.

[*Enter Mervolle.*

Merv. The choice you make can ne'er deserve your chaste and lawful fire, she is *Florella* of a heart and ittain, too insolent for nuptial happiness.

Flor. Thou hast been call'd my friend. But if thy malice continue a dislike of her, I'll blow thee from my memory, and with my chiefest strength I'll punish thy mistake.

Merv. A des'late grief will more become thy breast than this proud rage. Thy Brother's dead, and his decease caus'd by her Sister's pride.

Charintha. My Sister's Husband dead.

Flor. Into my ears thou hast such horror thrown, it hath already stiffened every hair on my amazed head.

Charintha. Wilt thou neglect to cherish the swift growth of our new loves ?

Merv. Like to her Sister, she but counterfeits a passionate esteem, that thy fond nature she might tempt beneath her government. If *Altamont* be dear unto thy thought, leave her, and straight attend his Hearse, that in the Chappel waits thy obsequy. [*Exit.*

Charintha. Th' inspir'd Needle's not more true unto the North, the Sun to his diurnal race, nor Rivers to the Main, than I to thee.

Flor. Sorrow and love, my senses do divide. If I remain with thee, then only love I serve, if with sad steps, I tread the way unto my Brothers Hearse, I both obey. [*Exit.*

Charintha. Thou dost requite the scorn which I did throw on thy first love. My destiny must needs be tragick now : since the contracted scope of all my joy rests in diseased hope. [*Exit.*

Enter Mervolle, Alteza.

Merv. Behold the Throne, your Lord commanded me prepare : and here you must be pleas'd to sit.

Alte. Can this advancement ought refer to your delight, or to my Lords last Testament ?

Merv. Justice hath laid her Sword within your

your reach : and you have power to sheath it so ; that where you execute, you may a murder do, or sacrifice. Bring the delinquents in.

Enter Sciolto, Scoperta, at several doors, each led in, bound, and hoodwink'd, by two Mutes.

Alte. Sciolto and Scoperta still alive ?

Sciolto. Thy spirit, *Altamont*, ascended with the love of all my chiefest orizons.

Merv. These two were by your Husbands jealousy and hate, ordain'd for death : but e're that we could well perform his will ; his noble breast receiv'd a wound, that bad him straight provide for's own eternity. The last of all his speech refer'd them both unto your power. You may appoint them live or dye : and I'm oblig'd by Vow, to see perform'd what you command.

Alte. O dire, sinister accident !

Merv. Your Jewels and your wealth, I have pack'd up, to assist us in our flight, when we have finish'd this usurpation of the Laws. Let them enjoy their eyes ; that they may know their Judge.

[The Mutes unmuffle 'em.]

Scop. Hah, Sciolto !

Sciolto. Scoperta, O my soul——

Merv. Keep them divided from each other's reach.

Sciolto. I thought thy beauties had been dark and cold, and th'adst e're this begun an easie sleep within thy silent Grave.

Scop. And I suppos'd thee fled a Harbenger to Heaven : with purpose to bespeak my lodging ne'er to thine.

Sciolto. Since this sad night did blind the drowsie world, they thus have manacled my strength. They've watch'd me, 'till I am so tame ; that now a child may Master me.

Scop. We cannot, Sir, be mortal long ; therefore receive a hope our sufferance will cease.

Merv. Sciolto, now require the leisure I have given thy penitence, by rendring straight unto the world, how far thou didst corrupt these Ladies with thy guilt. For know, I still perswaded *Altamont* thy lust enjoy'd no more, than what concern'd wilhes or hope. And I was usher'd to the belief of this, by knowledge of those secret spies which he employ'd to watch your personal removes, about the House ; whose labours ever miss'd of finding that success he prophecy'd.

Sciolto. I do confess m'imagination once did sin against them both : but if it e're extended unto act ; let me lose Heaven.

Merv. If *Altamont* were now alive, sure this confession would clear his faith. Madam,

you hear that he *Scoperta* vindicates by oaths though his own crime doth carry an import more evident, and black ; but yet when you behold his feature, and his youth, your mercy may conceive 'twere pity that he should so soon depart from time and flesh.

Alte. Sir, you have skill to know my womanhood is weak as ignorance or sleep. Why should you seat me here, thus to dispose of Law : that ne'er knew any justice but revenge.

Merv. Your sentence I am bound to execute.

Alte. Have I not heard you say, my Husband did ordain them both for death ? 'Twould ill become the duty of my knowledge t'alter his Decree.

Merv. Keep your intent, I will pronounce their sentence. Mutes, strangle them.

Sciolto. If in thy functions, gentle Nature claims an interest, let us embrace, before we do forsake each others view.

Merv. I grant what you request : make your performance short ; whilst I reveal my opinions (Lady) to your ear.

[Sciolto, and Scoperta kneel to each other.]

Sciolto. O *Scoperta* ! this is the last of all our bulie dreams ; what we possess is but imaginary now : Thy shadow I embrace, not thee : for like to it, thou'lt flye from my enjoyment, and no more be seen——

Scop. So much of various fate, so soon express'd, two Lovers yet ne'er knew ; since sympathy first dwelt on earth.

Sciolto. E're long we must be cold, cold, cold my Love, and wrapp'd in stubborn sheets of Lead : hous'd in a deep a gloomy Vault ; where no society will mix with us.

Scop. Whilst still there's noise, and business in the world ; whilst still the wars grow loud, and Battels join.

Sciolto. But O ! how many Ages may succeed in Heaven's dark Kalendar ; e're we again shall meet in our warm flesh ?

Scop. And whether that our souls, when they're prefer'd to taste eternity will ever think upon the bargains of our humane loves is unto me a desolate suspense.

Sciolto. Philosophy doth seem to laugh upon our hopes, and wise Divinity belies our knowledge, with our Faith : jealous Nature hath lock'd her secrets in a Cabinet, which time ne'er saw : and he that in it prys, Unto Religion forfeits his bold eyes.

Scop. Our Reason frights our Senses to distrust. My Lips do beg from thine a Legacy——

Sciolto. O sad accompt. How is my bounty now exhaust : this is the last I e're shall give——

Merv. Blind them again, and stay their deaths awhile. Madam, your knowledge

is already taught *Scoperta's* innocence. *Sciolto's* deed stands ne'er your punishment; but distant far from remedy. Mark his goodly feature, with what magnificence he's built? Besides this Morn his Uncle too (the wealthiest of our Senators) is dead, and has been pleas'd t'intitle him his Heir.

Alte. Should I not chide?

Merv. Think how you lov'd him once. He will (to save his life) discard *Scoperta's* interest, and marry you: a happiness complete for both.

Alte. Hah?

Sciolto. Slaves. Stretch now your Cordage out, pull till my eyes do start like Bullets from my skull, murdering where they flye——

Alte. Hold, hold—— Did my dead Lord bid you perform, what I decree?

Merv. He did: and I assured it with my Vows.

Alte. Hear then without resistance of my breath, *Sciolto* is condemn'd by Law; as known the fatal Instrument that did deprive my Lord of precious life; so he must dye. 'Twere fit my care should shew some mercy in *Scoperta's* doom; she's Sister to my Lord: but her sweet innocence doth make her safe. She must remain among the living still; and in her room, I do condemn my self. For my stern pride, was the original cause of this black Tragedy. Kind, Sir, as you esteem your Vows, see my edict perform'd: and give me privilege first to endure its wrath——

[*She descends.*]

Merv. This carries wonder in't.

Scop. I'll not resign these bonds of death, unless *Sciolto* share in the compassion too——

Alte. Give me your pardon (gentle Maid) I have depriv'd you of a Brother that deserv'd more Pyramids, than all the Egyptian Kings. Instead of him, receive my prayers, my wealth. When o're his Herse you raise a Monument, and fix my Marble Figure ne'er to his, then carve me weeping—— I shall go with so much sorrow to my Grave, that being dead, my Ashes will have power to penetrate the Stones. Release this pious Lady and perform your execution upon me——

[*One o'th' Mutes pulls off his Vizard and discovers himself to be Altamont.*]

Alte. Away you dreadful Ministers of death. The Lawrel Sprig, the Mirtle wreath'd in Coronets, my Love deserves; for he is grown too good for earth——

Alte. My *Altamont*—— [*She sinks.*]
[*Mervolle unmusset, and unbinds Sciolto, and Scoperta, who straight embrace each other.*]

Sciolto. This deceit brings wonder, great as our joy. They that divide us now, must

use the strength of swelling floods, and help of Thunder too——

Alte. Put all thy beauties on again, and smile at the return of our long absent love: My wound is clos'd, and will have instant cure——

Alte. The Earth groan'd at my fall, so heavy are my sins, so much they did increase my weight.

Alte. Rise gently like a flame, from incense sprung. *Mervolle*, to appease my jealousy, ordain'd me this disguise, that I might hear how in your sentence you behav'd your love to me: hadst thou continu'd false, I had increas'd the anger of thy fate: but now thou art indeed unto my heart again——

Alteza. Sir, I have hope my future loyalty will manifest, your mercy well bestow'd——

Alte. *Scoperta*, thou'lt excuse the carriage of my doubts, I look'd on thee with th' eyes of love, and love is still too strict in her survey——

Scop. My memory would sin, should it record ought that might nourish my dislike of you: you made me taste of sorrow, not of wrath.

Sciolto. 'Tis I, that have most needful use of your kind charity: forget my errors past, and to oblige my future gratitude, give me your Sister for my Wife. My Uncle's death hath lent me power still to maintain her in such quality as shall become my dear respects to you, the greatness of her virtue, and her blood.

Alte. Take her, and be as tender of her health, as Heaven hath o're thy wounds; which in their cure express much miracle—— My joy's so swell my breast, that I do find there's danger in delight. How blest'd, *Mervolle*, are thy Arts?

Mervolle. Some Angels care assisted the success.

Enter Charintha, Befognaia.

Charimba. Not *Altamont's* return to life, nor yet *Sciolto's* and *Scoperta's* glad reprove, nor all the joys in reconciliation of your loves, can my cold senses please: *Florello* is unkind——

Alte. Tell me, *Charimba*, is thy love sincere: such as i'th' simple youth of Nature is exchange'd by Lovers with a harmless plight?

Charimba. It is sincere, as holy Hermits Vows, and true, as their confession at their deaths.

Merv. Appear, *Florello*, and receive thy doom.

Enter

Enter Florello.

Alta. It was *Mervolle's* care thus to assure thy Mistress real love and constancy, ere thou shouldst give too much of thine away. But now receive her from *Alteza's* hand—

Alte. *Charintha*, thy election is so safe thou never wilt repent. He cannot be so ne'er ally'd unto the blood of *Altanont*, but he must needs participate in virtue too.

Charintha. We will embrace each other, till we dye with age.

Flor. The gentle Turtle shall direct us how t'augment our loves; the Eagle to renew our youth, and we will strive to imitate the Vine in our increase—

Alta. Joy, joy! the firmament is now unmask'd, and each of us, hath found his Star.

Flor. My lov'd Sister I have to rehear'd the story of your griefs, and from this no-

ble Signior, I must beg the name of Brother too.

Scotto. You do me honour too.

Enter *Rossa*, *Molard*, *fantastickly cloth'd in Dandolo's habit.*

Molard. The great *Dandolo* and his Giant whelps, are mounted on a Mule.

Rossa. Naked they ride as Scouts of *Tartary*.

Alta. What are these?

Flor. My friends, and share in my good fortune. Dull men o' war, behold the Trophy of my Victory, she's mine: bow, and do homage to her lips—

Alta. Still thou dost mourn (*Alteza*) like a Dove. Hark, hark— [*Soft Music.* the *German Viols* wake the *Tuscan Lute*? The sacred noise attend, that whilst we hear, Our souls may dance into each others ear.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

FINIS.

THE Cruel Brother.

TRAGEDY.

To the Right Honourable the Lord *Weston*, Lord High-Treasurer of England.

My Lord,

I Should do my inclination wrong, to call this the first testimony of my zeal to your Lordship: For I did never think the wonder, or the praise that I have written, just; until I found your Lordships Character in both: and yet the Age is grown unworthy to receive

N n n

such

such truths ; therefore, some were purposely conceal'd ; and this fit esteem of your Lordship, is chiefly left to delight Posterity. I could urge the dignity of Drammatick-Poems, but that were vainly to direct, rather than woo an acceptation. Those errors, your Lordships leisure shall vouchsafe to read in this Tragedy, are its original Crimes, having received no examination since the Birth, and being advis'd to correct it, by a survey, I said ; I had study'd your Lordship, and would not lessen the noble office of your Mercy. This confidence (I hope) shall nothing prejudice

Your Lordships

bumble Servant

WILLIAM D'AVENANT.

The Actors in this Tragedy.

The Duke of Sienna.

Lucio a Count.

Forreste, Creature to Lucio.

Castruchio, a satyrical Courtier.

Cosimo, a Courtier, and Cousin to Castruchio.

Dorido, a Gentleman, Companion with both.

Lothario, a frantick young Gallant.

Borachio, a Rustick, Tenant and Servant to Lothario.

A Monk, a Tutor.

A Gentleman, a Tutor.

Corsa, Sister to Foreste, Wife to Lucio.

Luinna, Wife to Foreste.

Duarte, Woman to Corsa.

A Boy, who sings.

Servants, &c.

The Scene ITALY.

ACT

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Forreste and Lucio.

Forrest. I Must not be so rude as to believe that you (my Lord) can your affections set upon a Maid, so humble in her birth as the you name, pray do not mock the Sister of your Servant.

Lucio. O my dear *Forreste*! Thy Sister with such noble wealth is fraught, that to be covetous for her, appears, a holy sin. But thou art cruel grown, thy memory is sick. The old effects that witness how I love thy learned soul are quite forgot.

Forrest. My Lord, disclaim that thought! here I declare, that you my Patron are, you found me in estate so poor, so low, that you were fain to stoop to lift me up; you are the Dukes Creature! and what is the whose Virgin blood disdains to quench your lawfull fire? or whom the Duke would not procure to climb your Marriage Bed upon her Knees? and shall I then (like to the treacherous Moon) strive to eclipse the Sun that gives me light? My Lord, though you are wife, you are but young.

Lucio. Shall I ne'er be old, that my designs may have some reputation and credit in the world. I do not ask thy Sister for my Mistresses, but for my Wife.

Forrest. Sir 'tis already join'd unto my faith, for I would stab your heart, should it contrive a way in thought, how to cheat my Sister of her pure chastity. I love you so that I with care suppose, the not deserves to be your Wife, and to esteem of her that she is much too good, to be your Whore. In this new argument I am too bold, you know my duty well. The Duke's abroad, though but the birth of day. Go, Sir!

Enter Duke, Castruchio, Dorido, Cosimo, Page, and Followers.

Duke. My glorious Boy, you are too vigilant: The Sun and you do visit me at once. This courtship is not safe. You must not meet your Lover with a Rival, glorious as your self. *Forreste*! welcome from *Genoa*, how fares our Brother Cardinal?

Forrest. In health and ease. He bad me tell your Grace, it was a deed of charity to think him worthy of this same great employment. And this letter he humbly recommends to your perusal.

[Duke reads the Letter to himself.]

Cast. How can it chafe but choke the very soul, and bruise the heart, to think

that such a giddy Snipe: a fool (that merely lives to disparage Nature) should creep to this ambitious Government. Still he rules the Ruler. The Duke is Ward unto a Page, and there's his Instrument, a dark fellow; that with disguised Looks could cheat an Hypocrite.

Dorid. I've heard a better Character of both, such, as to the young Count, Wit, and Valour gives unto *Forreste* honesty.

Cast. Report is then become a Bawd to Luck; whom Fortune doth enrich Fame doth flatter.

Duke. Sure this tame Priest will make us all Cowards. We must a truce confirm with *Genoa*. Well, be it so! Where now (my noble Boy) shall I occasion find, to testify that you deserve my love, by your own virtue.

Lucio. In this I dare discredit Fate. They are not so wealthy in affliction: with sorrow so well stor'd, as could suffice to try my sufferance: in the behalf of you my Prince, and still Royal Master.

Duke. Dar'st thou then dye for me? Here—make thy self a sacrifice to Fame, take it: and I will be thy Chronicler.

[Offers him a naked Ponyard.]

Lucio. It were (Sir) but ingratitude in me to lessen thus, the number of your true friends. Be you pleas'd to sheath it in that same part, which you do most abhor.

Duke. O, *Lucio*! when in my private Grave I lye inclos'd, more silent than my ruin'd Fame: no tongue shall pay his tribute to my memory but thine: for thou art likely to survive: thy years are few, but full of gratitude—Come: hie we to the Park: the sprightly morn gives motion wings.

[Exit Duke and Train.]

Cast. Royal dotard, like Tinder, thou dost waste thy forced fire: to give another light whose saucy flame will darken thine: Monstrous!

Dorid. Why dost thou spend thy Gall in secret thus? a Pox upon't: turn thoughts to action: Heaven knows, I had rather enrich my self, than envy others wealth. Employ thy brain. Get the Dukes Filt to this; and thou shalt share five hundred Crowns.

Cast. What is't?

Dorid. The old business.

Cast. And not yet sign'd: This 'tis to be modest. Had I had reputation in thy Creed, it had been done long since.

There's my Agent.

[Enter Forreste.]

Hence and provide me thanks. Save you Signior. Am I in your remembrance, Sir?

Forest. Signior *Castruchio*, as I take you.

Cast. The same. Because I never did desire to gain by being troublesome, I lost the dear benefit of my long service. Custom's a Sutors safe encourager. I the Duke have serv'd, since I was able to serve my self. Yet never had the luck to get by it: and as the times promise never shall: Unless I imitate the Crab, and find my way (as he doth his) backwards. That is to make petition to the foot that he will please t'instruct, and teach the head when to commiserate my affair.

Forest. Signior, I need a comment to your words.

Cast. If you will move my Lord (the Count) to get the Dukes fair hand subscribed here; then shall I find my self well understood.

Forest. Sir, my abilities are most ready when I find I may be profitable to any Courtiers just, and modest sure. I pray what sense carries the inscription?

Cast. Only this, Sir. There is an Engine made which spends its strength by force of nimble wheels: with this the skilful make Scabbards, Boxes, Sheaths, Chests, and molds for Childrens Cabinets.

Forest. Trust me an Engine of importance great! but now, what would the Engineer himself?

Cast. Faith, Signior, nought but a Monopoly for all those Wares his Engine makes.

Forest. Keep it. Good Sir, keep it. A Monopoly! why, Sir, the Common-wealth hath been so crush'd, with th' insulting Charter of such Patents, that now the very word defiles the cause. I had thought you Signior would have ingag'd my industry in such a sute as might no way disparage though it did enrich; however not abuse the publick weal.

Cast. Very good, Sir. My Lord the Count, your self (his servile instrument) and some others, of this new faction that now engross all Offices, and send your Scouts abroad Intelligencers strict, that bring you home the number and the rate of what your selves or others in the dark can put to sale. Nature hath not altered yet: we must eat bread if we intend to live; which how to get (unless this humble way that you deride) in troth I cannot tell. It makes me mad to think you should expose us men of Art, to those fastidious helps that scape your own acceptance. Your wide throats that soon will swallow any thing which fills, although it nourish not. A pox upon you all!

Forest. I did expect you would begin to rail. Good troubled Soul! I knew you

well before. You are the only man, whose wealthy Muse doth furnish all the Fiddlers in the State with desp'rate Ballads, and inventive Songs. Libels of such weak fancy and compofure, that we do all esteem it greater wrong t'have our Names extant in such paltry Rime, than in the slanderous sense.

Cast. Very well, Sir.

Forest. You, you must be a Satyrift forsooth, calumniate by instinct and inspiration. As if just Heaven would borrow Gall of you, wherewith to write our faults. (O strict account!) Your Gall, which in the Pen so overflows, that still it blots, where it inscribes. You imitate the property of Dogs, who bark and snarle most at him they know not, for else among all those you scandalize why nam'd you me? (almost a stranger to your Eye) my Ancestors that built no Monument for their fames to dwell in; you also bring into the knowledge of the critick world. Why I could never see thee yet but drunk: which makes thy Verses reel and stagger so.

Cast. Come, Sir; we may exchange one thrust unseen.

[*They draw, fight close, Forest. flings down Cast. and disarms him.*]

Forest. A pretty Cur! dare it bite as well as bark! how now, Sir, your Mathematical thrusts! Then have at ye—Yield me thy Sword, or else thou dy'st. I have no joy to set at liberty a soul so unprepared. And as thou art my Enemy, I take a full revenge, by suffering thy corrupted blood to dwell and taint within thy Veins. W'are discover'd—
[*Enter a Monk.* Take thy Sword. Now get thee home and rail upon't, because 'twould fight no better.

Cast. Yet we may meet i'th' dark. You have a throat, and there are Knives in Italy.
[*Exit Castruchio.*]

Forest. A good day attend my ghostly Father! doth your stay here discover ought you would wish me?

Monk. O Son, your fame is of complexion clear, such as enflames the virtuous eye, to love and adoration. Such as would procure all the skilful Angels sutors to her, and such as serves for my encouragement, for I no Letters have from Noble Friends, which a requital from themselves invite, by Courtship bold and troublesome to others, nor am I with that wicked mettal stor'd, that rules the mighty, and betrays the mind to toil in a design which angers Heaven, and makes the Devil blush. But yet (dear Son) I have a sute to thee.

Forest. Which I desire to know.

Monk. In the ancient Convent of *S. Augustine* there is a holy Brother lately dead, whose

whose place if you will but confirm on me by the Dukes Letter to the Brother-hood, then shall I better leisure have to pray for you my Patron.

Foref. Alas, my Father! the times are more observant to your Tribe. It is the method now, that your deserts need not to usher but succeed reward. The Treatise (written lately) to confute the desperate Sect in *Mamuz*, says you are the Author?

Monk. It knows no other.

Foref. There your preferment safely taketh root. Believe me (ghostly Father) I will chuse the fittest time to work in your behalf.

Monk. Heaven prosper your designs.

[*Exit Monk.*]

Foref. What throngs of great impediments besiege the virtuous mind? so thick they jostle one another as they come. Hath Vice a charter got, that none must rise but such, who of the Devils Faction are? The way to honour is not evermore the way to Hell: a virtuous man may climb. Let the Flatterer sell his Lies, else-where it is unthrifty merchandize to change my Gold for breath. Of all Antagonists most charity I find in envious men. For they do sooner hurt themselves, than hurt or me, or him, that rais'd me up. An envious man is made of thoughts. To ruminate much doth melt the brain, and make the heart grow lean. Such men as these: That in opposing waste their proper strengths: That sacrifice themselves in silly hope, to butcher us; save Revenge a labour, and dye to make experiment of wrath. Let Fame discourse aloud until he want an Antidote: I am not scar'd with noise. Here I dismiss my fears. If I can swell (unpoison'd by those helps, which Heaven forbids)

Fond love of ease, shall ne'er my soul dehoit: Maugre all flattery, envy or report.

[*Exit Foref.*]

Sutors within. O good your Grace hear us, hear the complaints of us poor men: O hear us! we are all undone! Good your Honour hear us.

Enter Duke and Lucio.

Duke. Death encounter 'em! *Lucio* shut the door! 'tis the plague of greatness, the curse of pomp, that in our darkest privacy we must even publick be to every mans affairs. How now! all these saucy Troops of brawling Sutors attend on you my glorious Boy.

Lucio. It is their humble skill not to arrive before your Grace, but by an Advocate a Mediatour blessed in your Eyes.

Duke. How apt am I to love! yet now observe unkindness in my care, I study how

to make thee less that I may make thee more and more my own. Office and Dignity are Enemies to health and ease. Respect grows tedious, observance troublesome, where 'tis most due. He that gives his Soul no more employment than what's her own: may sleep within a Mill. While busie hearts that love to undertake beyond their reach of years, are fain to use drowsie potions: yet watch the Winter night with more distinction than the Parish Clock. Could'st thou resign thy titles and thy cares to make me yet more capable of still enjoying thee?

Lucio. My zeal unto my self forbids my speech. Since if I make reply to this, I but disparage duty, and consume my breath. Where fight is young and clear, there Spectacles are troublesome; and rather hide than shew the object. The most devout obedience which I shall ever owe unto your Grace becomes my heart, much better than my tongue.

Duke. But yet observe (my *Lucio*) th'unkind tricks of Nature: how we are fool'd by a religious constancy in love. A Princes hate doth ruine where it falls: but his affection warmeth where it shines, until it kindle fire to scorch himself. If we are subject to the sin of Heaven, extremity of love: Let there be mercy shewn in punishment. Why is the corrupted use of Royal love imputed to our charge, we that with all those Organs furnish'd are, all those faculties natural in men: yet limited in use of each: prescrib'd our conversation by a saucy form of State. How can we chuse (by this restraint) but struggle more for liberty? make choice of some one ear, wherein to empty out our souls, when they are full of busie thoughts; of Plots abortive, crude, and thin. 'Tis cheap and base for Majesty not to be singular in all effects. O then if I must give my heart to the command of one: tend him (sweet Heaven!) a modest appetite: teach him to know the stomach sooner surfeits with too much, than starves for lack of that supply which covetous ambition call-eth want. For when my Friend begs my bounty then concludes to make me poor before that he shall so unthrifty be of breath to ask in vain. O my *Lucio*! How canst thou conster this. After I have chid I seem to flatter thee.

Lucio. My gracious Lord——

Duke. Peace——I will no more employ my memory thus to discourage thine. Where's *Foreste*? 'Tis fit he know you are not vigilant in his behalf. *Farelo de Sforza* (my old Secretary) is newly dead: the place is his. I shall expect no thanks from you, nor yet from him: my bounty is requir'd in her choice.

Lucio.

Lucio. Your Grace will bring us both within the reach of publick envy.

Duke. Thou now would'st certifie, his birth obscure and base, discourageth such help to his promotion. Not a jot: Know my Boy! 'tis the vulgar, not the Royal trade to patch up things: or seek to mend what was before of quality perfect enough it self. To make a man of nothing: why this same creation inclines a little neer Divinity. Near the old performance; which from *Chaos* drew this multitude of subtle forms.

Lucio. Since you (the royal maker) do commend the metal, and your workmanship; it shews there's little skill in those which envy him. *Foreste* is your Creature. Many times I do acquaint him what the general voice doth urge in his disgrace. He laughs it out; and swears he would not lose that privilege which Nature gave him by her kind mistake in his nativity, for the Sea's worth. As if from's issue he could ne'er deserve a Monument; unless himself do hew the Stones whereof 'tis built: unless he raise his dignity on poverty obscure and base.

Duke. We do affect his thoughts. Such industry proclaims him fit for high designs: some men attend the Drum, and riddle out their lives on Earth; calling their loss their gain, danger delight. Some men converse with Books, and melt the brain in fullen study how to vindicate the liberal Arts. Those loose formalities then grow methodical; and dye i'th' dark. Some practise rules of State, and suffer much for Honours sake: nay tread upon themselves at first, to reach the higher. Some pursue the Plough; and in their wholsom sweat do swim. And some that furnish'd are with nimbler souls, employ their times in wanton exercise; Masques and Revels: the Complements of love, and love I find the easiest vanity.

Lucio. O gentle *Corfa*! make it so with me, fain would I (if I durst) reveal to him the heat of my affection, and where 'tis fix'd. [A noise within.]

Duke. Hark! sure the Gallery door is left unlockt. Are we debar'd all place of privacy? Nature in us hath lost her vulgar right. A loud bawling Sutor, doth not waken Charity, but deafen her. A shame upon 'em all! In *Lucio*.

[Exeunt Duke and Lucio.]

Enter Sutors at the other door.

1. Heaven blefs his Grace.
2. Amen: and my Lord the Count's good Honour.
3. Friend! went the Duke this way?

2. Here. This way.

3. Pray shew me him, they call Signior *Lucio*.

2. The Count. Come, I'll shew you him.

1. Follow, follow, follow. [Exeunt.]

Enter Dorido and Cosimo.

Dor. Dost hear? *Cosimo*.

Cos. What say'st thou?

Dor. I prethee stay, why slip but here aside and thou shalt see the most resplendent Fop, that ever did discredit Nature. Signior *Lothario*; a Country Gentleman, but now the Court Baboon: who perswades himself (out of a new kind of madness) to be the Duke's Favourite. He comes. [Enter *Loth. Borach*.] Th'other is a bundle of Proverbs: whom he seduc'd from the Plough, to serve him for Preferment.

Loth. Borachio.

Bor. My Lord?

Loth. Survey my Garments round, and then declare if I have hit it?

Bor. You have, Sir: but not the mark.

Loth. What mark? thou bold Parithioner of Hell.

Bor. Why, Sir, the mark I aim at: Preferment. After a storm, comes a calm: the harder you blow, the sooner your Cheeks will ake: and he that cares for your anger may have more of't when he list; for my part I know my Mother.

Loth. The froward Sisters have conspir'd. Slave! Dog! wilt thou never leave this im-mense folly? Can nothing serve those dull Lips but Proverbs?

Bor. Sir, I know none of your Proverbs. First come, first serv'd. Those words that are nearest the tongue, have opportunity soonest to leave the mouth.

Loth. Is it then decreed, I must grow mad?

Bor. I'll be no more flouted, nor bruised, not I. What need my Lord be beholding to me for's mirth; when he may laugh at's own folly? Besides, though motion and exercise be good for gross bodies; therefore, must they of the Guard, pitch me up and down like a Bar?

Loth. Sa, sa, sa, a mutiny in Heaven!

Bor. If there be, you are not likely to come thither to appease it, first end this quarrel upon Earth. I have serv'd you this six Months, in hope of an Office; and am no more an Officer than he that bore me.

Loth. Alas, poor fool! I pity thee. Thou wilt believe nothing but that which may be seen or understood. I say thou art an Officer; or if thou art not thou shalt be; which is better: for that same which we now enjoy is in some danger to be lost: but that which

which we never had cannot be lost before we have it.

Bor. O rare conclusion!

Loth. Besides. Look here and then rejoice, is the Count (whom they call my Rival i'th' Duke's favour) is he (I say) accounted like to me? Why his sleeves sit like stockings on his arms. His Breeches are like two Clokebags, half sow'd together in the Twist: and his other Garments shew like Plaisters on him. Follow. And make thy fortune Fat.

Bor. Well, he that still expects, but tires his hope, what one cannot, another can: 'tis so with days and hours too. And for my part let the Glass run out.

[*Exeunt Loth. Bor.*]

Dor. His Man's as full of Proverbs as a Constable: he coins 'em himself.

Cof. And such another Head-piece fill'd with Whay as is the Master here, the Sun ne'er saw.

Dor. He walks like a Zeal and Stork.

Cast. But sure the Duke enables error in their fancy, by some behaviour equivalent to what the Master and the Man expect: for else folly cannot be so sickly-ey'd; but time will give it strength to know it self.

Dor. Why, Sir, this dignifies the jeast. They scarce e're saw the Duke, and are less known unto the world. His Grace well apprehends these voluntary mistakes of Nature, are fitter subjects for accidental mirth, than a Comical continuance. It is a levity too humble in a Prince, to heed such trifles.

Cof. Nay——Prethee lead the way.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACT II. SCENE. I.

Enter Foreste and Luinna.

Foref. I Cannot tell why thou (my Girl) should'st joy in my advancement thus. Honour and place bring fullen thoughts with them: business of such a rugged quality, as takes away the amorous garb: I shall no leisure have to comfort thee with smiles: when 'tis assign'd that I must venture for a Boy: 'twill be in haste. My business will not suffer me to stay, and make a Prologue to the Act.

Luin. It is not fit I apprehend you now. But I wish that you would know; my duty is so well preserv'd from all corruption: which either youth: or foul example might produce: that it defies some trial, to certify the world how strong it is.

Foref. I was assur'd before. This is the time, in which I shall oblige posterity or fall (my Wench) by flattering error. Hast thou to my counsel given? instructions safe! whereby her actions may warrant her promotion well deserv'd.

Luin. It was my last employment.

Foref. I would have her wear her growing fortunes in a handfom fashion: Do but observe the unpollish'd garb of City Dames: of those whom Fathers Parse-strings hoise up to honour. How they do suck their Chins into their Necks, simp'r with unskilful levity: and trip on their wanton Toes, like Fayries. The Devils Dam shews like a Vestal Nun to them: Instruct my Sister, gentle Wife——

[*Enter Lucio.*]

Luc. I shall be earnest to my utmost skill.

Foref. My Lord is come, where's my Sister?

Lucin. With the Florentine: who instructeth her in Musick. [*Exit.*]

Lucio. Signior Foreste, you see my love is rude and bold. I am the usher to my own entrance.

Foref. My good Lord, the Proverb will persuade you, To be bold with what's your own. Your title's strong both to the House and me.

Lucio. I am in debt for both. Wilt thou not chide to see my heart assume this liberty upon my Tongue: [*Musick*] before it rightly knows thy Sisters heart: the Duke consent, as yet unasked too: heark?

Foref. Cease that noise, 'tis troublesome.

[*Cease Musick.*]

Lucio. How, Foreste? hast thou ears? and wilt thou force hence such harmony, or is thy thrift unnatural, wilt thou forbid thy friend to share in what is good, sweet hand persist in what your kindness proffer'd.

Foref. Obey him, if the Musick not deserve your strict attention: You must blame your self. [*Song.*]

[*Enter Corfa.*]

Lucio. Is this that child of Orpheus? how? kneel to me?

Foref. Stay, Sir——Consider what you do. She brings no portion but humility, if her first payment fail: who dares assure the future debt? You'll find she comes not from the East ensich'd with Diamonds, whose wanton

wanton worth unskilful fancy prizes not from use, but from the idolatrous doting of the Eye. Her chaste obedience is all her Dowry. O bitter speech! it cuts my very soul to think that fortune should create us two meer patterns of your charity.

Lucio. Dare you authorise this Idolatry? then I'll kneel too.

Forst. And I will join to make th' offence seem virtuous. Now enterchange your souls. Where passion is so fond, it cannot well be counterfeit. Each Angel hear me speak! O send, send down unto this youthful pair celestial heat. Such love as makes a business of delight; instruct her soul to practise duty in the humble strain. Make her fruitful as the Vine; which grows crooked with the weight of its own increase. So blessed in their Issue, that when time shall think them fit to taste the privilege of death: they shall not need a Monument, yet dwell as chief i'th' memory of Fame.

Corfa. Amen, Amen.

Lucio. Such is my prayer too. O *Foreste!* excessive joy disturbs my utterance. My words are parted on my tongue. O speak! thou know'st my heart! tell her, there may lye hope, I shall deserve those Tears that shew like Dew upon the morning cheek. Intreat her, that my years may not disgrace my love. Though I am young, I cannot counterfeit, I ever speak my thoughts. I am o'recome.

Corfa. Alas, Sir, so am I, there needs no art to help belief, where no suspicion is.

Forst. Now, I'll leave you to your selves.

[Exit *Foreste.*]

Corfa. I've much to promise in my own behalf: of future love and humble duty to you my dearest Lord. Time lays his hand on Pyramids of Brags, and ruins quite what all the fond Artificers did think immortal workmanship. He sends his worms to Books, to old Records; and they devour th' inscription. He loves ingratitude, for he destroy'd the memory of man: but I shall ne'er forget on what strange terms you take me to your Bed.

Lucio. Excellent wretch! I am undone with joy. I will not blame the Coward to fear death, since the world contains such joy as this. Why do you weep Lady? can you suppose *Foreste* would consent to what is done, unless he knew there were no danger in't? he sees with a prophetick aim the end of his designs, before they come to action. He is too wise to erre. Why weep you then?

Corfa. It is a weakness in my eyes. I know not why they weep: unless they weep because they now have lost their liberty;

heretofore each man which chance presented, was to them a lawful object: but now they are to look on none but you.

Lucio. Mark then the bondage I impose on mine, my eyes have no object, but your face: of which I will deprive them thus—

[Covers her face with her white Veil.]
Shroud thee in thy Vestal ornaments. Creep, creep, my glorious Sun, behind a Cloud, for else my eyes will surfeit with delight. I never felt true joy till now.

Corfa. Though modesty would suffer me to boast, yet 'twere not in the power of breath, to make my joy so known, as it is felt.

Lucio. Come then (my dear *Corfa*) the Priest attends within: when all is past prevention, the Duke shall know my choice.

[Exeunt.]

Enter *Dorido* and *Cosimo*.

Dor. This disgrace makes thy Cousin boil his heart in his own blood.

Cos. He hath writ a most pestilent Libel, which must be sung all about the City, by one he calls his Daw; a tall, big Fellow.

Dor. I know him.

Cos. I suppos'd at first, he would have sent him a Challenge.

Dor. But that's contingent now: *Foreste* being made Secretary of State.

Enter *Castruchio*.

Cos. There comes my Cousin.

Dor. Good morrow to the Court Satyrist.

Cast. The world is alter'd, *Dorido*, *Foreste* is stepp'd beyond my reach: we cannot meet in Duel: The Heralds stand between. But my fine Thrush can sing you a new Libel.

Dor. We shall have your Thrush a Cage shortly. Remember who you deal withal.

Cast. Hang him, dull, open slave, his thoughts may be discern'd in's face, I'll sift and winnow him.

Dor. Prethee (sweet *Castruchio*) leave thy barking. 'Twill be Treason shortly for any man to carry ears near thy Tongue.

Cast. Why, Signior, what Faction are you of?

Dor. Not of your Faction (Sir) if none return unto the Prison for your libelling. You remember your Vices, strip'd and whip'd. Your trim Eclogues, the sulsome Satyr too, written to his Grace. Wherein you flatter, whine, and damn your self to get a pardon for what seems there a resolute offence. Satyrs are more useful now, than ever. Nor grieves it me to see the humour us'd, but
thus

this abus'd. To see a Bard still reach at holy Bays. Passion o' me! I'll tell thee. Thy Rimes include not so much brains, as would suffice to fill a Cherry-stone.

Cast. You'd fain make me angry.

Dor. I, with thy self.

Cof. And then thou spend'st thy Gall with more justice, than when thou rail'st against *Foreste*.

Cast. Cry you mercy! hath *Foreste* so great a share in your tongue too? Sympathy is corrupted. Behold society amongst the wicked: whilst a virtuous man, is left alone to resist his bad fate. Let him chide the Age, rail against the times, aloud; though in a Vault: or 'tween two Hills. He shall find no zealous echo, to second his bold Language. When I dye, I dye a Martyr to the Common-weal.

Enter Lothario, and Borachio.

Loth. Dull Caitiff, leave these abortive Proverbs, and talk in the newest fashion. I'll have my very Dog bark i'th' Courtly garb.

Dor. Step aside. They are as mad as thy Cousin.

Loth. The excrements and meer defects of nature, shall be reduc'd to Ornaments in me. I'll feed upon the tongues of Nightingales, for so each fart I let, will be a Song—

Bor. Sir, these are some of those that laugh'd at ye in the presence.

Loth. At me? thou lyest. They laugh'd at thee.

Bor. Why then the Devil, will ne'er give a Man leisure to believe a truth.

Cast. Seignior *Lothario*, the great Minion to our Duke: I greet your health with all joy.

Cof. And I, with all humility.

Dor. And I, with all celerity.

Loth. Hark! thou dull sinner. Is this real? hah!

Bor. Sir, let him, that hath a heart of his own, think what he list.

Loth. Do they adore, or flout me now?

Bor. All is witchcraft. I know when the Moon winks there's something in't, besides an eclipse.

Loth. Miscreant: what suspicious follies dost thou create within that wooden skull? and with what Heathen-phrase utter'd? Know Dog, if I employ my wrath—

Bor. Alas, Sir, I've more faults than misbelief. Therefore give me your blessing, and let me go home in peace. 'Tis true, when the skie falls we shall have Larks. But let weaker stomachs expect such curious meat. I can eat Oats and Garlick under my own Roof.

Dor. How? will *Borachio* leave the Court?

Cast. What accident of dire portent is fallen?

Loth. Gentlemen, applaud my patience: Because he cannot furnish me with whole-som Sutes, he doubts my power to get 'em granted.

Cast. Why we will furnish him with Sutes.

Bor. But wont ye flout, and play the Knave with one?

Cast. How (Knave!) was that the word?

Bor. Interpret the word, as your self shall please, I scorn to be your Dictionary. Marry come up; are your ears so tender? I hope I'm a man, although a sinner.

Cast. Use no choler, child. But if thou wantest Sutes, thy Lord being near the Duke, may furnish thee with—

Cof. Or methinks thou would'st become a Knighthood. Get him to beg it for thee.

Bor. No, no, hot words make but warm air, a fig for a Knight-errant; that hath a stile, and ne'er a hedge.

Dor. Then get a Patent to survey Brine-pits. Or else for casting Ordnance in Lorne.

Cast. Or else search Saint *Peter's* patrimony, Lay-Prebendries are good, and Symony is an old Paradox.

Bor. Hold, hold, enough sufficeth all women but Whores. He that expects the Morning lengthens the Night: Therefore straightway let my Lord get the Duke to sign these Patents: which done I'll return to the Wife of my bowels, and dye for joy.

Cast. Why this is fit and requisite.

Cof. If Signior *Lothario* do consent.

Loth. It is decreed.

Bor. Who would hasten time, when we may be old too soon. Let me take down a Cushion and pray; for I shall have more dignity than will suffice to damn a Monk.

Cast. Who could perish in a better cause?

Bor. Why, can I help it? if a man be born to Offices. Or as my Master said, predestinate in the womb of greatness. 'Tis not our faults. Each man obeys his Star in spite of his Teeth.

Dor. All this is Alcazon.

Bor. One thing grieves me. I've a bad memory already, and now 'twill be made worse.

Cast. How can preferment hurt thy memory?

Bor. O Sir! preferment makes a man forget his dearest friends; nay his kindred too.

Cof. Look, thy Master's building more Castles in the air.

Cast. He has intelligence from *Spain*, and fortifies to no purpose 'gainst the next Spring.

O O O

Loth.

Loth. All Offices shall be sold i'th' dark.—

Bor. How! Grow not old in another's Garment, sell what's your own, some of those Offices are mine by promise.

Loth. Still cros to my designs. I'll stretch your Sinews.

Dor. Hold, Signior *Lothario*, hold! Mercy becomes the powerful.

Bor. Let the Devil take the Knighthood, and make his Dam a Lady. I'll not be his Ass, that serv'd for blows and Provender.

[Exit *Bor.* *Loth.* running after him.]

Dor. Let's relieve *Borachio*, or all our Comick Scenes are at an end. [Exeunt omnes.]

[Chair out.]

Enter Duke and Foreste.

Duke. Foreste.

Foref. My gracious Lord.

Duke. Are yet our Letters to his Holiness dispatch'd?

Foref. They are so, please your Grace.

Duke. Did the French Ambassador make some shew of discontent at his departure hence?

Foref. Both in his words and looks: for when he heard th'English-Leiger had oppos'd his Treaty concerning traffick with the *Florentine*, his anger straight dismiss'd the Argument, and seiz'd upon the Nation, may rail'd against the Leiger too, whose opposition might be chidden as too nice a Virtue, but could not be accus'd as a vice, 'tis known indeed the French do take a pride in sudden anger, as if alacrity in ill did make the fault look handsomly, and dulness add deformity to sin.

Duke. 'Tis faithfully observ'd.

Foref. Swell'd with uncharitable pride: such as admits no stile of Neighbour; as if grown above the use of friendship. They seem to call those mighty Islanders nearest their soil, poor Borderers to their Continent. Such, whose thin numbers have in bloody Battel made their multitudes often retire.

Duke. The chance of War admitteth many times of Miracles, even such as do discredit History, high Providence confers the conquest there, where probability conferr'd the loss. And this is done, that we may attribute the praise to him that gave the Victory, not to them that got it. Observe besides, that when the weak do overcome: the strong do leave that stain for their Posterity to wipe away: which is already done; The French have fiery nimble spirits.

Foref. Your Grace deals justly in your praise. They have spirits: but they all are, useless made, by forward violence. He that spends his fury and his strength i'th' first

charge, must not hope to make's retreat so nobly, as the modest Combatant, whose onset slowly moves: as careful not t'outride his skill. Their Valour is t'attempt, not to perform. 'Tis a giddy Nation; and never serious but in trifles.

Duke. Thou dost mistake in natural effects, where fancy is so rich, 'tis incident to some mis-expectance. Fruit that is ripe is prone to fall, or to corrupt it self. They now are fully ripe: Nature in them doth stand upon the verge of her own youth. The English want three hundred years of that perfection. And as the Moon ne'er changes but i'th' full. Even so the mighty Nations of the Earth change in their greatest glory. First their strict and rugged discipline to vain delights. Their solemn Marches next to wanton Jigs. Their Battels fierce to Duels, or witty quarrels of the Pen.

Enter Lucio, and Kneels.

Lucio. Here may my Knees take root: whilst I do grow a living Statue of true obedience, or let my royal Master grant his pardon.

Duke. Sure we may trust our judgment, thou dost not look as if thou could'st commit a sin so horrid, so ugly as can fright our mercy from us. Rise, we pardon thee. Now let us know thy crime.

Lucio. It is no crime, unless against that great Prerogative you have to bridle Nature. Perhaps my heart hath made escape through these fond Eyes. And I confin'd my self in matrimonial bonds.

Duke. Hah! married? speak suddenly, to whom?

Foref. To my Sister. Sir, pardon the permission, [Foreste Kneels.] or frown, and leave your creature more obscure than when you own'd him first. Now is the time to shew your charity Divine. Preserve what you have made.

Duke. Foreste, this is ill. What, confederate with ungovern'd youth? But rise, we pardon you. Where's the Lady?

Rare beauty! [Enter Corfa.] You have our pardon and our favour too. I thus invite more knowledge, of your worth. Believe me, Lady: you have a beauty that would betray a more experienc'd eye, than *Lucio's* is. Excellent creature! with a timorous modesty the stiffler her speech, is a wonder more delightful, than any Nature makes. Hast thou, *Lucio*, so much unhappy wit, as to be jealous yet? wilt thou suppose thy self secure in our discourse?

Lucio. Heaven forbid, your Grace should e're employ your time so ill as to discourse with her 'till I grew jealous.

Duke. Come hither, Lady, come confess, how

how chance you have bewitch'd my Boy with subtle smiles, with wanton 'haviour of those pretty eyes? Doth Heaven bestow such noble ornaments, to be abused in the use: and now he is your Prisoner too, in cheerful bonds, how can you have the heart to make such spoil and havock of his beauty? hah! speak Lady!

Cosf. I hope your Grace hath thoughts more merciful. I know this match was made in Heaven; and not provok'd by any sinful art in me. How I have us'd him in this little time that he hath been my Lord: let him declare. My duty is so strict, I need not blush to hear the story told.

Duke. No! look, look there. His eyes for very shame are hid. The Roses in his Cheeks are wither'd quite: His clear and brisk aspect is muddy now and dull: his voice is hollow grown and hoarse. Have you then us'd him well?

Cosf. Alas (most gracious Sir) go not about to make my Lord suspect my Loyalty. If Nature sicken in his faculties; which (Heaven be thanked) I perceived not yet, it cannot prove a guiltiness in me.

Duke. Believe't (young Wife) I am no Profelyte. I still aver you are that greedy

Nymph, that hath devour'd the rich complexion of my Boy. See how his feature's shrunk? his beauty stain'd?

Cosf. I hope your Grace will pardon Ignorance, that so ill manner'd is, as not to know your meaning.

Duke. No matter, Lady. My accusation shall withdraw it self. Pretty innocence! *Lucio*, prepare. 'Tis our will to make thy Wife a Courtier; she shall be high in favour; if she'll leave her modesty; that's out of fashion now: in Neighbour Courts, she Ladies so prevail with masculine behaviour: they grow in factions able to depose their Husbands from the charter of their Sex.

Foref. 'Tis strange that his dislike is fled so soon.

Duke. Your Marriage we will solemnize with Masques and Revels. If invention ever mean, to get reward for subtilty, 'tis now. We take notice (*Lucio*) she is thy Wife, and thy Sister, our *Foreste*.

Foref. & Lucio. We your Graces humblest Creatures.

Foref. Affection is become a Parasite; Strives to please, whom it cannot benefit.

Exeunt omnes.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Dorido, Cosimo, Castruchio.

Dorid. **K** Now, by whom! by City Wits!

Cosf. Or my Ladies workmen.

Dor. Who ne'er saw Verse, but what their Saturs writ, which they read like Prose too.

Casf. I'll not discredit my patience, talk on.

Dor. They say you are particular with a Great Lady.

Cosf. Yes, and her Pensioner.

Dor. Some loose thing (belike) yet will be at charge to secure her fame from noise. for thou prayest against all lechery but thine own.

Cosf. And she hath wish'd in witty penitence, thou hadst been single in the world.

Dor. I, for then she had liv'd chaste. He grows angry, his eyes look red.

Casf. No, Sir. They blush to see a Fool.

Dor. 'Twere fit they would employ their modesty at home. For thou art a fool in print.

Cosf. Yet had he liv'd, when the old Sybil presented her divine Manuscripts to the dull Roman, he would have scolded with her, unless his Pamphlets had attain'd the first acceptance.

Dor. True, for every Poet thinks himself the best Poet in the world.

Cosf. And that Satyr not the worst, wherein he chides women, for wearing their Half-Ruffs, which pinn'd behind trans-figures the face, or makes 'em look like *Janus* with two faces.

Dorid. A just exception: for going hastily to kiss his Whore, he could not find her mouth.

Cosf. Why sure her breath was strong enough to direct him to it.

Casf. Yet I have heard nothing, but what deserves more pity than anger.

Dor. Now when he hath provided some high toy for the Press, he thinks on dedication, straight chuseth one of the faction, who must not patronize, but buy what he makes vendable, with praise in the Epistle.

Cosf. Can you deny this, Cousin Satyrist?

Dorid. And nothing makes Learning so cheap, but that every Writer sells his Works.

[*Exit Castruchio.*]

Cosf. Nay, let's follow, and worry him to pieces.

[*They after him.*]

O O O 2

Enter

Enter Lucio and Foreste.

Lucio. *Foreste*, our ruine is contriv'd above. If our Master prove unkind, the Planets govern ill: for our gratitude and care deserves more constancy.

Foref. Looks he so strangely on ye?

Lucio. As if the object were but new to him: and his own heart unsettled in his breast.

Foref. Is his violence so soon tir'd? survey the Register of your own deeds. Speak, Sir, have you so engross'd his ears, as if they were yours not his. Confin'd 'em to your own tongue: and so depriv'd the sorrowful, the griev'd in heart, of an easie audience?

Lucio. Never.

Foref. Since you have shar'd the Duke's prerogative, and by his love held opposition at such great advantage: did you e're slight with cheap regard, those of high and noble birth?

Lucio. My soul abhors such tyranny.

Foref. Have those who wear th' Eternals Livery bought their wages of ye? or have they found bold and skilful flattery, more helps advancement, than deep and modest Learning?

Lucio. Never, since my distinction was of power, to help its choice.

Foref. In nice tryal, or evidence of Law, hath Custom (which only gives us hope of certainty in justice) been traduc'd by your obfcure help?

Lucio. Never.

Foref. Hath the desolate Widow fear'd mercy from your eyes, with her old ruin'd beauty (for grief was never amorous) or hath the torn Begger too soon dismissed your charity, because not giddy enough to delight wantonness.

Lucio. Never.

Foref. Then if our great Master withdraw his love; the weight of sufferance cannot bruise ye; for the whole world will share i'th' burden.

Enter a young Gentleman with a Letter.

Lucio. From whom is this, Sir?

Gent. From my Lord Marquess de Loretta.

Lucio. I humbly kiss his hand.

Gent. Now luck flatter me but once, and I am made——'Tis short, pray Heaven it be sweet, or I'll ne'er love the Proverb.

Lucio. Sir, have you ever been in service, under any eminent Commander?

Gent. Never yet.

Lucio. Read these, *Foreste*. How reputation lessens in esteem. Courtship grows so

cheap, that denial seems less troublesome than consent. And performance is only lazy. The labour of subscription hinders more, than thought of that to which it doth subscribe. This Letter would fain make you a Captain in the new Troops, sent to the *Val-taline*. But sure your modesty will reach you baulk the grant, though I should beg ye to receive't.

Foref. Sir, the old Souldier, that tries misfortune by his constancy in sufferance; affronts the Winters rage; whilst his blood is frozen into Coral. Shall his preferment be intercepted? shall he now trail a Pike under a Boy, whose experience is younger than his face?

Lucio. No, the friendship of the noble Marquess shall never countenance unjust deeds. Find a sute more capable of my grant, and your acceptance, it is your own.

[*Chair at the Arras.*

Gent. Noble Signior, I'll put ye to the test.

Foref. Princes Letters are cheaper far than those which Scriveners put to sale. If such Apes in Dablets procure command o'th' Camp, let the Cranes wage war again——Go, young Lord, the Duke is ill accompany'd, if only with his own thoughts. Discover more. Perhaps his discontent concerns not you.

Lucio. I fear, yet my hopes would fain comfort me, Farewel. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Luinna and Duarte.

Luin. I would not be unmannerly, but if she be at leisure, tell her I am here.

Duart. Please your Ladiship to sit, I'll tell her so. [*Enter Corfa.* She's come already.

Corfa. I saw your entrance. How do you Sister?

Luin. I humbly thank your honour, I am well, pray dismiss your woman: I would impart a secret.

Corfa. Watch my Lords coming from the Duke, and bring me word, before he enters.

Duart. I shall.

[*Exit Duart.*

Luin. O Madam, Time is now grown old, and runs but slowly, I thought each hour a year until I saw your Ladiship.

Cor. Why what's the matter? I hope my Brother's well.

Luin. Yes, I thank Heaven. But pray come hither. Who do you suppose was with me last night, when my Husband was at Court?

Corfa. How should I tell, without you instruct me.

Luin. Why give a guess.

Corfa.

Corfa. The Lady *Bemolia*, or the Lady *Utruvia*, who was it?

Luin. Nay, 'twas a Man too.

Corfa. That's fine i' faith. Pray name him to me.

Luin. What think you of the best man in *Sienna*?

Corfa. How, was the Duke with ye?

Luin. Yes, disguis'd too: he either came, (or else pretended so) to meet your Husband there. After some talk (in which he did exprefs his love to all our Family) he gave an ample praise of you: and said he saw already so much worth in your fair breast, as will add a knot to your Lords heart, and his own: nay and make his constant love a pattern for every Royal Master.

Corfa. Indeed, I daily pray to have it so.

Luin. Then he gave me this same Jewel; to you he recommended the receipt of this.

Corfa. Trust me, Wench, they are both full of glory, rarely cut and set.

Luin. Your's is the better of the two.

Corfa. It is. But truly I mislike the manner of the gift. Dost thou think his thoughts are honourable? I prethee tell me?

Luin. Th'are such as I suspected at the first, such as made me to refuse these Jewels. He swore I was a Traytor, if I thought he meant amiss. Or if I did deny to bear this fame to you, I did but ill requite his kind request unto my Husband. Then in the close he us'd such art, such subtle phrase, to free his thoughts from the strict jealousy of mine; as reconciled me to obey his will, you know besides how hard it is to chide Majesty, or slight Princes favours.

Corfa. I'll shew it to my Lord.

Luin. I had thought t'have shewn my Husband mine too; but since 'tis capable of curious questioning, I mean to stay awhile.

Corfa. Thou counsell'st well. We'll wear 'em both at once. Mine is the best, I'e're was Mistress of. [Enter Duart.

Luin. And mine is not eclipsed much by yours.

Duart. Madam, my Lord is ne'er at hand.

Corfa. Come, Sister, we shall hear the news at Court.

Luin. I'll wait upon your Ladiship.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter Castruchio, Lothario, Borachio.

Cast. Sir Knight, believe't *Foreste* is the man, that dulls your reputation with the Duke, and suborns the Count against ye.

Loth. Dares he controul my purposes?

Cast. Ask honest *Borachio* else.

Bor. Nay he'll not believe me: though I should swear you flout him behind his back:

and when a man sees things plainly; he need not buy Spectacles, till he grow old.

Loth. I'll mince the Villain into sand, to fill my Hour-glass—

Cast. In this Garden he walks continually after dinner. Here stay, and expect him. And, Signior, in this skin of Parchment; mark what pains I take, to perfect your revenge. Pth' shape of a tree (which takes root in Hell) you shall discover all his base descent: On that branch appears a Hangman. Then, a Jakes-man, then, a Tinker. On's Mothers side a Bawd profess'd. Then, a Tybb; then, a Tripwife. A Synagogue of Welsh Rabbies could not exprefs more skill in Genealogies, than this includes. Sir, shew it him, and he runs mad straight.

Loth. I'll make him wear it on his forehead.

Cast. Excellent rage! but not a word of me. I humbly take my leave.

[*Exit Castruchio.*]

Loth. Not the four winds (met in *March*) shall cool my spleen.

Bor. Sir now we are private, 'tis a fit time to be troublesome—

Loth. I'll cram *Cerberus* with sop's made of the slaves blood—

Bor. Concerning those Offices. I've thought on 'em, and will have 'em all in spite of *Bolton's* teeth. [Enter *Foreste*.

Foref. Signior *Lothario*! *Borachio* too. Thou art an honest Fellow.

Bor. Ay, your Worship is wise, to speak no more, than what you may well stand to.

Loth. Base Stem, our Ancestors were not so familiar. Behold, and grow more manfully. [Shews him a Parchment.

Foref. What's here? my Pedigree? some saucy Knave hath counsell'd him to this affront. What he, [Enter *Servants*. I must know th' original projector. Lay hold upon those Fools.

Loth. Lay hold on me? Take off your hands; or I will toss ye all into the clouds, and kick the Mountains after ye.

Bor. I pray bid the Gentleman take good heed; for my Master cant do all this, and more too I have seen him.

Serv. Be you quiet. You that desire Offices.

Bor. If I do, what then? there be those desire worse things.

Foref. Lay all hold on him.

Bor. He that cannot run for his liberty, hath no courage in his heels. Let the Gout take him that hath Legs and w'ont use 'em.

[*He runs away.*]

Foref. No matter, let him go. Convey that Fool unto the Porters Lodge.

Loth. A Chaos shall succeed this usage.

[*Exeunt Servants with Lothario.*]

Enter—

Enter Lucio.

Foref. Whither fo fast (sweet Lord !)

Lucio. *Forefte*, I have ta'ne my leave o'th' Duke.

Foref. Must ye away to night.

Lucio. Now, presently. My followers attend at door. I only came to kifs thy hands.

Foref. The Sun will fail ye, e're ye reach *Lucca*.

Lucio. I must through: His Grace will have it so. Why dost thou make thy head to shake and reel, upon thy shoulders thus. Is it o'recome with thoughts, and such as must be hid from me?

Foref. Take heed, suspicion is the Favourite of Time and Nature, it takes a sudden growth: and gathers in the breast, like Balls of snow in snow; until the weight make it deny to be remov'd: then melts at leisure too.

Lucio. He's too moderate, that will at my years be satisfied thus.

Foref. Why then consider thus. You go to *Lucca*, there to congratulate the safe approach of the Pope's Legate; he hath been there a week; and why he was not visited e're this, or why upon such strict and short summons, your self must now be sent, quite puzzles me. Actions rare and sudden, do commonly proceed from fierce necessity: or else from some oblique design: which is ashamed to shew it self i'th' publick Rode.

Lucio. *Forefte* is this all?

Forefte. Why my sweet Patron: this is enough of danger, since none is merited.

Lucio. Young thoughts encourage me to sufferance. Each storm is usher to a gentle calm: who toils with speed, gets soonest home to rest. The plodding Mule shall sleep eternally. Why should the stricken Dear bemoan his death: his Obsequies were full of noble Rites: *Aleons* Quire a jolly Requiem gave: and th' Arrow from the Bow did sing his dirge.

Foref. Thus thy years do riddle grief away, making sorrow swift, because 'tis mortal. Let me wait on your Lordship to your Horse, and at your better leisure read this same. I'll tell ye as we go, who brought it me.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter Duke.

Duke. To wrong my Boy, unkind, incestuous heat! why is marriage legal; it gives Authority to lust, for chastity would soon conclude the World. O virtuous prejudice, when error, prevents folly! Fiends, Devils, that do live in liquid fire, have constitutions not half so hot, so riotous as

mine. But why this? the beauteous *Corsa* is not yet defil'd. He that repents e're he commits a fault, doth like a thirsty sinner store his soul with mercy, to absolve that sin himself; which he may afterwards more securely fall into. [*Enter Castruchio.*]

The credulous Count her Husband I have sent to *Lucca*. And to morrow he returns. My plots are limited to too short a time. Nor was it skill to send the Jewel by her Sister. Mark! my soul and brain are perfect Courtiers grown; in my declension, and my greatest want they leave me to instruct and help my self.

Cast. These fancies are not old: the whole Court observes him strangely altered. But why am I sent for? that I must know, by safe and cautious insinuation.

Duke. How soon I've profited in all the arts of Hell. I must through. What I did mean adultery at first, will now I fear become a Rape.

Cast. Hah! still upon that string? I like it well, 'tis musical.

Duke. *Castruchio!* art thou come? thou hast been a Courtier long; but whether 'twas want of skill in me to chuse a Man, or want of luck in thee to be my choice, I cannot tell. But know, my love was tardy, because still void of leisure; to warrant passion well bestow'd; by safe (though tedious) trials. Affection that is slow is sure: And now I wear my heart not in mine own breast, but thine.

Cast. I have but one life, it is some error in your Grace, thus to oblige me to the loss of more in your dear service.

Duke. I am not skill'd in words. But I affect thy fury. For thou art the bold Satyr, that whips *Forefte* and the wanton Count in thy tart Verse.

Cast. My gracious Lord! I shall conceive much grief, if my zeal mistake in accusation of those men, which th'uncertain Tongue of Fame delivers to my charge.

Duke. Nay, make not thy confession an excuse rather than a story: for there needs none. I hate *Forefte*, and the Count, and would devise some sudden ways to my revenge.

Cast. Heaven forbid! I'd rather far disgrace the skill of my subject; call accusation slander: than that the busy multitude should note inconstancy in you.

Duke. This is a damn'd Hypocrite. *Castruchio!* ease me with quick apprehension. I have not leisure to be modest now. Speak, hast no acquaintance with any near *Corsa's* person; the Counts fair Wife?

Cast. I humbly beg, your Grace would not mistake the conditions of my duty.

Duke. I beg of thee not to mistake the sense

sense of my designs. My words import my heart, and both no danger unto thee.

Cast. I hope my skill in servitude, will not provoke my Prince to tempt my honour.

Duke. What love is this, dost thou indent with my acceptance, make choice of services.

Cast. Your Grace will give me leave; since that I know I not deserve to share in your high secrets, to doubt my safety in knowing this.

Duke. Death! and horror! thy suspicions are too thin. Consider why I sent the Count to *Lucca*? Upon my life thou art secure: therefore reply unto my former question.

Cast. My gracious Lord, I have some interest in her woman.

Duke. Is *Corfa's* woman known to thee?

Cast. She is. Perhaps——

Duke. Discharge thy thoughts.

Cast. Perhaps I knew her, beyond the modest strain.

Duke. There's Gold, *Castruchio*.

[Flings him a Bag.]

Be my Harbinger, bring me this night where she doth lye, and thou art made for ever.

Cast. Must it be this night?

Duke. Necessity will have it so. Her Lord returns with the next Sun.

Cast. I cannot say her self shall Porter be unto your entrance, but her woman shall.

Duke. Enough! there's more Gold. Summon up thy brain, thy heart, thy foul, to meet in consultation, and so contrive my peace. Farewel.

Cast. I will instruct your Grace ere long: when and how to make this amorous assault.

Duke. My self and my Exchequer are thine own.

There needs no art to work him into evil; He's bad enough to infect the very Devil.

[Exeunt several ways.]

ACT IV. SCENE. I.

Enter Dorido.

Dorid. Good! they have left the Garden door unlock'd I'll venture in to make discovery. *Castruchio* is grac'd with a rare employment: the Duke and he do here consume the night. These are hours for Ghosts, Adulterers and Thieves. The slave is Haggard. At Supper being full of Gold: his vain appetite fed at *Nero's* rate; I was discarded with a frown: shaken like a Bur from's sleeve. As if my closure heretofore had been impertinent: Ambition lessens all beneath it self to nothing: the higher we do stand: [Enter *Castru. Duarte*. so much less those men appear, whom we behold below——Heark! kind Fortune lend me thy ears——

Cast. The night grows aged now. 'Twere fit the Duke would hasten his departure. In troth Wench, thy service to him exceeds requital. But what; he took it willingly.

Duar. No, but he did not.

Cast. Pox o' these modest Lies, I say she did.

Duar. In troth you do abuse her then; I'm sure her shrieks did scare my heart up to my lips.

Cast. Then thou could'st have kiss'd heartily.

Duar. I wonder it wakened not the whole house.

Cast. Is't possible! what means did the Duke use, to stifle up this noise?

Duar. Nay, I know not. But since she was more pliant; it doth repent me much, I ere was instrument to his other actions.

Cast. What, repent! I prethee, sweet *Duararte*, wrong not Divinity so much: waste not a virtue, that would more profit others: and to suppose that the Lady was ravish'd, is an heresie, which my foul must ne'er be guilty of. Do not I know women are a kind of soft Wax, that will receive any impression?

Duar. And do not I know, there is difference in workmen as in wax. Hard wax (when cold) accepts of no impression. By coldness I infer chastity, for chattity is cold.

Cast. But those workmen are harder far than that hard wax. And 'tis hardest of all to find those workmen: unless by *Russia* where the people freeze. Come, kiss me Chuck. Again, once more——

Dor. A pretious Satyrists! This surly Dog, inveighs 'gainst lechery in others, 'cause he would ingross all women to himself.

Cast. Your greatest Thieves are commonly begot when Parents do their lechery by stealth. Men get Cowards when sighted in the act. And by such vulgar consequence, 'tis now a proper time to beget a Pander. One that may hereafter do other men the same office, which we do the Duke now. Come, shall we in and try?

Duar.

Duar. You presume much on an easie nature; and how extravagant you are abroad; I am not so unkind to question.

Cast. Faith Wench: I've some interest in every Child that plays i'th' Street, the Duke's come down. Go, go, [Enter Duke. give your Lady a Cawdle: and let me hear how she likes her new Bedfellow. I'll meet His Grace two hours hence: [Exit Duar. when he hath dismiss'd those thoughts which still succeed unlawful lust.

[Exit Castruchio.
Dor. O damn'd villany! is this th' employment that doth make ye proud? I will haunt ye still, to strengthen my intelligence.

[Exit Dor. after Cast.
Duke. O silly, weak evasion! being dark, I creep within my Cloak. 'Tis modesty in sin to practise every disguise to hide it from the world. But Creatures free from guilt affect the Sun, and hate the dark; because it hides their innocence. O traitor Lust! that leads us with incouragement to sin, and when the storm is over, w're besieg'd with thoughts that more perplex us than the former. For then we did complain of strength, but now of weakness. Away, away, 'tis time that I were gone: the modest morn doth blush i'th' East, as if ashamed to see so foul a Ravisher. [Exit Duke.

Enter Castruchio and Dorido.

Dorido. So swift of foot! I must overtake ye.

Cast. How now! the world is wide enough: wherefore dost thou jostle me?

Dor. Cry mercy, Signior: the day does but peep yet, and my own haste made me unmannerly.

Cast. Signior Dorido, is it you? 'Tis much to see you appear before the Sun.

Dor. Faith, Signior, the Count being out o' Town, I thought *Foreste* would have more leisure to peruse my new Sute. He's early up, which caus'd my vigilance.

Cast. Why Signior, use a means more absolute; it is true, *Foreste* does all: but how? as th' instrument govern'd i'th' workmans hand. Instruct me with conveniency of time, and I will work the Duke in thy behalf.

Dor. Then, Signior, you will oblige me much.

Cast. At Supper, when you departed from me, you gave demonstrations of discontent: who knows, but whilst the soul's employ'd within, the body might neglect some outward form, which curiosity prefers to custom; custom to abuse. It was my business, not disrespect of you, that did deprive my complement of vanity. I shall rejoice when I can shew you kindness.

Dorid. I will be bold to think so.

Cast. Favourites are serv'd in with those Dishes the Prince best loves. And meat we most affect we soonest surfeit on. The Count is but a glorious trifle. And to be factious without benefit—Well, think upon't. I know a way to get the Dukes best ear, without *Foreste's* help. Farewel.

[Exit Castruchio.

Dor. The profit of the day be yours. These tricks shall make me wear him in my Eyes. The slave Doth usher out his breath in state; as if his honours had outgrown his own knowledge. Yet he's but a tame Pander. The beauteous *Corfa* is ravish'd by the Duke. O black horror. Arise my soul, inspire my industry with noble purpose. Something I'll do that shall proclaim my spirit. [Exit.

Enter Corfa and Duarte.

Corfa. Hence, hence, like Time; who swiftly flies away, but evermore returns. Go cruel Wench! thou hast betray'd thy Mistress, even to eternal loss. Th' Angels that live above have seen it all: they know thee well enough. In the general Session of the world; it will not my adultery be call'd, but a prodigious Rape deriv'd from thee.

Duar. Good Madam, your Conscience is too bold: it troubles you too much. Dismiss't: think, that other Ladies have offend-ed more.

Corfa. Out Devil. Wilt thou betray my soul too? *Duarte* hence! I am inspir'd with strength to make revenge prove masculine. Flye quickly hence. Why dost thou stay? There's Gold. I prethee Wench in all thy Pilgrimage disperse my fault in charitable words, use me nobly with thy tongue. So farewell.

Duar. Or let my sin no mercy find in Heaven, no pity here on earth. [Ex. Duarte.

Corfa. Now all the motives of my Lords delight exterminate for evermore with me. My silent Lute's interred in the Case. My voice now rather frights than captivates the sense. [Enter Luinna.

O, Sister, dare you visit me? I am a Strumpet grown. Hence and secure your fame.

Luin. Alack, what prodigy is this!

Corfa. I will tell thee all. For I should disgrace iniquity to be modest now. The Duke—

Luin. Ay me! what in that name can privileged offence?

Corfa. Hear, my *Luinna*, hear. In midst of night, by my pernicious womans help, he opes my Chamber door: whose faithful Hinges shriek'd, to warn me of his dire approach. His hand carried a Torch, he

he shew'd (methought) like lustful *Tarquin's* Ghost, walking in fire: as if it counsell'd him, to prevent such penance by forsaking his attempt. This I told him too. But he (that came not to consider, but to act) o're-rul'd my hands with his: and then made shipwrack of my Honour.

Luin. O Royal Villain! But hear more sorrows yet. My Husband looking in my Cabinet, did spy that Jewel there, which the Duke last gave me. It was to him a new and unknown Star: and then employ'd his thoughts, his jealous thoughts, to know the cause of its being there. I told him all the truth: and Truth's oftner praised than rewarded here on Earth; for he dismiss'd me straight with fatal looks.

Corsa. My Brother is a noble Gentleman. Go, go, and kneel to him. All jealousy must still be strangled in its birth: or time will soon conspire to make it strong enough to overcome the truth. Shield us, sweet Heaven! something about my heart infuses a prophetick fear; which whispers we shall never meet again, lets take a solemn leave—Farewel for ever. *[They Kiss.]*

Luin. Farewell! the noblest Lady o'th' World. *[Exeunt several ways.]*

Enter Cosimo and Borachio.

Cos. I am glad to see thee, well, *Borachio!* But where's thy Master? what in du-rance still?

Bor. Alas, Sir, I (good Gentleman) the Room wherein they have put him, is so little, he fills it up: and is fain to leave his legs Sentinels without door, to watch the rest of his body. 'Tis no Chamber, but a Court-Cupboard.

Cos. But they make him amends in his Diet.

Bor. They cannot, Sir, for he's a faint eater. If he would pray so often as he fasts, he had been at liberty long ago.

Cos. Do they no more regard his potent hopes?

Bor. Alas, Sir, when Fortune's Tippet stands up, few men will lend a pin to tack it down; I, and my lineage have sweet loss of him: I'm sure o'that.

Cos. Nay, that's too evident.

Bor. O, Sir! I would not a' given this Ruth, t'have been assur'd all th' offices in's gift. But hang such Dukes (I say) that suffer thus their Favourites to be imprisioned.

Cos. How now, *Borachio!* Dost thou speak Treason?

Bor. Sir, I have said no more, than what I mean to unsay again: which is but a kind of losing one's labour. And 'tis better

to be ill employ'd than to be idle:

[Enter Castruchio.] *Cos.* How the slave sows his Proverbs together. Are you come? I have stay'd until the Clock gave your promise the lye.

Cast. My time was spent to more advantage. I have declar'd my interest in your blood. If you assist my plots, you needs must share success, that hath already warranted a large requital.

Cos. I am resolv'd: and with my self more able.

Cast. 'Tis well. But now you undertake business, you must be as serious—But of all avoid *Dorido*, as you would to drink a violent poison.

Cos. Enough, he is a stranger to my thoughts.

Cast. There's fresh encouragement—

[Gives him Gold.]

Cos. A little more of this metal would puzzle my Geography; is this *Italy* or the Indies. There *Borachio!* weep no more for thy Master.

Bor. Alas, I'm too apt to weep.

Cast. I thought to meet thy Master here. I'm sure I saw the Warrant sign'd for his release.

Bor. The Devil take your Worship for me, why d'ye bring such good news, on a work'y day?

Cast. But thou pray't ill, in praying the Devil to take me.

Bor. Why could he ever come to less purpose, than when he finds you doing well. Though he lose his labour once: I dare warrant ye, he'll come again on the same errand.

Cast. A bitter Fool.

Bor. Sir, let we friends be true to one another. There are but few true friends extant. Let them be kindly us'd and kept, if only for breed?

Cos. With all my heart, translate thy meaning.

Bor. Is my Master at liberty?

Cast. I'll defer an answer of this, until thy own Eyes be a little elder.

Bor. Well, is he still in favour with the Duke?

Cast. Why he shall shortly govern all at Court, and be a very Mote in the Duke's eye.

Bor. Enough. 'Tis not wholesome to burst with joy.

Cast. But what then?

Bor. I've thought with much care on these Offices: and find my self fitting to be in 'em. I will have 'em all; come Cut and Long-tail. For my Wife, will be such a glad woman.

Enter Lothario.

Cos. Look, who comes there?

P P P

Bor.

Bor. O, Sir! give me your blessing—
[*He kneels.*]

Lotb. Weep not, *Borachio*! I have prepar'd such bloody art in my revenge; as makes mens wits more famous than their cruelty: Let horror propagate. All's too little for my use. But you, Sir, had the honour to release me.

Cast. Or else I had been much dishonour'd.

Cof. Sir, now he supposeth you in du-rance: and is himself secure; haply drunk, or riding in the Stews; you may take some advantage on his soul too. Lose no time.

Lotb. That's my intent. For it were dull humanity to aim no farther than his life. I'll pursue him even to Hell.

Cast. And let me alone so to facilitate the project, by search of fit time, and means: as shall declare the act less troublesome, than thus to threaten it with words.

Bor. You, Signior *Castruchio*! Signior Coxcomb! are you tir'd with doing well? you have scarce brought my poor Lord out of the Prison doors, but you long to have him in again. Nay, ne'er look! for my Sword dwells within a yard of my tongue, and shall defend what I say.

Cast. What a pernicious Calf is this?

Bor. What harm have my poor Wife and Children done to you or yours, that seeing me within a hairs breadth of a hundred offices, you confound all, by leading my poor Lord into new broils.

Lotb. Bold Miscreant! if I but stir—

Cof. Nay, Signior, let him alone. *Borachio*! all shall be well.

Bor. Yes, periwade me to dry Ice in an Oven! But I'll follow your Heels to close: as I'll go near to tread upon your Kibes.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter Dorido and Foreste.

Dorid. Signior, I knew ye a brave Commander under the great *Petruchio*; and since that time your constant virtues have deserv'd more recompence, than Fate will minister by me. My kindness is no miracle: since gratitude is only sick, not dead. But pray believe what I have said is truth.

Foref. O, Sir, 'tis the error of unskilful love to be too constant in her charity to all. But I have grounds more relative to make me jealous of the truth; and I believe you with my heart: and yet 'tis strange. Doth this *Castruchio* think his haggard fate can triumph over mine? because in lust the Devil did instruct his industry: dares he attempt my life?

Dor. I give you real grounds for my suspense. Reward (Sir) may make a Villain bloody, though it cannot make him vali-

ant. The Duke will let him want no Gold.

Foref. Nay, 'tis often seen, amongst the several Creatures of a Prince, such instruments as these most profit reap. Employments noble do requite themselves, and honour pays the great of heart: who lose but time in service which is the Bodies wealth. Your Friend stays. If you please to appear with him from thence, at my summons; I shall discover more.

Dor. Noble Signior, I am yours.

[*Exit Dorido.*]

Foref. What, ho? *Luinna*! Wife!

Enter Luinna.

Luin. My Lord!

Foref. Come hither, Love. Tell me, when was the Royal Lecher here disguis'd? What did he send thee last? when must ye quench the Cyprian fire: hah! you may tell me all, for I'll not blab. Alas, I'm more silent than my Grandfire in his Tomb. A subtle Pimp, I. A Pander* learned in the art. Tell me Chuck?

Luin. Alas, my noble Lord! what do ye mean?

Foref. Why nothing, I: yet 'tis enough I feel the wrong. If ignorant, I suffer twice. And therefore let me know mine Enemy. The little worm, when trod upon, will turn his head, to look upon his Murderer. And hath my Spleen no eyes? Is the revenge of Man less curious than a Worms.—She weeps. O, *Luinna*, the sacred Knot's unt'y'd. Thou hast desl'd and stain'd the vestal Sheets. Thy breast shall be no more my Pillow.

Luin. O say not so. Let Thunder strike me dead, if I e're knew the Duke, with knowledge more dishonest, than what harbours in the eyes; only by sight.

Foref. O new horror! such brazen impudence would make a Negro blush. Come, glorious Whore, acquaint me with your tricks. Who, when, where, how? For besides the Jewel which he gave thee: I have proofs that will even damn my Sister; and convince thee too.

Luin. My dear Lord; be not cruel in your faith; what I have said is truth.

Foref. Still constant in thy perjury. Mercy were tameness then. Thou shalt dye like an heroick Whore: a stout Martyr to thy concealed Lover. Appear ho!

[*Enter Dorido and his Friend in Visards.* Hear, my the Goat! these men are full and fresh; but if they cannot tire ye out, I will procure ye the Town Bull, to drown ye in the act. Take her aside, and agree who shall begin.

Luin.

Luin. Stay, stay, O my Husband, my dearest Lord! will you permit such cruelty against your own Wife. She that hath so often slept within your bosom. O speak! do you want common sense? Stay, stay, I will confess't.

Foref. Stay, I'm of too easie, too soft a soul. My heart-strings (sure) are made of Silk: and 'tis a subtle Whore, she knows it well enough. But come, be brief. Charm me not with stories of my former love between us. I see thee, as thou art, why speak'st thou not?

Luin. Sorrow was ever slow of utterance, and I do tremble still. I knew the time my duty hath been held in more regard than now 'tis is. All former interest is quite forgot.

Foref. Mark, did not I suspect she would begin her Charms again. Away with her.

Luin. O stay, now, now, I will reveal all.

Foref. Be nimble then; and tell me punctual truth, for my revenge is honest, and would not willingly mistake when it shall strike.

Luin. 'Tis true, your Sister's ravish'd by the Duke. Which fatal truth, this morning I receiv'd from her own mouth. But if I e're did break my marriage Vows, 'or think unlawfully; then may I lose my interest in Heaven. My duty and my love remain still yours, and this constancy deserves some kindness, therefore if 'tis decreed that I must dye: Let me dye a modest death. Expose not your poor Wife unto the cruelty of Ravishers.

Foref. What think ye, Sir?

Dor. My thoughts continue in the former sense: I have a chaste and virtuous wife, however you desir'd assurance from a tryal so unkind as this.

Foref. Still, methinks, that Jewel which he gave her, procur'd the same requital that my Sister made. But let it pass. I do conjure ye both (as y^e have been Souldiers) to keep your tongues close. Let not words disperse what you have heard. 'Tis external reputation that keeps some men from sin. Our faults once known, we do neglect to mend: since reputation suffers still: for that admits of help, but it is never cur'd. And so the fatal jars 'tween man and wife, if secret kept, dissention falls asleep. But if once known to Fame, Fame talks so loud the waketh it again. Your silence, Signiors, shall challenge much from my requital.

Dor. Besides our obligations to your worth, even both our honours would impose it as a virtue, not a trouble. We are your humble Servants.

[Exit Dorido with his Friend.

Foref. I will deserve you for my friends. Rise—You must be clear'd by a stricter tryal. 'Till when I do neglect the large Charter of Husbands o're their Wives: and command ye as a Judge th' offender. Hence, and become my Prisoner in your Closet. Take heed, no curiosity in fear make you, to pry in my designs.

Luin. I do obey ye chearfully. [Exit Luinna.

Foref. O my heart! shall my industry and hopes find this period? my sufferance is tir'd. It is an old inconstancy in Fate, Soon to erect, and soon to ruinate. [Exit.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Chair at the Arras.

Enter Foreste solus.

Foreste. **N**O, no, my Stars, it is too much to bear. Though I were stomach'd like an Elstridge, yet could I not digest such hard dealing. My Wife defil'd, and Corfa ravish'd. The Count abus'd, my self proscrib'd to suffer by obscure Villains. Would I had trod the humble path, and made my industry less ambitious. The Shrub securely grows. The tallest Tree stands most in the wind. And thus we distinguish the noble from the base: the noble find their lives and deaths still troublesome: But humility doth sleep, whilst the storms grow

hoarse with scolding. My Gall o'reflows my heart; and drowns propitious thoughts. I will be just yet cruel too. The darkness of the night is troublesome. Stay—That sickly light from her Chamber comes. Minion I'll begin with you. [Exit.

Enter Corfa and a Boy.

Corfa. Sing, gentle youth; who knows if I shall live to hear thy voice again.

S O N G.

Boy. *Weep no more for what is past
For Time in motion makes such haste
He hath no leisure to discern
Those errors which he passeth by.
If we consider Accident,
And how repugnant unto sense,
It pays desert with bad event :
We shall disparage Providence.*

Enter Foreste.

Foref. This is your Dirge.

Corf. Hah! who is there?

Foref. 'Tis I. Dismiss that trifle hence,
and shut the door.

Corfa. Farewel, Youth! Get thee to Bed:

[Exit Boy.]

Foref. But where's the rigled Hag; the
incestuous lump of heat? where is she,
speak?

Corfa. Alas, Sir, who do you mean?

Foref. Why she that Gossips with the De-
vils Dam, the subtle Bawd, your Woman.
O Sister! I have heard all.— *[Corf. kneels.]*
Nay, kneel not to me; you are my Patron's
Wife. But yet where obligation is indear'd,
there injury condemns it self. Can you sur-
vive a wrong so eminent: a wrong com-
mitted 'gainst your Husband and my Pa-
tron?

Corfa. O, Sir! I hope if you have heard
the truth: you will believe it was a rape
i'th' Duke, and no adultery in me.

Foref. How, a rape! O weak and immo-
dest shift: Come, sit thee down.—Or if
ye mean to pray, kneel, and be nimble in de-
votion. Thou art to dye.

Corfa. My Noble Brother! do not fright
my soul: use me kindly with your tongue
and looks: I am already reconcil'd to Hea-
ven; and would perhaps consent to your de-
sign.

Foref. O blessed speech!

Corf. 'Twere not unnatural in me, to
wish for life! yet minding what constructi-
ons the world may make of my sinister
chance—

Foref. I there's the point. The giddy
multitude have neither skill nor leisure to
convince supposition, with arguments of
strength and charity. Their quick censure
brings such effect as Spectacles, when us'd
in haste; which then do rather aggravate
the shape: then give distinction of the
form. Who, who would live to be an Ar-
gument for them?

Corf. Do ye conclude then, that I must
now dye?

Foref. Why is't not fit it should be so?

Corfa. E're I take my last leave of my
kind Lord.

Foref. Ceremonious form doth oft so long
delay our journey; 'till it prove too late to
reach our home. 'Tis a long way to Hea-
ven. We must make haste. Nay, if your
courage fail before it comes unto the test: I
shall prepare to be unkind. Could you en-
dure to see your Lord, defil'd, polluted as
you are? That kind Patron to all our Fam-
ily; whose constant love is warranted by
Time, that best can judge of constancy.
Who took you to his Bed, upon conditions
cheap, and dangerous to his own estate.

Corfa. Sir, speak no more: but use me as
you please; I will obey in all.

Foref. Come, stretch down your arm, and
permit this Scarf to fasten it to the Chair.
Then veil your eyes. We must not traist a
womans valour so—

Corfa. Oh, oh, oh.

Foref. The torture's past. Thy wrist Veins
are cut. Here in this Bason bleed away thy
soul.

Corfa. Commend me to my dearest Lord.
I am his humble sacrifice. He'll not be more
unwilling to grant attonement: than I have
been to need it. The Fates give others ex-
piation: which now they want themselves.
I speak too loud. For who dares chide with
them that may employ Thunder.

Foref. Her beauty now decays apace. O
could I separate the blood defil'd, from what
is pure: I would shed that; then restrain
the current, know! (unskilful Nature) if
operation should long subsist in such gross
mixture: men would be Devils e're they
liv'd in Hell.

Corfa. I come, Celestial Quire! —

[She riseth up.]

Foref. Extasie! through weakness in ex-
pense of blood! dear Sister, disturb not your
last minutes.

Corf. I must ascend—

Foref. How! would you enter Heaven,
with tetter on your soul? clogg'd with
these mortal limbs. Sit down, expire in
peace.

Corf. O, my Brother! whilst I am yet a-
live, let me feel some interest in your blood.
What fault of mine deserves impediments in
my last journey? if my Lord were here, he
would have seen me us'd with mercy.

Foref. Sweet soul! these are but mistakes
of weakness.

Corf. Will not my Lord be merciful, to
me, and to my memory? *[Riseth up.]*

Foref. Sit still. Thy worth shall thine in
such a Character: that being dead, he needs
must woo thy Ghost.

Corf. And will posterity consent, to have
me Registred with those of modest fame?

Foref.

Foref. That Astrologer; who spies thee first within a Star: must not find thy lodging near to *Venus*.

Corfa. Oh, oh, oh—[*Recorders: Sadly.*]

Foref. A Convulsion in her Arteries!

Corfa. Mercy Heaven! [*She dyes.*]

Foref. Hark! [*Still Musick, above.*]

As the ascends, the Spheres do welcome her, with their own Musick.—Her soul is gone! Hah! whither is it gone? O vast suspense! Madness succeeds enquiry. Fools of Nature! What Ancestor [*Cease Rec.* (that dy'd long since) hath brought us news of his abode! or told us how they use him in the other world? O this wild mystery so much concerneth man: that we would willingly dismiss suspense with sight and not with consequence. For he that sees through Faith, but flatters doubt. Faith's a Perspective; through whose narrow lane; little things (far off) seem so much too great, too near: that what was first unknown is more estrang'd from knowledge than it was before. Yet by the rules of lawful hope: it goes well with her: for she was ever given to prayer: superstitious in humility: and even unthrifty in her charity. She held her Virtues in such high extreams, that her Divinity was troublesome. Grew from a Saint a holy superstitious fool. Sleep here, a sacrifice to thy wrong'd Lord: Till I (Thy Priest) become an Executioner To him, who was thy cruel Ravisher.

[*Exit Foreste.*]

Enter Duke and Castruchio.

Duke. Doth she condemn the act with such dislike?

Cast. Even so, Sir, my intelligence affirms. For since her Woman was dismissed; she sent a Messenger unto *Lucea*, to urge her Lords return: whom I do expect within this hour. He'll chuse to travel in the night for privacy.

Duke. And I have sent to stay him there: until a new Commission order his return.

Cast. Most royal Sir, you then may guess what frights such opposition in these messages will nourish in his heart. And being young he cannot feed on doubts. He'll rather think his interest in you his priviledge to erre; so slight your Mandate, and come home, to settle his suspense.

Duke. Remorse doth cherish danger! let me be safe. Secure me straight. I would express my self without a tongue—

Cast. My gracious Lord; my apprehension lies not in my ears, but in my brain. I can conceive without the noise of words. It shews apparent to my sense: the Count presuming on that free address, he still hath

had unto your person: will hither bring *Corfa* and *Foreste* to shew the shape and quality of his new sufferance. Be you within your Bed, to free you from the worlds suspicion: whilst I do place behind the Gallery door (which leads unto your Closet Chappel) such bold Fellows, as shall dare to thrust their weapons home.

Duke. O quintessence of soul. I will leave all to thee. Good night. [*Exit.*]

Cast. May slumber seize upon your royal Eyes. Know, poor *Foreste*, thy time on earth is short. [*Enter Duke.*]

Duke. *Castruchio*; I have better thought upon't.

Cast. My gracious Lord.

Duke. I would not have thee hurt my Boy: use him kindly for my sake.

Cast. Shall he not dye?

Duke. Not for the world. Thou dost not know his soul. He's of so soft so sweet a nature, that he enchants where he is known. Besides, I find I am so powerful o're his youth: that I shall soon extirpate from his memory the wrong I did his Wife, and him. As for *Foreste*: his experience is of growth too stubborn, and will not be remov'd from his revenge by strength of words. Therefore let him no mercy feel: but let my Boy be gently us'd for my sake. Farewel—

[*Exit Duke.*]

Cast. This is a silly kind of love! But let me think—So to contrive this plot: that *Lothario* may destroy *Foreste*, and to make his silence safe! humh— [*Enter Duke.*]

Duke. No, it must not be—

Cast. My royal Lord!

Duke. *Lucio* (my Boy) is not proscrib'd. Take heed *Castruchio*! if thou dost extend thy hand: to him thou dost infect all thy other kindness: and I shall see thee as a Cockatrice: Look to't.

Cast. Most gracious Sir, were he hidden in's own fear; he could not be more safe, than you have made him.

Duke. Once more then, good Night. [*Exit.*]

Cast. A plague upon this love. Such thoughts when first your blood did make your Veins to swell, had prevented my employment. Softly, softly. Fear and suspicion ever walk thus softly. [*Exit.*]

Enter Foreste, and Servants with a Light.

Foref. Leave here the Light, and go to Bed. [*Exit Servant.*]

Within. Break ope the door, break ope the door. [*Within cry.*]

Foref. Hah! who counfels so unlawfully?

Enter Lucio and Servants.

Lucio. O *Foreste*! the fatal hour is come: Ring

Ring out your Bells, until they wake the dead. Let Trumpets groan, and the shrill Phiph be hoarse. The fatal hour is come.

Foref. Why, what's the matter, Sir?

Lucio. O, my Wife! by this she did entreat me suddenly [*He shews a Letter.* (upon some urgent cause) to haste from *Lucia* to her: Just now I lighted from my Horse, enter'd her Chamber: and found her newly murder'd in her Chair. My Servants say that my arrival there did just succeed your departure from her.

Foref. Dismiss your Servants, and you shall know all.

Lucio. Hence, and expect me straight at home. [*Exeunt Servants.*

Foref. I pray come hither, Sir—Do you dislike that justice which depriv'd your Wife of breath?

Lucio. Dost thou call it Justice?

Foref. Yes, in the noblest strain: she was desil'd. The royal Goat (the Duke) hath ravish'd her: and I (that never could admit excuse in points of honour) (where ever suspicion sufficeth to condemn) did summon up my memory: wherein the kind effects of your best love to us are registred. And finding you betray'd in your own Fort! I cut her Veins, and gave perpetual liberty, to her polluted blood.

Lucio. O Villain! more bloody than the Tyger; whose empty entrails oft encourage cruelty; though thou didst slight her as my poor Wife: yet she might well expect some mercy, as being thy own Sister.

Foref. Had she included all propinquity of blood, which lawful marriage keepeth known: this bare word (Honour) had been enough, 'have divorc'd her from my mercy. Sweet Lord, do not mistake your Servant: whose kindness thinks his own Sister (when desil'd) was too base for your use.

Lucio. A bloody kindness to distinguish so. She was no Adulteress, and enforce'd. Her thoughts were pure: and such a noble sympathy inear'd her soul to mine; that her own tears might soon have wash'd away her body's stain. And she again seem clean. *Corsa!* O, my wife! where art thou? Speak, no reply? Art thou so much busied with thy new acquaintance now in Heaven: That thy poor Lord may not borrow one word at parting? Draw, draw ingrateful Monster! that hast prevented thus our Dialogue.

Foref. Sir, cool your fury! take breath awhile: and hear me speak.

Lucio. No, false Syren! thou holy Hypocrite! I know thy tricks too well! 'Cause I am young, too soft of heart; and apt to melt in every flame of my own trivial loves; therefore thou think'st to practise on me now with subtle eloquence. Draw, or else thou dy'st.

Foref. Come—Let me dye (as she) a sacrifice to thee my Patron. [*Offers his naked breast*

Lucio. A sacrifice to me! O, *Foreste!* why dost thou multiply [*Flings away his Sword.* thy skill to thy friends prejudice? it is not well, in troth it is not. Employ thy own heart: think upon't thy self. 'Tis not kindly done: I should not have us'd you thus—

Foref. O my dear Lord! where did I lose your year? I am o'recome at these expressions. I cannot weep much: O my unskilful gratitude! what dire mistake confounds our properties! I kill'd a Sister to secure a friend. 'Twas ill, 'twas not the right way. A true Roman now would walk aside, and with his own Sword dismiss his own soul: and not permit those tears in youthful eyes, thus to disgrace the strength of elder love. I cannot weep, but our Divinity supplies us with discreeter ways to make affection known enough. I will prefix but one short hour to think upon't. Here, Sir, sheath your good Sword, 'till revenge prove ripe. And I conjure you by all my Sitters love to follow me: in whose behalf your justice may employ it self. Which done, you shall behold my heart without a Perspective.

Lucio. If it concerneth her, by whom thou dost conjure my service, I'm bound to follow thee.

Foref. What hoa! [*Enter Luinnâ.*

Luin. My Lord.

Foref. Come you along with us. You walk unto the Bar: if tryal find thee false, thou shalt be scatter'd into Atoms.

Luin. O my devining soul! sure my Sister is not false. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Castruchio, Lothario, Cosimo, several ways.

Cast. Signior Lothario!

Loth. Here, Signior Cosimo.

Cos. I am here. Speak low; Cousin *Castruchio.*

Cast. I am here too. Why are we scattered thus?

Cos. 'Tis in search of *Borachio*; who fearing danger in this action, commits himself very tamely to his heels.

Cast. Let him be damn'd unthought of. Have you heard or seen a Passenger.

Cos. No, yet *Lothario* gives me notice of a noise far off: but you know the length of an Asses ear.

Loth. Passes there (say you) who is't?

Cos. He echoes by mistake. No body: but my Cousin says he'll lug the Asses ear, speaking of your man.

Loth. The Butchers Dog shall save him a labour.

Cast. Well, Gentlemen, I have intelligence (by

(by my Boy) that *Foreste* and the Count are coming hither. Look to't. But let the Count be safe. You know his voice, *Lothario*?

Loth. Very distinctly.

Caf. Well, any man (but he) that stirs his tongue, invites his own ruine. Give me your hands, I'll bring ye to a door: through which, if they do pass, it must be over us.

Loth. Leave *Foreste* to my charge, for I am his destiny.

Cof. Softly, softly. [Exeunt omnes.]

The Duke (on his Bed) is drawn forth.

Enter Foreste, Lucio, Luinna.

Foref. Now set we the light at liberty.

[He opens a dark Lanthorn.]

Here let me beg your stay, 'till I resolve a doubt that most concerns my heart.

Lucio. You shall. But do not execute revenge upon the Duke; 'till my assent encourage thee.

Foref. My actions are confin'd, upon, not in the Bed? Guilt confounds all order and makes our rest unnatural. Mistress, stand you there.

[He leads her to stand at the Beds feet.]

Duke. Hah! from whence that light! who waits within! *Foreste*, is it you? what do you mean by this uncivil visitation!

Foref. I am not so unthrifty of my time to join replies unto demands; I must deprive you of your soul.

Duke. How? is this language lawful unto me thy Sovereign Prince. Did not high providence treble the assurance of my safety, by Guards invisible, when I was first predestinate to this supream function? and dar'st thou tempt the strength of Heaven?

Foref. I know 'twere a prophane curiosity in me, to question the prerogatives of a free Prince. For ignorance, and a dull easie faith, must flatter bondage still. Or liberty (th' eldest Child of Nature) confounds predominance, by suing for equality amongst the Sons of men: and so revokes a Chaos.

Duke. Which soon returns: unless distinction perswade thee fix my Royalty above thy reach: that art my natural Subject.

Foref. Enough, false Sir: Warm not the air with words: Be still, and now requite the leisure I permit for prayer: by a true reply to what I shall demand.

Duke. I will.

Foref. Look on that woman there. Did you ever make her an Adulteress? speak truth, so come your soul to Heaven.

Duke. Never. So come my soul to Heaven, as I speak truth.

Foref. O, Sir, take heed, the perjurer hath little hope on the last day, to hide himself i'th' Crowd: he is a sinner much too eminent. But what meant that Jewel which you gave her; and which she conceal'd, 'till its own lustre did betray it?

Duke. I gave it to disguise the cause, for which I sent the other unto *Corfa*.

Lucio. That name will prick my fury on: although I strive to be propitious.

Foref. I know, *Luinna*, thou art merciful: Forgive me gentle Girl. It was the first Bargain we did make i'th' Church, to share in sufferance.

Luin. And 'tis my duty, Sir, to be most ready in the observance.

Foref. My Lord!

Lucio. A rude summons, that calls me as a Judge to censure the errors of my Prince.

Duke. What, is he there too? O killing object.

Foref. Behold (young Lord) the cruel Ravisher, whom Time himself shall never parallel, though he survey his old Records, to waken memory.

Lucio. O horror! furnish us (sweet Heaven) with mercy: inspire remorse: or we accuse a Prince, and murder whom thou didst anoint our Sovereign.

Foref. My heart swells. I'm full of grief and danger.

Duke. The cause deserves great alteration. More than mortality can see, and yet be safe. I wonder Heaven takes so little notice of it. O, *Lucio*! mind not my former love: but strike, until I groan my last.

Lucio. *Foreste* sheath thy Sword: it must not be. He was our Royal Master once, and might in modesty compare himself; with all best Princes: whom Fame reserves as Patterns. For my sake sheath your Sword.

Duke. O I shall disgrace my Royal Character! My creature is more beautiful than I: more wealthy in his love.

Foref. For my own part I must destroy my self: for should I live, I should grow mad. But I am bound to care for you (my Lord) take heed! I know the tricks of Majesty. They think they cannot be secure after doing ill; but by doing worse: that is, by killing quite, whom erst they did but wound.

Lucio. And that's the surgery which I desire. I will endure all. O, my Lord, my Lord, I will not bid posterity tell tales: nor charge Historians to insert in Annals; on such a night a great Italian-Duke, ravish'd his Creature *Lucio's* Wife: Sister to *Foreste* his faithful Councillor.

Foref. *Lucio*, compos'd of such an humble love; that to secure his Masters feet, would spread his body on the earth, for him to walk upon.

Lucio.

Lucio. And *Foreste*, whose industry and care outwatch'd lean vigilance, 'till she grew mad. But come, let's leave him to contrive our deaths. My heart's full my mouth, I cannot speak.

Duke. *Lucio* stay, *Foreste* stay awhile. Leave me not thus anatomiz'd.

[*He rises from the Bed.*
Dissect me really, with your good Swords. Behold my breast, take out my heart: and if you find your figures there, then use my fame with mercy.

Lucio. *Foreste* come away.

Foref. Make haste *Luinna*.

Luin. I am wak'd out of a strange amazement. [*Exeunt Foreste, Lucio, Luinna.*

Duke. Hide me swelling Hills! ye Quarries cleave, and suck me in, then join again. Would it not make a Hermit mad? O who shall bribe the Sun, that in the day of general accompts: he may avouch he never saw me here. Hah! false Memory! I forgot to tell 'em of *Castruchio*. 'Tis best to o'ertake 'em. I cannot guess which way they went.

[*Exit the other way.*

Enter Castruchio, Lothario, Cosimo.

Cast. Hell, and the Pillory take such dull ears. It cannot be, but they have pass'd the Cloysters, and e're this, with help of private Keys, entered the Dukes Bedchamber.

Loth. Those made that noise I spoke of.

Cast. The very same. A pox upon demurs.

Cosf. Will you lead the way, that we may hearken if they be there or no.

[*Enter Duke.*

Duke. If I should come too late?—

Loth. That's none of the Counts voice. Have at ye, Sir.

Duke. O, O, O, I am surpris'd in my own snare.

Cast. It is *Foreste*, sure. Let's make safe work; kill *Lothario*, lay him by 'him, and depart.

Cosf. A match.

Loth. O Villains, O, O, O. [*Lothario dies.*

Enter Foreste, Lucio, Luinna.

Foref. What noise is that?

Cast. Another, *Foreste*.

Lucio. My Royal Master bleeding on the Ground! O murderous Villains.

Luin. Murder, murder. Help! oh help! [*Exit.*

[*Lucio fights with Cosimo, Foreste with Castruchio.*

Foref. The Duke my Sovereign slain, and

Lucio bleeding at his feet. Villain take this thrust.

Lucio. I am foil'd by a base hand.

Cast. Flye *Cosimo*, flye. [*Exeunt Cast. and Cosf.*

Foref. Some comfort yet remains, in that I am proscib'd to share in thy fate, though it be bad. I lose much blood. False tinews, do you begin to shrink? [*He falls down.*

Duke. *Lucio*, let my soul carry your pardon with her unto Heavens; and yours, *Foreste*. This stratagem was mine, but the success was much against my will.

Lucio. Sir, I forgive you all.

Foref. Nay, let us join hands.—We do forgive each other, and the world. The like mercy may Heaven bestow on us.

Duke. Amen, Amen.

Lucio. Amen, Amen. [*They dye.*

Foref. There his heartstrings broke. *Lucio* (my Patron) already dead too: that light deserves a tear.

Enter Dorido, Luinna, Countiers with Lights, Castruchio and Cosimo led in.

Dor. Bring the Slaves in, their deeds will soon convince their faint denial, where did you leave 'em Lady?

Luin. Here, here, O my Lord, my Lord.

Foref. I have not breath enough to comfort thee with words. Mercy Heaven. [*dies.*

Luin. O my Lord! my Husband. He's dead, he's dead.

Dor. Hold the Lady there: O dire spectacle, the *Duke*, *Lucio*, *Foreste*, and *Lothario* ly here breathless. I did suspect some black conspiracy. Which made me haunt them two unto the Palace, but I did lose 'em by the Chappel stairs; bloody dogs, what Devil prompted ye to this action.

Cast. I hope, I've not so much blood left, as will preserve me for an answer.

Cosf. I feel my end too near.

Dor. Take 'em away, and close their wounds, though there be some mercy shewn by thus deferring that reward which your black souls shall receive in Hell. Yet know the Law will here on earth provide such tortures as shall make your deaths exemplary to all succeeding times.—[*Exeunt some with Gentleman, your silence may* *Cast. & Cosf.* be excus'd, where there's so much cause of admiration. Some help the dead from hence, others call up the Counsellors of State. So intricate is Heavens revenge 'gainst lust. The righteous suffer here with the unjust.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

News from Plimouth.

PROLOGUE.

A Noble Company! for we can spy,
Beside rich gawdy Sirs, some that rely
More on their Judgments, then their Cloathes,
and may
With wit, as well as Pride, rescue our Play:
And 'tis but just, though each Spectator knows
This House, and season, does more promise
shewes,
Dancing, and Buckler Fights, then Art, or
Witt;

Yet so much taxt of both, as will besit
Our humble Theame, you shall receive, and
such
As may please those, who not expect too much.
For when you but survey the narrow Wayes
We walke in, you will find, we could not raise
From a few Seamen, Wind-bound in a Port,
More various changes, businss, or more
sport.

The Persons of the Play.

Sir Solemne Trifle
Sir Furious Inland
Wurwell,
Seawit,
Topsaile, }
Cable, }
Bumble
Boatswaaine,
Dash,
Scarcrow, }
Zeale, }
Prattle, }
Saylors,
Porter,
Ladie Loveright,
Mrs. Joynture,
Nightingale,
Carrack,
Smoothall,

A Foolish old Knight.
A Country Knight.
A Gentleman Servant to Loveright.

Sea-Captaines.

A Dutch Captain.

Clerke to Trifle.

Intelligencers:

Neice to Trifle.
Cosen to Loveright.
Loverights Waitingwoman,
A Rich Widdow.
Her Maide.

SCENE PLYMOUTH.

A C T. I.

Enter Seawit, Topfaile, Cable.

Seawit. **T**He Wind still Southerly? here we are like
To stay till grass grow on our Decks; and all
Our Masts take root, bud forth too and beare Akornes,

Which (as I take't) my Salt-Sea friends, is like
To be our food when all our victual's spent.
How thrives your treasure *Cable*? when your looks

Are heavy, we shall need small Magick to
Divine your Pockets light.

Cable. A few Mild-Sixpences, with which
My Purser casts accompt, is all I've left.

Topfaile. There are ith' Harbour Sir, those
of the faithfull

That will trust, upon a good pawne, you must
Engage your Plate.

Sea. His Plate! alas! poor Soule,
What Plate hath he more then his Boatswaines
Whistle.

As for the Silver Seale, that hung at's wrist,
Whereon was carv'd the Lovers Scutichions Sir,
(The bleeding Heart) that's gone long since
t'adorne

His Mistress Court-Cubboard, which on a
cloth
Of Network edg'd with a Ten-penny-Lace,
Stands now between her Thimble and her Bod-
kin:

Objects of State (believ't) and Ornament:

Cable. This Town is dearer then *Jerusa-
lem*,

After a years Siege; they would make us pay
For day-light, if they know to measure
The Sun-beames by the Yard. Nay, sell the
very

Aire too if they could serve it out in fine
China-Bottels. If you walk but three turnes
In the High-street, they will ask you Mony
For wearing out the Pebles.

Seawit. This is your Region *Topfaile*, for
you Seamen

Love to converse of plenty, where you may
Be cous'n'd for your ware, and meat, and think
Such negligence becomes a noble spirit,
As well as Thrift a leane Attorney, or
Fat Alderman, untill your Mercer and
Your Man that squeezes your lusty Wine of
Greece,

Or brisk *Vin-Dy*, remove from's smoky habi-
tation

In the Towne, unto your Mannour House?

There ride in triumph o're your conquer'd
Land,

As if he did bestride my Lord Mayors horse,
As if your Meadows were *Cheap-side*, and all

Your Woods the just precincts of his own
Ward.

Cable. And these two Disciples to *St.
Tantlin*,

That rise to long exercise before day,
And coulen'd soundly before noon, these shall
Grow old within your Mannor house, and die
There too, and be buried in your own
Chappel,

And have their sinfull Seacole dust, mingled
With th' ashes of your Warlike Ancestors.

Topfaile. 'Tis true, to these unpleasant ha-
zards

Riot and Youth must bring us to:

The gallant humour of the Age, no remedy.
Whilst yet the Mothers blessing quarrels and
chimes

Ith' pocket thus: the thrift of Thirty years
Sav'd out of Mince Pies, Butter, and dry'd
Hopps.

It must away; but where? In the Metropolis,
London, the Spheare of Light and harmony?

Where still your Taverne Bush is green, and
flourishing;

Your Punke dancing in Purple;
With Musick that would make a Hermit frisk
Like a young Dancer on a Rope. But alas!

There's no such pure materials for delight
In this dull Harbor, I will sooner draw
My Sword, then my purse here, 'Tis a place fit
Only for midnight Bartels with the watch.

Cable. And vildly destitute of Women, here
Are none but a few Matrons of *Biscay*,
That the *Spaniards* left here
In Eighty Eight.

Seawit. *Cable*, Your Hostesses Daughter at
the Hoop,

Desir'd me last night I would speak to you,
For an old Sprit-sail to make her a Smock.

Cable. You have Mony, Sir, you may be
merry.

Seawit. In sober truth, thou art.

Cable. Why what am I?

Seawit. As great a Sinner,
As ere eate Bisket and Salt Beef.

But Gentlemen, it lies much now within
My power, although here windebound and
distrest,

To make your sad hearts light.

Cable. Proceed any news of a late Shipwreck,
Of two strangers seen floating on a plank,
Each with a bag of Porteguez under
His left arme.

Seawit. No Sir, but since our Navy an-
chor'd in

This Port, Our fame hath prosper'd so,
That to behold our pride, and strength, there is
This

This day arriv'd a Lady.

Tot'saile. How, a Lady?

Seawit. The very flower and pleasure of the Spring,

And hath a Wit so prosperous, one houre
Of her converse would make a Courtier of
A Carman: so rich, that the *Turks* vast Army
Cannot starve upon her Land:

Are prime Gamesters the very housewives of
Her Dayrie play at sent: and her Plough-
boys

Double their wages at *Cribdy* and *Picket*.

Cable. VVell, I'm the Luckiliest Rogue
that ever seckt.

By this hand, Gentlemen,
I think if my braines were knockt out o're-
night,

I should find them in my skull agen next morn-
ing.

O my good Starrs, I do thank your bright
VVorships!

Send such a purchase hither just in the nick
And period of distress.

Top'saile. *Seawit*, a little more intelligence!
VVhere doth this Lady lie?

Seawit. At widow *Carracks* house.

VVhere there are wells new digg'd to lay her
botled wine;

Grotto's to keep her Person coole, and
Kitchens

That would serve *March Anthony*.

Cable. But will she eate and drink?

Seawit. How! Doe you think I bring you
tidings of

The Maid of *Brabant*, that liv'd by her smell,
That din'd on a *Rose*, and supt on a *Tulip*.

Cable. I meane will she feed high, and
drink deep, like

A *Saxon*-Bride, untill her Lover sleep
Upon her lapp.

Seawit. She entertaines, What will
You more gentlemen? I heare not of her
Vices.

Cable. Oh were she but a Whore now,
I were made.

For if she be honest, she is not worth
A hollow Tooth.

Seawit. VVhy *Cable*? VVhy?

Cable. Your honest VVomen are still un-
fortunate

To me, they talke of Marriage, which I am
prone too,

Come, call in quickly her dull Deacon! or
small

Tyth taker—in his dimmity—Cassick;
And let him squeeze, and joyne our hands;
untill

They ake; then there's a pawse; whilst her
Parent

VVith a soure brow, and Trencher Beard,
strait blasse

My Eare, with an odd heathen word, call'd
Joynture:

Well Sir, I as in duty bound towards
My self promise largely: then Spys are sent

T'inquire for one Captaine *Cable* of the South,
What Lands, what Farmes he hath; and word
is brought,

That all the Purchase he ere made, was but
A Noble, for a Mapp, which hangs in his
Great Cabbin.

Top'saile. *Seawit*, Your self and I must move
alone.

In visitation to this Lady.

Seawit. Your must excuse me, Sir, he shall
along,

The interview will be too calme else. Come,
lets prepare,

Guard well your eyes, I'll bring you to a
Beauty

Shall put you both unto the wink.

Cable. Thou art my Admiral, I will fight
under

Thy Lee, and celebrate thy mornings draught
VVith a broad-Side.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT I. SCENE II.

Enter Carrack, Porter, Smoothall.

Carrack. BE careful Porter,
Let not a piece of Canvas, or
course Kersey

That smells of Pitch or Tarr, pass o're the
Threshold.

Their gross feedings

On fulsome Butter, Essex Cheese, dry'd Stock-
fish,

And scarce sweet Beef on Festivalls, makes 'em
favour

Like the Pompe of a Ship, and to a tender
Nostrill

Is very dangerous.

Porter. Is't your VVorships pleasure?

Carrack. VVell answer'd, I am VVor-
shipful indeed,

For I am rich, and a VVife VVoman told me,
My Gold in time, may make Clowns say mine
Honour;

There are examples extant, but proceed
VVith your question to my VVotship.

Porter. May I suffer no man of VVar to
enter?

Carrack. Yes, your Capitaines.

Of the last Edition, and their Officers too;

Nay, I allow young Volunteers, provided

Aaaa z

They

They show rich Lace, and Purle, and without
Magick,

Have shut a Mannour in a Trunck of Clothes,
In hope to prove Commanders.

Porter. VVith your pardon.

VVhat think you of a Buffe Jerkin?

Carrack. It may pass,
And Shamois too, so it be well embroider'd,
And have a touch of Amber.

Porter. I am glad oft.

*Tis Captain *Cables* weare, and I should be
sorry

To thrust my self into a certain beating,
By shutting him out.

Carrack. True, 'tis a boyt'rous Sir,
And should be wellcome in his shirt; but that
His Captainship hates a Priest, and laughs at
VVedlock,

But ravins up his flie-blowne Lamb, or Mutton,
Though he meet it in the City, or the Suburbs,
But do your duties,
I'll think of him alone.

Porter. I shall be careful. [*Exit Porter.*]

Carrack. Now to you *Smoothall*, if that
you be vigilant

And marke, and learn the fashions of the time,
*I will help you sooner to a Husband, then
Your Father Farmers Cropp, or VVooll. Con-
sider

VVhat noble Guests are now under my roof.
The Lady *Loveright*, not an Heir, and Rich
In expectation only, but possesse
Of a huge Estate, four Thousand a year, which
came

From her dead Grandmother. The Earl her
Father

Hath left it at her dispose, without a Guardian.
Then Mistris *Joynture*, one of a good Estate
too,

My Ladies Gentlewoman, Mistris *Nightin-
gale*,

I may make thee a Gentlewoman, though thy
Mother

VVas Goody *Smoothall*, and do it by my Lords
Pattent,

VVhen I am a Baronesse, 'tis now in fashion
To metamorphise Chambermaids. The King
Dubs Knights, and new-stampd Honour cre-
ates Gentry.

Smoothall. And please you the meer hope
of this will prompt me
To waite with diligence.

Carracks. And Ple reward it.

Smooth. VVhat may the grave Knight be
that is so busie

About the Lady of Honour?

Carrack. Her honours Uncle,
Sir *Solemne Trifle.* He's a Justice of Peace.
And, in his Countrey, *Custos Rotulorum*,
He can give a charge to the Fury at Quarter-
Sessions.

And tell aforehand what will be their answer;
To all his fellow-Justices he speaks gravely,

And will hear none but himself. Have a care
of him,

You may have good of his Clark, a handsome
stripling,

He hath serv'd already three years of his Pren-
tiship,

And if he thrive out of his Quarter-sees,
He may in time set up for himself. Fall off
My Noble Guests appeare. Now to my po-
sture.

*Enter Sir Solemne Trifle, Loveright,
Jointure, Nightingale.*

Trifle. See honour'd Neece our careful
Land-Lady,

She bowes most neatly, you would say, and
Court-like,

Pray you give me leave.

Carrack. Madam.

Trifle. You would excuse agen,
(I know your thoughts) the want
Of apt accommodations to receive
Such noble Guests.

Loveright. Sir, in my judgement all things.

Trifle. Are, under pardon, you would say
beyond

All expectation of entertainment.

In a Port-Town.

Loveright. The Gentlewoman, Sir,
Hath ample meanes.

Trifle. To make this good, I know it,
And that you would adde, she is a rich VVid-
dow.

VVell monyed, and well landed.

Nightingale. Sir, her husband.

Trifle. You will be chattering too pert
Mrs. *Maggie*,

Ye shall be no more a *Nightingale*; her hus-
band,

This you would say; and make a tedious tale
of't,

VVith, I forsooth, and no forsooth, but I can
Relate it more concisely (for I hate
Impertinence, and babling) was a *Captain*,
A stout, and fortunate *Captain*, and could carry
His ship to any Coast under the Moon,
VVithout the help of his Master; and could
use

His Ropes-end on the Ship-boyes, and the Say-
lers,

As well as his Boatswaine, which did well de-
monstrate

His skill and valour. Then——

Loveright. Now give me leave,
You reprehend in others, that which you
Convince your self of, this is from the pur-
pose.

Trifle. I come to it now, pray you give
me leave.

Carrack. Excuse me.

Her honour shall have leave, Sir, with your
pardon,

Fin

Fine V Women stand by, and one old man talk
all,

'Tis monstrous, nay abominable, He not suffer
Such discipline in my House, I have a Tongue
too,

And therefore pray you be silent. I am bold
To interrupt your Honour. But a word
And I have done. 'Tis true I am a VViddow,
And rich too as Sir Solemne sayes. My house,
The best in Portsmouth, and hath entertain'd
An Admirall, and his Mistris too, but they
Have laine in several Chambers on mine Ho-
nour,

I should have said my credit, I cry you Mercy,
Heartily Mercy.

Loveright. There is no offence.

Carrack. My Husband (rest his Soule in
Neptune's bosome.)

For his Body hath fed *Haddock's* took a prize
From the *Hamburgers*, and *Brasle men*, fur-
nished me

VVith plenty of provision, but grown old
He went to Sea again and died, but left me
A Lusty young Widdow. I must weep to think
How timely he went from me.

Trifle. Mourne in Silence.

I will discourse the rest. Pray you give me
leave.

Carrack. I cannot, nor I will not give you
leave.

Till I have told my story, and how farr
I am her Honours Servant, would
I had meanes to expresse it, as it is
Pray you accept of't. There is nothing Court-
like

Your honour can expect, or I dare promise,
My House is but a simple pile.

Trifle. I will have leave now,
She should have said, a stately Edifice.
For Orchards, curious Gardens, private walks,
Like an Italian Pallace.

Carrack. Good Sir Solemne.

Trifle. Withdrawing Roomes, in every one
a Couch,

For all occasions, and uses ready.

Carrack. That's common, but my Hang-
ings--

Trifle. Silk and Gold,
I know not whence you had 'em, but I finde
The *Rose* and *Crown* and *E. R.* wrought upon
em.

I'll save your modesty, you shall not boast of
Your other Furniture.

Carrack. You will o'recome,
And having read the Inventory.

Trifle. I can say, that
For the courtiest use

You shall have Silver.

Carrack. A Bed with Utensils
Perchance, or so; but for my Linnen--

Trifle. That
ceeds the rest; pure Damask, and perfum'd

Ex oo,

Her Cambrick Sheets, Downe Beds-- Nay,
give me leave,

I think I have done you right.

Carrack. There's something else
You might remember.

Loveright. Nay, no more, I pray you.
Was there ever such a Medley?

Joynure. On this Theame
I think she would ever hear him.

Carrack. Good Sir *Trifle.*

Trifle. You would say I thank you--

Joynure. A new storme.

Loveright. We are rescu'd?

Joynure. What are these?

Loveright. Captains of the Fleet; and sent
for

By my direction. You have both spoke well,
Take breath a while.

Enter Loverights Woman.

Woman. The Captain that sent hither to
entreate

Admittance, for himself, and's Friends, attends
Your Ladiships Command.

Loveright. Entreat him enter.

[Exit Woman.

Joynure. Shall we be charg'd with Men
o'Warr too Madam,

What Captain's this?

Loveright. *Seawit*, a fellow that preserves
his soule.

So full of mirth, as if he never knew
Calamity, nor sin; why he will make
A Prisoner laugh upon the Rack: his reason too
Transcends his witt, and's courage equals both;
The very Darling of the Court and Town.

Enter Seawit, Cable, Topsaile.

Seawit. If there be trouble in this visit (Ma-
dam)

You are to chide your virtues, and your fame,
That doth oblige strangers to love, and serve
you.

Loveright. It is your kindness, Sir, to trust
such fond reports;

But I have cause to wish your knowledge of
me

May not instruct you to repent your faith--

Seawit. Your courtelie equals your beauty,
Lady,

Let me press these Gentlemen unto
Your knowledge and respect, they will both
strive,

How to deserve it better than my self.

Loveright. They are your choice, Sir, and
that commends 'em.

[*Topsaile* and *Cable* salutes her.

Trifle. All these are mighty men, and have
no Money.

Cable. *Topsaile!* I pray Heaven she be not
honest!

I feare her shrewdly, and the pure grieve of it
Wounds my very heart : Ah, what pity 'tis,
So excellent a Creature should be honest.

Topfaiie. *Cable*, if she but vouchsafe to love
me,

That shall appeare no great impediment ;
Nor shall you dare to think her honesty
A vice : You mark my words, you shall not
dare.

Cable If she be honest, in sad homely
truth

You must not presume to love her ; because
Time, occasion, and the Devil, may make
Her blood turne, and then Sir she's for my
purpose.

Doe not look scurvily, 'tis dangerous.

Seawit. Are you both mad? or do you take
this Mansion

For Pick'd hatch. You would be
Suitors, yes to a She-deare, and keep your
Marriages in *Paris-Garden*.

Topfaiie. No more! we are govern'd!

Enter Woman.

Woman. Your dinner doth attend your Lady-
ship.

Loveright. Gentlemen, you'l give me leave
t'invite you to a Faste.

Seawit. We are your troubles, but ready to
obey.

Joynure. Sir *Solemne*, What's th'occasion of
your thoughts?

Trifle. I am thinking that my Scrivener will
hardly

Take that Fatt Capitaines Bond.

Joynure. You have reason, Sir.

Nine of 'em in a Teeme, have scarce the
strength

To draw a Hundred pounds out of *Cheapside*.

Trifle. Heaven help 'em, do they e're think
to be fav'd then.

Loveright. Come Uncle, lead the way.

Topfaiie. Small hands, full breasts, soft lips,
and sparkling Eyes,

If I can board her, she'll prove lawful prize.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT. II.

Trifle, Seawit, Loveright, Topfaiie, Joynure, Cable, Carracke, Nightingale.

Seawit. **M** Adam, your Entertainment
hath been such,
So free and full of bounty,
that it leaves us

No words t'express our thankfulness.

Trifle. Give me leave,
I know what you would say, but with your
favour

I'll do't, and spare your blushes : for she is
Extreamly modest you would say, and noble.
You would answer

(For here I know your thoughts) were plain
'and cheap,

And answer'd in no part my full desires
With cost, and curiosity, to feast
Such brave Commanders, Lady, I hope I have
nick'd it,

Eut pray you forbear your thanks for't, 'tis
suppos'd

Nay, Gallants, give me leave, you would reply,
Her bounty did transcend, and perhaps add,
That though the name of hospitality
Is lost, nay dead, in her it is reviv'd.
If any can say more, let me be put
Out of commission for't, or what is worse,
speak what concernes me only.

Loveright. The perpetual motion
Is in his Tongue I think.

Seawit. I never read of
Such a long-winded Monster.

Trifle. You consent.
(For so your silence warrants) all is spoken
And aply too on both parts, that could be

Imagin'd, or expected, if there be
A doubt remaining I'll dilate it further.

Carrack. Indeed Sir *Solemne* we are satisfi'd;
This only if you please.

Trifle. What shall not now be heard, her
squeaking Treble
Will drown my Tenor.

Loveright. No meanes left to free us
From this confusion?

Seawit. Trust it to me, Madam,
I'll not dwell long on't, Sir *Solemne*.

Trifle. You would say
This Widdow does me wrong.

Seawit. True, and that I
Will do you right, there is a wager laid
Among us after Supper, of which you are
Elected Judge.

Trifle. And pleader too if you please.
I have wit, and tongue enough for both.

Seawit. I know it.
But hear the wager, I'll be short and pithee.
There grew an argument, among which,
Of the Nine Worthies, *Christian, Heathen,*
Jew,

Deserv'd privity.

Trifle. A maine State-point.

Seawit. 'Tis so.

And to that man who best maintains this
choice ;

The rest in sign of Victory, are to pay
A hundred *Crownes*. Now if you please to
walke

Into the Gallery, you shall find these Worthies
Drawn

Drawn to the life there, without interruption
Of this chattering Widow, or these other tattle-
lers,

(For they have Tongues too) you may sit in
state,

And examining the dead worthies *pro & contra*,

Defend, accuse, object, and answer for 'em.
You may spare your give me leave, or this you
would say,

They will obey with silence, you may be too
As loud as you list, and make use of what
action

Or gesture you shall think fit, you will find it
Such a feast of Soliloquy, and without disturb-
ance,

As yet you never tasted.

Trifle. The design,
Captain commands my thanks.

Seawit. Then having practis'd,
And argu'd with your self, the several titles
These Worthies can pretend to, when we come
To disputation, being thus prepar'd,

You shall speak all your self, and we will hear
you

As you were the great Turk of Eloquence,
And we your Mutes, or Statues.

Trifle. A rare project,
I'll instantly about it. [Exit Trifle.

Loveright. You have bound us
Your debtors Captain, in removing this
Unnecessary noise, 'tis a fit Province you have
set him to govern.

Joynature. Now we may talk
And chuse the Theam our selves.

Carrack. I know with whom
I would discourse, but that my *Cables* frowns
Advise me to stand off.

Topfail. To yield to me
Is no disparagement *Cable* when you have
Sate down, and rendred up all interest,

You do or can pretend unto this Lady;
It will be honor enough to have it reported
You once contended with me.

Cable. Why good *Ajax*?
You would betray your reading. I have read
too,

And know from whence this State-conceit was
borrow'd.

Since *Ovid* spake English, I ne'er yet found
Latin

In a Captains Commission, but one reason,
why

You claim precedence of me?

Topfail. Thou must grant
I am better parted, more polite and vers'd in]
The Rules of Courtship.

Cable. Better parted, why Sir?
Cause you have richer suits? My observation
Hath told me hitherto, that your best parts,
are

A little fingering out of tune, and that
With a scurvy hoarse voice, to a Fidlers Boy,

That never was admitted to a Tavern,
Shall out-do you in a Tap-house for a Test,
When your Throat is clearest, 'Tis said you
can dance too,

Caper, and do tricks like a Jack-a-napes,
A prime and courtlike Vertue, which you
learn'd from

The Dancing-Schools Usher, or his Underling.
Topfail. I shall be angry.

Cable. Fie no, you are dangerous, I'll rather
come

To composition with you.

Topfail. If it be fair,
I shall give ear to't, I am of a good nature:
Propound it.

Cable. This way the Indenture runs then,
If you can sing, or frisk your self into
This Ladies Bed, when the Priest hath done
his Office,

You shall put in security after a Moneth,
(For you are not built up, Sir, to hold out
longer)

When you are fore'd to ride and visit your Un-
cle,

I shall have free access, and liberty
With your consent, under your hand, and seal
too,

To court her, and enjoy her as a Mistress:
Topfail. And I to be your Cuckold?

Cable. And good reason,
Canst thou be so unconscionable as to ingross
A whole Wife to thy self, or deny me,
When thou art gorg'd up to the Throat, to
feed

On thy reversions? hast thou no Charity in
thee?

No feeling of thy Neighbors wants? or shall
not

This young and gamesome Lady be allow'd
When 'tis in fashion, and by most subscrib'd
too,

A Servant with a Husband? no compassion
On Batchelors of Fifty and odd?

Topfail. No more.
Did not the priviledge of the place protect you
I would—

Cable. What would you do?
Topfail. You shall hear further,
Believ't you shall.

Loveright. They grow loud.
Seawit. Are you mad?

Or drunk, or both?

Topfail. Such you may hear,
When you use better manners.

Cable. If the Afs
Be gall'd, let him winch.

Seawit. Do you make this Ladies house]
A Suters Booth to brawl in?

Cable. Be not so hot, Sir,
I'll do as I think fit.

Topfail. Preserve your Lectures
To read to your charge, Sir *Furious Island*, he
may hear you, and applaud it.

Cable.

Cable. I am past
Your Tutorship.

Topfail. I'll follow mine own designs.
[*Exeunt Cable, Topfail.*

Carrack. O my brave *Cable*, if thou wouldst
but hold

Thy *Carrack* to an Anchor, she would seek
No other Port, this quarrel must be tane up,
Or I am shipwrack'd. [Exit *Carrack.*

Seawit. Which way to excuse
Their incivility, or my want of judgment,
For bringing such rudeness to your presence,
falls not

In my dull apprehension, it throws
A taint on our profession.

Loveright. Not at all;
Their Leprosie cleaves to themselves, and cannot

Infect your better temper.

Seawit. 'Tis your Charity
To say so Madam.

Loveright. Without flattery Captain;
So well I like your conversation, mirth, and
freedom,

That I much wish, while the winds stay you
here,

You would know no other Table, what was
wanting

To day, shall be supply'd: But pray you tell
me,

What kind of Man is that Sir *Furious Inland*,
Your charge I think they call'd him?

Seawit. He's a Gentleman
Of fair descent, and ample means, but subject
To their disease of quarrelling; his Sword
Hangs still too near his right hand, he loves
fighting

Above all pleasures, and is more delighted
With the dangers of a Duel, then the honor
Of having had the better; he was trusted
By some of his noble Kinsmen to my care,
In hope the Discipline of the War might tame
him:

I have done little good upon him yet,
His metal will not bowe. But surely, Madam,
Had he been present, he had paid these Rorers
In their own coyn, yet thus much I can say in
his defence,

In the height of all his wildness
He loves and honors Ladies; for whose service
He's still a ready Champion.

Loveright. A strange Character;
I shall receive it as a favor, if
You grant me means to see him.

Seawit. He's aboard,
But I'll send for him presently. He may yield
Occasion of mirth, and without hazard
Of life or limb, I will present him to you,
And till then kiss your hands. [Exit *Seawit.*

Loveright. I shall expect you.
Now Colin, your opinion of this Captain?
The general voice (and I believe it) speaks him
A compleat Man.

Joynature. It may be so, in his
Profession, but with your pardon Lady
Neither the place you live in, nor the com-
pany

That do frequent your house, can free you
from

Severer censures.

Loveright. Free me Colin? I am
Careless as they are curious, to inquire into
My actions, but from you I will hear
What I am tax'd for; but I pray you speak it
In a merry tone, none by to over-hear,
Freedom and mirth becomes us.

Joynature. I approve it.

'Tis wonder'd why (if virtuous, for your fame
Is call'd in question) having of your own
Manners, and goodly houses in the Countrey,
And one for Winter pleasures in the City
(And that of large receipt for entertainments)
You rather chuse to live an inmate, under
Another's Roof in a Port Town, then where
Your pow'r is absolute.

Loveright. They come up roundly to me.
But what in their grave wisdoms do they
judge

The principal motive?

Joynature. Love of noise, and rudeness,
To see the Drums and Trumpets in the morn-
ning
To rouse you up, your own Musicians sleep-
ing;

To see the Sailors dance, to give you colours
To every Officer, to feast the Captains,
That when they are aboard they may carouse
In Wine, while it lasts, or (that spent) Quarter-
Cans

To the brave *Viragos* health.

Loveright. Is this the worst
They charge me with?

Joynature. The best construction rather
Of your coming hither, others whisper (such
Is my intelligence) that you hold a Courtier
Too soft, a Countrey Gentleman too dull,
To make a Husband, and that your main end
is,

To be kiss'd to the purpose in the Gun-room,
Upon a Cannon by a rough Commander,
Then brought to Bed in his Cabbin of two
Boys;

And when they are Christen'd, in the place of
Bells,

To hear the Ordnance roar a lullaby to your
Seaborn issue.

Loveright. This may be, but wherefore
are they thus suspicious?

Joynature. On good grounds, and sure ones:
No Man that looks on you, will believe your
purpose

To live and die a Maid, I can read Mother
Upon your Forehead, then having had such
choise

Of rich, and noble Suiters; well shap'd Men
too

For a Ladies service, and among the rest,
Sir *Studios Warwel* your Idolater; he's
learn'd, active, of an antient house too,
A Gentleman whose fortune equals yours,
And he to be refus'd, and by your scorn
Impley'd, but none know whether.

Loveright. Thou hast said Wench.
Hear me reply, the great estate commend-
ed

In this Sir *Studios Warwel* was a hinder-
ance,

And no way did advance my favors to him.
I have enough, and my ambition is
To make a Man, not take addition from him.
I would have him poor, and if unlearn'd the
better;

I cannot feed on the Philosophers Banquet,
Nor would I have my Bed-fellow a cold
Cynik.

I will be plain too. If he have no Coat
I th' Heralds Books, I spy agen the better;
His Kinred shall not awe me with a Statue
Wanting a Nose or Ear of his great family,
Though they swear 'twas *John a Gannet*. My
Father was

A Soldier, and for that my Mother lov'd
him.

His title of an Earl was no charm to her,
And when I find a perfect, and a poor one,
still take me with you

Cosin; if a Soldier ———
Joynture. There are few of 'em rich.

Loveright. I have the better choice then.
That perfect poor one I will make my Hus-
band,

It is resolv'd, I'll tell thee more ere long
Wench. [Exeunt.

Scena Secunda; *Topfail*.

Topfail. Let the quarrel sleep a while; to
win this Lady

Concerns me nearer. If I get her, I have
honor,

And never fight for't, policy must take
place——

In this of valour, and I will omit
No helps that may make for me. Let me con-
sider,

Her Uncle's powerful with her, if I can
But make him mine, with the aids of those
rich Ornaments, *Cable* admires,
(Though he seem'd to condemn in his choller)
all's Cock sure.

He comes most timely, I will upon him.

Enter Trifle with a Table Book.

Trifle. Here are all the Points
I am to treat of. This for *Alexander*,
For *Godfrey of Bullogne* this, and good King
David

I have for thee too. If I wrong the least
Of the Nine Worthies (yet I'll firk 'em home
too)

May I never prove the Tenth.

Topfail. Sir, one word with you!

Trifle. I am to speak not hear; you trouble
me.

But that I am a Christian my self,
I should incline to *Hector*; *Julius Cesar*
Did very well too, and the rest brave Men
all.

As I am their Advocate their Fees alike
too,

It were injustice if I should be partial,
Good Sir forbear, I have many strings to
play on.

Topfail. I, but one Suit.

Trifle. Pray you give me leave. I know
it,

In your particular fancy, you affect
Above the rest, one Worthy. Tell me his
name.

I'll not be dumb in his praise.

Topfail. Worthy? what Worthies?

Trifle. Make it not strange. Are you not
one of those

That are to night to hear the Worthies
Causes

First pleaded, then decided?

Topfail. You are jeer'd, Sir.

Trifle. A hundred Crowns adjudg'd to him
whose Worthy

Should have precedence?

Topfail. There's no such matter,
Seawins device to send you off, while he
Court'd your Neece in your absence, on my
life

There was no such thing intended, or e'er
dream'd on.

The company is dispers'd.

Trifle. Have I then lost my hopeful prepa-
rations?

Topfail. You are wrong'd.

Trifle. Not I, posterity suffers for the loss
Of what I had deliver'd, which recited,
I had a Stationer of mine own to Print it,
I am exceeding melancholly.

Topfail. Go aboard

With me, and purge it. Do me a favor in
Another kind, you shall not lose your la-
bor,

I'll help you to an Auditory, that can judge
too

Of your Tropes and Figures.

Trifle. Who are they?

Topfail. My Sailors.

I have taught 'em not to cavil at the things
They understand not, I'll be silent too,
You shall speak all your self.

Trifle. How you engage me!

I'll take the Pictures along to make distincti-
on

For whom I plead.

Bbbbbb *Topfail*.

Topſail. It will do well.

Triſte. Your ſuit now,

What e'er it be 'tis granted, for this cur-
reſie.

Out with't I pray you.

Topſail. I'll tell you in the Cock-Boat.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Cable.

Cable. Sure this Lady's honeſt ! Or if ſhe
be not

There's but ſmall advantage to my hopes,
whiſt that

Tempter (young *Topſail*) hovers near her
eye.

The Rogue has qualities for love, which I
want.

Why he will ſing you like any Widows daugh-
ter

That's working of Bone-Lace, no Weaver
at

His Loom comes near him; and dance till he
tire

All the Tabers in a Wake. Now the truth
is

I cannot ſing; for with eating
Butter, when I lay amongſt

The Dutch Ships at *Delph*, my voice is quite
gone;

And for matter of dancing, you may expect
as much

From a Lobſter on a Fiſhmongers ſtall.

I would the Wind would turn. No Money!
and in

A Harbor too ! Truth, 'tis a pretty cala-
mity

For a Gentleman of my inclination!

Enter a Porter, Carrack.

Porter. I left him walking from the Key,
towards

The back-door of your worſhips Garden.
Look,

There he ſtands, and very ſad; ſure he
had

But a light dinner at your Worſhips Houſe,
For he's eating's Nails already.

Carrack. Get you home!

And ſirrah ſee you pile thoſe Billets up
I'th' yard; and do you hear, make haſte, and
fetch

The Glaſier ſtrait to mend the Caſement
in

The *Darnex* Chamber.

Porter. Yes forſooth.

Carrack. And let me ſee; be ſure you bid
the Baker

Send in more Bread to night, and let the
Kid

Be made into a Paſty!

Porter. I ſhall forſooth.

[*Exit.*]

Carrack. What melancholly Captain !

Cable. Widow, introth my thoughts were
ſomewhat buſie,
About diviſion of a prize.

Carrack. Why have you taken one ?

Cable. No Widow, no ! But when it ſhall
pleaſe Heaven

I'll allow us the good fortune; I was think-
ing

With how much Conſcience, and Diſcretion
too, I might

Diſpoſe it into ſhares. I am

Very juſt in my Nature.

Carrack. Well Captain, I obſerve of late,
(and truly

With ſome compaſſion too) that you are
full

Of troubled thoughts, and much oppreſt in
heart.

Heaven keep you from lying in a Chamber
Where there is a Croſs beam.

Cable. Why do you think
I love activity, and will ſwing at
Midnight in my ſhirt ?

Carrack. Nay, they above
Know all, but certainly y'are very ſad.

Cable. As other Mortals uſe to be, that
want

Money, Wine, or a Wench.

Carrack. Lo you there now !

Juſt ſuch another Man was my Husband,
And would talk ſo too. Well, Peace reſt his
Soul,

I'm ſure his Body had but little reſt
On Earth; for he was a Womans Man, Cap-
tain,

A good one too; he lay not idle he,

I ſpeak it in my tears.

Cable. Now can I hardly forbear to cry
too,

But that I left my Handkerchief in my
Cabin, and want ſomewhat to dry my Eyes
When they are wet. Widow thou do'ſt
Not know, how much thy kindneſs hath pre-
vail'd.

Carrack. I Sir, if you but gueſs the cauſe.

Cable. Nay, I find no cauſe, but

Your good parts,

Carrack. Good parts indeed ! you are ſo
like my Husband.

And juſt (as they ſay) ſuch a rough hewn
Man

Was he: So troubleſome to Maids and Wo-
men,

Of meek behaviour, that they would all cry
Out on him, yet they lov'd him too: Truly
he was

Scarce to be truſted in the dark.

Cable. A modeſt Gentleman belike, for
he

Would do no leudneſs before the Suns face.

Carrack. No truly; and when the happy
knot

Was

Was ty'd, good heart, he was reclaim'd;
we lov'd

Like any House-Doves, ever more billing
To the comfort indeed of all young people.

Cable. What knot do you mean Widow?

Carrack. Why of Matrimony.

Cable. O is the Wind fix'd there still! If you, or

Your Vicar, get me into your Fools noose,
I'll give you leave to pull Hairs out of my Beard,

And bridle Fleas with 'em. Draw in a Yoke!

Carrack. In sadness Captain, I could chide you now;

What is the reason you renounce Marriage?

Is it because you do not love to come

In a Church, the Priest can do't in a Chamber.

Cable. No, no, I love Churches, I mean to turn

Pirate, rob my Countrey-men, and build one.

Carrack. Why well said, there is some hope in that.

Cable. But for Marriage, do not think on't. It is

A most excellent Receipt to make Cuckolds.

The short truth is, if you will ply your Malmsey,

Rejoyce o'er your spic'd Bowl, and learn to drink

Your self into a comely trance, I shall

Love you, but then sometimes you must consent too,

I mean in the dark, Widow.

Carrack. Fie upon him! He is so like my Husband.

Cable. Farewel! Get thee to thy Closet, and drink

To thy Husbands ghost a whole Pint of Mum.

Remember Matrimony makes Cuckolds:

'Tis to be us'd after Fourscore, when thy days

Of Temptation are so long past, thou canst

Not indanger a smooth Brow.

Carrack. Well Sir, I'll make you tamer, or else lose

My Womans wit with watching.

[Exeunt several ways.]

Enter Boatwain, Seawit.

Seawit. Boatwain well met, thou must instantly aboard,

And fetch the Knight that is my Charge ashore.

Boatf. You mean Sir *Furion Inland*, surely one

Of the Winds got him, his Cradle was a Drum,

And he was nurs'd upon a Belfry.

He hath more rage and noise then a Winter storm:

Onely his Vertue is, he will out last it.

You that are his Captain Sir, may rule him!

But in your absence he hath got the trick

To rule your Officers.

Seawit. Does he make mutiny?

Boatf. Your Master, Purser, Gunner, and his Mate,

And I my self feel him about the Shoulders:

Had he but my office two days, he would Wear out a Cable

With Castigation, as he calls it, look!

He's come ashore already.

Enter Inland.

Seawit. Away, leave me.

[Exit Boatwain.]

My fiery Charge! Why hast thou left thy Wooden walks

In my good Ship, to tread on slippery Pebbles here?

Where Men of Waves meet, and conspire

To couzen Men of War.

Inland. What should we do at Sea without a Wind.

Seawit. These Winds are mad blades, they'll do what they list.

Inland. Would they had Bodies that we might fight with 'em.

Seawit. I rather wish th'hadst an old Aunt in Norway,

That would command them with a charm: But who

Hath chas'd my little *Libian* Lion thus

Into a Foam? Methinks thou look'st, as thou

Didst come from slaughter, and from prey?

Inland. A Rogue vex'd me as I pass'd through the high Street.

Seawit. How my dear Charge.

Inland. He askt me what a clock it was.

Seawit. Was that offence?

Inland. Death! Do I look like a Watch-maker, am

I bound to take charge of the hours, and give

Every Rogue intelligence how they pass!

Seawit. Well, and how did you proceed.

Inland. I beat him.

Bbbb 2

Seawit.

Seawit. A little calm't my brave charge.
In sooth
Thou hast chollet enough t'enflame nine fat
Dutch Burghers, and make 'em all turne
Fencers.

I've heard of your fierce discipline aboard.

Inland. What would you have me do?
Shall I rust
Like a Sword in a Scabbard for want of exer-
cise?

Shew me the Kings Enemies and I'm fa-
tisfied!

If not, let's Subjects look to't, for I must
fight.

Seawit. Thou shalt see the Kings Enemies.

Inland. But, Where are they?

Seawit. Why gone aside to make their
Wills, and Pray,
They know they are but dead when they ap-
pear.

Inland. Captain, I love the King, and am
bound
In confidence, and good nature to kill his En-
emies.

Seawit. Why right! th'art my Disciple
now, just to
My will, and wish. But prethee tell me
Charge!

Besides Divine, and Morall reasons, I
Would know what secret int'rest thou hast in
The King, that makes thee leave thy Hawks,
And Hounds, to hunt his Enemies.

Inland. Why I love him.

Seawit. I but some cause for it
That is particular, and personal.

Inland. I have a good one, but I'll con-
ceale it.

Seawit. How Charge from me? your
Friend that must direct
You in the day of Fight! come, What is
it?

Inland. Why he cur'd me of the Evil.

Seawit. Charge I thank thee.

This day, I will both reward thy good na-
ture,

And imploy thy courage; there is now
lodg'd

I'th' Town, a Lady of excellent wit and
beauty.

Inland. Does she love Fighting

Seawit. Nay, do but hear me. *Topsaile,*
and *Cable,*

Both Captains in our Fleet, are now in contro-
versie

For her Love, and do advance their hopes
VVith so much fury, and ill-manner'd rage,
That they are both become her trouble.

Inland. I'll fight with 'em.

Seawit. A little patience, and observe, you
shall

Fight with 'em, and subdue 'em too, till
they

Have temper, and civility; but know
She hath an Uncle, call'd Sir *Solemine Trifle.*

Inland. I'll fight with him too.

Seawit. Nay marke me: you must court
him.

I have design'd it so, follow and I'll instruct
you.

Tis fit, whilst VVindbound thus in a dull
Port,

VVe ease our want of business, with our
sport. *Exeunt.]*

ACT. III.

Warwell, Bumble, Saylor.

Bumble. **V**ellecome, vellecome en
shore mine Here, veele
haben a Gelloffe now.

Houndsfoot, run for 20 dozen of Cans.

Warwell. Captaine, you are free, and no-
ble, yet I wish

You would forbear this Ceremony, my oc-
cassions

Command me some where else, and with much
speed too.

Bumble. Teen towfand Divels on business,
part with drow lips after our boon
Voyods. Ick been noe here Capitaine *Bum-
ble,* but *Shellum Bumble,*

If I give not mine Here his gelloffe; Here
on de Rey. So, so; ha wetht you.

Enter Saylor with Cans.

Mine Here.

Warwel. I thank you Captaine, though,
it be out of fashion
To drink thus openly, I will not contend,
Nor break your custome.

Enter Seawit, and Sir Furious Inland.

Bumble. Up be de maniere van Hollandt
mine Here.

Furious. Dear Tutor stay, here's a rare
fight I'Faith,
These are madd Blades, Drink i'the Streets
O rare!

Seawit. Thou Child of wrath, observe me,
think on what
Adventure thou art bound, I must present
thee

In

In thy full trimme to a brave Amazone;
A Lady that loves Bilbo-men, and such
As on their warlike thighs (like thee my
Charge)

Wear their old Grandfires fox. Thou art
deriv'd

From mighty Heroes. I have heard thy Fa-
ther,

When Sword and Buckler was in reputation,
Invirion'd with his basket hilts, and blew Cotes,
Hath flood in the head of his Troopes, and
fought Pitch'd Battels in Smithfield,
without Blood.

Furious. I, that was an Age!
Would I had liv'd in't: now the Surgeons
mourne

For want of work. Good Tutor stay.

Seawit. Thy reason?

Furious. Why they drink hard, and if the
Liquor work

We may have a quarrel. I would breathe my
self;

I am grown exceeding testy; I have not us'd
Mine Armes these two houres. Stay but three
Minutes Tutor,

Their colour rises.

Warwell. I can stay no longer,

One parting health if you please.

Bumble. Let it come, let it come!

Warwel. To the Kings health.

Furious. A brave Fellow I warrant him,
And a true Subject. I love him heartily;
What's he that is to be his pledge?

Seawit. A Dutch-man,

I guess by his habit.

Furious. How! A Butter-box?
He pledge the Kings health, being an Alien
Before his naturall Subjects, on our allegiance
We must not suffer it, by your leave Floun-
derkin,

Or without your leave, I care not which. Doe
not grumble?

By the Sword of St. George,

I'll make him eate up mine, that drinks this
health

Before my Tutor, he hath Commission for it,
And I'll give way to him.

Seawit. Prethee be quiet.

Furious. Off with it then, 'tis Treason to
deny it;

And I were a Traytor if I should conceale it.

Seawit. To thee my Charge then.

Furious. Ho, we have the Van,

Come you Hans in the rere.

Bumble. All veale, all veale.

Furious. Leave not a drop.

Warwell. This is strange rudeness.

Seawit. True,

But who can help it, as you affect your quiet
Cross him not in't, for beside blows, there is
nothing

To be got from him.

Warwel. I am better temper'd, Sir,

Then to quarrel o're a Can.

Seawit. I hope so too,

Bumble. Ick haben done right Younker.

Furious. Ha younker?

Tutor, What's that, a word of disgrace?

Seawit. No Pupil,

It signifies a brave Gentleman.

Furious. On with your health then.

Bumble. Tot mine heres de States van de
Provinces.

Furious. How,
Second the Kings health with remembrance of
Mine Aeres de States,

Seawit. Hold Charge.

[Breaks the Can o're his head.

Furious. A very hodg bodg
Of gorbelly'd Burghers, heres an affront! un-
hand me,

I'll beat a Ferkin of Butter out of his sides,
Nay, let 'em come on. Have we no Queen?
nor Prince,

To Sacrifice too, but that you must ball out
Mine Heres de States,

Bumble. Ick fall meet you at Sea for dis.

Furious. I'll beate thee there too.

Warwell. Doe your best to keep him off,
I'll quiet these.

Seawit. Thou hast shewne thy self a Rosi-
dere, but preserve

Thy fierie metral, and remember thou art
To fight a Ladies battels.

Furious. This by the way

Does no hurt I hope.

Warwell. This for my passage: this
To cure your bruises, every one hath got some-
thing, there's Balme for you, and you.

Bumble. All too much mine Here.

Warwell. If I am prodigall, I have some
ends in't, be not too modest, take it.

Furious. 'Tis the King's Coyne, it is against
the Law

To have it transported, I'll not suffer it,
Let 'em keep their double blanks, their Doits
and Stivers.

These Carrot-eating Dutch have filch'd already
Most of the Bulloigne out of the Land; they
exhaufe our Gold,

And send us Pickled Herrings. Down with it
Mungrel,

Seawit. VVhat vers'd in State-points too?
I honour thee.

But on my love forbear now. Let not zeale
Too farr transport thee. Clear thy stormy
looks,

Thou art to visit Ladies.

Furious. And fight for 'em.

Seawit. Thou shalt, and do it bravely.

[Exeunt Seawit and Furious.

Warwel. Farewell Captain.

I am sorry for this disaster. [Exit Warwell.

Bumble. Adieu mine Here.

Ick fall meet him at Sea, and den he ducks
for't.

[Exeunt.
Enter

Enter Carrack, Porter.

Carrack. I like thy disguise.

Porter. I wonder at your Worships,
Heav'n blefs the mark, you look in this light habit
Like one of the Suburb-Sinners, I may pass too
For your officious Squire.

Carrack. Sirrah, leave prating,
And doe what I command. I would appeare
The very thing thou speak'st of. Thou art acquainted

With those common creatures, and canst teach
me how

To imitate their behaviour, How do I walk?

Porter. You have their pace already, but
you must carry

Your Gown a little higher, your Silk Stocking,
Your dainty Leg, and foot, will not be seen else.
You must sometimes take occasion to command me

To tie or untie your Shoe, or blow your Roses,
And as I kneel to do my office, strike me,
And cry, you dog you hurt me. This I assure you
Your Sattin Gamblers practice.

Carrack. Easily learn'd,
Am I not an apt Scholler.

[*Gives him a Box of the Eare.*

Porter. I'm sure your Tutor smarts for't.

Carrack. I lose time. This is your house?

Porter. A simple one.

But 'twill serve the turn; my Wife has trickt it up,
And waites for your Worships.

Carrack. 'Tis well, leave me here,
And having found Cable, do as this directs
you. [*Exeunt.*

Toppsale, Trifle (drunk) *Musitians.*

Toppsale. Hoe let him downe, the noise of
the great Ordinance

At his coming on, and going off, sans doubt
Hath turn'd his braines, the Wine too works,
and that

Which forces other men to talk, hath silenc'd
His everlasting tongue. He held me three hours
In his discourse of the Worthies, till the Saylor
And Ship-boys fell asleep, and nere gave over
Till he perceiv'd all Eyes were clos'd, then tir'd
And angry too, he was no more observ'd;
The Worthies suffer'd execution in
Their pictures, for he took e'm one by one
And flung 'em over board. Sir Solemne Trifle
Not to be wak'd with Thunder! I must now
Speak for my self, or rather Sing, begin.

S O N G.

O Thou that sleep'st like Pigg in Straw,
Thou Lady dear, arise;
Open (so keep the Sun in awe)

Thy pretty pinking eyes:

And, having stretcht each Leg and Arme,

Put on your cleane White Smock,

And then I pray, to keep you warme,

A Petticote on Dock.

Arise, arise! why should you sleep,

When you have slept enough?

Long since, French Boyes cry'd Chimney-

And Damsels Kitching-stuffe. [*SwEEP.*

The Shops were open'd long before,

And youngest Prentice goes

To lay at's Mrs. Chamber-doores

His Masters shining Shoes.

Arise, arise; your Breakfast stays;

Good Water-grewell warme,

Or Sugar-sops, which Galen says

With Mace, will doe no harme.

Arise, Arise; when you are up,

You'll find more to your cost,

For Mornings draught in Candle-cup,

Good Nutbrown Ale, and Toast.

Enter Loveright and Jointure.

Loveright. I told you 'twas no common
voice. Good morrow,

You are an early Lark.

Toppsale. I with my voice

Were worthy of your Ladiships Eares. I should
Have chosen some sad note to plead a pardon
For my late breach of Mannets in your presence,

But studying your Mirth, I thought this apter
To call you from your rest. The angry powers
Are pleas'd with humane Sacrifice, but Ladies
Of your soft temper will I hope accept
Of my submission.

Loveright. This acknowledgment
VWould expiate a greater crime; who's this?
Jointure. Your reverend Uncle!

Toppsale. Hurt a little Madam,
In a Sea-Entertainment.

Jointure. He begins [*Trifle stretching himself.*
To wake already.

Loveright. Too soone, I feare, and with
The danger of our Eares.

Trifle. Heigh, ho, Vwhere am I?

Cable me up, the shot plaies thick upon us;
I have fought enough for a Justice of peace
and quorum.

Jointure. How do you Sir?

Trifle. As well as man can doe.

After so hot a Sea-fight, give me leave.

Loveright. He will not out of that tone, or
drunk or sober.

Trifle. VWhat make you abroad? you'll
say to cure my wounds,

I thank your care, for I am shot through, and
through.

Touch me not, if you do, you are blown up;
I am all Gun-powder, and Bullet, Lady.
VVe have done the King such service.

Loveright. VWhat, deare Uncle?

Trifle. VVe have pepper'd the Holland
Hulkes, I saw three of 'em

Through the smoke in the Gun-rooms sink,
while I bestride

The Canon, and caper'd. Goe get me pen
and paper. [*Falls in his Chaire.*

I'll write the courant my self, & have it Printed
By a Stationer of mine own, one that shall do it
In spite of the Statute, for-- (*Nods & sleeps.*

Loveright. He's fast again.

Captain, you wounded him, & 'twill shew nobly
In

In you to cure him.

Topsaile. Leave him to my care
I'll see him safe, then waite you.

[*Exit Topsaile with Trifle.*]

Loveright. At your pleasure.

Enter Seawit, Inland.

Jointure. Here are other visitants.

Loveright. And those I look for.

To them, Enter Seawit, Inland.

Seawit. That you may see I'm loyall to
your Ladiship,

And fit to be believ'd, I here present
The Gentleman, whom late my promise did
Assure, a servant to your wit, and beauty.

Loveright. Sir *Furious Inland*, or my aime
deceives me.

Seawit. You give him both his Name and
Title Lady.

He will deserve the honour to kiss your Ladi-
ships hand.

[*He brings him to salute the Ladies.*]

Why how now *Charge*? stark dumb, you
have no more

Compliment then a Fish. Goe speak to her.

Inland. You'll give me leave to rubb my
Elbow first,

In signe that I am taken! All *Staffordshire*
Cannot shew her fellow.

Seawit. Come your address, an old Haber-
dasher

Hath as much courtship! Doe but speak to
her!

Inland. Madam, Have you any quarrels?

Loveright. Sir, I

Deserve not any, for I doe no wrong.

Inland. Right or wrong, that's not the bu-
siness. If you

Have none, dispatch and make some, as many
As you please too: I'll fight 'em over and
over.

Loveright. I'm sorry Sir, my patience, and
my quietness,

Is such, I cannot furnish you; 'tis pittie
You should want employment.

Inland. Lady, Have you any quarrels?

Jointure. None Sir, but with my glasse, when
it doth render

My face less handsome then it is.

Inland. Captain, Vould thou wouldst call
for VVine, and get

These Ladies to drink hard.

Seawit. To what purpose?

Inland. Perhaps they'r given to quarrel in
their Wine,

It matters not with whom; or why, so I
May fight for 'em.

Seawit. 'Las, that affords small hope.

Sure Charge thou dost not use to pray, for
else

Thou couldst not be thus destitute of place,
And fit occasion for a quarrel.

Loveright. Sir, I had thought, you kept
your anger charg'd
Against the Kings Enemies, not ours; and
that

You left your Land, your Bugle-horne, and
Lute,

In search of them. And though y'are wind-
bound here,

A faire gale may shortly come, and bring you
where

You may employ your Sword, till your wrist
ake;

Preserve your self till then.

Inland. That will be no thanks to your La-
diship.

I'de faine see you in the meane time, so
well

Natur'd, to beget so much of a quarrell,
As may but hinder me from being idle.

And now I think on't: if you have a little
Dogge

That's quarrellsome, let him bite my Captain
By the thinn, and I'll defend the manner
And the cause.

Loveright. This is such a Dagonet.

As out-does your character! Captain, be-
liev't,

You did deliver him with a faint breath,
Story and Travaile cannot find his Fellow!

Jointure. You should look to his diet, I'm
afraid

He feeds on Gunpowder.

Seawit. My dear Lady! let me beseech
you both

To move a little distance by; and you
Shall see sport enough to prove him a Mira-
cle.

Enter Cable, Topsaile:

Cable. Hah! *Topsaile* here agen: he dan-
ces himself

Into her Company; I would there were
A good Chain'd-shot embracing your fine
leggs;

But yet if they were cut off, he would sing
still:

No way to spoile's voice, but to cut his throat.

[*He beckens Topsaile.*]

Topsaile. You see I am obedient, Sir, heave
but your

Crooked finger thus, I'm at your beck.

Cable. If thou beest an honest fellow, steale
away,

And hang thy self; I would fain have thee
dead.

But am loth to disturb the Company.

Topsaile. 'Tis a faire motion, if you would
begin,

Considering too you can dispatch the business
Sooner with your weight, I'll stay till you
have done?

Cable

Cable. Now the Pox take thee, for th'ast
no more kindnes
Then a shav'd Serjeant has to a Templar.
But we shall meet in a fit place, and then
If your Sword can find the way to let a Soule
out
Sooner then mine, sing on, you have the for-
tune.

Topsaile. It is a poor blind Weapon Sir,
but I

shall make shift to lead it in a strait line—

Seawit. Charge I foretell a storme! those
Captaines there,
Mark but their looks, they swell, and breath
into

Each others face, the fumes of direfull wrath.
Is't fit? In such a gentle presence too?

Inland. Captain *Topsaile*! one short word
in your eare,

And you may be thankfull 'tis not a blow.

Topsaile. I am thankfull, Sir. This Monsieur
will meet

At last, with some body mad as himself,
That knows not's humour, and then he is de-
funct.

Cable. I hope a quarrel, 'tis a fiery Vil-
lager.

Bring me a Flie in *September*, and I'll
As soon take a Lease of his life as of
That Dragons.

Topsaile. I pray your business.

Inland. How dare you Sir appeare before
this Lady,

That lately in her presence were so rude.

Topsaile. Sir, I have ask'd her pardon, and
am reconcil'd.

Inland. How! reconcil'd a quarrel with-
out blood!

Topsaile. You must consider, Sir, 'twas with
a Lady.

Inland. No reconciliation can be made
with honour,

Till one or both have bled for it: Be the
Defendant Man, Woman or Child.

Topsaile. These are new Sword-Cases, but I
shall learne.

Inland. If you will learne, you shall be
taught; but I

Have heard there is a mortall difference
'tween

Cable and you! How chance y'are both
alive?

Topsaile. There's reason for it, Sir, W'have
not fought yet.

Inland. But Sir, How chance you have
not fought?

Topsaile. Why there you question me unto
my wish:

I've had th'ambition to expect so much
Kind friendship from your self as may intreat
You Sir, deliver him a challenge from me.

Inland. Where is the Paper? give it me.
I'll do't.

Topsaile. Your Chartells out of fashion;
Sir, here is

My Glove, which if you'l but present him as
My Gage, and bid him name the time, and
place;

You are my noble second, and my friend.

Inland. Your *Glove* shall serve, he shall
receive it though

'Twere Sheep-skin.

Cable. Now for shelter! the storme draws
near me too. [*Takes Cable aside.*]

Inland. *Topsaile* my Friend defies you,
there's his gage.

Cable. Troth I am sorry that his choice
could find

No other bearer then your self.

Inland. You undervalue me, I'm fit to be
A second to as good a Man, if you
Believe it not, put it to trial strait;
I'll fight with you first.

Cable. You mistake my grief,
For you are he I had design'd my Second.
And now I'm destitute of one to bear,
My gage in Token I accept of his.

Inland. Why Sir, I'll be your Second too;
give me your Glove.

Cable. Marry Sir, and shall! there, convey
it to him.

If this *Zuitz* had but a two handed Sword,
He would depopulate the Island, leave none
but

His Huntsman alive, the rest should be minc'd
For his Hounds. [*Inland beckens Topsaile aside.*]

Topsaile. I protest Sir *Furious*, this noble
favour

Hath ty'd me to you in everlasting bonds.

And how dear Sir, What sayes he?

Inland. He doth accept your gage, and has
return'd

You his by me, I am his Second.

Topsaile. How Sir *Furious*: why! you are
mine!

Inland. Sir, I am any mians that will fight,
and you

Had best agree both upon a Meeting,
And fall to't handsomely without satisfaction,
I'll have no satisfaction, 'tis a base word,
And fit ter for the bosome of a Bond,
Then for a Souldiers mouth.

Topsaile. 'Fore me, a young *Balthazar*.

Seawit. The very Ghost of *Botevill*
Met in an English skin; How do you like him
Madam?

Loveright. I dare not but like him.
And challenge me.

Jointure. Bestrew me, the danger hath
spoil'd the mirth:

Will they proceed?

Loveright. *Seawit*, We may depend
I hope on your discretion, to preserve
Things safe, and keep the matter qualify'd.

Seawit. You may presume so, Madam, or
I'm sure

I shall deserve but little of your trust.

[*Takes Inland aside.*]

Do'st thou hear *Charge* ! If they should fight it out

After the French way, where the Seconds must

Encounter too ; how will you find an opposite ?

Inland. I thank you for that question, Governor.

But now I think on't, you may chuse which side

You please, and we'll fight two to two !

Seawit. I kiss your hand dear *Charge*, you do me honor !

But I'm a dull manager of these affairs,
You must give me a little time to consider !

Enter Nightingale.

Nightingale. I was desir'd with special haste to give

Your Ladiship this Letter.

Loveright. With so much haste ! How is't subscrib'd within ! [*Opens it and starts.*]

Inland. Is't a Challenge (Madam) I'll be your Second.

Loveright. It shall not need Sir ; the Contents will ask

No answer that is hazardous.

Inland. The Spirit's tame that sent it then ; for Men

Of Mettal, never write but challenges.

Loveright. Captain, I must intreat some privacy,

And truce among these Men of Wrath, and their

Bold Second for an hour. You'll procure it ?

Seawit. Your own command is full authority

To teach us how we shall obey !

[*Exeunt Loveright, Nightingale.*]

Joynture. When these Sir are dismiss'd, let me desire

(On some important cause) your company
Ith' Orchard walk.

Seawit. I shall attend you Lady.

Lend me thine Ear *Charge* — Thou wilt do it ; within

One hasty hour ; I'll come ; e'er you can pledge

Two Romekins of Wine ! Farewel *Charge*.

[*Exeunt, Seawit, Joynture.*]

Inland. Gentlemen no words here, besides, it is

My Governors request I lead you both,
Where we may drink together, and appear,

Not like to things enrag'd with malice, but
Provok'd to battle by our honor ; those

I take it were his words. He'll meet us strait.

Topsail. Lead on the way ; Sir, if our Legs hold out

We'll have the Hearts to follow.

Cable. Were this skirmish but painted, it would sell

For that of the Centaures. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter Loveright, Warwel, Nightingale.

Loveright. Leave us to bid you welcome as a stranger. [*Exit Nightingale.*]

Custom commands. [*They salute.*]

Warwel. And that I hope will bind you To keep your promise Lady.

Loveright. When I know

How the conditions are perform'd on your part,

You may hear further.

Warwel. You enjoyn'd me, Madam, As I prefer'd th' enjoying you before My Lands, or dearer studies, to appear. A Man posselt of nothing but my hopes, In being your Creature, to deserve your favor.

Loveright. 'Tis true, I did, nor will I have my Husband

Borrow addition but from my self ;

Nay, he must part with what he call'd his own,

If he would be the master of what's mine.

Warwel. I have obey'd your will, and that you may

Receive me as the subject of your pleasure.

My Money's vanish'd ; for, by your fair hand,

I have not one small piece of the Kings Coyn, Nor care to get it. Now I shall not tempt you

Like an Alderman-Widower, with shewing you

The Thousand pound Bags in my Counter, Morgages,

Or Statutes of Poor Debtors, I have freed all,

And sold my Books too, to serve you, shall be

My onely study. If you search my Pockets

And find the Tale of *Troy*, or an Almanack there,

Or *William Wisdoms* Meeters, yet renounce me.

I have no Trunks of Cloaths, you see my Wardrobe.

And if you do not now

New Rime, I have vow'd in this

To be extremely lowlie, rather then,

I'll cros your humor.

Loveright. This is a good *Imprimis*

Of your Obedience ; but you have Lands yet,

And those may make you proud, and nourish hopes,

You may command me.

Warwel. They shall be all employ'd

To pious uses, sell some part of them

And build an Hospital, I'll assure the rest

C e c c

For

For the maintenance of Maim'd Soldiers, and that

It may appear 'twas not vain glory, or Ambition in me, of an after name, You shall bewrit the *Foundress*. What would you more?

Loveright. I would have you a Perfect Soldier, without that
The rest is nothing.

Warmel. I come now from Sea, And I have serv'd at Land, for how many years;

Would you have me Prentice to the Trade?

Loveright. Till you turn a right and good one; 'tis not roaring, Or fighting for my Glove, can make you such. I would have you rise up to command an army,

By brave desert, not favor: In my Cabinet I have the character of a true Soldier, Writ with my Fathers hand; when you are such

As he describes him, I'll forbear to be A Mistress, and acknowledge you my Master. So once more welcome.

Warmel. There is no resisting Such strong temptations and sweet pay, I'll put on.

What shape you please.

Loveright. I'll chuse one shall not wrong you. [Exit.

Enter *Seawit*, *Joynture*.

Seawit. A little farther Lady, here's a shade Secret and cool, where you may breathe your thoughts With a safe voice, unless w're Traitors to Our selves: And look where a sweet Primrose Bed Invites us (if you please) to lie down and talk.

The Flowers are innocent, and surely mean No harm in the temptation.

Joynture. I am not weary Sir, if you'll admit

My business in this posture, I'll deliver it.

Seawit. A little nearer Lady! You have shown

(Believ't) an excellent courage already, T'adventure that alone with one of my Profession and desires.

Joynture. Which I should hardly do, Had not my observation mark'd you out A man of fair demeanor, and civility.

Seawit. Well, take your Sexes priviledge, your will,

And to your business. Come! your business Lady!

Joynture. I would induce it with a question if

You'll give me leave.

Seawit. My Ears are large, and open!

Joynture. Sir, are you marry'd?

Seawit. By this light she comes to jear me; *Loveright*

And she have lay'd their little heads Together, and mean to make me their sport.

Joynture. You promis'd a Reply! Are you marry'd?

Seawit. No I'm a Maid.

Joynture. I'm serious Sir, would you would be so too.

Seawit. Well, I am not marry'd, on with your business.

Joynture. My next demand will press (perhaps) nearer, And boldly on the Secrets of your Brest.

Seawit. I shall confess all.

Joynture. Pray tell me (and with words intentive as

I purpose mine) how far the Lady *Loveright*, and

You self, have mutually consented either In hope, or promise: Part of this Secret Is mine already; for I know she loves you.

Seawit. I am jear'd! 'tis now as evident as day!

I'll give her scope, and see what 'twill come to.

Joynture. Will you not answer Sir?

Seawit. I have promis'd her.

Joynture. What Sir? Speak!

Seawit. To come to Supper!

In sooth, that's all th'engagement between us.

Joynture. 'Tis very strange! One question more,

And then, you have leave to censure my manners.

Pray, what estate have you?

Seawit. D'you take me for a Lawyer, or a Citizen.

Joynture. For neither.

Seawit. I know none in these times

Have or can get estates, but they! We Soldiers,

Accompt estates but transitory things And can shew you text for it?

Joynture. Have you none Sir?

Seawit. Yes: Now I think on't,

After the death of an old Aunt, I have The Tole of a Wharff near *Rothorith*, will Yield me about Four Marks a year.

Joynture. These are but narrow Blessings to Entail

Upon your Heirs Male. But now Sir, I hope I shall a little comfort your long sufferings.

How much would you esteem your self oblig'd

Unto that Woman, should redeem you from

These wants, and danger of the War, and take

You

You to her lawful Bed, there furnish you
With sleep, and peaceful thoughts; but when
you wake,

Shew you her Cabinets, and Chests, shining
With Jewels, and with Gold; that may main-
tain

These joys still fresh, and new?

Seawit. Good, very good!

I was never jeer'd by a Smock before.

Joynture. Are you struck dumb? What fair
appliances

And love might such a Woman merit from

Your Tongue, and Heart?

Seawit. First, I would fain know, where
that Woman breathes

That can deserve a Man like me. Suppose

She be a Vergin, alas! Poor green things,
what

Is she good for, why to steal Goosberries,

And eat young Apricocks in May, before

The Stones are hard. Or pick the Morter
from

An aged Wall; and swallow it most greedily.

Joynture. If mirth be all your wealth, Sir,
it were good

You us'd it sparingly!

Seawit. But for your wealth, 'tis no more
then a Hermits,

Compar'd with a Soldiers hopes. Imagine
now

The Wind stands fair, we hoyft up Sail, we
meet

A Persian Juncks, or Turkish Carrick; board
her,

Take her, and in her, force a Bashaw Pri-
soner,

That hath a Diamond in his Turband,
weighs

(Let me see) about Six ounces!

Joynture. Would the Bashaw

Were here Captain, though lodg'd in the
Majors house.

Seawit. I would you were among your
smooth curl'd Suitors

That have little Beard, and less Brain, that
have

Estates, and are fit to be jeer'd. You think

Y're Mistress of a fine Wit, go, go home

And keep it warm.

Joynture. Methinks y're angry Sir.

Seawit. Be sure you eat no Philberts, nor
green Cheese,

They'll make you short winded, and so you'll
lose

Your fine conceits, for want of words to utter
'em. [Exit.

Joynture. Well, I believe yet, the dainty
Loveright,

And this subtle Seaman, enterchange

Kind opinions of each others heart:

I'll cross it if I can; it is a fellow

Of a strange spirit! Lord, how merry these
Soldiers are without Money! I would I had

him

Safely made over by the Parish Priest.

'Tis here! Fidly contriv'd: Something I'll
do,

T'appear still scornful, and yet make him woo.

[Exit.

ACT. IV.

Enter Cable, a Porter.

Cable. **C**Offe your affair, Squire of the
Frock! Briefly
Dispatch! Where is this cour-
teous Damfel?

Porter. At my House, Sir, it joyns to the
Church-yard.

Cable. O, I know the Mansion: It is a
goodly

Pallace! All *Genoa* has not such another:

The Roof, as I suppose, is supported

With a Mud-Wall, and it is Thatcht.

Porter. I Sir! I built it in that year I
was

Collector for the poor, a profitable time;

And I thank Heaven; I made good use
oft.

Cable. Well, to the point, does she praise
my good parts,

And tell thee too, that she knew me in *Lon-*
don?

Porter. She knew you by report, Sir, and
hath heard

A reverend Friend of hers, a Bawd, speak
much

In your behalf.

Cable. There's never a Poor Gentle-
man

In *England*, so much beholden to those

Cccc 2

Matronly

Matronly people as I am : But proceed.
Would she saidst thou, have me come to visit her.

Porter. Truly Captain that's her request, and she's

A modest Gentlewoman, she did so blush
When she desir'd me, there might be no Body
In the House when your Worship came to her.

Cable. Is she handsome? But what a Leather-headed Dunce

Am I, to ask thee; thou hast no skill in Beauty.
Porter. How Sir, no skill?

Cable. In nothing Sir, I take it, but the weight

Of a Tray of Beef, when 'tis transported
Through the Shambles, on your right shoulder.
Go

Commend me to her, say I am coming!

Porter. I shall. Remember Sir 'tis hard by the Church. [*Exit Porter.*]

Cable. This is some London Punck, late fled from persecution.

Enter Topfail.

O are you come?

Topfail. You see I am your willing follower?

But what's the business you desir'd to intimate

So privately? *Seawit.* and's hot disciple
Are at hand, 'tis fit we prepare for action.

Cable. I'll have no fighting Sir.

Topfail. How Sir?

Cable. I'll be as bold with you, as with my self,

We are both fools, and *Seawit* in his care
O'th' Ladies healths prescribes our fighting
for

Their Mornings mirth? Sir this is palpable.

Topfail. But is this certain?

But where is our revenge then?

Cable. Troth to be serious in't will render us

More fit for scorn, we'll use his own weapons,
wit;

Trust time and me!

Topfail. There will be other treaties Sir,
ere yet

A truce be made between us. I must enjoy
The Lady to my self, and you forgo
Your hopes, and claim.

Cable. Take her, she is thine *Topfail.*

Topfail. Say you so Sir?

Cable. Yes, and I'll ease your wonder too.
There is a certain poor Twelve-penny Sinner
Come from London, will serve my turn as well
As any Lady in Europe; my Blood
Is humble, nor have I the patience Sir
To expect or court, and then to be deny'd.
This game is sure, and easie to be got.

Enter Seawit, Inland.

Inland. They are here Governor! By this
day Gentlemen

When we could not find you, we thought you
had

Been fighting in a deep Saw-pit; and how
Dear Blades, how is't? Let's to it cheerfully
Pelmel, like loving friends.

Topfail. Believ't Sir *Furious,*
He had a hard heart would deny you any
thing.

Inland. Governor give me thy right hand!
Because

I ow thee for my breeding, and love thee
tenderly,

Observe me Governor.

Seawit. I do dear *Charge!* Proceed.

Inland. Go chuse which side thou wilt, and
let's fall to't.

Seawit. The proffer's fair, and full of cour-
tesie.

But *Charge* we must observe the Laws and
Rules

Of fight; Seconds were first ordain'd to be
Spectators, and take care of an equality,
And just demeanor in the Principals.

Inland. Governor, I hope you will not use
me thus.

Seawit. Your Blood doth boil too much,
pray cool't a while.

These Gentlemen must both be search'd, and
have

Their counsel ask'd in the main cause, which
as

I told you, *Charge* is the just Laws of fight.

Inland. Dispatch then Sir, or I will make
new Laws.

Seawit. You see Gentlemen, there's imma-
terial fire

In him, not to be quench'd: How thrives your
anger.

Cable. Much like your wit, it is declining
Sir!

Towards our selves, and growing towards
you.

Seawit do not believe us still fit properties
To whet your saucy fancy, and to make
Your Ladies laugh.

Topfail. Nor do not bait us with
Your Whelp; for if he show his teeth, we
shall

So pull them out, that he will scarce be able
To grind more Bisket.

Seawit. Then you are both agreed?

Cable. Not to be your fools, but to make
you melancholly

If you continue your sport.

Topfail. Yes, and to drive your *Charge* unto
his Kennel,

Where he may keep company with's Hounds
agen,

Husband

Husband his Tillage, and pay you the Rent;
You'll find more profit, and more safety too
In that, then in your bold designs on us.

Seawit. Troth I am glad!

Cable. Of what I pray?

Seawit. To see two fools converted with-
out a

Silenc'd Minister. You must be quarrelling,
And like tall Men of War, fright poor Ladies
With your love. 'Twas very comely, was't
not?

Cable. We commit our folly 'at our own
cost.

Topfail. And when we pay for't, we will
have leave Sir

To cast up our own accompt.

Seawit. This I must signifie unto my
Charge.

Cable. Take your pleasure, for we will take
ours Sir.

Seawit. Oh Charge! Sad tidings Charge!

Now shall I pierce

Thy heart, more then thy Mistress sighs!

Inland. Why, have they false Breast-plates?
or Coats of Male on?

Seawit. No, no, alas Charge, they are re-
concil'd!

Inland. O tame Devils, it is impossible!

Seawit. Nay I exhorted 'em! Us'd all the
power

Of Friendship, and of Grace, took each aside

And told 'em what a wicked thing it was

To be pacif'd without blood. Pleaded

The cause with love and vehemence, as thus.

Good Friends, dear Hearts, do but kill one an-
other,

Take care your Honor lies upon't, or do
But order't so, that one may die.

Inland. And the Slaves would not.

Seawit. So far from it,

That as I am a Soldier, they are ready

To put out Money, and buy Annuities

For life.

Inland. Give room, I will assault them
both.

Cable. Let him come, he shall make less
haste back again.

Topfail. Yet take his choice too, and have
single opposition.

Inland. Unhand me Governor——

Seawit. Hear me a word,

Let me but breathe a Secret in thine Ear,

And take thy course—. Are these dull men

Fit Combatants t'encounter thee in battle?

Know Charge thou warm'st me

With thy brave flame. I love thee Charge, and
can

Enjoy no rest, nor Sleep, for taking care

To provide thee quarrels: This happy hour

Thou shalt defeat one of the Kings enemies.

Inland. Where is he, let him in!

Seawit. If I have truth about me Charge,
this is

The very point of time, wherein the Fo
Threaten'd to approach!

Inland. The Kings enemy! Let me kiss
thee Governor——

Seawit. This morning I did incense the
Dutch Captain

To call you to account for striking him,

And he hath sworn more oaths, then hours

Past since, to send him a challenge:

I wonder 'tis not come!

Topfail. Farewel Sir *Furious!* Be rul'd by
your Governor,

And let your fellow subjects live.

Cable. And when you kill, kill Hares, and
purlue Deer,

There's more sport in't.

Seawit. Let them alone, th'are Justices of
Peace.

Inland. Rogues! Go tame Slaves:

Your Swords are fitter for a Kitchen, then

The War, they will serve to roast Larks upon.

Topfail. Away, thou see'st he's mad! I'll
to the Lady

Loveright, and pursue my hopes.

Cable. And I to my Girl of *Cheapside.*

[*Exeunt Cable, Topfail.*

Seawit. This was th'appointed place, 'tis
strange he is

Not come, O he has sent it by his *Boatswain*——

Enter Dutch Boatswain.

Boatsf. Ick heb een brief v'eur den *Englisch*
Ruller!

Seawit. *Yaw, yaw* dit is de selve *Ruller.*

He has a Letter for you Charge. I'll enter-
pret.

Inland. A challenge in Dutch from the
Captain

I beat on the Key. My bonny Burger how

I affect thy *Flanders* Mettal. Read Gover-
nor.

Seawit. *Englische Rullers* warome hebb ghy
myn up den *Cop* gheslachen? Ghy wete niet da-
rome mot ghy *stuwone*. So ghy wilt accorderen
wy mot up den *Sea* met *We* *Scypen*, *vechten* ghy
synt nock een *gruoden* *Rutter*, anders een *Schel-*
lum dit is meen *virendt* ghet him te vele den
plalse en den *tyte* *Ne* *mier*

Hans van Bumble.

This is the finest meddly of both Tongues
Confus'd, that e'er I heard.

Inland. What says he Governor?

Seawit. English Knight, why have you
cond me o'er the Pate? you know not: There-
fore you must dye. If you'll agree, that we
shall meet with several Ships, and fight it out
at Sea, you are still a good Knight, otherways
A Rogue. This is my Friend, give him to un-
derstand the time and place, no more,

Hans van Bumble.

Inland. My honorable *Hans*! my brave
old *Bumble*,

Why

Why I do love thee more, then thou lov'st
Butter!

I will embrace thy long loose flopp, and kiss
Thy drivell'd Beard, though drown'd in *Breda*
Beere.

Is this his Second, I'll fight with him too!
Seawit. He'll be aboard his Captaines
Ship! Believe

It Charge, you'll have a shrewd fight on't:
Inland. No matter! it is the Kings Enemy,
And let the Cannons roar, 'tis fit our Soules
Pass thorough a Smoak, ere they ascend the
Clouds.

I do begin to love him, whorson Herring-
eater.

Who'd think that Fish would stir up so much
mettall.

Seawit. What shall I say unto this worthy
Peere.

Inland. Desire his Captaine meet me in
this walke

An hour hence, that we discourse friendly;
And then appoint both time and place.

Seawit. *Secht tot de Capitaine so hy belieft*
Strachens hier comen, Hy salt ger well ghractelt
Wesin: en dan de tyt en den plate meten.

This Dutch comes forth like Treason on the
rack!

Boat. *Ik verstoe je ick verstoe je. Ghoden*
dach! [Exit Boatsen.

Inland. Governour, the World will eter-
nise our

Friendship; I cannot chuse but kneel to thee.
[Kneels.

This is the Kings Enemy, thou shalt lend me
Thy Ship. Our amity is seal'd: no deniall.

Seawit. Rise Charge! — Do not I know,
that if I rigg

My Cockboat, and arme thee with a Birding-
piece,

Thou wilt beate him.

Inland. I, but the Winds may take his part,
and in

Foule weather, What's a Cock-boat to a Ship?

Seawit. No more; we will discourse it as we
walke.

Here will be new vexation to rid me
Of this request.

Enter Nightingale.

Night. My Lady, Sir, is much importunate
To speak with you.

Seawit. I shall attend you to her. More
plots stirring?

Come along Charge, thou shalt board this
Hollander,

And lead him Captive through S^tafford-
Town. [Exeunt ormes.

A Curtain drawn by Daff (his Clerk)
Trifle discover'd in his Study, Papers,
Taper, Seale and Wax before him,
Bell.

Trifle. O are you come? 'Tis well, I was
about

To ring for you.

Daff. Your Clients wait, dispatch, Sir.

Trifle. They come for news; Man's na-
ture's greedy of it.

We wise Men forge it; and the credulous
vulgar

Our Instruments disperse it, I have it for 'em.
News of all sorts, and fizes. I have study'd
hard *Daff*,

And from the generall Courants, Gazets,
Publick and private Letters from all parts
Of Christendome, though they speak contra-
ries,

Weigh'd and reduc'd 'em to such certainties,
That I dare warrant 'em authentically.

Under my hand, and seale. Captain, you are
welcome.

Enter Topsaile.

Topsaile. Your Friend Sir *Solemn*.

Trifle. I shall give you proofs,

And reall ones, I am yours. I have wrote
here

To one that will believe it first, then vent it
In the Tavernes of *Mark*, and eating *Academi-
cism*,

Frequented by the Gamesters, that you are
Assur'd to my Lady Niece.

Topsaile. Have you mov'd her for me,
And got her grant?

Trifle. No, I have not yet
Spoke one word to her; but be confident
She'll make it good, rather than I; her
Uncle

Shall suffer in my credit, for reporting
A thing which was not.

Topsaile. This is a weak foundation,
For me to build on.

Trifle. It shall pass for news,
And I will make it true, this does appear
strange news

To your Captainship, but you shall hear
stranger,

And have it better'd too.

Topsaile. Sure the Wind and noise
He heard in my Ship, are humming in his head
still.

Trifle. *Daff*, call in *Scarecrow*, Zeale the
wrong way, and *Prattle*,
I will dispatch them first. But for the gull
[Exit *Daff*.

Your *Seawit* put upon me, I think I have taken
A full revenge.

Topsaile. Pray you in what, Sir *Trifle*?
Trifle. I have writ to a Merchant, and I
know it will be publisht

On the Exchange, that he and his Charge, Sir
Inland

Were baltinado'd on the Key by a Dutchman,
One Captain *Bumble*.

Topsaile.

Topfale. This is quite contrary,
Bumble was cudgell'd.

Trifle. No matter, so it break
His credit in the City, and undoe him.
I have my ends.

Topfale. But, say he call you to accompt
for't?

Trifle. I am not bound to answer him being
a Justice,

And Duels too forbidden. Then in the Law
I will bear no Action.

Topfale. The more the pitty,
This Priviledges cowardize, to wrong true
valour.

Trifle. Give me leave, you trouble me,
matters of more weight
Are to be treated of. If you would acquaint
your friends,
And at the first hand with the designs of
Europe,
Draw out your Table-books.

Enter Dash, Scarcrow, Zeale, Prattle.

Topfale. What's here, *Kent-street*,
Or *Bedlam* broke loose?

Trifle. Contemne 'em not, they are usefull
To propagate my designs, set 'em in file.
Now hear with reverence. *Scarcrow* to you.
You would know this Summers service? on
my credit,

(Though I grieve to report it) *Rome* is taken
By the ships of *Amsterdam*, and the Pope
himself

To save his life, turn'd *Brownist*. Here's a
Letter

From the Matron of the *Curtezans* that con-
firms it.

Scarr. May I swear this?

Trifle. And get more Charities by it
From your little ruff'd *Geneva-Man*, or *Flem-*
ming,

They being apt to believe that which they
wish for,

Then by your lame-legg, or *Passe-port*.

Topfale. The first truth he spake to day.

Trifle. Let me see. Here's something rarer
But of undoubted truth. The *Spanish* Fleet
That anchor'd at *Gibraltar*, is sunk
By the *French* Horse.

Topfale. This is rare indeed.

Trifle. From *Florence*,
All the Silk-wormes are dead, and an Edict
made

Unbenefic'd Ministers must give o're their
Sattin,

And Damask Cassacks, and weare Friers ha-
bits;

Punks must not trade in *Taffita's*; Serving-
men

Must rip out the *Plush* intrails of their Live-
ries,

And lay 'em up for their Masters. From the
Low-Countries;

Antwerp is plunder'd, *Brussels* burnt, the Ca-
non

Brought before *Lovaine*, and the Prince of
Orange

Stands to be Emperour.

Topfale. The Emperour lives.

Trifle. But is to die the Tenth of *October*
next,

And he has it in reversion. From *France*,
Rochel recover'd by the *Hugonets*,
And the fifth of *July* last, yes 'tis the fifth.
The Cardinal *Richelieu* as he slept in his Tent,
Had his head cut off with an invisible Sword,
By the great Constables Ghost.

Topfale. For shame give over.

Trifle. This is all that's certain.

Zeale. *Antechrist* is converted,
That is enough, it will be joyfull tidings
To the exil'd Congregation.

Scar. May you lie long Sir.

Trifle. How Rogue?

Scar. Live I would say, and like your Wor-
ship.

Trifle. I had forgot thee *Prattle*; thou
shalt have thy dose too.

Venus and *Mars* are in conjunction, here
I finde it, and so often this drie year,
That every Wench unmarried, that knows
Man,

Shall be seven times brought to Bed, and the
Fathers name

In *Hebrew* Characters, wrote on the Childes
forehead.

Prattle. No matter whose the Father, so I
have work,

And eate the Groaning Pie, and drink, and
talke

Over the Gossips Bowle, health to your Wor-
ship. [*Exeunt* Dash, Scarcrow,

Zeale, *Prattle*.

Trifle. This morning was well spent.

Topfale. It may serve for Ling.

For the Devils breakfast. But what's your
end Sir *Trifle*?

Or the delight you take, if there be any
In broaching these impossible untruths?

Trifle. All's true I assure you. Can the
Gazets lie?

Or the Corants faile? or grant it should be
false,

It will give satisfaction to the State;
How the People stand affected; and for the
pleasure

Of publishing certain varieties, you call lies,
I have another for't. But I'll dispatch you
With my Neece, then tell you further.

Topfale. Make that truth,

Though you lie your whole life after, I regard
not. [*Exeunt*.

Enter Porter and Cable.

Porter. Is this the House.

Cable. Thy house? the roof so poor.

And

And the infide so rich ! Impossible.
Come, tell me truly, though you built it as you
said now

By cheating the poor Mans box. Where did
you steale

This gorgeous furniture:

Porter. 'Tis my brave guests, Sir,
To entertain your Captainship. And if
You wonder at this, ere long you'l be asto-
nished.

Cable. I am already. Fortunes coming
towards me

Faster then I durst hope for. I am a made Man,
I feel't with joy, this is no 12 penny Trade,
That cozens the Marshall, under a pretence
Of selling Ale or Tobacco, or two penny Pa-
sties,

Part Catt, part Mutton

Porter. How he ruminates.

Cable. It must be so, 'tis some rich wanton,
that
Hath heard of my strong performance, and
e'en longs

To beare a Boy of my begetting, for
The maintenance of the Sport. Gramercie
back,

When drowth beggers Graziers, and much
Rain poor Farmers,
Thou art a sure revenue. Ha these are not

[*Musick.*
The Scrapers of the Town, that fright mens
sleeps,

And are paid in Chamberlie. Say they should
be the Musicians

Of the Lady *Loveright*, and she her self come
hither

To prove if the report be true goes of me.
I must nor fear, nor hope too much. A
Song too,

And a light note as I live,

Porter. Pray you listen to it.

A S O N G.

A Banquet brought in, Carrack following.

THrice happy he, who cares laid by
Tasts pleasure with variety,
That knows, and feelingly the blifs,
To print a soft and melting kiss
On his Saints Lips, With that delight
Not to be nam'd but in the night.
Such joyes wise nature doth prefer,
While she's our guide, we cannot erre ;
The misers gold, the painted cloud
Of Titles, that make vain men proud ;
The Courtiers pompe, or glorious Scarr
Got by a Soldier in the warr,
Can hold no weight with his brave minde,
That studies to preserve Mankinde,
Which cannot be unless some houres
Be freely spent within these bowers.
Come boldly on then, fear not to begin
That fight, which Jove himself held not a sin.

Cable. Beyond belief ! I dreame sure ! pre-
thee give me

A tweeke by the Nose, to assure me that I
wake.

Too hard you Rogue.

Carrack. This shall come softer to you,
And print a wellcome on your Lips. [*Salute.*

Cable. Rare !

Once more I pray you. Here's no Amber-
gris

To help the foulness of the Lungs, your
breath is

As sweet as my Mothers Red-Cowes.

Carrack. Which you have kiss'd Sir.

Cable. Every one as he likes. You know
the Proverb.

A delicate Doxie, there's fire in her eyes !

A moist palme, which assures me that she will
not

Be satisfy'd with a Kickshaw. *Venus* assist me.
If I do not my labour truly at the first,

I am turn'd out of Service.

Carrack. Pray you sit Sir.

You are not merry.

Cable. I'll laugh if you'll lie down :

My appetite's sharp. I have kept a long Lent
Lady.

I need not your Eringos, I bring 'em with me,
Or I can find 'em here, shall's to't ?

[*Kissing her.*

Carrack. To the Banket :

That follows by degrees. Or if you please
We'll dance to stirr our blood.

Cable. Fie no, no dancing.

Look on my Bulk, I was not built for Ca-
pring.

I'll rather sit.

Carrack. Fill Sirrah. How ? in a Thimble ?
When I am to drink a health ? A bigger Glas.

To the good success of the Fleet.

Cable. I like this well.

[*Pledges and drinks again.*

To my Pinnacle Lady.

Carrack. Is it well rigg'd ?

Cable. And sailes well.

Carrack. You must not forget your friends.

To every Ship

A health, and then to bed.

Cable. She'll make me drunk sure.

Carrack. Ah Captain Flinch !

Cable. Pray you let me found a parly,
The Third Grape is for *Bacchus*, not for *Cupid*.

Besides if I am drunk I shall get Wenches,
And I know you would have a Boy.

Carrack. 'Tis that I aime at.

Cable. Hear me a word. You are rich ?

Carrack. My Neighbours say so,

And I have Lands.

Cable. But held in Petticote tenure ?

I am bold with you Lady.

Carrack. For that I effect you.

Cable. I see you can drink, and dance. Can
you sing me asleep too ?

Carrack. I

Carrack I had rather keep you waking. I hate a Dormouse.

Cable. And you'll be private to me?

Carrack. I'll know no man else.

Cable. I am made for ever, and you'll endure my roughness?

Carrack. The rougher the better.

Cable. Let the Wind stay in this quarter Till all the victual be spent, nay the voyage lost,

I am provided for,

Let's to bed Wench.

We prate too long.

Carrack. Stay Sir, there is one Ceremony To be observ'd first, and then all is perfect.

Cable. What Ceremony?

Carrack. You must Marry me.

Cable. Marry a Whore? I'll be Eunuch'd first. I begin

To know that voice, and face.

Porter. You have seen mine too,

Her disguis'd Porter, Sir.

Cable. I am fool'd on all sides.

Carrack. Foole not your self. I do confess I love you,

But love you honestly.

Cable. There's Wormwood in That wicked word honestly.

Carrack. You'll find it wholesome Captain, When you have digested it. You may perceive I can take any shape, or wayes to please you, And can maintain both too. You shall not build

Upon uncertainties, as Dice or dead paies, Nor stand in fear of the Commissary my deare

Cable, Nor talk of Monsters you have seen in the deeps

For a dinner Captain, nor swear your self in credit

With your Woollen Draper, or make his Wife your Agent

For service done, or to be done, you shall not, if you marry me,

And why should you refuse it?

My breath's as sweet in an honest Womans habit

As in a Strumpets, and my skin as smooth, and when you please

May prove as well in Bed too.

Cable. A taste of it first as thou art:

Carrack. Not a bit Captaine.

But if you do desire to be still a rambler

Till you are so pepper'd, that you hate the sight of't,

And then become a prey to your Apothecary, And desie your Chirurgion, or perhaps

Be practis'd on in the Spittle, who can help it.

Both waies are markt before you, take your choice.

Be honest, and you may be rich, and happy.

Continue a Whoremonger, and you know what follows.

You may consider, and so farewell sweet Captain. [Exit.]

Porter. You look as you had labour'd hard, will you please.

To have a Cawdle Captain? I have seen One like you in a Play, after hot service, Spoon it upon the Stage.

Cable. Avant you Rascall.

What will become of me? no sport but on Such hard conditions? No meanes to take down

My Mettle but a Priest? Must I be honest

Against my will? And a Woman the first Temprefs

To eate forbidden Fruit, to fright me from it?

Shall I fleere this, or that way? yet I find

My resolution wavering as the Winde. [Exit.]

Enter Bumble, an English Skipper.

Bumble. De Tenfill! wat wilt tou Sechen.

Skipper. I cannot bear this Captain. I have renounc'd

England this Ten year, and serv'd in your ship

Against my own Country, and still thus us'd!

Bumble. War is de Botsen warcom comet by niet!

Skipper. Why Sir your Botsen delivered your Message.

To the young Knight.

Bumble. Yaw well? wat secht de Knight?

Skipper. Why Sir the Knight speaks lovingly, and desires

To meet you a Shore, and thank you for your

Challenge: and then he will appoint the time

And coast where you shall fight! This your Botsen

Bad me tell you, who is now gone aboard

To make things ready for the combat.

Bumble. Ick veistoe. ick veistoe, Ick sall meet him on Schore.

Mare you will oke veekten, allens de Rutter Is your Landfman.

Skipper. I Sir, I'll help to kill him too, though we

Are both born within a Musket-shot, 'twere fit

I should lose my Moneths pay else.

Bumble. Dat is vele, dat is vele.

Skipper. You'll meet him a Shore first in the morning?

Bumble. Yaw, yaw, te morgen! comt 'ie goet Englishman. [Exeunt.]

Enter Warwell (a Paper in his hand)

Warwell. Is this the Soldiers Character, that
the

Would have me imitate? Death on my hopes!
I am abus'd, mark't out the pleasure and
The triumph of her scorn!

Should I attend

Her Laws, and by slow method and degrees,
Raife up to that perfection she enjoynes:
Or this strict written Scedule intimates,
I might marry her but so late, that it
Were fit t'enter my Coffin, and her bed
At once! I fear I am supplant'd by
Some Rival dearer in her Eyes. This is
The Chamber of retreat: where she doth use
To waste the hotter time of day in confe-
rence.

My Nature and my Manners must consent
A while, unlawfully to hide me here,
That I may listen and observe. She comes.
[*He steps behind the Hangings.*]

Enter Loveright, Jointure.

Jointure. Madam, I do acknowledge you
the best

Remainder of our chiefeft blood, and by
That title, and your former love, you ought
To challenge my respects: but not so much
As shall reftaine the freedome of my heart.

Loveright. 'Tis no delight to me t'observe,
and chide

Your guiltiness, but when it doth proceed
To falsehood, and hypocrisie, I must speak.

Jointure. Speak all your knowledge and
your wrath; I shall

Have power to vindicate my self.

Loveright. You were the cautious Damsel
that had read

Moralitie, that lov'd not with your Eyes,
But with your braine; and were your heart
not in

Your tender breast, but in your purse: Thrift
was

Your chief designe, and all your Lovers vertue
was

His Land. Soldiers were transitory things,
Fitter to beget a Famine, then Children:
That march o're others Lands, but never
plough

Their own.

Jointure. And what would this infer?

Loveright. But little reputation unto you,
That after all these documents could traine

Seawit. t'a private meeting in the Orchard:
Although belov'd of me, and first my choice.

Jointure. You have your Spies?

Loveright. Yes, Orchard Spies? forsooth.
Whilst you are gathering unlawfull fruit!

Warwell. Patience, behold thou trivial god
of Love,

A stranger can imploy her envy, and
Her strife, but I am cancel'd in her scorn.

Enter Seawit.

Jointure. Here comes the Gentleman; if
you can show

A charter to ingross the worthiest to
Your self, or by his promise can assure
Your interest more strong then mine, I will
Disclaime my nuptiall hopes; and dance
When *Hymen* celebrates your joyfull day.

Loveright. Speak Sir, and with the serven-
cy of truth,

If to my Cousin here, you have engag'd
Th'assurance of your love, more then to me?

Seawit. And is this the business I am sent
for?

Loveright. Is't not of consequence enough?
freely

Declare your self. I know your spirit is
Too noble to disguise your thoughts.

Jointure. And I with equal confidence;
both of

His vertue and his love, expect my doome.

Seawit. D'you hear Gentlewomen, pack up
your Ribbons,

Your Lawne, your Pendants, and your Chains,
with all

The rest of your free Virginity Trinkets,
and

Get you gone out of the Harbor, or by
This light I'll plant my Ship against your
House,

And batter the Walls about your small Eares.

Loveright. Sir, this is strange, I am not
guilty of
Your anger.

Jointure. Nor I, your own heart can
witness.

Seawit. Were you never beaten? never
for stealing

Conserves? never swadled for losing your
Sleeve silk, or making your work foule at
Tent-stitch;

Never for picking Plums out of Mince-Pies,
Or breaking o'your Lutes through negli-
gence.

Had neither of you an old Grandmother
With a short Ebon-staffe, that us'd to beat
you

For these faults? Sure, had you been ever
beaten

You would not dare to use me thus.

Jointure. This was not wont to be; your
envy Madam
Hath thus incens'd and alter'd him to me.

Loveright. My envy? In thy own false breast
seek for

The guilt with which thou striv'st to slander
me.

I know thy arts, but I will lay my self
And fortunes at his feet ere thou shalt have
him.

Warwell.

Warwell. I cannot hold ! Hear me fantastick Maid !

Seawit. What another new Jigg to the old tune !

Warwell. I now am learn'd in all thy falsehood, and

Thy scornes, th'are such perhaps as may perplex

Another's love , now they are tir'd with mine ;

Knowthou hast vex'd my nature, till't begin To relish of the Devill, for all the Joyes

I feel, is hope of fellowship in my Tormenting paines. Your Darling here may suffer too.

Seawit. Excellent good ! A male Conspirator.

Warwell. Though you have fool'd me to a vaine destruction of

My Mony, and my Books, my Land's still left, With which I shall endow one better try'd

In constancy.

Loveright. This is a rudeness, Sir, Not fit for to be forgiven, thus to intrude

Into my privacies ; but I'll divorce Me from your sight, let me behold you here

No more. For you false Cousin, be you sure

You are but little welcome to my Company, Therefore divide the House , this part is mine.

Jointure. Mine the remotest from your eyes and sight,

[*Exeunt Loveright, Jointure, several wajes.*]

Warwell. You Sir have the felicity to weare The Garland, and disdain it too. You see

The Ladies strive who shall be first preferr'd Unto your choice, whilst my poor wreath is

Willow !

Seawit. Of what Province I pray are you ? What Bridegroome

Are you ? or what Kings Son that you should think

I am oblig'd to bear this familiarity ? You weare no Petticoat for priviledge !

Warwell. I thank you Sir ! and yet I scarce believe

That you will make the Lady yours, and me So tame, to be your merriment :

You shall not carry her With so much ease.

Seawit. Agen ! In good Faith hold your tongue,

Or I shall run my Hilt between your teeth.

Warwell. You can be angry then, some comfort yet

That she hath plac'd her Love on one dares fight :

Whose courage makes him fit to render me A satisfaction for her vanities.

Seawit. You durst not be so merry sure, but that

The house and Women must not be disturb'd.

Warwell. Still pleasant with your fortune ! Goe meet me

If that thy Title, or thy Blood, dare prompt Thee to't, ith' Meadow Westward to the Sea.

Single, and guarded as thou art.

Seawit. Lead on the way. Thy scornes are fit to be

Rebuk'd. Thou noble Planet of the Day Showred when thou declin'dst, as thou didst weare

My anger in thy looks, thou being set May'st proudly rise unto the publick view

Agan, but one of us or both, before Thy light is lost, shall sink, and rise no more.

ACT. V.

Enter Cable, Letters in his hand.

Cable. These come from London sure, I know no part

O'th' Realme, allows me a Friend, or Enemy,

But that unlucky Town ; where now, 'tis dead Vacation too, a time of great Calamity

With younger brothers, Men o'th Camp, and the

Disfress'd Daughters of old Eve, that lie Windbound

About Fleet-Ditch.

Enter Porter.

Porter. What, In your melancholly Fit agen ?

[*Steps aside.*]

Cable. They are from Creditors, would I were valiant

Enough to open e'm :

To my noble Friend

Captain *Cable* ; this Supercription is

The kindest ; and Seal'd with a Farthing too :

That were enough to fright a poor mans augurie—

Sa, sa, courage.— [*Opens a Letter*]

Porter. These dumps are dolefull, I'll goe fetch my Mistres to him. [*Exit.*]

Cable. Hum, forborne you above seven years— hum, promis'd ;

With Oaths to pay me last *Cable's* voyage— hum Never drunk for my Worship— hum.

Three of my Children Lie sick of the Measles— hum—but one bunch of Turnips

D d d d 2 Among

Among Twelve of us this four days—Hum—
my Sheers

And my Wives best Kirtle at Pawn—Hum—
commit

My 'self to your Conscience—Hum— your
Friend as you

Use him Gregory Thimble.

Enter Carrack.

Carrack. I hope he's at his Prayers!
Indeed melancholly is a good sign.

Of Contrition, in Men that drink much.

Cable. Here are two Lamentations more,
to the

Same tune. Were *Hannibal* alive, and these
Directed to him, he would not have the
Heart

To open 'em. O these are bitter Pills! —

[*Puts up the Letters.*
And now for *Marmalad* to close the stomach

up;

This morning I had news of a fiery Cutler
That will greet me with a *Ne exeat Regnum.*

Carrack. Just such a sad Man was my Hus-
band wont

To be in's youth, when he receiv'd Letters
From *London*! and fac'd me out still, they
came

To borrow Money: Poor City-Souls, they
sent

But for their own.

Cable. There's no returning to Town with-
out Money,

Unless I could move underground.

For though I know each Lane

And Alley, fit for Ambush, or Retreat;

Yet the Serjeants know me better. Full many

A sad gripe have I had on the Left-shoulder,
And in the Kings name too. Fine Rogues, to

use

The Kings name to him, that has none of's
Coyn!

Well, I must turn chaste, marry my dear
Widow,

And be rich! No remedy!

Carrack. Good morrow Captain! I am
come to seek

You out; and know how far you are re-
volv'd

In the main point. You understand me Cap-
tain?

Cable. Widow! Would 'twere Sunday
Widow!

Carrack. And why, I pray?

Cable. That we might have clean Linnen,
Fresh Nosegays;

And go hear Exercise. I know you love

To frequent the silenc'd Parties, let but

Their Lungs hold out, and I'll listen till my

Ears ache. Sirrah, Widow, thou never knew'st
A Rogue so suddenly reclaim'd.

Carrack. It is glad tidings Sir!

Cable. No more drinking now? I will un-
dertake

To walk throughout all the Sandy hot De-
sarts

Of *Barbary*, with one Flagon o' Water.

Alas! The Dew's enough to satisfy

A temperate Man, so he travel by night,

And with his Mouth open. And for whoring,

If my example should prosper, and reclaim

The sinners of this Town; there's many

A poor Justice of Peace will get but little.

Carrack. You are strangely alter'd.

Cable. It is too true.

Wouldst thou believ't? I was about last night

To sell my Trumpets, and in their stead, buy

A pair of Virginals, thou know'st it is

The more precise harmony. As for my Fea-
ther,

Here, take it, and stuff Pillowbers; it is

A vain wearing, argues sin, and a light head!

Carrack. Is't possible, you can be so pre-
cise?

Cable. This day I'll cut off my Main Mast,
and for

No other reason, but because methinks

It looks like a May-pole.

Carrack. I can but wonder and rejoyce.

Cable. Widow I'll marry thee! Let that
suffice,

Go buy a Wedding Ring; and dost thou hear.

Lay out Money, here are Bills of Exchange

Newly come from *London*, will discharge all—

[*Pulls out's Letters.*

Carrack. Are all these Bills of Exchange?

Cable. All but some few Postscripts of
news.

Carrack. It is no news Captain.

Cable. What is no news Widow?

Carrack. That you ow Money! Know Sir,
there is now

Arriv'd, a short Hair'd, small Notch'd-mef-
senger,

That calls himself an Apprentice, he rails

Against your Captainship, and says you ow

His Master Money, and those Letters come

From others too, that suffer in the same cause.

Cable. Dost thou not know Widow, Men
of Courage.

Will ow Money.

Carrack. 'Tis evident. But what (I pray)

are your debts.

Cable. I am no Arithmatician (Widow) I
cannot tell

To a just scruple.

Carrack. But you may neerly guess.

Cable. About a Hundred, or a Thousand
pound!

Carrack. No Land, nor Living, Captain,
yet ow

A Thousand pound?

Cable. These are silly examinations! Go, go,

Put on clean Linnen Widow, and let's to
Church.

Carrack.

Carrack. You did consider Sir, and must not I
Have respite to consider too?

Cable. I'll follow,
And shake these thoughts out of her Head;
his hopes
Are at the last gasp, that gives a Widow
Leave to consider. [Exeunt.]

Enter Inland, Bumble, English-Skipper.

Inland. Ah my belov'd Bumble, thy kindness hath
Converted my heart to Butter, it melts too.
Good Friend,
Render this to him in elegant Dutch,

Eng. Skipper. *Verssat je de Rutter Capitaine.*
Bumble Yaw, jaw, *ick versfoe: ick hebb een true heart.*

Maer warome hebt hy myn so liefse?

Eng. Skipper. He would know why you love him, Sir, considering
Your quarrel is depending still.

Inland. For his valor tell him 'cause he will fight:

My Country-men scarce know what it doth mean.

Good kind, meek Souls, they'll frait be reconcil'd!

Desire him we may joyn together in
A Flanders hugg; embracing courisly, like
Two lofty Younkers of the Hague.

Eng. Skipper. He understands you Sir——
[Inland and Bumble embrace.]

Inland. I am the servant of your Dog Bumble!

Bumble. *ick byn yare Hunt foot——*

Inland. Hoondsfoot! What's that?

Eng. Skipper. Why Sir, he is your Dogs Leg.

Inland. How! dost thou complement old Flounderkin?

I must kiss thee: Buss me Bumble, I say buss——
[They kiss.]

Bumble. *Maer wet mot noch vechten.*

Inland. Yes, yes, we will fight too, Bumble,
Heaven willing

I will cut thy Throat for all this, and throw
Thee over-board! among thy kinned, Habberdine,

And Ling; who shall meet thee some four
days hence

Ten fathom deep: But first I've a sute to
thee,

Tell him my Governor plays the false friend,
He will not lend me his Ship.

En. Skipper. *Hy en koat niet een Skipp kveghe.*

Inland. Therefore, if he please, we'll encounter like

Two valorous angry Herrings, and fight swimming,

In any Sea-coast that he will name.

Bumble. *ick versfoe! Maer ick mot in een Skipp veeckjer.*

Eng. Skipper. You must excuse him, Sir, he cannot fight

Without a good Ship under him.

Inland. Tell him he hath two now in his command,

I'll borrow one, and Man it with my Faulknors Huntsmen, and my Women.

Bumble. *Nien, nien, dat mat niet wesen:*

Eng. Skipper. He will not part, Sir, with his Ship.

Inland. Bumble, if you have no curtesie, Bumble,

I will make bold with your body here! Take that——
[Kicks him.]

And for more solace that —, and that for old reckonings.

Bumble. *ick sall meet you at Sea vour all.*

Inland. I th' mean time a kick or two more on shore

Is not amiss—— And Countrey-man, because

You take pay under him, thus I salute

Your Hanches——

Bumble. *ick sall meet you at Sea ——*

Eng. Skipper. I, or in Amboyna; there you shall lwing for't.

Inland. March on! I must kick you to your Cock-boat.
[Exeunt.]

Enter Topsail, Porter, like a Pursuiant.

Topsail. But art thou sure he holds little power

Over his Niece:

Porter. That little is too much, Sir,
He hath none at all. He may pretend she owes him

Respects as to her Uncle, but I have heard
Her Woman, Mistress Nightringale, (and she is

The Key of her Ladies Secrets) swear her honor

So hates her tedious babbling, that she would part with

A good round sum to have assurance, not
To be afflicted with it but once a quarter.

Topsail. That way I may do her service. But art thou perfect

In my directions?

Porter. If I mis my kue,
Let me forfeit my reward.

Topsail. Stand close, and when
I hold my hand up thus, rush in upon him,
And do thy office.

Porter. With as much rudeness Captain,
As a drunken Beadle drags a kneeling Begger
To the House of Correction.

Topsail. He appears, I'll have some sport,
though I lose the Lady. Sir Solemn Trifle!

Enter Trifle.

Met to my wish. I have dispatch'd my Letters
To

To my friends in *London*, presuming on your promise,

I shall have your Niece. [*Porter aside.*]

Trifle. Pray you give me leave.

Topfail. Nay more,

I have dispos'd of my Ship too.

Trifle. Hear me, I pray you.

Topfail. I build my confidence upon your credit,

And if I fall, you perish in my ruins.

Imagine, Sir, how monstrous 'twill appear

If a grave Justice, add to that a Knight,

Of such a reverend Beard, the Oracle

Of Wisdom to his Brothers of the Bench,

Nay their still open Mouth, a Statesman too,

That holds intelligence in all the Courts

Of Christendom, and from that frames his Counsels;

I say, if such an eminent Man should fail

In his assurances of a Ladies favor,

His Niece, and one he may command, that will not

Hazard the reputation of her Uncle,

But with her own loss carefully preserve it,

Who will give credit to your Hand and Seal,

Touching occurrences far off? And therefore

For your own sake, Sir *Solemne*, do me right,

Or you are like to suffer.

Trifle. I confess it

An irreparable loss. Now give me leave

To make you understand, with what discretion,

Art, judgment, Language, elegance of phrase,

I have proceeded for you.

Topfail. Briefly I pray you.

Trifle. I went to her, and at the first receiv'd

Slight entertainment, then I came upon her

With my rhetorical flourishes, set you off

In the full height of lustre, nay, observe

How much I ventur'd for you. I assur'd her

Upon my credit, That the next employment

You should be chosen Admiral, then bring in

The King of *Spains* Plate Fleet, and for the service

Should be made an Earl.

Topfail. I am bound to you.

Trifle. And yet,

Do you think she would believe me?

Topfail. She had little reason. What wrought it on her?

Trifle. Nothing as I live, all was cast away, nor gave I o'er so,

But urg'd authority, and told her plainly

Her Uncle was a Second-Father to her,

And she bound to obey him.

Topfail. What, reply'd she?

Trifle. The Girl laugh'd at me, flung away, and will'd me

To teach my Clerk *Dash* his trade, she was old enough

To govern her own affairs.

Topfail. Does this fruit grow

On the Tree of your Assurances?

Trifle. Captain *Topfail*,

Preserve my reputation. Recal

Your Letters by a Winged Post. I'll bear

The charge, and undergo what loss soever

You suffer'd in the parting with your Ship.

Dear Sir, be good to me. I would not be taken in a lie for my estate.

Topfail. You speak so honestly,

That troth I could forget it; but suppose

I should, I fear yet, you'll be call'd unto

A strict account for the other news, to which

You have set your Hand and Seal, and publish'd them

By your subordinate Ministers.

[*Holds up his hand.*]

Within Porter. Break ope the Doors.

[*Porter within.*]

I'll have him, if he be above ground, though I raise the force of the County.

Trifle. I begin to quake all over.

Porter. Ah! I am glad I have you.

Sir *Solemne Trifle*, in the Kings name, I charge you

To obey my Warrant.

Topfail. Use him gently Pursuivant,

Remember he's a Justice, and a Knight,

He'll put in Bail.

Porter. Bail will not serve, he must

And shall along with me presently: I'll not take

A Jury of Justices for his appearance.

Trifle. I am undone.

Porter. It is a kind of treason.

Trifle. Ay me!

Porter. He hath put the Kingdom in an uproar

About his news, under his Hand and Seal.

Topfail. Sir *Solemne*, I foresaw this.

Porter. Scarcrow and *Zeak*

Have kiss'd the Whipping-Post, and your Gossip *Prattle*,

Hath tasted of the Rack for venting of

Your trumperies, and the Rack will make him yield

A reason why he holds intelligence

Without Commission, and with Foreign Princes;

You must and shall go Sir.

Trifle. O *Trifle*, *Trifle*!

What hath thy Pen, and Wisdom, brought thee too.

Topfail. He will go quietly, tie not his Legs Under his Horses belly.

Porter. As I see cause Sir.

Trifle. Am I come to that, hear me, I am a Traytor

In the highest degree: If e'er I had intelligence

But from Play-houses, and Ordinaries, and sometimes

Courants, Gazets; and Ballads, those were the Undoing Spirits I work'd by.

[*Weeps.*]

Topfail.

Topfail. I believe him
Troth Mr. *Pursuivant*, his fault may be
Thought greater, then perhaps it is, and if
A hundred pound in present pay, may teach
you

The Art of Connivance, do not see him till
He hath su'd out his pardon.

Porter. I shall run
A dangerous hazard.

Topfail. This is certainty.
Give it him I say.

Porter. For my security
He must instantly leave the Town.

Topfail. Besides the Warrant
There's a necessity for that.

Trifle. How Captain?

Topfail. *Seawit*, I know not how, h'ath
heard of the wrong

You did him to his Marchant, and he hath
vow'd

To pull out your tongue, and cut off your right
hand,

No less will serve him.

Trifle. I'll rather go with the *Pursuivant*,

Porter. And be rack'd to death.

Trifle. What shall I do?

Topfail. Steal closely
Out of the House; vanish as in a Mist
That way. Not a syllable: on mine Honor

[Exit *Trifle*.

There's no Sir *Sollemne* here. So, you are paid
for

Your Ship.

Porter. The best that ever *Porter* was Sir.

Topfail. This will I hope take off his edge
of lying.

And fright him to tell truth. Now for the Lady.
[Exeunt.

Enter *Loveright*, *Joynture*, *Nightingale*.

Loveright. Mischief and shame upon thy
silent Tongue?

Why didst not tell me this before?

Nightingale. Though I o'erheard their
quarrel (Madam) I

Believ'd they would proceed no further, then

In words, but 'tis too certain, they were seen

Just now hastning to the Field.

Loveright. Quickly my Coach! In the ad-
joyning Meadow,

Westward to th' Sea, did they appoint to meet?

Nightingale. That was the place they
nam'd.

Loveright. You have inflam'd this anger
(*Colin*) by

Perfwading emulation in their love:

Joynture. You wrong me (Madam) with a
calumny

That must result upon your self.

Loveright. Within there Ho! My Coach.

Joynture. Some call the Captains to assist us

thither!

Pray Heaven they do not fight.

[Exeunt.

Enter *Seawit*, *Warwel* in their Shirts.
Stand at distance.

Seawit. This Ground is equal to us both;
or if

Your better eyes can find a difference in
Ascent, you have the liberty of choice.

Warwel. I like my station Sir, and you must
joy

Some Fortune to your Strength, to move me
hence.

Seawit. You are as merry Sir, as if you
thought

Of nothing but a triumph,

Warwel. Our weapons have one measur'd
length: If you

Believe the opposition of the Sun

Unto your face, is your impediment,

You may remove, and wear him on your back.

Seawit. Your ceremonies, Sir, are trouble-
some.

I love his Beams, if they can see me faint.

'Tis fit they punish me

With Everlasting Night. Prepare your self.

Enter *Loveright*, *Joynture*, *Carrack*, *Nigh-
tingale*, to *Seawit* and *Warwel*, *Topfail*
and *Cable* following. *Loveright* and
Nightingale hanging on *Warwel*. *Joynture*
and *Cable* on *Seawit*.

Seawit. Who have we here?

Warwel. Your Land-plot Captain *Seawit*
To fetch you off?

Seawit. Your studied stratagem, *Warwel*,
With your Confederate Lady *Wits*, you had
paid else

For your part of the jeering Scene.

Warwel. I shall forget

Civility, and Manners, if you persist thus.

Have you first cast me off? abus'd my ser-
vice?

Then hold me while your Gallant cuts my
Throat?

Carrack. Do you think to fright me with
your naked weapon?

My Husband was

A Captain, yet when he has drawn upon me

In's drink, I have made him sheath his wea-
pon, and

Repent he drew it on me.

Cable. Here's a fine medley.

Seawit. We cannot do that which we came
for, Sir,

We must wait another hour, and till then
truce, [Puts up his Sword.

Silence becomes Men best, when Women talk.

Warwel. I follow the example.

Seawit. What new device

Succeeds this, Madam *Marchpain*? Where-
fore come you?

And

And you her compeer? If you would both be cur'd
 Of the Greeni Sickness, and from me take Physick,
 Fall to it presently, and scratch one another
 Till you have torn off the Paint, and flesh together.
 I'll have no other fee. I am mad such baubles
 Should steal away my patience. When will it speak?
 Hath it lost its Tongue? Borrow an inch or two
 Of its Uncle Sir Solemne.
Loveright. Ha! ha! ha! Is it angry?
 Or its pleasant wit tied up, and turn'd to railing?
Joynure. Shall we put one Purle of our Gorgets out of order
 For such a face?
Loveright. Or fight, or scratch, for a quibbling
 A part of your Revenue?
Carrack. Or I run mad,
 If I marry not this great Belly? or forswear sleeping,
 If it be not made my Pillow?
Cable. I am brought in too.
Loveright. But to be serious.
Warwel. Which you cannot be.
 You have it not in your Nature, fickle Lady.
Loveright. Be your own Judges for I'll speak my thoughts
 To all, and freely. But I am interrupted.

Enter Inland.

Quiet this storm, and I will give you reason
 For what we do, or have done.
[Seawit, Warwel, Cable, Topfail, confer the women, step aside.]
Inland. None kill'd yet?
 I have heard of the quarrel, and I will make one,
 I care not on which side. Ha! How comes this.
 Three Women 'gainst four Men! It must be so.
 I have read in Errant Books of fighting Ladies,
 And these no doubt are such, and I love 'em for't.
 They are disform'd, the Men have got the day,
 And I stand bound to rescue 'em.
Seawit. Second me 'twill do.
Cable. We'll put him to't, and try his temper.
Inland. You have been my Tutor, now I will be yours.
 You have wrong'd these Ladies, and my honor binds me
 To teach you better manners.
Seawit. Thou weak Compound
 Of clownery and rashness, that ne'er knew'st,
 And art past teaching what true Valor is:

Bridle your tongue, or I must tell you Boy,
 You will be whipt.

Inland. Boy? I defie thee.

Topfail. Stay Sir,

Be not so hot, I must have some cool words with you.

You have been saucy, and from my forbearance

Grown insolent. I'll put you to the test.

Fall off, and instantly, or I'll beat you to A place to do me right.

Inland. Beat me, lead on.

Cable. We must not part so. You Cub, I'll make you feel

You are not now amongst your Tenants Sons,
 Swaggering at a Wake, in your own Village,
 Or stealing away a May-pole from your Neighbors;

But with such Men, as if you dare but scratch,
 Can pare your Nails to the Stumps, and spoil your clawing.

Inland. Three against one, 'tis foul play.

Warwel. Thou art not worth

The anger of one Boy that has true mettal,

Or courage in him. You love quarrelling,

Be it right or wrong, and fighting as you say too.

But look upon thy Sword.

Topfail. Or frown.

Seawit. Cast Lots

Who shall do the drudgery of cudgelling him.

Cable. You shall part with the name of furious, and from henceforth

Be call'd *Tame Inland.*

Joynure. How they aw him.

Inland. Cow me with odds? Were your number ten times doubled,

I would not budg. Ladies stand fair, you shall Perceive I am not aw'd, nor tongue-tied.

Tutor,

For my bringing up, I will dispatch you first;
 At your great Belly next. I will spoil your Pipe too.

And you shall find I dare look on my Sword
 When I prick your Guts with't. Come one by one, or all

Together, I care not.

Cable. Sure the Devil's in him.

Topfail. You must take another course,

Seawit. I'll rather suffer,

Then part with such a Charge.

Warwel. I do recant.

Seawit. Thou shalt be

Our Admiral.

Topfail. And kill the Kings Enemies
 By douzens.

Cable. Be but reconcil'd.

Inland. I am

Upon these terms, but let me have enow
 Kings enemies to kill.

Seawit. Thou shalt my Charge.

Enter

Enter Boatswain.

Boatfw. Aboard, aboard, the Wind stands fair,
One sent too from the Admiral to command it.
Cable. How! the Wind turn'd Westward?
Topfail. 'Tis! the Rack runs that way.
Seawit. Constantly. No stay then
Your Lenvoy Ladies.
Loveright. I will not hinder
Your voyage with long discourse. This is the Man,
For whose wisht fight, with some doubt to mine honor,
I came to *Plymouth*, having had intelligence
Four days before he had set Foot in *Holland*,
And was bound hither. You had such entertainment,
As I could give you: Other accidents
Were but to pass time. I am serious Sir,
And all imperious humors of a Mistress
Cast by, I thus embrace you as a Husband,
And as such, will obey you.
Seawit. Heaven give you joy, Sir.
Warmel. This satisfies for all, and if you please,
Here ends our difference.
Seawit. 'Tis my desire, Sir.
Joynture. One word with you Sir. I shall still report you

A Noble Gentleman, and am so chang'd.
With your behavior, though you want a fortune,
At your return I'll make you one, and do it
A lawful way.
Seawit. I kiss your hand, and seal my self
Your Servant.
Cable. Now Widow, what's your doom
Of me? Shall I stay at home,
Or weigh up Anchors and be gone?
Carrack. Get honor,
And bring home a rich Prize, like my other
Husband,
And you shall have his place. Yet though you thrive not
But come home ne'er so poor, forswear your
whoring,
And I am your Wife; and to encourage you
to it,
Give a particular of your debts, I'll pay 'em,
You shall come home a free man.
Cable. By this kiss I thank thee,
I'll prove such a notable Husband
Seawit. All stands yet in supposition.
Topfail. I may find a Wife too
At my return, till when Honor's my Mistress.
Seawit. Our Navy now puts forth to Sea,
and if
You wish us a good voyage, we shall find
Our new trim'd Sails fill'd with a prosperous
Wind.
[Exeunt.]

Epilogue by Sir *Furious*.

For your own sakes (dear Hearts) you had not
best
Believe my Rage, or Humor so oppress
I th' heat of the last Scene, as that you may
Freely, and safely too, cry down our Play?
For if you dare but whisper one false Note
Here in the House, or passing to take Boat,

Good faith I'll mow you off with my short Sword.
Gentleman, Squire, Knight, Lady, and his
Lord,
With Conscience too; for since my Mettal lies
Still to destroy yours, and our Enemies.
Can I do less (be your own Judges) when
You lay sad Plots to begger the Kings Men.

The Distresses.

The Persons of the Play.

<i>Androlio</i> ———	Son to the Governor.
<i>Basilonte</i> ———	A Noble Man of <i>Cordua</i> .
<i>Orgemon</i> ———	Sons to <i>Basilonte</i> , but unknown to each other.
<i>Dorando</i> ———	
<i>Balthazar</i> ———	Brother to <i>Claramante</i> .
<i>Leonte</i> ———	His Brother, a Hot-spirited Gentleman.
<i>Gonsalvo</i> ———	Friends to <i>Balthazar</i> .
<i>Argilo</i> ———	
<i>Orco</i> ———	A Merry Gentleman, Friend to <i>Androlio</i> .
<i>Surgeon</i> ———	
<i>Servants</i> ———	
<i>Musicians</i> ———	
<i>Bravo's</i> ———	

<i>Amiana</i> ———	Daughter to <i>Basilonte</i> .
<i>Claramante</i> ———	<i>Orgemon's</i> Mistress.
<i>Marilla</i> ———	An Old Woman.

SCENE CORDUA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Argilo, Gonsalvo, Dorando, Balthazar, Surgeon, (who binds up Balthazar's Wound.)

Argilo. **B**Ring Lights! More Lights! And
set a guard upon
The Gates: Be sure none enter
here, but those

Who are ally'd to us?

Gonsalvo. Send unto th' Governor; En-
treat him that

His Officers take care the people be
Dispers'd that throng about the house, though
some

Are so ill natur'd, that they take the pains

Of hast'ning hither to see mischief, yet
Others are worse natur'd, and come to do
it.

Dorando. Vice, Famine, and mistaken Zeal
consume 'em?

How their wise courages affect to gape

On danger, when themselves stand safe? Brave
Sir,

How do you feel your wound?

Balthazar. I am oblig'd unto your valor
Sir,

Which doth no less deserve my wonder, then
Your courtesie my praise; for I admire
A stranger should engage his youth, and life
To so much hazard, where he neither knew
The persons, nor the cause.

Doran. I saw you were
Distress'd with numbers Sir, I could not think
My honor well dispos'd, till it was throughly
Inclin'd to make you safe. Your wound (I
hope)

Gives you no sence of inward sickness?

Bal. A meer scratch?

My

My servants over-diligence, and this
Tame posture in a Chair, are ways to make
It seem much greater then it is.

Argilo. Colin,
I pray sit still ! Although your wound be
slight,
Your motion may unbind it; and I know
No blood belonging to our family, but is too
good to lose.

Enter Claramante.

Gonsa. Look there, your sister Claramante,
Sir,

Is hurried hither by her loving fears.

Clar. My Brother Balibazar !
How have my vows miscarry'd thus of late ?
Or are my sins more powerful then my pray'rs,
That all my importunities to Heaven
Are lost. I've oftner beg'd your safety, then
Mine own.

Balt. Dear Claramante, were I dead,
Men that stood by and saw those tears would
chide

You for too great expence of grief, knowing
Your health and beauty most concern the
World.

I feel a greater danger from
Your sorrow, then my wound. Trust me, I
am well.

Clar. Our City fam'd for Government, is
by

These nightly Riots and Disorders, grown
Less safe then Gallies, where revolted Slaves
Inchain their Officers.

Balt. This sister is th'unruly season, when
Young raging Lovers meet their Rivals in
The dark ; but I as little know mine enemy,
As guess the cause of his malicious wrath.
That noble stranger doth deserve your thanks
And praise, if I can serve you with my life,
For 'tis his valor hath continued it.

Clar. Sir, there were little hope that I
should pay

So large a debt, should I not ask his name,
To whose great vertue I do ow it.

Dor. Madam, I am call'd Dorando ; but it
Is far from my ambition, to believe
That any act of mine can add such worth
Unto my name, that you should think it fit
To wear't one hour within your memory.

Clar. Sir, your humility is too unkind :
You undervalue whom you have preserv'd,
And me, when you suspect I shall forget
His name that sav'd my Brothers life.

Dor. O love ! Thou busie Deity ? How
could

It need, thou shouldst o'ercome me with her
voice

When I was conquer'd by her eyes before.

Enter Leonte.

Leon. Brother ! What are you for the
Grave to night ?
Must we shake hands, and never meet again,
Unless Philosophers agree upon another
World.

Balt. No Sir ? I've resolv'd better on't ?
We'll

Stay here till they have ended their dispute.

Leon. Content ? I have examin'd
This incounter, and I find the night
Bred a mistake ; certain furious lovers
Most bounteously design'd to serenade
My sister at her Window,
Met with their rivals here. In their blind rage
Suppose you for an opposit, and with
Their cold Iron, gave you this midnight mark
Of love. Their names, the shame, and error
of

Their anger, made them conceal.

Clar. At my window, Sir !

Leon. Claramante ! Though in this City
such

Addresses are allow'd unto the fair
And eminent, and that our Spanish custom
Warrants Ladies in Musick to admit
Their lovers, Evening and their Morning
plaints.

Yet since your Beauty doth disorder Men,
Keep it within, lock up your looks ?

Clar. Brother, I hope, I have so liv'd, that
you

May think your counsel lost ; for though
I value it, yet sure I need it not.

Leon. If I had hideous doubts, or knew to
feed

And nourish them with real circumstance,
I wear a trifle here, should end your life,
And my suspicion ere you could have hope
Or leisure to repent.

Clar. Sir, though I strive to reverence your
love, and care of my

Repute ; yet when I find your anger rais'd
So high, as if you did presume
Your Reason could allow't, then I disdain'd,
And will have no honor, but what I can
Protect without your help.

Leon. Hear me. Be sure
You live inclos'd : Keep to your Glass ; and
when

Y're weary with looking on your own face,
I'll help you to another of the same sex.

Clar. Forgive me Sir ? Though I am inno-
cent,

I was not wise enough to find
Your anger grows too high to be contemn'd.

Leon. Obey what I enjoyn ? for by
My fathers soul, thy hopes of liberty
Are but thy certainties of death.

Dor. Fie Sir ! how ill it doth become
A gallant nature to mistake, and make

E c c c 2

Such

Such an uncivil use of rage, to tempt
A Ladies virtue to an angry blush?

Leon. Good, unknown Sir! What make
you here? Or, pray
What do you find in me, that you should hope
I have been us'd to be rebuk'd?

Arg. Cousin *Leonte*, this noble stranger
cannot

Offend so much, as he deserves to be excus'd.

Balt. Brother, I owe him for my life. Had
not

His valor rescu'd it, I had not had
The power to tell you now; he's fitter to
Be made a friend, then enemy.

Leon. Then I am apt to tell you Sir, y'have
had

The luck to save a life, more precious than
Your own. If you affect your self, begone?
And when you shall remember I have given
You leave to live; you'll think your courtesie
To him is overpaid.

Dor. Good furious Sir; Make not a present
of

My life, until you know you can command it:
I do not hold my breath by Patent, or
By Lease; nor can I think, that your
Celestial worship hath the pow'r to sign
Such Grants.

Leon. I thank you Sir.

You have consider'd like a Gentleman,
I am content, my house shall be your privi-
ledge;

But when remov'd from hence, you shall per-
ceive

This Province will be much too narrow to
Contain us both alive. *Exit Leonte.*

Balt. *Claramante*, let's hasten after him,
He is unlucky in his fury, 'tis
Not fit to trust him with such angry thoughts.
You *Argilo*, and *Gonsalvo*, both
Attend on *Don Dorando* here. *Exeunt Bal-*

thazar, Claramante, Surgeon.

Arg. Well may you wonder Sir, whilst we
lament

At the mis govern'd temper of his youth,
Who drowns a World of noble virtues in
The torrent of his rage.

Gonsal. *Don Leonte* is to blame,
His courage like to powder, carelessly
And ill laid up, is in continual danger
Of ev'ry accidental spark that may
Inkindle it to ruine.

Dor. 'Tis most within
The pow'r of time to mend. But Gentlemen,
I am resolv'd such young mistaken wrath
Shall never stir my anger, but my grief.

Enter Claramante.

Clar. Gentle *Gonsalvo*,
And you my Cousin *Argilo*, I shall
Entreat to hasten strait below, and wait
Until this Gentleman descend, to make

His passage forth secure.

Exeunt Argilo, Gonsalvo.

Dor. What means this Providence? Would
I could hope

'Tis not deriv'd from pitty, but from love.

Clar. Are you a Native of this City, Sir?

Dor. No Madam, my affairs convey'd me
hither,

Which though of great import, I value most
Because they luckily became the means
To make me fortunate in seeing you.

Clar. I cannot guess, how I shou'd any
way

Contribute to your happiness, unless

By my advice, my Brother *Don Leonte* hath
A fire within his Brest, that nothing but
Your blood can quench; his jealous honor
waits

For all occasions to become the Soldiers talk,
His sword already hath been fatal to him,
By a contempt of Civil Laws: And though it
were

A sin to doubt your valor can protect
You from his rage: Yet being in this City
lov'd,

'Tis fit to fear your stay may by
His servants insolence, or faction of
Misguided friends endanger you.

Dor. I have not fear enough about me yet
To understand, what 'tis you would infer.

Clar. I speak to your discretion, Sir: Keep
that

Awake, and fie this Town, that can afford
You now no quiet dwelling, but a Grave.

Dor. Shall I that never yet knew fear, be
taught

It now, just now, when I do learn to love.

Clar. What is it doth perswade your stay,
brave Sir?

Dor. Since 'tis the best and noblest cause,
let it

Be lawful to reveal't, my love of you,
Although not known unto your eyes: 'Twas
that

Engag'd me to the rescue of your Brothers life.
Three Moons have wasted since my love in-
creas'd,

And I conceal'd the flame, first kindled by
Your eye, when you did move in a devout
Procession to our great Provincial Saint.

Clar. That which fond men, misname my
Beauty, is

Become their fate; and so unlucky too,
That I shall fear to see it in my Glass,
Were I so false unto my self,
To credit all, that say they love. Yet he
Hath lost his vows, for since my heart hath
given
Her plight before, they needs must come too
late.

Dor. I hope this secret meditation doth
Contrive no cruelty: Can you perswade
My absence now?

Clar.

Clar. If you do truly love,
You cannot chuse but value, and obey
What I injoy. The most convenient trial
of

Your truth, is that you follow strait,
And halt you hence, and not return till you
Have means to know, your visit may unto
My Brother, and your self, be safe.

Dor. Since my obedience seems the chiefest
help

T'advance my love, my honor may expect
To be excus'd, when it is known I flie,
*Cause you're ally'd unto mine enemy.

Exeunt.

(Enter Androlio (with a dark Lanthorn)
Orgemon, Orco.

Andr. Don Orgemon, you cannot guess,
where I
Have led you now?

Orge. I hope 'tis to
A secret entertainment of dry beating.

Orco. If we be foundly cudgel'd (Gentle-
men)

Let's carry't privately; th'occasion will
Require't.

Orge. The furniture and spacious Roof,
shews 'tis

A house of quality.

Orco. Yes faith. It may become
A very right good Man to suffer in't.
I had as lieve be pistoll'd here, as in
Any house I know i'th' Town.

Andr. This is my Mistress Mansion, Gen-
tlemen.

Orge. How? *Amiana's!* Does she live
here?

Andr. Her Fathers house believe't.

Orge. A meer Nunnery,
There's not so strict a Tenement in Spain.

By this hand, the Women in't wear Hair
Smocks.

Orco. Art thou mad? in so debash'd and
rude

A season to bring us to a place
Of such a known civility.

Orge. Don Orco, I
Dare warrant you the foresaid beating, and
The Pistol too, you talk of, together
With a brace of Bullets to boot. They are
Not over frugal here of their Leaden Plums,
To those that come a banquering i'th' night.

Enter Amiana.

Amia. Who's there? *Don Androlio?*

Andr. Quick, step aside *Amiana.*

Amia. Speak softly Sir!

For Heaven sake rule your voice, and strait in-
close

That light: If heard, or seen, we are undone.

He shuts the Lanthorn.

Andr. What was the cause that with such
haste

You sent for me.

Amia. To number and interpret all your
vows,

So make them easie to your memory.

My jealous Father hath been told you oft

Have made your visits here, suspects you
falle,

And threatens ruine to our loves.

Andr. These old coughing Coxcombs, are
most

Dangerous malicious Spies upon us, youth:

They hate a midnight parley with their
Daughters,

And can seldom learn the good manners to
Retire betimes into their Tombs, for the
Convenience of young people.

Amia. Your apprehension is too wanton
Sir,

And shares no part o'th' miseries I feel.

Dispatch your Resolutions strait, if you

Will keep your credit with high Heaven,
where all

Your promises are registred, and rid

Me of my cruel fears; be early as

The morning here, preparing some disguise

To fetch me hence and marry me.

Andr. Marry *Amiana*, is that the word?

For me a trap to catch all

Mankind in. A trick your old Law-makers
first

Found out to keep us tame. And then they
fob

Us off with stale deceptions of Prerogative,

That every Husband is a Monarch in

His family. Of what I pray? Of small

Milk-eaters, that complain of breeding Teeth;

And we of breeding them; till they

Are weary too of us at last: So the

Dislike goes round.

Amia. Why do you meditate,

As if this business did require new thoughts?

Andr. Is there a soft Bed here?

Amia. What do you mean?

Doth sleep invade you, Sir? Are you not
well?

Andr. Would you were half so well in un-
derstanding.

What pity 'tis, one of thy hopeful being,

Should want capacity in natural

Affairs. By this good Darknefs thou delight'st

To vex me; if there be joys, are they

Not greater by our liberty, and less

When we that make them are confin'd?

Amia. I hope, I am not well

Indeed; and 'tis my understanding that

Is sick, or I would have it so, rather

Then know your meaning.

Andr. Come pretty thief;

Though these are sitting hours for stealth, our
robberies

Shall be but interchanging what's our own.

Amia.

Amia. Away, begone. Although my Faith cannot
Persuade me all this vanity comes from
Thy heart, yet I abhor it on thy Tongue.
My foolish love forbids me chide thee more;
Yet thou wilt find my anger easier far
Than Heavens. *Exit.*

Andr. Don Orgemon! *Orco!*
Orco. What a cold sweat y'have left us in?
I spy'd
One single glowing coal, i'th' Chimney of
The Weather Room, and thought 't had been
a Muskettier
With his Match cock'd.

Andr. Gentlemen, do you see the Key
That opens to this blind Paradise? this will
I lend, when either of your Constitutions call
Upon me to make way unto my Mistress.

Orco. But what success (*Androlin*) she be-
ing chaste?

Andr. Why then corrupt her, you shall
have my help;
That's fair I think: If you would both be
rul'd

By me, we'd lead such pleasant envy'd lives.
The great *Turk* himself should leave his
business

And his throne, to make a fourth among us.
Orco. As how? Now do I grow a little
sensual.

Andr. Our Mistresses in common, that's
the way;

Each may apply himself to assist his friend.
Think on those blessed *Greeks* that had the
skill

Of mutual procuration. Oh how
Deliciously they liv'd! What pity 'tis, that
this

Dull age admits it not in fashion now.
If we would help each other heartily,
Strait all the sex were ours.

Orge. Think you so Sir.
Andr. Yes, and without the miseries of
Matrimony,

Let Haberdashers marry, and those poor
Shop Traffickers, that spend their precious
hours

In narrow Lanes.

Orco. Who are a kind of pious Eunuchs,
and their Wives

Your Concubines, whom they keep for your
use

At their own charge.

Andr. Y'are in the right.

Orge. *Orco* would get a pretty nimble way
Of profiting, if he be well taught.

Andr. You have a secret Mistress, *Orgemon*,
I prethee bring me to her.

Orge. No Sir, I am content

To manage my own fortune without help.

Andr. *Orco*, you have a handsome Sister,
make

My way that I may visit her.

Orco. How Sir!

You must make your own way then with your
Sword.

Andr. Th'art not intirely cleans'd from
folly yet.

Like to a Gun ill cleans'd, thou dost recoil

At the first charge. If you like my sister,

Appoint your time, and I will do my best.

Orco. I, that may mollifie.

Andr. She'll make a proper Woman; but
The mischief is, she's yet but three years old.

A young Bird, thou may'st catch her with a
Cherry.

Orge. My hour draws on, and my affairs re-
quire

That I should walk alone, I prethee lead me
out

Andr. He is a Schollar, let him take
His learned way, poor melancholly Angler,
He must fish with those Philosophical Worms,
He finds in rotten Books. Thou (*Orco*) and
Myself (if we do faithfully conspire)
Will lay such subtle Baits, as first shall vex
Our own, then vanquish all the other sex.

Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Balthazar and Dorando.

Balt. **T**Hose scatter'd streaks of pale-
ness in the East,
Declare the day so near, the
Sun scarce needs

To travel half an hour to perfect it,
The Port will open strait, and there you'll
find

My Page attend you with a Horse.

Dor. Your tenderness, and careful Grati-
tude,

Will by example benefit the World,

And teach ill Natures to do good; if not
For Vertues sake, yet in a hope to gain
By the reward; let me request you (Sir)
To cherish nicely your dear life, which may
Be useful unto all mankind: Your wound
Will yet require the Surgeons help, and such
Untimely moving in the piercing air (perhaps)
Retard the Cure, I pray return.

Balt. 'Tis your civility to mind it (Sir)
Else I should lack the means to think I have
That wound which I can hardly feel,

Since

Since y^e are a stranger, and by a request
(Through a becoming care of safety) make
Such haste to leave the Town, perhaps your
wants

May find this little treasure of some use,
Be pleas'd to make it yours.

Dor. I shall have need
Of nothing but your absence (Sir) and that
Is useful to me, 'cause it may concern
Your health; pray leave me, and return.

Balt. Let me attend you but a little further,
Perchance I have a Mistress, whose dwelling
near

The Port, I would (in my obedience to
The custom here) salute with Musick when
She wakes.

Dor. Nor yet am I
So old, but you may think I have
A Mistress too, whom I would celebrate;
And these affairs ask single secrecy.
I do beseech you leave me.

Balt. My better wishes wait upon you
ever.

Dor. Mine Sir on you. Although your ver-
tue be
So strong, it doth prevent all other aids.

Exeunt severally.

Enter Leonte.

Leon. 'Twas by some secret whisperings of
love

Enjoy'd before: If *Don Dorando* really
Had been a stranger to my sister, and
As new to her, as me, he had not grown
So bold in her defence; if it be love,
'Tis apt enough to my conjecture. He
May take the usual way of early sacrifice
In amorous airs.

Just here, her Window doth
O'er-look our Garden Wall; I'll wait
For his approach, if singly (as such stolen
Addresses commonly are made) he will
Be fitter for my Sword; nor would I by
Unequal force, discharge, and satisfy
My Anger, to my Honors loss.

Enter Musicians:

1. *Mus.* This is the place.
Diego, is the Base-Viol mended which
Th' young Lucky batter'd with a Torch?

2. *Mus.* Tigh'd as a Bladder.
1. *Mus.* Stand all close beneath
The Penthouse; there's a certain Chamber-
maid
From yond Casement, will dash us off. She
was

Ever very free of her Urine——

Leon. Sure *Don Dorando* sprung this tame
Covy!

Friend! who employ'd you here?

1. *Mus.* A Gentleman Lover, Sir.

Leon. I guess it is no City lover;
For he'd have eas'd his mind with the Town
Waits.

Know you his name.

1. *Mus.* Good Sir forbear: You hinder
our tuning——

Leon. Prethee his name.

1. *Mus.* It is a stranger Sir, he will be here
After the first Madrigal.

Leon. That stile of stranger, shews it must
be he.

Song in Parts.

NOne but my self, my heart did keep,
When I on Cowslip-Bed did sleep;
Near to a pleasant Bog:
Whilst you my pretty Rogue,
With Knuckle knocking at my Breast,
Did ask for my Three corner'd Ghost.
And whispering soft (as soft as voice could be)
Did say come out thou little Heart to me.

A thousand Fiends as black as Soot,
With all their dirty Dams to boot.
Take thee, O take thee every day,
For tempting my poor Heart away.

2.

This Heart for joy, from me did leap,
And follow'd thee even step by step
Till tir'd, it ask'd to rest
A while within thy Breast.
'Twas thick, and fat, and plump before,
Weighing a full pound weight and more.
But now (alas!) 'tis wasted to the Skin,
And grown no bigger then the Head of Pin.
A thousand Fiends as black as Soot,
With all their dirty Dams to boot.
Take thee, O take thee every day,
For tempting my poor Heart away.

Enter Orgemon.

Org. There's your reward, avoid the place.
'Tis strange *Exeunt Musicians.*

She not returns me her accustomed favor;
Neither by th' sudden comfort of her eyes,
Nor one restrain'd soft whisper, to declare
Her fears.

Claramante! Break forth
Thou living Light, the Planet of the day
Makes constant haste to shine on ev'ry one,
Because insensible, and cannot know
The value of his Beams; but thou
(Of worthier Essence far then he) art nice
And chary of thy lustre, 'cause
Thy reason tells thee, what is precious should
Be most reserv'd. *Claramante!*

Leon. If there be vertue in that name, it is
Not fit it should receive a blemish from
Thy voice: If there be none, thou newly
Hast corrupted what I thought was pure.

Org. What are you that so rudely dare pro-
phane

A Lovers rites? Those single privacies,

The

The custom of this Province doth allow.

Leon. Don Dorando, 'tis not thy want of memory,

Doth make my person or my voice estrang'd
Unto thy knowledge, but thy guilt. Time hath
But added a few hours to our account,
Since thou with insolence didst injure, whom
Thou now dost fear to know.

Org. This scarcity of light, wanting
enough

Of day t'inform thy eyes, makes thee mistake
I am not he thou nam'st.

Leon. Dost thou deny thy self?
That which before did seem thy valor, was
No more then a disease, within thy blood;
'Thath intermissions, and doth reign by fits.

Org. Prerhee (who e'er thou art) befriend
thy self

With my advice, for thine own safety, not
For mine, I wish thee leave this place.

Leon. Your easie temper will deceive you
Sir;

Although I scorn to conquer him that is
Not willing to resist, I'll force you strait,
If not to courage, yet to anger. Thus—

Strikes him.

Org. Rash busie Fool, 'tis now too late
tally *They draw,*
That Spirit thou hast rais'd. *They fight.*

Enter Claramante above, with a light.

Clar. Who are you that with rudely man-
ag'd Swords,

Foretell so much of danger and of death?

Org. Thy valor did deserve a better cause,
But 'tis not timely to instruct thee now:
Yield or thou diest.

Orgemon bestrides Leonte.

Clar. Ay me, the voice of *Orgemon*,
My Brother too, disarm'd, prostrate, and
grown

The yielded subject of his rage.

Org. Ha! thy Brother!
Life of my heart! Had we but had thine eyes
T'enlighten us, this dark misprision could

A Torch ready.

Not so betray me, to oppose one, whom
My better knowledge might embrace.

Clar. If there be any mercy in thy love,
give not

Thy anger leave to make a bloody use
Of victory?

Org. For all the avaricious World calls
Wealth,

I would not shed the blood that is ally'd
To thine. Rise Sir, and thank your sister for
Your life, and sword. *Gives him his Sword.*

Leon. I shall disdain 'em both,
Unless my fortune make me fit
For better gratitude; which is, when I
Have conquer'd thine to give them back.

Runs at him, they fight again.

Clar. Cruel, and rash! Dost thou pervert
the use
Of my request. Help, help!

Orgemon is wounded.
Org. *Claramante*, thy pity which did save
Thy Brothers life, hath now endanger'd mine.

Clar. *Gonsalvo*, help! My *Colin Argilo*.
Goes from the Window, and calls within.

Leon. He seems, by th' half discernings of
this light,

To shrink with loss of blood. I fear I shall
Have cause to curse my first mistake. I'll haste
Unto the next Monastick-house to keep
Me from the rigor of the Laws. *Exit.*

Org. Where art thou fled! Have I a
wound, and not
An enemy, on whom I may reveng't.

Enter Claramante above.

Clar. Art thou in danger noble *Orgemon*?
I fear to ask what's cruelty to know.

Org. My gentle Love, disquiet not thy
heart

With kind suspicions, for my wound
Is neither deep nor hazardous.

Clar. Thy safety reconciles me to my Stars.
Now they descend!

Give trust unto my *Colin Argilo*,
Unless he should persuade thee hither; for
The malice of this hope may ruine thee.

Org. Wilt thou depart, that art my better
life.

Clar. My honor and my pity, call me
hence,

I dare no longer see thee, nor be seen. *Exit.*

Enter Argilo, Gonsalvo, with a Torch.

Org. Keep back, I've yet another arm that
may
Be prosperous for my defence.

Arg. Don *Orgemon*! This is a noble Lord,
I know his love to *Claramante* full
Of loyalty; without suspicion, Sir, you may
Receive from me the office of a friend.

Gons. I'th' calm and sleepy season of
The night, *Leonte* stole abroad: I fear
He hath been guilty of this rash assault.

Arg. It seems there's danger in his deed,
for he

Is fled: Be confident we'll serve you Sir,
How do you find your strength?

Org. I onely feel my Fortune weak, if
you

Are worthy, as your promise renders you,
Conduct me to the Lodging near the Bridge.

Gons. I know it well; it is the Marble-
house.

Arg. We'll both attend you thither.

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Orco like a Fidler. Androlio aloof of.

Orco. This is a tame Street-hound, of the right strain;
Now he hath found my footing, 'twill be hard
To shake him off: He'll follow by the scent,
Like an old *Tyger*.

Andr. You have your early walks, *Orco*.
I know you by your Aggot eyes, and your
Cinnamon face: Whether I'faith? tell me!
You mean to firk it with your Fidlestick.

Orco. If thou lov'st me go back, I've a design

For thy good; but I would fain trust to my
Own head. The day will open presently
And then my project is quite spoil'd.

Andr. Yes, a Court project, which no Man
gets by

But the Inventor; who is long in paying of
Himself, and at the last is foundly paid:
But I will stand to all unwholsome hazards,
And bear you company.

Orco. You must excuse me
Androlio; by this hand, 'tis a devout design.

Andr. Faith like enough; you go to fiddle
gratis

At the wedding of some poor Orphan Maid.

Orco. Prethee go back.

Andr. Come, I begin to find you false.
Doth not

Our late Indenture, bind us both to help
Each other for the common good of Women,
And so to make our own enjoyings sure,
Thou hast a secret Mistress, and I think
Dost hide her under ground, like a Rose
Imbalm'd within a Leaden Pot to keep it fresh.

Orco. Or as our Seamen bury Beef; but if
Thou findest her out, thou'lt powder her.

Andr. Thou art as valiant as a *Machabee*,
And shouldst be true, shall I trust thee alone?

Orco. *Androlio*, if thou wilt leave me, I
will tell thee all.

Andr. As how? Proceed.

Orco. There is a certain Wench —

Andr. Good! A Wench! The very thing
I want.

If thou lov'st me, let her have black eyes.
Pray on, a Wench!

Orco. The Daughter of an Advocate.

Andr. Good still! I love to procreate with
the Law;

For I would have my issue thrive.

Orco. This forefaid Wench, sighing in her
Window,

Gave me the gentle leer as I pass'd by;

And I that had the blessed happiness

To be born for her undoing, return'd her
(You know my old guard of Love-fence) the
half wink thus——

Andr. That's my way too, I taught it you.
But mark

Me Orco. You must not now prove negligent
In a good cause.

Orco. Dost think I am so wicked;
She's newly blown, and I am going now
To make her ripe.

Andr. Honest Rogue farewell.

Goes to the door and returns.

D'ye hear, *Orco*? I needs must have this
Wench;

Remember how our Covenants are drawn.

Orco. Be confident, and leave me.

Andr. Nay, thou art right. To-morrow I'll
procure for thee.

Goes to the door again, and returns.

Orco. thou dost not know what extraordinary
use

I have for an Advocates Daughter.

Orco. I'm sensible, I prethee go, my
friends

Necessities I tender as mine own.

Exit Androlio.

I'll give him a false turn i'th' corner of
The next blind Lane, that I may safer move
In my design.

Goes off, and enters again at the other door.

I've lost him now!

The Rogue's as cunning as a travel'd Spie,
But I shall couzen him. This is the house,
Or I mistook my mark last night.

Sings a Mock-song, to a Ballad Tune.

Good morrow to the Honorable *Dona Amiana*,

And toth' Right Worshipful her little Dog.

*Enter Amiana above, with a Paper
with Go d in't.*

Amia. You are too loud! I know thee
not; and I

Presume thou dost not know thou wak'st my
enemies:

For in this house the jealous live, who are
Such cruel Judges of my thoughts and words,
That I grow weary of all hope, but what
Infers my death. Although thy Musick's harsh,
I'll pay thy courtesie: there's Gold, begone.

Throws him Money.

Orco. Pretty Varlet! Now am I melting,
soft

All over, as a quodled Apple, I'll thred
These Duckets on a Fiddle-string, and wear
Them for a Bracelet.

Amia. What shall I do?

Although my Father hazard me at home;

It may be danger to adventure forth.

Musician, are you gone?

Orco. Here, dear Lady.

So conquer'd by your bounty, that I'm e'en
Setting my Fiddle to the tune of Dying dumps,
If you would grace me with commands, you
shall

Perceive I dare attempt as far as *Orpheus* did,
Ffff That

That plaid a Jigg in Hell ; there I have nick'd
her

With a complement.

Amia. Govern your words,
And then beware your promises exceed
Not what you can perform, yet I have heard
Course habits often cover mighty minds.
Know you *Don Androlio*, the Nephew to
The Governor?

Orco. Do I know a Ducket when I see't?
I am to play before

His worship this very morning ; he makes
My love Ballads. The merry Madrigal
For Maids, and the Vicious Virgin, were both
his.

Amia. I know him vain, wild, and un-
govern'd as
Th' assembling winds ; yet if thou'lt safely
bring

Me to his house, I'll make thee rich with my
Rewards ; but be thou sure, thou use me not
With rude, uncivil violence, for then
His anger, and my kinreds pow'r will seek
Thee out, as far as day is known, to ruine thee
With their revenge.

Orco. 'Lafs, Madam, I am call'd
The faithful Fidler of *Cordua*. Boldly
Adventure, for my life shall warrant you.

Amia. There is no staying here, to my in-
firm

And troubled fence, it doth appear as safe
To hazard what is doubtful there, as undergo
What certainly is worse then death within.

Exit.

Orco. She's coming down I hope, *Don An-
drolio*.

When you did bring *Don Orgemon*, and me
Last night to see your Mistress in this house,
Your Brains (I take't) did you no great good
service.

If I bring her to yours (although I've made
A kind of Poetical promise to
That small purpose) may this become my last-
ing trade,

And I sing my own story under the title
Of the lowlie Lover.

Enter Amiana vail'd.

Amia. Good friend, where are you?

Orco. Ready to serve you. Ha? Her face
vail'd?

No matter, I shall see all in the Green-Cham-
ber.

Amia. First take that Jewel to invite your
faith :

Which if perform'd with Loyalty,
It shall receive a larger recompence ;
But still remember, what a punishment
Attends on treacherous Deeds : And as
You honor Heaven, make haste, before
The business of the people fill the streets.

Orco. I shall consider as I walk, whether

I gain'd her with my face, or voice ; for both
Are excellent. *Exeunt.*

Enter Orgemon, and one Servant.

Orge. That Key opens my Cabinet ; . Re-
ward

The Surgeon well : Although my wound (I
hope)

Will need no more his Med'cine, nor his care.
Be still within my call.

1 Serv. I shall Sir.

Exit.

Orge. O love !

Thy wonders might create a story that
Would fill 'all Books : 'Tis strange a pow'r so
soft,

And ever young, should be so tyrannous,
And strong ! 'Tis in obedience to thy will
That *Don Leonte* lives ; and adds this morn-
To's short account of time. And 'tis the same
Obedience keeps my Honor in such aw,
That he must still survive the date of my
Revenge.

Enter 1 Servant.

1 Serv. A Gentleman importunate
With haste, and business, desires to speak with
you.

Orge. Admit him in.

Exit 1 Servant.

Enter Claramante, in mans habit.

Clar. Sir, I perceive
You gaze and seek for something in my face,
That you would seem to know : And sure, if I
Had courage to display, what I must bash-
fully

Decline and hide ; you'd soon restore it to
Your memory, and then give me a name.

Orge. *Claramante* ! My wonder to behold
Thee thus, and here, will scarce give place
unto

My joy ! How rarely fashion'd is thy cour-
tesie ?

Clar. I knew no way (most Loyal *Orge-
mon* !)

That would so much become my gratitude
As thus, to oblige you with the trust, both of
My honor and my life ; whose life and ho-
nor, I

Of late, with my unequal pity did
Betray : But I have hope my urgent pray'r
Hath kept all danger from your wound.

Orge. It is

Too apt for cure, too slight to merit such
A recompence ; you give, my Gentle Mistress,
So much new ornament to our course sex,
By serving of it now ; that I suspect
Ere long, you will neglect your own.

Clar. I do so fear my own disguise, that
I tremble in the light far more

Then other Virgins in the dark, as if

The

The Law did follow me for stealing of
My borrow'd shape. I shrink like th' Indian
flower

Which creeps within its folded Leaves when
it
is touch'd, ashamed that men should come so
near't.

Orge. 'Tis a disguise, thy need of safety
will allow.

Clar. You shall conceal me from my Bro-
thers wrath,
Until the Priest by holy Rites hath made
Us fitting to appear in publick view.

Orge. This house will soon be subject to his
eyes,

And to your kinreds search, but ere their rage
Or watchful malice, can have time to find
You out, I will convey you hence unto
Some place more secret and remote.

Enter Androlio.

Andr. What, lock'd up like a Relick Sir?
Ere long

A man must bow three paces off to him
That shews your picture. My dear *Don*! how
go

Affairs? This is a mad Town, the very race
Of mankind in't, are all turn'd Cats: Such
climbing

Into Windows, clambering over house-tiles,
And scratching for Females, was near heard of
Since first the hot *Moor's* did overcome *Spain*,
And met with our Grand-mothers in the
dark.

Orge. Was this last night? And things of
moment done?

By whom I pray?

Androl. Odd skirmishes have pass'd,
But who were actors in't, I cannot hear.

Orge. No person chief in the disorder
nam'd?

Andr. I tell you no, they bear their follies
out

With gravity; a kind of stie State-sinners Sir,
And we are Village-Fools: For though we
find

Great mischeifs still are done, we never know
By whom. What Gentleman is this?

Orge. One I'll prefer to your acceptance
Sir,

My Cousin, and an Heir.

Andr. Will he be bound!

Orge. 'Las! he is but in's teens.

Andr. What does he then abroad? Let
him keep home,

Till the Wax be ready, and the Bonds drawn.

Orge. *Androlio* lend me your ear: You
are

Arriv'd hither most opportunely for my use.

Andr. It may be so, 'tis more though, then
I meant.

Orge. That I confess; yet prethee be but
sad

A while, or serious (which thou wilt) and
take

A Secret from me, that concerns me much.

Andr. Quick then! For I've a Secret buli-
ne's too:

Just when the Clock strikes nine, I am to
meet

An Advocates Daughter,

Orge. That may be done

Without impediment, to what I shall

Impose. This Gentleman with strictest care
Must be conceal'd within your house to night;
His honor suffers much, if he be found.

Andr. Is he to fight? I'll be his second.

Orge. There's something of a Duel in't, and
though

His years promise no miracles of strength,
Yet he hath Seeds of Courage, and will
yield

To nothing that he thinks an injury.

Andr. You know my way, we'll fight it
two to two,

That *Norman Fencer* which I kept, is dead.

Oh! he was a rare murderer; but I
Have all his rules.

Orge. No words to him (*Androlio*)

That may intimate a quarrel, as you love
me.

Andr. Enough: when I suspect my
Tongue, I'll take

It out, and lock it in my Cabinet.

Goes to Claramante.

Sir, I do seldom make requests, but since
Ally'd unto my Friend, I shall desire

I may have leave to serve you.

Clar. Your favor Sir, hath made a most
unworthy choice;

But I shall daily hasten to deserv't.

Andr. A pretty bashful fellow. I'll enter
him

Upon the mad Girls— Give me thy hand.

For thy sake (*Orgemon*) he shall begin
With the Advocates Daughter.

Claramante takes Orgemon aside.

Clar. Have pity (Sir) upon my fears. I
hope

You will not trust me in his house,
He seems so wild, and wickedly inclin'd,
I dare not hope for safety where he dwells.

Orge. Poor troubled heart, dismiss those
needless fears,

Your safety is assur'd in your disguise.

The time is short you are to stay with him;

And then his character (so known unto

Your friends) will hinder all suspicion of

Your being there; besides although his wan-
tonness

Lessens his worth, unto a strangers eye,

I know his valor will not suffer him

To fail my trust.

Andr. Lead the way.

Ffff 2

Clar.

Clar. My Fortune is as wearisome
And doubtful to me, as this borrow'd shape.

Orge. Yet know my beauteous friend, he
that
Foretels his own calamity, and makes

Events before they come, 'twice over, doth
Endure the pains of evil destiny.
But we must trust to Vertue, not to Fate
That may protect, whom cruel Stars will hate.

Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Androlio, and second Servant.

Androlio. **W**hen I had got fit leasure
to peruse her,
(Besides that fair perspi-
cuous Text, her Face)

I saw a World of little Marginal Notes,
That prov'd significant enough to doubt her.
Yet when I told her oft, the poor fool wept,
And that alacrity of weeping shews
She is a woman: A slight shallow trick,
And shallow Waters cannot part us two,
I must wade over; then when I grew a little
rude,
She seem'd angry, that shews too she is a wo-
man.

But when through a small cranny of the door,
I spy'd her folding up her hair behind;
What needed more to make her guilty, and
Me guilty too, if she'd consent; but 'tis a
cold Girl,

Or else she counterfeits.

Is this fine young Gentleman stirring yet?

2 Serv. He wak'd long since, Sir, and is
now at's pray'rs.

Andr. How! At pray'rs! Even that alone's
enough

To shew she is a Gentlewoman.

Go wait without.

Exit 2d Servant.

When I did foot, and strive to kiss her,
The peevish ape drew out a Ponyard.

Enter Claramante in Mans habit.

Clar. Good morrow Sir;
Good thoughts to you Sir, and I hope so good
A wish is welcome to your ear.

A Letter and Purse.

Andr. You are no Lady yet.

Clar. Although I want persuasion Sir, to
rule

Your thoughts, I trust your own civility
Will rule your deeds. *Weeps.*

Andr. More dropping show'rs
From such a Skie, as should not entertain
A Cloud: A Gentleman and weep!
Who ever saw't before! Scarce at a Funeral,
But when his Sire dy'd poor; or blush, but
when

He went to borrow Money, and then it was
For very shame, the party would not lend
it.

Clar. I shall begin to wish I were
More wicked than I am; if others faults
Can onely make up a disguise to keep
Me safe from greater sins.

Andr. Come my fair Masculine, last night
You know I did desist in pity to
Your bashfulness; for it is fit
We grow acquainted ere we love. But now
I hope you'll pity me.

Steps to her, she steps back.

Clar. If you have noble Honor in you, I
Am sure you dare not foully break the trust
Of *Orgemou* your friend.

Andr. A friend! A very new one! Here
he sways the Town,

And we not know his Province, nor his Birth.
It is but vain

To iterate what I said before. I find
He sent you hither for a tryal of

My eyes, and wit: Should I not know you as
A gallant ought, he would extreemly scorn
me.

Let me but share the favors you confer
On him, my friend and I are one.

Clar. If that be possible, I shall believe
Vertue and Truth are onely names on Earth,
And their realities are fled to Heaven. *Weeps.*

Andr. Weeping again? I am a Thousand
Turks

If sh'ave not quite corrupted me! I must
Weep too— But say I prove so curs'd
A villain now, as to have a mind to her
In my tears— Huge double drops, I swear!

Enter Second Servant.

2 Serv. Don Orco, Sir, desires to speak with
you.

Andr. Ha! Orco! Is he below, and a
Wench with him?

2 Serv. No Sir, alone, and in great haste
he comes

T'invite you to his lodging.

Andr. I hope the small She-Advocate is
there.

Sir, if you'll but survey the Lease within,
You'll find the House is yours, I pray retire.
I dare leave her, she hath not courage to
Go forth alone i'th' open day: Besides,
I know her inclination's kind, and unto me

In cheif. Why came she hither else? *Exit.*

Clar. Sir, Sir, allow me but a word, and take

This Purse before you grant what I request.

2 Serv. Good Sir, I'faith it is too much.

Clar. Thou shalt have more at thy return,

If with true secrecy and speed (unknown Unto thy Master) thou inquire the dwelling of

Don Orgemon, and deliver him this Letter.

2 Serv. Strait Sir, I will not stay to weigh your Gold *Exit.*

Clar. Unless my written sorrows hasten thee

To fetch me hence, I ne'er shall see thee *Orgemon*;

My eyes will melt away so fast. *Exit.*

Enter Balthazar, Leonte, Gonfalvo, Argilo.

Balt. Brother, you need not throw your eyes

About the Street as if you fear'd the Laws; For I am told *Don Orgemon* is well.

Leon. His Fortune gives him satisfaction then

(And amply too) for my mistake.

Gonf. Sure *Orco* dwells within this broad arch'd building?

It will be equisite we here begin our search.

Arg. Most consequent; for he was early seen

In an assum'd fantastick drefs, leading A Lady in disguise.

Balt. Knock at the Gate *Gonfalvo*.

He knocks.

Leon. Break it open, why should we use our cause

So mannerly? We come not here to make A formal visite, but to find a sister, Stolen and betray'd.

Balt. Hold Gentlemen. Brother You are too violent: We shall not save But ruine *Claramantes* Honor, if By noise and rude disorder, we provoke The people to observe that she is fled From home; nor are we certain she is here.

Enter Third Servant.

Gonf. We come in business to your Master (friend)

Request him hither.

3 Serv. My Master Sir, is not within.

Arg. *Gonfalvo*, lay you hold upon that fellow,

And keep him safe, whilst *Balthazar* and I Enter and search the house. You *Don Leonte* May guard the Gate, & examine those That make their passage forth.

Exeunt Balthazar, Argilo.

Leon. You slave, if you call out, or strive for your

Deliverance, here's that shall spoil your voice.

Draws his Dagger.

Gonf. He will be rul'd, his courage never comes

Upon him until Noon, and then

He triumphs Sir.

Leon. If we do miss her here, our nearest hope

Will be to seek her where *Don Orgemon* Resides; and he again shall try to expiate His saucy error with his sword.

Gonf. But *Claramante* must Be gently us'd; for I suspect it is Your harsh demeanor, hath provok'd her to This ill becoming remedy.

Leon. 'Tis likely by my Brother's stay, he hath

Already found her here.

Enter Balthazar, Argilo, Amiana vai'd.

Balt. I have inquir'd as high, as to the heads

Of Chimneys, and as low as to the feet Of Wells; yet found no Virgin (Sir) but this.

Arg. She's a distress'd one too, or else she doth

Dissemble sorrow very cunningly.

Balt. All hidden, but your eyes

Lady, such care to be conceal'd, would cause Unkind observers to suspect you have

Some faults: If not acquainted with your name,

Yet make us known unto your face.

Amia. I hardly know myself, I'm so Unfortunate; y' have heard the story of My wrong, how, and by whom mislead into This place; and with what aids of Tears, and Pray'rs,

I have preserv'd my honor.

Balt. 'Tis happy that Is safe, I wonder much a Gentleman Should so unworthily demean himself.

Amia. If you have Seeds of true compassion Sir,

Unvail me not; but clouded thus, convey Me to some private dwelling, where my fears May be the worst, I shall endure.

Leon. This is some Virgin, you may hire at a

Far easier rate, then your solliciting. She's choicely bred to entertain Gallants.

Balt. Brother y' are too cruel. Proceed upon

Your search, and I'll attend you strait.

Gonfalvo, force that humble Officer Along with you, till we are parted from his reach. *Exeunt Leonte, Gonfalvo,*

(*Argilo, 3 Servant.*)

Amia. I made but little use of Precepts, should

I not forgive such injuries as scorn;
The careless hazard of my Fame deserves
Much more, and I have patience to allow't.

Balt. You teach me (Lady) to believe, and
to

Lament your sufferings, I will conduct
You strait unto a lodging, you may trust
For honest worth, and privacy.

Amia. My better Angel (Sir) I hope hath
some

Affinity with yours, and both conspir'd
To send you hither for your own renown,
And my felicity.

Balt. What dull, ignoble Devil could in all
His Brest, find out a thought to wrong such
eyes? *Exeunt.*

Enter Orco, Androlio.

Andr. Orco, do not I know the latitude

The narrow compass of thy head: Perswade
Me not (if thou believ'st I have one ounce
Of Brains within mine own) that thou couldst
get

My Mistress to thy Lodging by this trick;

Orco. I have not sanctity enough to do
A miracle; and therefore am content
To think this none: But here she is! Here
you

Shall see her too, unless Women
And watching have destroy'd your sight.

Andr. Is this the Advocates Daughter?

Orco. As much of her as I could reach,
upon

Such short preparatives of wit: And this (as I
Imagine too) had been detain'd from you a
while,

But that the wicked thing prov'd chaste.

Andr. Confess I faith? You know I still
absolve

These pretty venial sins in all that date
Themselves beneath fourscore: How didst
thou find her?

Orco. A little odd! The silly Elf hath been
ill taught, she understood me not at first,
But I (that spare no pains t'inculcate doctrine
of

This kinde) told her my purpose in rare words,
And then she call'd unto her help, a race
Of strange and unheard of friends.

Andr. Ha! Who were they?

Orco. People above the Clouds? Old Saints,
hard names

Of such as you, and I ne'er knew, but in
The Kalender.

Andr. This Chit would be rebuk'd;
But 'tis, a foolish way she hath long us'd.

Orco. I thought she would have catechiz'd
my Man,
Gave him a Rosary of Beads, with good coun-
cil,

And the dull Slave began to listen too:

For let me tell you, he's a very great
Misleader of Weavers,
And may in time make a Rebellion.

Andr. Well! No hope then of success?

Orco. Faith I began to doubt the worst, and
fo

Committed her unto a Cushion, and
A little Pocket Book, lock'd in her Chamber.

Andr. *Orco,* a Man of weak experience in
This transitory World, would grow enrag'd
At such uncomfortable Plots as these.
Be jealous of his Mistress, wake betimes,
And call you to the Field in Slippers and
Your Shirt, with your Sword drawn! But I
(who know

These fond calamities are incident
To Vertue) do forgive thee, and will have
Our Covenants new sign'd, that the old league
Of mutual procuration may be strain renew'd.

Orco. Agreed! I cannot venture much!
Andr. Knock at your door: I would fain
see her. *Orco knocks.*

Orco. It seems my man is not o'er-vex'd
with cares,

For I believe he's fast asleep. *Knocks again.*

Enter Third Servant.

How Sirrah? My door's lock'd, and you
abroad?

3 Serv. O Sir, I am undone!

Orco. Undone! Why art thou marry'd?
Fool, since I went forth?

3 Serv. No, but the Lady (Sir) you left
unto

My charge, was carry'd hence by Gentlemen,
And my self forc'd t'attend their company,
Till she was led I know not where.

Orco. The Lady gone!

Andr. *Orco,* a very ordinary Nose
May scent your stratagem. This was a trick
To magnifie your wit, fable, and figment;
Orco, my Mistress is at home, and (as
I take't) was never here.

Orco. Caitiff! What Gentlemen were
those that took

The Lady hence?

3 Serv. I know not Sir, nor whether they
are gone.

Andr. Come shift your fooling vizard off,
you may

Appear in your own face: I knew before
I was but gull'd, and will vouchsafe to be
So ev'ry day, in hope to mend thy Brain
With exercise.

Orco. Y'are merry Sir? Perhaps at your
own charge?

Enter Second Servant.

Andr. How now! Are you undone too?

2 Serv. Worse Sir, the Gentleman you left
at home

Is fled.

Andr.

Andr. Fled Sir ! What out at the Window ?

2 Serv. No Sir, a Horse-back. They bound me fast.

Orco. Sure *Androlis* this is a fable too.

Androlis takes *Orco* aside.

Andr. Come, I suspect you are a Traytor, and

Have double Plots. This sounds like your mischief.

2 Serv. No truly Sir, the stranger was seduc'd

By one *Don Orgemon*.

Andr. *Don Orgemon*, Villain ! Which way took they ?

2 Serv. Through *Jaques* Port, towards *Anselmo's* Wood.

Andr. Five miles distant from hence : It carries much

Of likelihood. *Orco*, lend me a horse.

Orco. You shall ride me, because you have the better wit.

Andr. Hire me some slaves ; get me my midnight vizards,

And my false robes. Haste Sirrah, as you prize Your life ; it will be easie to o'ertake 'em.

I would not for the Crown of *Spain* bear this Defeat, my Statue will be cut mounting

A Marble Ass, with huge unmeasurable ears.

Orco. And mine leading that Ass bare foot in Procession

For my folly, unless I find your Mistress.

Exeunt.

Enter Orgemon, Claramante, in a Woman's Riding habit, and one Servant.

Orge. To make us free from all inquiry, when

We are pursu'd, Lead on the Horses towards *Cordua*, and leave us in this Wood.

1 Serv. Your Cabinet and Garments I have laid

Th' lower Hermitage. Heaven protect you Sir. *Exeunt 1 Servant.*

Orge. The wild condition of these Woods you'll finde

More innocent and safer then a Temple, if *Androlis* sojourn'd in 'r. He shall be forc'd

To render me a strict account for this Abhor'd attempt, I did not think he could

Be seriously inclin'd to ill, although I knew he had some guilt of levity

And youth, which unjust custom doth excuse.

Clar. The threatnings of my little strength, and all

My anger, had not kept my honor free, Without the sudden help of Heaven, that did

Divert his thoughts.

Orge. It is the lasting vice Of our ill-fashion'd Sex, to think those injuries

We do to yours ; but pretty triumphs ; As if it were a dignity in youth, to have

The pow'r and judgment to betray.

Clar. Renowned *Orgemon* !

When you are crown'd with many years, and your

Best Star invites you to an upper orb

Eternally to shine, and keep it company,

Succeeding Virgins then shall sacrifice

Their Songs, their Sighs, unto your Fame, and praise

Your kind confession of those wrongs they still receive on Earth.

Orge. Move softly on, and mark the place

Where on you tread, for your dissent

Is steep and dangerous.

Clar. What is that Cell

Or Hermitage, to which you guide me now ?

Orge. A place of secret Sanctity, where we

Securely may reside, until my Confessor

By Rites of holy Priesthood, tie

Our hearts and hands, with that mysterious knot

Which all your Brothers eminence and strength

Cannot dissolve.

Clar. Then I shall lose

My freedom, whilst by force of Formal Law,

And a devout necessity, I must

Become the subject of your power, who was

The Mistress of your Love. A dreadful change !

But such (I hope) as you will manage well.

Orge. Though I a Scepter held,

And my Imperial Rule

O'ershadow'd all the Earth (for surely vast

Authority keeps all below it, in

The dark) yet I should ne'er permit my pow'r

To lessen, or to spoil my love.

Clar. Are you assur'd you move directly in

Our way ? this path is diversly inclin'd,

And will occasion a mistake.

Orge. Be confident, I have been here before.

Enter Androlis disguised, and others in Vizards.

Andr. Seize on her strait, and bind him to a Tree,

Use no discourse, nor violence that may

Endanger him, though he resist.

Orge. Villains restore my Sword, then yield

Me space to manage it, and strengthened with

This cause, I will enforce my way.

They bind him to a Tree, Androlis

says hold on Claramante, he kneels.

Clar. If you believe there are rewards or punishments

Above, desist from what you cruelly

Intend ; there is an Eye more sensible,

And greater then the Sun, that sees

What you are doing.

Orge. *Claramante*, be not

Thy own destroyer with thy fears, these (sure)

Are

Are but thy Brothers instruments, and though
Incend'd against me, his nature cannot suffer
him

To touch thy honor, or thy life.

Clar. I am your prisoner (Sir) I yield my
self,

So you will free *Don Orgemon*.

Andr. delivers her to the rest.

Orge. Curs'd at our Births, the Stars are all
our Enemies.

Clar. Why should I fear the life I carry
hence,

When I must leave the pleasure of it here.

They carry her off.
Andr. This wondrous Wealth is yet got
without blood?

And all your witty arts upon me, are
Reveng'd: Friendship is folly, when we suffer
it

To hinder us of what we dearly love
Whilst young. W'are wise when we our plea-
sure gain,
All other documents are grave, but vain.

Exit.

Orge. *Don Leone!* If thou art he dares
own

That name, grant freedom to my Tongue, if
not

To me, and hear me speak. Dost thou disdain
Me in my Bonds, Villain!

Thy cruelty, if written would outlast
The noble story of thy sisters love.

Enter Dorando.

Dor. Who is it that complains of love?

Or is't

The echo of mine own unquiet voice?

Or is't some lover vainly come to boast
His sorrow in these Woods.

Let him but lay his ear unto my Brest,

And he shall find such loud disorders there,

As will persuade him he doth hear my
thoughts

Without th'assistance of my Tongue, take
down

His Sails, as if becalm'd for want of sighs,
Whilst I am shipwreck'd with a lasting storm.

Orge. If all these sufferings be true, thou
art

Become so skilful and intelligent

In griefs, I need not doubt thou wilt believe
Mine fit for a redress,

Dor. Bound to a Tree! His looks declare,
that he

Hath honor in him, and his language, love.

Where was my Sword, and I, when such an
act

Should be perform'd, I guess you well deserve
Your liberty, and am resolv'd to give it you.

Unbinds him.

Orge. It was a sin to take this courtesie.

Can it become my hands to accept their free-
dom, when

My heart is made a Captive.

Dor. These your complaints cannot
Be easily understood by me.

Orge. The Mistress of my life was here sur-
pris'd, forc'd hence;

Led to endure horrid uncertainties,
And doubts of dying by her Brothers wrath,
She whom my virtue and my honor lov'd.

Dor. Inforc'd from hence; let's follow Sir,
and force

Her back. If thou dost truly love, thy valor
will

Be mighty in thy Mistress cause:

Orge. They're fled on horses, swift as are
the Winds,

And like the Winds do surely move in such
Uncertain ways, as will beguile, and make

Too vain the purpose of pursuit; but to

Deter us more, her Virgin fame is of
That tender quality, as must

Not be invaded with designs of blood,

And she esteems her Brother as her life.

Dor. A Brother too, is my hearts enemy:

I will not ask thy Mistress name, because
My jealous wisdom by a vow, makes me

Conceal hers, whom my love adores; but he

It lawful to inquire the cause, why thy

Affection not enjoys, whom it doth seem

So highly to deserve?

Orge. Her Brothers pride destroys my
hopes; knowing

My Fortune and my wealth, reach not my
Birth.

Dor. The very cause that makes me lan-
guish too,

You powers; why did you cruelly ordain
Base treasure (trash to noble minds) should be

Impediments to love? Or, why

For humane quietness, are not our thoughts
Proportion'd to our wealth?

Orge. Our sorrows bear such sympathy, I
must

Require no less (as a requital of
My story) then the relation Sir of yours.

Dor. It is so like your own, that if you
keep a Diary

Of all your evil late doth act, you

Hourly may read mine. But for

Diversity, you shall be taught. Those Woods
Have kept me mourning here, dismiss'd

From *Corona*, where my Mistress rules all
Eyes;

And banish'd thence by her command out of
Ill chosen pity to preserve, whom it
Unwillingly destroys.

Orge. From *Corona!* The very place too
where my Mistress did reside.

It is not fit Sir, further to enquire into
A lovers secrecie; but our calamities

Appear so like, I needs must beg, to call you
friend.

Dor.

Dor. It is a priviledge which I
In mine own wishes found ere 'twas desir'd
By you; for when our hearts and fortunes
are

So near ally'd, why should we separate
Our hands? I hope my time of exile
Is now expir'd; for I would fain
Obscurely make a visit to the Town.

Orge. Let us confirm our friendship with
our vows;
Then strait together move; my honor and
My life, I will engage

In every noble danger to assist your love.

Dor. That vow devoutly seal'd, I will confirm,

And still preserve in each design of yours.

Orge. Our force united thus, we're abler
for

Revenge, though not ordain'd for a redress;
Then with some joy, we should remember too
We have so much of luck, as to be young;
And though our fortune's weak, our loves are
strong.

Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Androlio, Claramante, Marillia.

Androlio. **Y**OU may be here as safe as
in a Cloister;
And (if your hard heart
please) as innocent.

This right rev'rend Matron governs the
house.

And will proportion all to your desires.

Clar. She seems so virtuous Sir, I'll trust
her with

My life, and yet I shall confess, I do
Not credit her enough.

Andr. You may trust her
With your life (Lady) for sh'ath kept her
own

Thus handsomely, about some threescore
years.

Maril. Threescore and ten next *Whitson*

Even, though 'tcome

To-morrow, I assure you Sir.

Andr. Shake off suspicion from
Your thoughts, and be so much resolv'd, as to
Believe all I have promis'd, shall be
Well perform'd.

Clar. If I were faithfully
Inform'd *Don Orgemon* is safe, I should
Be easily taught to grow more hopeful of
Mine own security.

Andr. When I surpris'd you in
The Wood, one of my disguis'd followers
I left behind to watch his safety, and
T'unbind him, when we had out-gone his
fight:

But he's return'd, and brings intelligence,
A stranger, by prevention, gave him liberty,
And he saw them both hasten to this Town.

Clar. How could you cruelly design such
griefs

To those, who would not cause anothers pain,
Although to cure their own?

Andr. 'Twas a kind of wicked wantonness,
A pretty sort of doing mischief a
Fine new way; th'old way of sinning is tedious.

Besides, you know how much it doth concern
The honor of a Cavalier, to be
Out-witted where a Mistress is the prize.
But be assur'd, all now is safe, and I
As virtuous too, as you would wish.

Clar. Had you oblig'd Heaven yesterday
with such

Resolves of virtue, there had been no use
Of fears or tears, which yield as little remedy.

Andr. What ere I knew your name or quality,

By this Light! it concern'd my hopes extremely

To take you for a small offender; which had
You prov'd, 'tis ten to one I had prov'd so too.

Maril. The Gentleman speaks well; for as
they say

We must conform our selves to all occasions.

Andr. You are a she Philosopher,
And know the Compounds of the World.

Clar. I hope your resolution Sir, will not
Forfake those better thoughts you entertain'd
So hastily.

Andr. I pray be confident!
I'm grown so exquisitely mended, that
I've lik'd my self these two long hours,
So charitable, as I could e'en promise
This good old woman a good turn, but that
She will expect it, and her age (I fear)
Is hardly satisfied.

Clar. Your words are still too doubtful Sir.

Andr. Lady? Believe me I am virtuous—
Mother, is your young daughter at School yet?
'Tis time to leave her Needle now, and breed
Her for the publick good.

Maril. 'Las Sir, 'tis such
A head-strong thing! But she will learn I
hope.

Andr. The time will not allow
Much counsel now, haste, and confine your
self
Within your Chamber, your Brothers are a-
broad,

Gggg

They

The Distresses.

They make as curious search, and with no less Authority, then the alllicenc'd Sun.
It were as much as death, if they should find You out? Away, I will adventure forth,
And learn how their intelligence proceeds.

Exeunt.

Enter Leonte, Balthazar, Argilo,
Gonfalvo.

Leon. For th'honor of your reason (*Balthazar*)

Let not your eyes betray you to a life
Of lasting folly. Errors taken up
In haste, and then as hastily dismiss'd,
May be excus'd; but here t'inhabit, and
Consider twenty hours, upon a Beauty
(Found such a common way) must needs
Appear both shameful and abhor'd.

Gonfal. A face, which if unhappily you had
Not ta'en the pains to find within, perhaps
Would have been hung out of the Window for
A sign of invitation.

Arg. Faith do the poor soul right:
For though she may be willing to betray,
Yet I believe her years allow her not
Capacity, she's yet scarce fit
To be gather'd; her season is not come.

Leon. 'Tis but our difference in judgment

Sir:

I think she is so ripe, that she will fall
With the next touch.

Balt. Enough! You shall subdue me Gentlemen,

And make me vildly natur'd, to preserve
The fame of my discretion: For I
Will leave this Lady—

Enter Amiana.

Leon. Look there, she is prepar'd for parting Sir,
Balthazar goes to her.

I prethee do not stay to give good counsel,
She is too fair to take it, trait follow us
To th' Western Port, unless my Spies
Prove double ey'd. This night (false sister) I
Shall find your dark abode.

Balthazar. Make haste—

Exeunt Leonte, Gonfalvo, Argilo.

Balt. Lady you see my services (disdain'd
By you) are so much valued by my friends,
They would not have me lose them here. Your
own

Unkindness will provoke me to a rude
Severity. I must leave you! Leave you
For ever! But have left such power within,
As shall enable you still to command
The house. Fortune and Love protect your
hopes!

Exit Balthazar.

Amia. Perfect my understanding Love,
and I

Release my hopes. What mean these seeming
Saints?

These false Usurpers of Celestial shapes?
Why do they wear their Tongues
So long a journey from their Hearts, that
yet

Their words and thoughts, could never meet?
What is the hidden sence of their desires?
They all complain I am not kind; yet still
I grant them tears, and sighs, and prayers.
Then search

The very utmost confines of my Breast;
Until I find out worthy wishes to
Require those courtesies they call their Love;
Yet still they say I am not kind.

Enter Orco, and a third Servant.

3 Serv. Those strangers Sir, that came in
visit to her,
Descended through the Tarras to the Street.
Please you to enter, for the Chambers free.

Orco. Be mindful of my first commands.

Exit Servant.

Amia. Hath th'evil spirit got your shape
again?

My chief Betrayer, whether shall I lie?

Orco. Lady! Y'are ey'ry where secure:
You have

Not guilt enough to know, or fear a danger.

Amia. What make you here?

Orco. If there be truth in man,
I have been vigilant to find you out,
With meer design to serve you faithfully.

Amia. I! you are all in feign'd resemblance kind;

True Votaries of love without. Such, false

Androsio shew'd at first, so you appear'd:

And such *Don Balthazar*, all true alike.

Seeming to render, and devote your selves
With less design, then infants.

Your faces seem'd in Heaven, your hearts
Were bred in Hell.

Orco. In some hot Region sure; for I
Confess we are most firely addicted.

Amia. Not one of all your promising pretending Sex,

Is virtuously inclin'd.

Orco. 'Faith, hardly Lady.

Yes, I've a Grand-father! Who since he was
Last bedrid, is pretty honest; and I believe
Th'old *Anchoret* that sojourns yonder in
The Abbey Wall, is a little mortifi'd,
Since he lost his feeling.

Amia. O, how deceiving are those Tragick tales;

Those mourning Histories of Love, which in
The dreadful Winter nights, our innocent
Maids

Are us'd to read, whilst we are couzen'd of
Our tears, weeping for joy, when loyal Nature
seem

From hazard freed, and then for grief of their
Distress: Yet now I see such Characters
Of Honor, ne'er had real being here.

Orco.

Orco. 'Lafs ! These are Poets snares to catch

Young lovers in.

Madam, you see how freely I confess;
Which is some note I am reclaim'd.

Amia. I gladly would believe you Sir; and
it

Doth much concern your happiness, still to
Maintain my growing Faith; with worthy
Deeds.

Orco. Hear me ! And that your Eye may
first prepare

Your Ear; Behold me on my Knee, to make
My protestations sacred by a Vow, if you
Will scape your Fathers wrath (who by his
Spies,

Pursues you every where,) follow where I
shall bring you, to enjoy all that your virtue
can

Desire. But time doth force us to such strict
Necessity of haste, as will admit
No arguing, or pause.

Amia. Indanger'd by my Father too! Lead
on,

If thou prov'st false again, I shall
Disclaim my Patient, and convert
My gentle Mercy to a raging Curse.

Orco. She hath such pretty twinkling Eyes,
Stars in

A frosty night, are nothing to 'em.

I have once more a kind of secret grudging
To turn Traytor. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Balthazar at one door, Gonfalso
and Argilo at the other.*

Gonfal. Don Balthazar !

Balt. You judge well in the dark, I am
No worse a man; be you (*Gonfalso*) more
Sparing of your good looks : Shrink in your
Cloak

A while. I guess it by

The flut'ring up and down of your night
fowl,

Something of Rapine or Revenge is near.

Arg. Upon my life, your Brother's cudgel-
lers

They watch about *Androlio's* house.

Balt. Where have you left my Brother ?

Gonfal. Where hath his Brain left him, and
he left us ?

Arg. To night he hath been long in whif-
per with

Androlio's man; who hath betray'd to him
His Masters small secrets, and in pursuit
Of some design deriv'd from that intelli-
gence,

Is gone alone.

Balt. What he determines in
His rash resolves, I'll not be guilty of:
I guess my sister in the hands of *Orgemon*,
And therefore safe; for though not spacioufly
Possess'd of Lands, his Honor, and his Fame,

May equal any Mans, that bears his fortune
At the highest rate. Let us retire home.

Exeunt.

*Enter Dorando, Orgemon, a little dis-
guis'd, and one Servant.*

1 Serv. Sir, credit my instructions.

'Twas not *Leonte*, but *Androlio*, that
Surpris'd you in the Wood. His man (newly
Revolted from him) gave me this for truth.

Orge. His wantonness and vain luxurious
wit,

Hath made him false; he will not find
That I can trifle with Revenge, as I with
Friendship.

Dor. If you are sure he is not found at
hearr,

Then let him blood: Why should these man-
nagers

Of mischief, dwell i'th' light? The Grave is
dark,

And fit for secrecie, dispatch him thither.

Orge. I am attended on by several Scouts,

But I shall take *Dorando* as

The readiest test of love, if you will go

And privately invite

Him to me with his Sword; that house which
fronts

Upon *7ago's* Church, is (as my Man
Informs me) th'onely place to which he doth
Design his visits. Much about this hour,

He is accusom'd to begin his walk;

If you will watch near to the corner there,
You may encounter him.

Dor. Him, and the house I know; he shall
consent

To come and satisfy these idle injuries,

Or I will force him to a shame,

Less pleasing then your wrath.

Orge. I cannot doubt his courage, 'tis his
crime;

His Sword is never unprepared, nor hath

He temper how to chuse his enterprise:

I'll stand in the adjoining Street,

And clofly there attend your coming Sir.

Dor. Be muffled in your Cloak;

Although the night be some protection to you;

Yet I observe men passing by, begin

To gaze, and pierce you with their eyes.

Orge. My own suspicions have prevented
your

Advice. *Andrea*, make you haste unto

My house, and there prepare for our return.

Exeunt several ways.

Enter Androlio and Marillia.

Andr. I prethee (Dear Antiquity) this is
No time to waste in Lectures.

Where is the Lady ?

Maril. Why, what's the matter Sir ?

You are perhaps in very exceeding

G g g g 2

Ex-

Extraordinary haste to be wicked, are you?

Andr. Will you sit still and warm your self at your Whole house, burnt to a coal, and then be broyl'd Like a Rasher on't.

Maril. By whom? My house (Sir) is an honest house, I care not who knows it.

Andr. The greater shame for you. T'were more manners to be like the rest of Your Neighbors. Where is the Lady? That slave

My man (bred in a Galley, and begot Between Wind and Water) is turn'd rebel. Where is the Lady?

Maril. There is your Lady Sir! How do you hide Your looks, as if your eyes were none of your own?

Enter Amiana, and Orco following.

Andr. *Amiana!* None but that Arch-Magician *Orco*, Could make this sudden Metamorphosis. That devil *Orco* haunts me every where; I must learn to say my prayers, that I may Be rid of him.

Amia. Sir, I have found you now, And I will keep you too: For since you are Not wone with sorrows, I will try to scorn The cause, and make (as you have done) strange mirth

Of all my miseries. Pray how have you profited

In your long travels after Women-kind?

Orco. Is your Commission seal'd yet to Monopolize

Black eyes? Me thinks by this, your plenteous store

Should make you under-value them.

Amia. Can your old juggling conscience finde the trick,

(*Androlio*) when we meet, t'expose me to The charge of blushing for us both.

Andr. *Amiana!* For thy part, Heaven is my Judge,

I do forgive thee heartily; though it Was far from my intent, that we should meet At midnight in this wicked house.

Maril. How! A wicked house? Bating this worthy Gentlewoman: I defie thee, say thy worst.

Andr. Come, come, I have known you Since I was a foot high. You would have seduc'd me then, My Nurse can witness it.

Maril. Your Nurse! Sir, I defie her too. Bring her To her Book-oath!

Orco. Nay, *Marillia*, remember Patience is one of the Seven deadly Vertues!

Will you stake your young Wit, to the old Brains

Of a dry Nurse?

Maril. Madam! If ever I had a mind to his Lordship in his Cradle—

Andr. *Orco*, Y'have us'd me very tenderly. I'faith let me bear the charge of your Spies. What did it cost to find me out? I'll pay't.

Orco. No Sir. It shall not need, I'll put The Advocates Daughter into th'accompt, And sum up all together.

Andr. Canst thou believe (If there be so much good Steel in all *Europe*, As will make a Point to a Bodkin) that Thou canst live two hours? Thou! who art so great.

A Traytor, thou wouldst e'en betray thy self, But that the Treason is not worth the paying for.

Orco. Canst thou believe? Canst thou (I say) believe, that all thy vows to this Poor Lady, being broken, would not weigh Thy guilty friendship down, till thou fall'st lower

Then a Plummert, that is threescore years a sinking.

Andr. Are you at that Ward Sir? *Amiana* come!

Though you affect to keep ill hours, 'tis not My use to be abroad so late.

Amia. Ple stand accomptant for this error (Sir),

So you will answer for your cancel'd vows To morrow to the Priest.

Andr. 'Tis like I shall be found discreet: I may consider with My self, before I give my self away.

Orco. *Androlio* marriage is a kind of foolish Pennance, we

Are often put unto, for wasting thus Our precious time, in making lilly love.

Andr. Age! Aches! And incessant Jealousie,

Scorn'd Poverty, and powerless Lust be thine.

But for all these Curses (*Orco*) I will Not leave you here. There is a certain Lady in The house, which I will sacrifice ere you shall stay to enjoy.

Orco. I will go with you Sir, for *Amiana's* sake,

For as my weak advis'd capacity Doth guess, there are a sort of mighty Laborers

Attend about your house, plac'd by *Leonte* as 'Tis thought; but are her kinreds Bravos, who

Do long to greet your Shoulders for her sake.

Amia. Sir, if you'll perfect what you have begun,

Add to your Honor by assisting us I'th' passage home.

Androlio pulls his Sword out of's Belt.

Orco.

Orco. O! Does your loftiness
Begin to confider, Lady?
Let not the thought of danger trouble you,
For I'll convey you backward through a Gate
That safely leads unto a dwelling of mine own.
Take care (*Marillia*) of your charge within,
Lock all your doors; I'll return with the first
Sun.

Maril. If there be Law in *Spain*, his Nurse
shall know it. *Exeunt.*

Enter Leonte, and second Servant.

Leon. Make here a stop? Will thy false
Keys procure
Us entrance every where?

2 Serv. From the Childes Cabinet,
To the great Gate, this Bunch will open all.

Leon. Ha'ye brought the *Bravo* hither,
which you hir'd

I th' street, t'assist us, if our use require him.

2 Serv. He waits your purposes in the next
room.

Those that you heard descending from the
Postern by

The Garden Wall, was sure my Master and
His friends, newly departed homeward from
Their visit here.

Leon. Then we have no impediment;
But that decrepid grave Iniquity
That keeps the house. Steal down to intercept

Her as she now returns from the back Gate,
And force her to keep silence in some Vault,
And let the *Bravo* wait without; for though
Not here, I may have use of him when I return.

2 Serv. I shall dispatch all your commands.

Exit 2 Servant.

*He steps to the Arras softly, draws it.
Claramante is discovered sleeping
on her Book, her Glafs by.*

Leon. Her Glafs and Book! The Mirrors
that

Reflect her Face and Mind! But what commerce

Hath solemn Piety, with Beauties vain,
False aids; and yet she sleeps, as if her
Minds

Most healthful Innocence, had never been
Misled by the bewitching Treasons of
Her face, a sign (perhaps) her Conscience is
Already dead, and hath no fence of what
She acts. Wake thou, who's sleeps a Lethargy,
Thy Souls disease, nor her repose.

Clar. Ha! My Brother!

Leon. Thy fate! Read on my angry Brow,
What shortly thou shalt find thy treach'rous
Stars

Will tell thee, scornfully was their Decree,
If thy guilt loaden Soul, be doom'd to clime.

Clar. My fears are not deriv'd from mine
own sins,

But a distrust of yours. I wish your fury
would

Permit you to be half so innocent,
As I have been.

Leon. Thus to revolt and flie
From all your honor'd Blood and Family,
Tempted by Lust to hunt
And retrieve your lost game, prostrating your
Fame to every one, that will beget
A scandal on it, to disgrace our noble House.
D'ye call this Innocence?

Clar. Whither will you lead me?

Leon. Unto a shade that will not need to
borrow
Blackness nor Silence from the Night, there
give

Thee unto such as shall enforce thee to
Thy Prayers betimes, lest thou forget their
use.

Clar. I will not go, for though my virtue
dares

Proceed to every danger, yet thy sins
Divert my courage.

Leon. Shall we make trial of our strengths?

Clar. Help! Help! Is there no pious
ear within

The reach of my complaining voice?

Enter Dorando.

Dor. If pity can
Assume such new and wondrous pow'r to give
A remedy to grieve, take it from me; and
must
Resent all injuries to her soft sex.

Leon. You, *Bravo*! Slave! Wert thou
not newly hir'd
I th' Street, and for the common price of
blood

To serve my anger, or expose thy life
For my revenge. Retire! Begone, till my
Necessity command thy help.

*Dorando pulls off his Patches;
and disguise.*

Dor. So cheap an Instrument of cruelty
I seem'd in my disguise, t'assist a friends
Revenge; but if thou hast the Patience to
Peruse my face, thou may'st believe me made
For nobler use, then to make sale
Of courage, or my strength.

Clar. Don *Dorando*! He, to whose timely
valor

My Brother *Balthazar* doth owe his life!
How art thou laid aside by Heaven as a
Reserve, to hinder every great calamity?

Dor. *Claramante*! Let me adore these
weak,

These narrow artificial Lights, that shew
Me now, what I believ'd the Sun could ne'er
Present unto my view, with all his glorious
Beams.

Leon. You are acquainted, I shall betray
My self into the pretty private vice

Of bringing Lovers to converse,
That would not take the pains to find them-
selves.

Dor. How strangely are the pow'rs above
employ'd,
That they should seem so negligent to leave
You in distress.

Leon. Let but my eyes make use
Of my vex'd memory, and I shall find
You are that mighty Man of Rage, who in
The rescue of this righteous Ladies honor,
Controul'd me in my house, where you
A stranger, and the place consider'd, I
Was well contented you should live.

Dor. Prethee, wild thing, do not remove
my thoughts
From this unequal'd object they enjoy,
With Meditations on thy idle History.
Begone! Vanish like a poor frighted spirit
From the bright day's predominance: Or
would

Thou wert a spirit, that when thou dost of-
fend,
I might not have the power to kill or hurt
thee.

Leon. Though I should tempt the World,
and vex into
A fury, all the race of mankind, one
By one, I should not find a mightier Mind
that doth
So Monarch like, both threaten and command.
I am so pleas'd with thy great anger, as I needs
Must put it to some use,
Least I should never meet the like t' encounter
me.

Clar. O hold! Must I become the lasting
argument
For such disputes of ruine, and of death?

Dor. Retire! She that is fairer, much more
kind,
And wiser than thy Stars, doth counsel thee.

Leon. Advis'd to yield, before I am subdu'd.
*Runs at him, they fight; Dorando
disarms him.*

Dor. Why would you trouble me, t'undo
you thus?

Clar. Why Brother will you let your rash
suspition,
Betray you to continual loss? This is
The second time you have engag'd my tears,
For ransom of your life, with hazard of
Mine own, upon my knees I shall implore.
To have your safety, and your Sword restor'd.
With hope, if you adventure both again,
My life may satisfie my pities crime. *Kneels.*

Dor. It is too mean a suit, to be so much
requir'd. *Dorando restores his Sword*

Leon. How hath my jealous sence seduc'd
me to

My shame? Her Mercy twice hath rescu'd me?
Is this the bounty of thy Soul,
Not tainted with the artful cunning of
Pretended love?

Clar. What false persuasions govern you,
That you should doubt thus my Integrity?

Leon. No more. I'll practise to disdain my
self;
All that is kind and good, protect you both.

Clar. Sir, whether in this hideous season of
The night, have you design'd to go?

Leon. Let me depart! If I should stay,
you are

Undone. A knot of cruel slaves (whom my
Mistaken Fury hir'd to murder you,
When I convey'd you through the street) will,
if

My presence and command, prevent not their
Design, ruine your passage hence, or force
This house to find you. My stay is fatal!

Exit.

Dor. Madam, you seem to entertain some
thoughts

About you, whose disorders will require
Advice. Can you be kept in awe with the
False noise of mischief, or a tale of death,
Whilst I am living here, and still
My valors fire, may be renew'd at your
Inspiring Beauties flame?

Clar. Alas! The debts I owe your valor
(Sir) I find so great

Already, I am loath to entertain
Another cause, to make me more oblig'd,
Until I find 'tis in my power to pay.

Dor. Are not your words? are not your
looks, rewards

For ev'ry mighty deed? That the renown'd
And fortunate, shall bravely mannaige in
Obedience to your will.

Clar. My heart is overwhelm'd with cour-
tesies, and I

Am studying how this strange unlucky surfeit,
may

Be cur'd, without a fast from kindness and
Your love.

Dor. An abstinence from my pure love!
High Heaven avert so strange a sickness, that
Requires such cruelty to aid the cure!

Enter Orgemon.

Clar. Don Orgemon! The Fates are wise,
they know

To value Blessings, and observe just order in
Their gifts, the greatest comes at last.

What happy miracle hath brought you hither?

Orge. Waiting i'th' street, in this disguise,

I heard
And knew your Brothers voice, who low'd
to men

(For bloody purposes disguis'd) gave them
The story of a fierce, but fortunate
Encounter here; for he declar'd his heart:
Was reconcil'd to yours, and by a stern
Command, is now dismissing them from their
Affair. This Joy d'd give me wings,
That I might quickly share your happiness.

Clar.

Clar. My happiness doth so exceed, that
you
May share it Sir, yet leave enough
To fill my Breast.

Orge. This night alone, I will
Adorn, and sanctifie i'th' Kallander.

Goes to Dorando.

My worthy friend, your valor may proclaim
It self the cause of our Felicity,
What new occasion doth disturb your looks?

Dor. Are you so well acquainted with that
Lady?

And have the privilege to be so kind.

Orge. How else should I subsist? 'Tis not
the vulgar cause

Of mens exiltency (a mixture of
The common Elements) by which I live,
But by the nourishment of her pure love.

Dor. Oh Niggard-fates! How will
Did you provide for me?

Those giddy wanderers

I'th' air, or cold and slippery Creatures that
Possess the restless Flood, sustain
Their lives with no less choice, then is decreed

For me, yet neither know your pow'rs, nor
own

Your benefits with thankful praise.

Orge. What means my valiant friend?

Dor. Sir, you enjoy a strange Felicity?

You are belov'd, and would I knew it not,
Unless my knowledge could be satisf'd
With equal hope.

Orge. Forbid this dangerous envy, you that
rule

Our thoughts. Am I so slow to merit what

You give? That one, whom you have newly
made

My friend, should mourn to see my happiness.

Clar. When will my sad distresses end?

My days

Are chosen from the Moneth, when *April*
rules

Each shining hour is followed by a storm.

Orge. Call to your virtue for advice (brave
friend)

And do not seem to show your sorrows ere
You know what I enjoy, is not deserv'd.

Dor. If love can merit love? or, if incessant
grief

And fears, be marks and trials of that love?

Let beauteous *Claramante* hold the Scale,

She'll find my heart, out-weighs all other
hearts,

Till they seem lighter then inconstant thought.

Orge. Take heed, 'tis dangerous to deprave
my Passion, Sir,

By valuing your own.

Dor. If there be danger, take

You heed t'avoid it then? For in the Worlds
Vaste space, nothing that knows the light,
dares more

Avouch his love, than I.

Orge. With what a rash,

And unconsider'd haste, was our new friend-
ship made,

That it can last no longer?

Dor. It is already grown too old and wearisome,

As sickly life preserv'd with pain.

Clar. Oh *Orgemon*! Let not my yielded
love

Become thy valors prize; or why must *Dor*
Dorando's worth, since it exceeds all others,
not

Be safe, 'cause it would bravely equal thine.

Orge. He shall have all your pity, and some
little love,

So you will stay the progress of your fears.

Think not we will be cruel to our selves,

Least you vouchsafe to judge that cruelty

To you: We both are calm, and will conduct

You safely to your Brother *Balthazar*.

Salutes Dorando.

Clar. As this soft gentle temper pleases
Heaven,

So be it still delightful to your selves.

Orgemon takes Dorando aside.

Orge. The early morn shall see your anger
satisf'd,

Till then keep your vex'd spirits in, and hide
Your fury from her sight. It were not noble

to

Disquiet her, whom you so fervently

Pretend to love.

Dor. That were so wild an incivility, as
soon

Would forfeit either Victors fame: But hast

Thou bright perpetual traveller, and bring

Thy beams betimes t'inlighten us, and then

We'll try the strength of both our fates.

Orge. He may a while rejoyce to observe
his fires

So powerful in our blood; but when he sees

How high our anger grows, he will retire,

Withdraw behind black gather'd Clouds to
moan,

He shall not find us at his next return.

Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Knocking at the Door. Enter Androlio, dressing himself.

Androlio. **T**He World is grown so wicked, their sins (sure)
Will never suffer 'em to sleep.

Knock within.

Knocking again, Androlio opens the Door.

Enter Balthazar.

B. L. Save you Sir.

Andr. Your haste would signifie you bring
Some promise to that purpose (Sir,) Came
you

From Heaven just now with tidings of Eternity?

Balt. If I came post from Heaven, it is
thought Sir

I should hardly light at your Gates; d'you
hear

This morn ought that concerns *Don Orgemon*,
And his strange friend? Or know you where
they are?

Andr. I keep no Lodgings Sir? The Rent
of this
Poor House, I make shift to pay without Inmates.

Balt. O, I understand you! The morning
that
Should make others serious, is grown your
time

Of mirth. If you please, good morrow!

Exit Balthazar.

Andr. I'm highly satisf'd!

This Town, I think, is peopled with Knights
Errant,

'Tis every hour so full of strange adventures.

Knock again.

Is there another come with new authority
To ask impertinent questions?

He opens the Door. Enter Leonte.

Your furious temper brooks no idle circumstance,

You shall be satisf'd before you ask.

Your Brother is not here, we parted

Newly at the other door.

Leon. My business seeks not him.

Are you so lucky t' understand where I

May find *Dorando*. or *Don Orgemon*?

Andr. I've neither Sir the luck, nor the desire,

Unless I knew to put the knowledge of it
To some good ute.

Leon. It will become you to

Inquire abroad, until you can know more.

Exit.

Andr. What may this eager disquisition
mean?

Something of moments in't. I'm a dull rogue,
To sleep away my time, when I might share
The huge pleasure of doing little mischiefs.

Enter Orco, Amiana.

Orco. *Don Androlio*! So early up! Studying

(I hope) to put your Money out
To charitable uses.

Andr. Faith that will hardly be,
Till your diseases (*Orco*) drive you to
An Hospital, I would thou hadst as many
As might destroy an over-grown City,
The *Turks* grand Army, or a Wind-bound
Fleet;

You thrive like other Traitors in this age,
And signifie your greatness, by entering every
where

Without the mean civility of knocking.

Orco. I bring my powerful Charter in my
hand;

Abhor me, if thy Mistress be not grown
A desperate Wit. And since the last
Digestion of her grief, she fools prettily.

Andr. She'll fool me prettily indeed, if
this

Old toy of Matrimony hold: Are you grown
a wit *Amiana*?

Amia. I shall be thought so, Sir,
When I have reach'd capacity enough
To make you virtuous.

Andr. Nay, y'are a wit. I find it by the
great variety
Of Posies which you sent this morn for Wedding Rings.

Amia. As subtle, and as wise a spirit as
You are, those silly charms are likely to
Prove strong enough, to keep you long, and
fast,

I th' circle of mine arms, when once the Priest
Shall conjure you.

Orco. Those Vows (*Androlio*) which we
make

At midnight, should

(In my opinion) not prove good i th' Common
Law,

Wer't not for that wanton Worm (thy Conscience)

Which still lies wriggling up and down thy
Brest,

Thou might'st be well excus'd, consid'ring too
The easiness, and rawness of thy youth.

Andr.

Andr. E'en as she please: For my part Sir,
I will
Deal plainly with her like an honest man;
Which is, to tell her, being marry'd, I
Shall prove a very Rogue.

Orco. I think thou wilt,
Unless her better Grace preserve thee.

Andr. I shall often put you (*Amiana*) to
Your mornings draught of Tears; and to
Your meal of Sighs, on fasting Nights, which
will

(I guess) be every night, according to
My usual strict severity of life.

Amia. I will take order then, that you
shall sigh
For company.

Orco. Which with a mutual groan or two,
will make

Rare Musick. When her Treble's joyn'd unto
Your Base, together with the Cradle Concord-
ance

Of three small Organists (I mean) your chil-
dren.

Andr. *Orco*, where's *Claramante* now?

Orco. The Palsie shake your Tongue out,
wer't not to make

Your Mistress jealous, I could ask of you.

Andr. Is not your stock of fooling spent?

Orco. I've yet so much discretion left, to
judge

It was by your appointment, that your man
Inclos'd *Marillia* in a Vault, whilst some
Of your confederacy remov'd the Lady.

Andr. Prethee, be grave, it may bring
truth to be

A while in fashion. Art thou in earnest?

Orco. Dost thou ask sadly?

Andr. Else let me die surpris'd.

Orco. And let me die in a Dungeon, if I had
Not thought to find her here: For gone she
is,

Whilst the poor old Woman was led aside,
By that no ordinary Devil, your man.

Andr. Exquisite Villain! I forgive him all,
Would he had practis'd to have cut my
Throat,

That I might forgive that too.

Enter Third Servant.

3 *Serv.* *Don Baslonte* (Sir) inrag'd with-
out,
Demands to speak with you.

Amia. How, my Father!

Andr. Will your vex'd Virginship
Vouchsafe to stay here, till you be well swad-
led,

Amia. Let me retire: *Androlis*, if you
dare

Be cruel, I shall dare to pardon you. *Exit.*

Andr. Go, give him entrance.

Exit 3 Servant.

Enter Baslonte.

Basl. Are you *Don Androlis*?

Andr. Not unless you please Sir.

Basl. 'Tis well you are so mannerly; but
'twere

Better you'd be honest. Where is my Daugh-
ter?

Andr. Sir, I perceive you purpose Brevity.

Orco. The Gentleman's in haste; 'tis like
he is

A kinn unto his Daughter, your answer
May concern him.

Basl. What are you Sir?

Orco. Not your Daughter Sir, therefore
that question

B'ing no part of your business, was ill made.

Basl. I hope you'll both fight?

Andr. How! fight? The Laws are not so
valiant Sir,

They will admit no fighting.

Basl. I care not for the Laws.

Andr. Be like then you have made over
your estate.

Basl. Why, would the Lawyers have it
else?

Andr. Troth, if your Lands be fair, 'tis
like they'll not

Forbear 'em out of modesty.

Basl. Sir, these are tricks: Give me my
Daughter:

I thought she would have fled into a Nunnery,
But this (I hear) is none.

Orco. Who ever told you so, was in the
right,

Unless there are a sort of Nuns with Beards.

Basl. Will you both walk? I'm an old
Man, although

My wit's not sharp, you'll find my Iron is?

Andr. *Orco*, You know my way is two
to two,

And this old *Trojan's* Mode (as I conceive)
Is one to both, we shall hardly agree.

Basl. I find we sha' not. Will you walk?

Andr. This cholerick *Biscayner*, takes me
more then

A Wench. Sir stay a while, the business that
We go about, is not so trivial, but
It may conveniently require

The interchanging of a word, especially
When we consider our discourses after death,
Are but uncertain.

Basl. Dispatch then, I'm in haste.

Andr. Do you conceive, you have deriv'd
this Mettal

To your Daughter; and she (as far as her
Part lies) can with anothers help
Derive it to a Son?

Basl. Sir, you shall know my Daughter
wants no Mettal.

Andr. Then you must know she shall not
be restor'd.

H h h h

Basl.

Basil. Why not restor'd?

Andr. May be, I've some occasion to marry her.

Orco. In my judgment, a satisfying reason.

Basil. But not Sir without my consent.

Andr. I'm partly of your mind; for (as I hear)

Your consent may do well, y^e are very rich.

Basil. So are you I hope.

Andr. Nay if we fall

To good wishes, 'tis like we may agree?

Enter Argilo and Gonsalvo.

Arg. Pray Gentlemen can any here instruct

Us where to find *Don Orgemon*, or *Don Dorando*.

Gonsal. Th^e intelligence, if suddenly attain'd

May by the use, procure a gen^lal thanks.

Basil. *Orgemon* and *Dorando*! Why d^y you ask

So earnestly, and with such haste?

Andr. 'Tis I'm concern'd in your inquiry Gentlemen;

For now it seems it argues danger.

Orco. And I am concern'd too; what is the business?

Arg. 'Tis certain they are missing, and are gone

By probable mistrust to fight.

Gonsal. Th^e occasion of their quarrel's partly known,

And they were early seen both hors'd and arm'd.

Basil. Whether did they ride?

Arg. Nay Sir, that question is our business here.

Gonsal. We thought *Don Orco* and *Androlio*, b^eing

Their friends, might guess, to what fit place Their anger would direct them.

Basil. Th^e are gallant youths. I would not for the treasure of

Castile, have either's life indanger'd in A foolish cause.

Andr. How can their danger Sir,

In so particular a sense belong to you?

Basil. No matter: Y^e are troublesome, My horse, my horse!

I shall return Sir in a short career,

Take an account of my Daughter, or call

You out to this mad sport. *Exit.*

Andr. I am inclin'd unto this reverend Cavalier,

Beyond all latitude of words, but if

Don Orgemon is grown so much

Impatient of slight things, call'd Injuries,

His next hot-bout must be with me.

Orco. Præthee let's hasten to prevent this Duel.

Andr. I fear it is too late; but I'll commit

My Mistress to th^e protection of this Key, And then to horse.

Orco. Come Senniors, his Stable will provide us all. *Exeunt.*

Enter Claramante and Orgemon.

Clar. Oh my Prophetick tears, why are thy looks

So wild, so busily dispers'd? as if

(In vain) thou fought'st for safety after guilt?

Orge. Why (*Claramante*) dost thou frown upon

My triumphs, as if now, I were less worth In victory, then in my doubtful state Of fortune ere 'twas try'd; when it was possible

I might be lessen'd and subdu'd?

Clar. Whom hast thou conquer'd (fatal *Orgemon*?)

That thou shouldst wear those bloody stains with so

Much pride, as if the World did newly ow Its freedom to thy valors force.

Orge. Mine enemy, one that advanc'd his love

To ruine mine. Rivals for hearts, are like Competitors for Crowns; they will allow No equal, nor admit him living that Disturbs their hopes.

Clar. Thy jealous Honor, is Most viciously, and cruelly inclin'd.

Couldst thou not think thy love was safe, without

The ruine of *Dorando* that preserv'd

The life of *Balthazar*, did rescue mine.

Gave rash *Leonte* leave to live, and thee

Thy freedom, when thou wert surpris'd and bound.

Orge. These were indeed acts of renown, nor can

My Envy ere mislead my Vertue, till

It give them but a cheap esteem, I wish

His honor had been greater, so he could Have had less love.

Clar. Alas! was love his crime?

And love of me? I find thy heart was cast,

And fashion'd in the common Lovers Mould,

Poorly compounded of malicious fears,

Of rash low jealousies, hating

That noble Vertue in another, which

Thou highly valued'st in thy self.

Orge. This wisdom and compassion comes too late.

Would I had lost my youthful being, and My precious Fame; all that I value (but Thy love) so I could call him back from those Unknown, or distant shades, that he might see The Sun, and thee again.

Clar. O that some winged Messenger, Would quickly travel through the Clouds, and fetch

Me all my vows from Heaven; that so my faith

When

When dis-engag'd, might give a needful liberty
Unto my love; why should it longer be confin'd

To harbor in thy Brest, since there 'twas entertain'd

With such uncivil jealousy.

Orge. I shall become a sad exemplar Sacrifice

T'instruct, and expiate the World, and die
To cure the folly of succeeding Lovers doubts.

Clar. Unfortunate *Dorando*, is the cold
Dark Grave, all the reward my Luckless Stars
Could pay thee for thy mercy to my Brothers
shewn,

And kind protection of my life. *Going out.*

Orge. Stay *Claramante*! Stay! If thou
Dost carry hence thy injur'd love, and leave
Me unforgiven, oppress'd, and loaden with
The weight of guilt, I will at once shake off
This burden of mortality, and it.

Clar. Although my suddert kindness may
appear

A sin, I cannot leave thee to
The danger of such cruel thoughts: Take heed
How you do threaten Heaven, by menacing
Your self; as we have no authority
To take away the being of another, whom
Our pride contemns, so we have less t'annihilate

Our own, when it is false in our dislike.

Orge. Is it thy pleasure I should live?
And am I call'd to't by Love, and may believe

I have some little warrant to authorize Hope.

Enter Balthazar.

Balt. Where is *Don Orgemon*? Sister I see
In fears, and grief, you both have equal share,
But I shall timely ease your sufferings.

Dorando wasted with his Wounds, a while
Assum'd the cold Aspect of Death; but rub'd
And chaff'd into his native heat, his strength
And understanding are in some degree
Of safety home return'd; nor are his wounds
So plac'd, but that the Surgeon may allow
Them sudden hope of cure.

Orge. Thou blessed Messenger of Life!
Be ever happy, and thy voice be still
The forward usher unto good; and noble
fame:

Live to be chief in Armies, and the first
That brings thy doubtful Country news of
Victory.

Clar. Best of my Blood! Thy comforts

Balthazar

Are still as swift and winged when they come,
As thou art slow to carry sorrows to thy
friends.

Orge. Now (*Claramante*) let me not distrust
Thy pardon may increase, since my offence
Seems to grow less: and let the mercy of
Thy love, give strength, and form unto

My yet imperfect joys.

Clar. If in thy last
Encounter thou hadst lost much blood, I
should

Forgive thy want of blushes for this rash
Request; but having such supplies of colour
left

To make up seeming bashfulness, where is
That red, and modest tincture which belongs
Unto thy brow, and should appear when thou
So soon dost ask me for my love,
So lately forfeited by jealousy.

Orge. I yield, and humbly bow unto my
fate;

Yet since there's to confession some forgiveness due,

Afford me that, though my desires
By beauteous *Claramante* are deny'd.

Clar. Bear witness World, with what unwillingness

I now am just, and ere thou hear'st thy doom,
Know brave *Dorando's* merits, and
My ever injur'd Sex, could not with less
Be satisfied.

Orge. Be slow to utter it,
Unless thou canst be gentle when thou speak'st.

Clar. My resolution is become my vow.
Thou never shalt behold me more, to make
A rightful challenge of my love, till he
Who thus hath suffer'd for thy jealousy,

Is pleas'd t'intreat, and woo in thy behalf. *Exit.*

Orge. Severe sad destiny! The worst of all
My Stars ordain'd this Sentence ere 'twas

spoke. *Takes Balthazar aside.*
You (*Sir*) have powerful interest
In *Claramante's* Brest; be pleas'd to mediate
for me.

Balt. If I have power.
Where *Don Dorando's* chaste affection lays
A claim, his noble rescue of my life,
Must urge my gratitude to speak for him.

*Enter Leonte, Dorando, Argilo, and
Gonsalvo, leading him.*

Leon. Sir be assur'd y'are hither brought
for readiness,
And more assistance to your cure; this house
Hath nothing rich or useful in't, but what
Shall wait on your command.

Dor. I fear your beauteous sister governs
here,

Whom in my wretched fate, and loss of victory,

I am asham'd to see. It must be so,
Behold my enemy hither arriv'd,
To claim a triumph for his single war!

Balt. Quiet your passion Sir: The joy he
takes

In the unlucky honor of this day,
Is so eclips'd by clouds of following griefs,
That you'll perceive he's more prepar'd for
Funeral,

Then for triumphal shows.

Orge. You Sir, whose vertue makes the upper influence

Of no regard nor use, born, and preserv'd
Without protection of a Star; yet by
Your unalifted worth, become the most
Important envy now, of all within
The firmament, whose fortune was too weak,
Too much unworthy to be stil'd your friend;
And mine so treacherously strong, it hath
Betray'd, and forc'd me to be call'd your enemy.

To you I beg for mercy.

Dor. To me! Was I so easily subdu'd,
That I deserve to be your scorn?

Orge. Then let me want a Tongue to make requests,

When I have cheifest need of Heaven. My Mourning is

So little feign'd, that know, my soul disclaims
The victory, and doth already curse
The fury of the cause.

Dor. I cannot set my understanding right
Enough, to guess the meaning of this alteration.

Orge. 'Tis strange indeed! Strange, that
we both should be

Ordain'd to love alike, and make
One noble object our delight! But stranger yet

That I by jealous fears, should vex my self
Into a sad destruction of my love.

Dor. Mislead me not to wander thus amazedly,

When there's a nearer way to what
Your language would infer.

Orge. Reign your hopes to me, who first
had priviledge

To make a claim, then let your kindness prove
As much a miracle, as it is just,
By interceding for my love.

Dor. If this be less than scorn, yet it is more

Then vanity? Is't possible I should
Reign my love, and be so dull to live.

Know Sir, I have vouchsaf'd thus to continue
life,

In hope to have a second trial for
This high, ill manag'd cause, already (sure)
I find my strength doth hasten on my hope.

Orge. Then my despair out travels both:
Had I

The hand and seal of destiny, to warrant me
To be again a victor over him,
Though by that conquest I could gather all
Those Wreaths, that ere the valiant wore
Of old, then strait anticipate, and quite
Foretell all future fame; yet would I not
Resist him with my sword.

Gonf. These double expectations needs
must have

A sad event.

Arg. It comes not in my reach,

How *Claramante* should by either be
Possess'd, and both be satisfied.

Enter Basilonte, Orco.

Basil. 'Tis well you took your wound so
luckily.

This steels a stubborn morsel to digest,
If it enter the stomach the wrong way;
I though there be no great use o'th' Surgeons
myltery,

Give him Two hundred Crowns:

Orco. But where's the money Sir?

Basil. Do you disburse?

Orco. A mad old blade! Considering too,
His wealth and eminence,

Basil. I will allow you too,
Whilst you are young, to cut some few throats
fairly.

For honors sake; so they be strangers throats,
But not your own; I have a reason for't.

Will you take the pains to know me?

Dor. We're well acquainted with your
fame already;

Which is so good, we may for once excuse
So rude an interruption of affairs; in which
Y'are nought concern'd.

Basil. How, not concern'd? Look on these
Bills,

And you on these; they will prove
Receipts for Money; and large sums too, I
think?

They peruse the Papers,
(*Orco looking over their shoulders.*)

Orco. By this Light they are! I know them
by their

Short title, th'are pen'd the old *Laconick* way.

Dor. Sir, I acknowledge this my hand, and
that.

In travell've receiv'd a long
Supply; but much admire how these should
come

In your possession.

Basil. Well Sir! And what say you?

Orge. I make the same confession, but with
show

Of no less wonder then doth baffle him.

Basil. Confession pays no debts, but what
are due

To pious Scriv'ners that are gone to Heaven:
And since your infancy's you have receiv'd
By Letters of Exchange from *Genova*, enough
To furnish your imagin'd quality; for you'll
Vouchsafe to think your selves but strangers
here.

Orge. This growing story may resolve my
doubts.

Basil. Know you his Character, whose credit gave

You power to call for these supplies.

Dor. Most perfectly known.

Orge. And 'tis to me familiar as mine own.

Basil. This then (directed to you both) peruse.
Orge. takes the Letter and reads.
Orge.

Orge. reads. Don Orgemon and Dorando, having call'd you from distant Countreys, to sojourn this Spring in Cordua; You are now to know, you should equally affect these names, for you are Brothers.

They gaze one on another.

Basil. Nay 'tis a dull Marchants file; but read on.

Orge. reads. Your Bills of Credit will succeed no longer then this Moneth; therefore apply your selves to him, whose Steward I have onely been to prevent your wants: Who (your Mother dying young) was resolv'd, out of a new Philosophical, and (as I may call it) Romance humor, not to declare himself your Father, till after you had visited several Camps, and Courts, he found your knowledge and virtue, merited the reputation of his Blood.

Gaze on each other again.

Orco. This is an old trick of Moorish Education,

Just thus *Aben Abdala* bred his Sons.

Orge. reads. Meaning you should have no certain expectations of Hereditary wealth, to interrupt the better acquirements of your Industry; but I have sent him the story of your lives, and he is well pleas'd to be now known your Father, whose name is *Don Basilonte*.

Basil. What are you tender of your plentiful persons?

Loath to be own'd? He that hath Fifty thousand Crowns

A year, needs take no pains to find out heirs.

Orco. Sir, you shall be my Father, if you please.

Orge. Where joy hath such a share of wonder in't, Our pleasure is a while delay'd with doubts.

Dor. It was too strange, and great a happiness

To be too suddenly believ'd.

Leon. Sir, we have long heard you had two Sons, and from

Their Childhood bred in distant parts; yet we Admire your humor could so much subdue Your nature, never to converse with them, Unless by your intelligence from others: But what we humor call, perhaps you'll term Discretion.

Basil. May be I shall, what then? Had your Father Sir,

And other formal Nobles bred their Sons thus,

To little hopes of Wealth, they would have had

More wit to keep it, and to spend it too.

Leon. I thank you Sir.

Basil. That younger villain hath his Mothers Lip,

He shan't fare the worse for't. What frowning Sir!

Look handsomely and kindly too.

Or I'll again divorce thee from my Blood.

Embrace each other strait, with free and willing arms.

Orge. When I rejoyce we are so near a kin, 'Tis strange, I wish our loves were less ally'd

Dor. You are the elder, and I see the Will Of Fate inclines to further that Prerogative.

Orge. That yields some little hope, Who is so courteous to go in and fill My Mistress ear with this new History.

Leon. That pleasant business shall be mine. *Exit.*

Orge. You Sir, from whom I took precedence

By life, should sure have power to give that privileged

Unto my love: Let not my first; and elder claim

(Assisted by my Mistress vows) give way Unto a younger interest, who wants Such great assurance, and doth onely last By th' vigor of his hope.

Basil. I have pronounc'd the word, and he shall do't. *Goes to Dorando.*

Will not you yield to time and nature Sir?

And give your elder leave to play the loving fool

Before you. You had best produce a trick Of disobedience at first sight? That I May think my Spanish Off spring, chang'd for some

Dull Dutch Burghers Issue, that sold Stockfish and Pickled Herring.

Dor. His Deeds of Honor are so high, and his

Compliances so low, I find I must Be overcome.

Orge. But Sir, to intercede in my behalf, That is the business which her vow constrains.

Basil. He shall do't.

Dor. I'll force my reason Sir, at your command.

Orge. Then Sorrows vanish, and my Joys appear.

Basil. A very twig of the old Tree! Just thus

I run a madding for his Mother at His years; and to this very hour do most Intirely reverence, a soft and pliant Lip.

Enter Androlio, and Amiana vaild.

Androl. We have heard enough to make us venture in.

Orgemon, if since your new-got parentage, You are become so stale a Gentleman To wear a knife about you, you shall find I have a throat at your service, will strait Confess my errors, and unburton.

Orge. No Sir, when you offend me next, you shall

Receive the honor of my Sword.

Androlio seems to pull Amiana to her Father.

Andr.

Andr. I've heard you want alliance, and delight

To find them out, a *Romance* way. This Lady Freed lately from a dark enchanted Castle, Desires to call you Father ; if you please T'accept her Sir, you may have me into the bargain.

Basil. So there may be more got Sir, then I Can honestly keep.

Andr. I'm a new Man, and have already seal'd
To Marriage Articles of living tame ;
We only want you and the Priest to witness it.

Enter Marillia, Second Servant, Officers.

Basil. Some tale in *Dieava de Monte Major*

Taught you this trick of wandring after your lover.

Your tears have pardon'd you, go know your Brothers.

Orco takes Marillia aside.

Amia. Could I have chosen Brothers by the pow'r

Of wishes or my prayers, they had been these.

Orge. We have much pretty story to examine.

Dor. Such as will make the pleasures of this year,

Transcend all that we ever know.

Orco. Your Rebel-man is here (*Androlio*) brought

By Officers, at this old Gentlewomans

Complaint, for committing a Rape.

Maril. Yes truly Sir, down in the Vault, towards

The left corner by the Garden Stairs. I've cause

To remember the place.

Andr. I, thou'lt ne'er forget a good turn.

Basil. How's that, a Rape !

Maril. It had been so forsooth, had I not yielded

(*As they say*) to prevent harm.

Basil. Go take them both (*Don Orco*) to your care,

I'll my self sit upon the cause, and call
A Commission of Bedrid Judges, who will
Be glad to revive their long lost mettal,
By refreshing their old ears with baudry.

Orco. I'll invite all the gallants to this hearing.
Exeunt Orco, Marillia,

(*Second Servant.*)

Enter Claramante, Leonte.

Orge. Now Brother is the time to make me happy,

If that new title, or (what equals it,)

(My friend) can urge you to such noble kindnesses. *Dorando goes to Claramante.*

Dor. Fair *Claramante*, I am come t'undo My self, by giving of my love away, Because my fortune conspir'd not to rescu't by My valors help ; but we are all so full Of joy and wonder here, that we are bountiful

To mad excess, my Rival is my Brother now ; His elder claim, and that first ratifi'd By your dear vows, makes me implore, you would

Confirm him in your love ; for I am highly pleas'd

(Since fate did not decree your vertue, and Your beauty mine) that so supream a happiness Shall yet belong unto my name and blood.

Clar. The wonder of your stories, I have been told

Within ; and next to my delight

In *Orgemon*, I value most the benefit

Which that infers of being ally'd to you.

Orgemon brings her to Basilonte and Amiana, who salute her.

Basil. Lady, that comfortable kifs I will Requite, with the best Jewel that *Pern* did yield,

When my great *Syre* rifled the Crown of *Atabalira*.

Orge. How gladly *Claramante*, I am rid Of those sad tears, thy noble anger caus'd :

Clar. They all were due to your misgovern'd valor, and

Your jealousy ; but now they cease for ever.

Orgemon salutes Leonte, Balthazar, and the rest.

Orge. There's many forms requir'd to celebrate

A strange affinity so newly known ;

But these shall be defer'd as lesser rites,

And yield to Ceremonies far above

Their use, the consummation of my love.

Exeunt omnes.

The Siege.

The Persons of the Play.

<i>Castracagnio</i> —	A General.
<i>Florello</i> —	In love with <i>Bertolina</i> .
<i>Soranzo</i> —	His Friend and Rival.
<i>Piracco</i> —	A Captain.
<i>Mervole</i> —	His Ensign.
<i>Ariotto</i> and	} Volunteers.
<i>Lizaro</i>	
<i>Foscari</i> —	Governor of <i>Pisa</i> .
<i>A Collonel</i> —	His Friend.
<i>A Serjeant</i> —	
<i>Perdues</i> —	
<i>Soldiers</i> —	
<i>Bertolina</i> —	<i>Foscari</i> 's Daughter.
<i>Ranola</i> —	Her Woman.
<i>Bagola</i> —	A Sutlers Wife.

SCENE P I S A.

A C T I.

Enter Castracagnio, Florello, Ariotto, Soranzo, Lizaro.

Florello. **Y** Our Troops have skirmish'd
at the North Gate, and
Are return'd without much
loss.

Cast. Mistakes are ever incident to night,
And darkness. How long is't since
The Sun appear'd?

Flo. Not a full hour.

Cast. Death! We have flown hither then,
we have

Out-march'd time, 'tis strange we should
reach the Town

So early, and find success absent.

Piracco hast thou summon'd 'em to a Parley?

Enter Piracco.

Pir. Twice noble General.

Flo. The Governor appears upon the Walls.

Enter Governor, Colonel, &c.

Gover. Hail *Castracagnio*, the Great Dukes
General,
We wish both health and honor to *Florello*
too,
Your Lieutenant o'er this powerful Army.

Enter Foscari.

Cast. My Lord *Foscari*, this is Court breath,
sweet
And subtle, we that follow the War, know not
how to
Disguise our meanings; how
Come you to bestow upon us such pleasant
Greeting, and yet affront our Master.
Fosc. We do invite a penalty from Heaven,

If we cannot justify our Deeds.

The Great Duke of *Tuscany* is allowed to be a Man

Of Honor, we implore his friendship,
And shall grow proud to gain it; but 'twill deprive

Our Fame of Courage, to become his Subjects,

When without impeachment to his title,
He may esteem us his Confederates and Allies.

Cast. You are revolted from a State, that hath

Power to shew their Justice, till
Your repentance comes.

Col. Twice have we sent to *Florence* for redress

Of injuries, received from those of *Luca*,
And could ne'er procure an audience. Old men
Contain in their remembrance, that our
Signiory of *Pisa*, scorn'd to implore
Justice from any State in *Italy*.

Cast. Is this the cause of your revolt.

Fosc. My Lord, the people are incens'd against their

Oppressors, your burthens gall their shoulders,
Which they'll fling off for ever now.

Cast. You shall know the intent of my Commission.

I must demand an easie entrance here,
Attended with a Regiment of Foot,
These to remain a Garison, till my
Master receive less cause to doubt your Faith's.
You, my Lord, to become my prisoner,
And all we shall find adherent to your faction.

Fosc. This a new oppression, but we are
Able to resist it; there is not a heart
In *Pisa* that can out-live his Honor.
Our suffrance will make us Martyrs.

Cast. You are bold Rebels, and must expect
The cruelty of War.

Col. We know your strength, and the
justice of our

Own cause, your threats deserve our scorn.

Flo. With leave of my right noble General,

I demand leave to speak. My Lord *Foscari*
You know what the fury of a War commits,
Deserve the Dukes mercy, with your own,
upon

Your Country, grant our demands, and cherish Peace.

Appeal to *Florence*, think upon the power we
Lead, let the teeming Mother sleep quietly
Within her Husbands bosom, and her young
Issue live till they requite her groans:
Let the aged pay their Death to Nature,
And the Virgin dedicate her self
To *Hymens* holy use; for Soldiers have
No Mercy in their Lust or Anger.

Cast. We are not wild in Peace, nor tame
in War.

What with gentle words we proffer, if now
Refused, will be deny'd you when the storm

Grows rough and boisterous.

Col. You have good hopes, but we can
ne'er be guilty

Of despair.

Fosc. My Lords, it gives us cause of grief,
that your

Charity and noble wishes cannot

Receive our thanks: You see

The inconvenience of vast attendance,

You come hither with such full Troops, we
dare

Not entertain you in the Town, you must
Be pleased to lie i'th' Suburbs; pray take heed
Ye catch not cold, leave our Scence, y'ave a
full

Hour given you to depart in safety;

When that's expired, be sure you are beyond

Our Cannons reach, Colonel away. *Exeunt.*

Cast. Death, do they mock our kindness!
-I'll continue a

Battery upon the Walls of *Pisa*, till

Our shot lay their Walls level with the Earth.

Pira. A Battery, a Battery!

Liz. Heaven preserve our General!

Ari. Amen! For he preserves our Swords,
they shall

Not rust for want of use.

Cast. *Florello* ere we mount all our Cannon,

'Twere fit you guard the River with your
Horse,

Till the Redoubt there be finished.

Flo. I've some kindness still for *Pisa*,

I wish 't would yeild without inforcement by
Our Battery.

Cast. What sayest thou?

Flo. But your will deserves to be performed.

Cast. Dost thou not wish us to revenge
this scorn.

Flo. I think that man would merit much
from Heaven,

Whose patience can have leisure to
Prevent Ruine, and gain the Town by Treaty,
With a Composition noble.

Cast. Th'art my wonder! In all Assaults
Thou wert ever violent, thy courage
Rather rash then slow to meet the greatest
danger.

Pira. A Battery, a Battery! I love
Danger, a long Winter siege is Lethery to
me.

Ari. A Battery, a Battery!

Cast. *Florello*, thou dost conceal thy
thoughts, why art

So silent?

Flo. Be not displeas'd Sir, if I beg you to
remember, Heaven

Delights in soft compassions. In the Town
Are many goodly Structures, and glorious
Temples, sacred to the same of Saints.

Cast. Thou leav'st my thoughts unsettled,
I'll call

A Council : *Piraco*, give speedy notice
Toth' Marshal o'the Field, that he perfect
Our Entrenchments, and be diligent to
Expect new Orders.

Pira. Which he might have chosen one
without

An Imposthume to deliver his Errands,
I'm ill appointed for a Race.

Exeunt Castracagnio, *Piraco*.

Sor. My Lord, I'm bold to revive my suit.

Flo. I shall include it in my next Conference

With the General, and give you ample cause
To praise my care. Let me see you
Often in my Tent. *Exit* Florello.

Sor. You do engage the utmost strength of
all

My love and service. Thou art exactly
Valiant, a just friend unto a Noble
Enemy. How temperate he was in what
Concerned the Generals fury, he has
Some reason in it, although disguised.

Ari. With your consent Sir, are you not a
Member of our Faction?

Sor. How! Y'are no *Banditi* Gentlemen,
A Faction in the Camp?

Ari. Art not a Voluntier? A spark derived

From a flame of Triumph, a Child of Pride,
And loud Glory? Dost not thou as well as we
come to

The Wars to gain noise? Hah! let's be particular;

Begin acquaintance, love, and friendship!

Sor. This is a sudden way, but 'tis believ'd
That friends are scarce, when men are so
greedy

To gain them.

Liza. Do you know him Sir.

Sor. I shall do ere I'm a minute older:
He will be known.

Liza. Repent your sin.

Sor. How?

Liza. A fortnight since, 'twas my error
not to

Know him, but my fate grew kind; in our
march

From *Florence*, he was mingled in a side
With me, I survey'd his forehead, found out
His merit by instinct, proffered friendship,
'Twas granted, Amity increased, and since
That time he hath revealed himself to be a
Lad of mettle;

All fire, the true Image of *Amadis*

De Gaule his Ancestor:

Sor. This fellow has a rare nimble Tongue,
He speaks all and more then he knows, ere I
have

Leisure to hear a part.

Ari. It appears by this private Conference,
You are acquainted with *Lizaro*:

Sor. Is he call'd *Lizaro*? I thought I
should

Know his heart sooner then his name.

Ari. Sir, your counsel'd by a friend, there's
danger

In his presence.

Sor. I hope he wears no charms
About him, Key-Guns or Pistols charg'd with
White Powder.

Ari. There's danger in his Virtues, in his
parts
Of Merit.

Sor. This is strange! You mistake me sure
for *Oedipus*,
I'm no Expounder of Riddles.

Ari. The Colonels and Officers o'th' field
Avoid him with like haste, as they would
Chain-shot.

Sor. Why, good Signior?

Ari. They are eclipsed with his presence,
as lesser

Lights before the Sun; his valor drowns the
voice

Of *Hannibal* and *Scipio*, he bath

Increased the number of the Worthies, his
name

Makes 'em up Ten, you may see it i'th' last
Impression.

Sor. You should do well to write each
others Annals,

They would make Voluminous Books; and
this

Language seems rarely in the Epistles

Dedicatory; for there 'tis frequent

To belie men with praise. Shall I intreat
My absence.

Ari. Not yet for your Souls health: How
chance you made

Not us, your great examples before the General?

Sor. In what Sir?

Ari. Did you not hear us make a noise,
pronounce

With accent loud, A Battery, a Battery.

Liza. Sir, you must learn to make a noise,
whilst you

Remain i'th' Camp; we are Voluntiers, we

Hang Captains, Officers, all such as trail

The limber Pike for pay: We come toth' war

For Fame, Honor is our pay:

Ari. When you are skilful how to make a
noise

I'th' Camp, you may be privileged to roar

I'th' City; to wear a Lock o'er your left

Shoulder, large as a Horses Mane.

Sor. Sir, my affairs deprive me of the rest

Of your instructions, I would hasten

My departure.

Ari. First leave your name behind you.

Sor. I'm call'd *Soranzo*.

Ari. If we did know your Tent, you should
receive

A visit from us.

Sor. Y'ave learn'd where the Lieutenant-
Generals

Regiment is quartered.

Ari. By perfect demonstration.

Sor. There you shall find my Tent.

Liza. Dost know *Piracco*?

Sor. I've heard of Captain *Piracco*, he has
A ripe Imposthume in his Thigh: He was
Here now with the General.

Ari. The fame, Pox on him, I saw him do
good

Service at the Battel of *Lepanto*.

I was loth to see the Rascal foundred,

Whilst this Arm and short Blade could rescue
him

From Seven Firelocks.

Liza. That was the time you catch'd the
Bullets

In your fist as they flew about him.

Ari. No, that was at *Millaw* in a skirmish
Against the *Grisons*. Dost know *Mervole*?

Sor. You mean, Ensign *Mervole* the Duel-
list.

Ari. No matter for his title, we call each
Other by the corruption of our names,
Tom and *Dick*: 'Tis a blunt garb, but it
Becomes Soldiers. The Slave is famous in
Duels, he has proffered at us too; but
We keep him at distance with a certain re-
verse.

Observe me Sir, with a *punto sublimato*
That is raised by your neither guard, present
Your weapon naked.

Enter Mervole, Piracco.

Liza. 'Slight! Here they are! End your
discourse.

Ari. I shall attend you at your Tent.

Sor. These are rare Blades!

Exit Soranzo.

Mer. I'm as melancholly, as an old Witch
Over a smoaky fire.

Pira. Is all thy money fled?

Mer. I ha'not a Duckett left to buy food:
Upon a march my stomach grumbles at noon,
And sickens at night.

Pira. These Limbs did never spread and
swell thus with vacant Meals.

Mer. 'Tis a Pennance prescrib'd by my
Confessor,

I must live my days upon the smoak of a Match.

Pira. And thy offence is want of Meat.

Mer. I ne'er thrived since I grew proud,
since I

Tore the Tassata from my Colours
To line my Doubler. What are those?

Pira. 'Slight, my Subjects! *Mervole* stroke
Thy heart, use it kindly: I'll give thee cause
To desire long life. *Ariotto*, take
Your hand from your Pocket, I must subtract
From my Exchequer.

Ari. Death Captain, What do you mean?
discover

Us before a stranger:

Liza. This is contrary to our Covenant
Signed at our last *Court-du-Guard*.

Ari. So Captain! lengthen your discourse,
D'ye not

See him hearken?

Pira. Be as private as you please, but my
want

Decreases it, I must visit my Exchequer.

Ari. It is *Lizaro's* turn now, I disburfed
Last time.

Liza. I could consent to reason: This is
Tyranny

To demand it before a stranger.

Pira. I shall bore you, if you
Endanger my Imposthume. *Lizaro presents.*

So I'll be modest, these four Duckets shall
Suffice me at present. *Mervole* bring

Thy person near us.

Mer. I like these morning Exchequers
rarely.

Pira. I resign *Ariotto* to thy use:
He is thy Tribute.

Ari. Captain, you mistake us, we have
not more

Patience then belong to Mortals.

Liza. By this hand, plain tyranny!

Mer. Subject, I come to levy my last Tax;
Nay no Rebellion, you see my Iron
Scepter.

Ari. By this Light, *Ancient*! This is a
meer jest,

A device of mirth, usual 'tween *Piracco*

And us: Captain, what do you mean, will
you

Betray our Purfes, and our fames? A meer
jest 'faith *Ancient*!

Mer. Good wits! Break these jests as of-
ten as

You please, I'll take 'em in earnest, I.

Nay, nay quick, permit my easie search,
Unless you have an appetite to taste my steel.

Ari. Well! The sturdy Oak must bend,
when the Devil

Rides by in a Whirl-wind; we'll write an In-
denture,

Which when you have sign'd, my Purse-strings
are untied,

Mer. An Indenture!

Pira. I, I! It onely concludes thy promise,
Never to reveal thy self their Pensioner,

Nor them cowards.

Mer. This I consent to gratis.

Ari. Well, when you have sign'd——

Mer. How, it shall be sign'd after Dinner,
You must disburse the tribute now.

Liza. By this Day, he should not have the
ninth part

O'th three and thirtieth corner of a Doit,
Ere he had sign'd.

Mer. No Signior, you'll make a Novice
o'me!

A City Heir! I must sign at all hours
When you please, my Steel is ready.

Ari.

Ari. Nay, nay, good *Ancient*, here — use me kindly,
The less you take, the more remains for your Future service.

Mer. I will be temperate, the slave does keep

His Purse so warm — one — two — whorson Mungril,

Three — four — five — Must they enjoy this precious Earth

Whilst Men of merit fast, till their lean Bones

Fret their skin out — six — seven — eight — I, eight Duckets,

There keep the rest till I call for't.

Ari. Death! y'have pillag'd me, the Purse is empty!

Mer. Which way can you sufficiently reward

The merit of an old Soldier, Dog —

You Volunteers are no more to us, then Bulrushes to Pikes, or Pikes to May-Poles.

Ari. Hell swallow me, if I could not find in my heart

To be valiant.

Liza. O Tyranny, Tyranny!

Pira. Hast thou not cause to bless me, beside this

Daily tribute, I take my choice of both Their Wardrobes, when my own grows aged.

Mer. Do'st thou hear Subject? provide me against

To morrow night seventeen: Let me see, I, I,

Seventeen Duckets more, Mark me Subject, This

I demand as love moneys, I shall have Speedy use of Tribute. So farewell

Good loving subjects.

Ari. We shall live worse than Bores

In Germany. *Exit Ariotto, Lizaro.*

Mer. *Piracco*, I'll feast thy Corps at *Bago's* las,

She boils good Bull-Beef, and I long to cease The noise in my stomach.

Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Fos Cary, Colonel, Bertolina, Ranola.

Fos Cary. **L**ongere this time we did expect a Battery,
'Tis strange they are such quiet Neighbors.

Col. The Outworks are made perfect, and our River

Guarded by a Sconce, no force of Cannon Nor Humane courage, can endanger us, Unless we betray our own strength.

Fosc. Colonel, your reward will be immortal fame;

You have oblig'd your Countrey to hold your Name precious; and 'tis my ill fate

To wear a title that grows too heavy For my strength, I stagger beneath its weight.

Col. Your own deserts, and popular love, made you

The Governor of *Pisa*.

Fosc. How unsafe is it to keep that honor; This *Siege* informs you

I'm made the mark, at which the Great Duke

Doth aim his fury; and howe'er 'tis noble In a Soldier to presume on destiny,

And his own courage; yet it is wisdom To suspect danger ere 'tis felt. See *Bertolina*

Already like a Captive, shews she hath A melancholly look, she's no more my daughter,

But the child of fortune. O my lov'd Girl! The *Sybil's* faces do resemble thine,

Thy look doth prophesie, but yet not a Kind fate.

Bert. Sir, your Stars have a great predominance

O'er my Nature.

Fosc. There is a cause that justifies this grief, How would it hasten thy eternal absence

From this World, to see thy aged Father Fetter'd with Chains, and thus

To be sent to *Florence*, there to beget no thing but

Scorn and laughter in the Duke.

Bert. O Sir, do not mistrust your power with

Providence. When you speak thus,

I tremble like a tender Lamb,

In a cold Winter night.

Fosc. 'Las! Why should this beget thy fear? Though my

Offences expose me to this danger,

Angels will secure thee; but what,

My *Bertolina*, wouldst thou suffer to

Prevent this sorrow.

Bert. The Rack, Famine, or Fire;

Or any torment Sir, to preserve you.

Col. Had *Portia* ne'er been known in story, thy Heroick vertue had wanted an example:

Fosc. This joy on Earth, will tempt me to affect

Mortality. Shall we yield my Girl this

III 2

Proud

Proud City to the Dukes disposal,
And so procure thy safety?

Bert. Never! Life affords no pleasure when
once

We are depriv'd of Liberty. Though Men
Of low and humble Birth, account it no
Restraint or bondage, unless their Limbs are
Fetter'd, or circumscrib'd with Walls; yet such
As boast of high descent, esteem their honor
Wounded, when they lose but a little; which
Courage or resistance might have kept. This
Is a glorious cause! Women may fight
In this just War,
And not impeach their modesty.

Fosc. O such a child was *Neslor's* fam'd
receipt,
With which he did restore his youth. I shall
Out-live my memory, until I have
Forgot my name.

Enter Soldier.

Sold. Noble Governor, the Senate are in
Council, and wait your presence.

Fosc. I come: Colonel, yield not to a Par-
ley,
We will endure this storm, and save the City.
Farewel my *Bertolina*.

Exeunt Foscari, Colonel, Soldier.

Ran. Madam, must we then expect a Battery?

Bert. I *Ranola*. Will it not make rare Mu-
sick?

Ran. These Cannon Pellets will bruise me
shrewdly.

Bert. They are curs'd i'th' Womb, whom
the Cannon murders;
Therefore for the credit of your Stars, do not
Suspect a death so boisterous.

Ran. When the Battery begins, I'll hide my
self
I'th' Matted Closset, and shut the Waincoat
Door close, then I am safe

Bert. Thou may'st as well wrap thy self
up in Silk,
And think it proof against a Musket Bullet.
Hest a Picture in your charge, prethee
Bring it me down to the Gallery.

Ran. I shall Madam. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Ariotto, Lizaro, Bagola.

Ari. Quick, good *Bagola*, our stomachs
are so keen,
We shall need no Knives.

Bag. I boy! no flesh, but what is wholesome.

Ari. Good Camp Beef, i't be thy will.

Liza. And that's Horse-flesh in the City.

Enter Soranzo.

Bag. O Signior *Soranzo*! I have reserv'd
A morsel for your Paunch, will make it heave.

Sor. Prethee hasten it hither, I chue my
Cud already.

Ari. Signior *Soranzo*, sure Fortune has
Received her eye-sight; is she so kind
To send you hither.

Sor. Death! Must I always meet with these
Earwigs;

How they endanger my Brain.

Bag. Here, devour a pace, I have no Vine-
gar.

Ari. I ha' seen thee wash thy Aprons in this
Bowl,

Why dost thou bring our Meat in't.

Bag. By *Jove* they were my Smocks! feed
And be thankful, the Ram was somewhat tough
I kill'd to day, but you shall have it.

Exit Bagola.

Ari. You shall share in our Mefs.

Sor. I shall be excus'd Sir, and thank you.

Liza. *Ariotto*, the Maiden-head of this flesh
Is thine; this day thou didst deserve it by
Fears of valor.

Ari. Had I not seen thee engag'd against
the

Other five, I had maintain'd the combat still
With those Seven *Switzers*, Pox o' their two
handed

Sithes, it were easier for 'em to cut down
An Oak then me, whilst I stood at this guard.

Liz. Right, but t'was for the safety of my
fame

To see you skirmish with twelve such,
And not employ my fortitude to weaken
Their assault. Can you accuse my fury?
For I beseech you, let us borrow your
Moderation.

Sor. In what Sir?

Ari. Faith would a had seen thy magna-
nimous

Feats, *Lizaro*, he would have gain'd employ-
ment

For his Pen; and thanks from all posterity.

Liz. Nay, nay, Troth thou dost abuse thy
own merits.

Nine o' the twenty, ow their lives to thy
Mercy.

Sor. This is new Court thrift; they are not
able

To maintain flatterers, therefore belie
Each other, with their own praises.

Enter Meruole, Bagola.

Ari. Slight! There's *Meruole*, hide the
Meat.

Mer. What Food *Bagola*?

Bag. I'll cram thy Maw with Beef of Roar-
ing Bull.

Mer. With Horses flesh, stew'd i'th' Water
of a Ditch.

Bag. Ancient thou beliest my hospitality.

Mer. Prethee vanish, & fetch a morsel hither.

Bag. What dost thou grumble.

Mer. I say, a haunch of thee is more in season
In the Camp, then Venison in the Court.

Bag.

Bago. Your morcel shall be visible freight.
Exit.

Mer. There's my subject, I smell an
Odoriferous steam.

Ari. He has got the scent, we must speak to
him.

Ancient, how does thy Lungs, thy Mid'rife,
and

Thy Bladder, ha?

Mer. Room for my eye-sight, nay, I must
see it.

Ari. Before a stranger. *Ancient* remember
Our Covenants.

Mer. Sligh you are, Cannibals do lay
Meat there to affront my nose; but I can smell
you.

Ari. If you resolv'd to forfeit your Bond,
yet
Let's feed together.

Mer. Not so much as will choak a Wren.

Liza. Part of it belongs to my disbursement,
And I'm *Piracco's* subject.

Mer. I'll borrow of *Piracco* for this time.

Liza. Tyranny, Tyranny!

Ari. Death! Be not so loud; since we must
suffer,

Let's disguise it from *Soranzo*. Welcome
!faith Ancient, employ thy Teeth until
Thy Gums are sore, it was provided for
Thy dirty Maw; thou shalt not leave the
weight

Of an atome behind thee, devour it all.

Mer. Devour it all! Subject are ye turn'd
Traytor

Have you a plot to kill me with a surfeit.

Ari. Nay, good *Ancient*, before a stranger!

Liza. 'Twas onely spoke to disguise our
frailty.

Mer. That breath cools my spleen.

Sor. This is a rare Tyrant.

Ari. Death, he observes us, give us leave
to talk

For preservation of our honors. Eat

Good *Ancient*, 'tis a usual complement

With us, we'll expect the Relicks.

Liza. If y^e are destitute of a Knife, here is

A young *Bilbo*, 'tis neer a kin to old

Bilbo my Sword.

Mer. I shall eat; bring some Wine hither.

*Enter Bagola with Wine, Bread,
and Mutton, &c.*

Bago. Here's your morcel Sir, it may be
given

A Queen in Childbed, what are you furnish'd?

Ari. *Mernole* is our guest, give him some
Wine.

Mer. Here *Bagola*! Here's t^h prosperity
Of thy ravenous stomach!

Bago. Thanks Man of War, I am call'd
within: I am

Roasting of an old Cat.

Exit.

Ari. Ancient feed on, we must retire, Mar-
shal

Affairs deprive us of thy smooth looks; would
Cerberus were feeding on thy heart.

Liza. We must grow valiant, this tyranny
is

Above humane suff'rance:

Ari. Signior *Soranzo*, we wish you well.
A way, our cowardice is yet conceal'd.

Exeunt Ariotto and Lizaro.

Mer. Whoreson Monkeys, shall they sur-
feit here, feed at

Nero's rate, whilst Men of merit dine with
The Camelion. I have

A poltick nose—, 'twill wind out a steam
From the *Mogol's* Kitchen, to the *Turks* Parlor.
A health to you Sir.

Sor. Sir, I receive it as an honor.

Mer. By this Light, you eat nimbly.

Sor. I hope Sir, you do not number my
Bits.

Mer. No Sir; but if you continue at this
rate, you

Are a rare Trencher-man.

A ha! This will comfort the Kidneys,
I would know your Countrey Sir.

Sor. I'm a *Florentine*, Sir.

Mer. Your name shall be most welcome to
my ears.

Sor. Sir, we lose time in prattle, this hour
Belongs to the stomach, not to the tongue.

Mer. S'death he out eats me— Another
health

Unto your person.

They both drink.
Sor. I'll give you satisfaction Sir.

Mer. I'll engage, if thou hast so good

A stomach to the Wars, as to thy Meat,
We shall need no Weapons but thy teeth;
thou wilt

Eat up all our enemies.

Both rise.
Sor. Sir, I shall do my poor endeavor, be-
ing

Encouraged by your example.

Mer. He's a Voluntier, if I could make him
pay me

Tribute, 'twere a good addition

To my revenue. I'm much taken

With thy person.

Sor. I have cause to cherish it, since you
find it

So deserving.

Mer. Thou do'st so charm my eyes, I am
not able

To resist my purpose. I must, spite of
My teeth, do thee a kindness.

Sor. Pray Sir, believe it then,

You shall find me grateful.

Mer. I have drunk fillers, he tempts me by
Conjuration, 'tis grown inevitable,
I must do it; go, go, be confident.

Sor. Sir, I would gladly know your cur-
tesie

Ere I receive it.

Mer.

Mer. Lend me thy ear—
I'll fight with thee.

Sor. You merit my eternal service.
Shall I be bold, to think I may enjoy
This honor.

Mer. Heart do! I consume my breath,
Did not I say be confident.

Sor. I, but the kindness is so eminent,
I fear a rival; some other man abler
In desert than I, may strive to gain it.

Mer. Here is my gage to assure my promise. 'Tis not

My custom to oblige every stranger
With such indeerments.

Sor. Nay Sir, I have certain Hymns to sing
ere night,

Unto my Stars in thanks of it.

Mer. Dost hear, when I have flest thee
with this Mettal

Of *Toledo*, thou maist juggle the General,
And spit in thy Colonels face, yet remain
As safe as in a Tower of Brass.

Sor. Troth 'twill be a rare priviledge.

Mer. Am not I *Mernole*? Who dares bestow
His wrath on him, whom I accept in Duel?

Sor. Well *Ancient*, I shall presume.

Mer. Go, go! Be proud, I'll do't, I like
thy person.

Sor. Heaven preserve ye Sir, I have just
cause

To insert you in my prayers. *Exit.*

Mer. I shall try his Mettal, if he be
Fit to be wrought on, I'll not stand idle,
He may make a subject too. *Bagola.*

Enter Bagola.

Bag. What say'st thou *Demogorgon*?

Mer. How do'st thou call this voluntier?

Bag. *Soranzo*, the Imp is liberal,
He paid this Silver for his food.

Mer. He must pay me tribute too. I am
His sovereign, at our next meeting he takes
The Oath of Allegiance. Here give this *A-*
ristto,

Tell him my Relicks should be sacred to
A Coward. 'Twere not superstitious
To eat 'em kneeling.

Bag. But when shall I number my seven
Duckets.

Mer. Death! I must pawn him here:

When he returns, say 'tis
My pleasure he remain thy prisoner
Till he have paid it.

Bag. He pay your debts.!

Mer. I, do this, or increase your tally still;
Score up, and pay your self with your own
Chalk. *Exeunt.*

Enter Castracagnio, Florello, Piracco.

Cast. He numbers in this Letter three hundred
Waggons of Corn.

Flo. Sir, the whole Convoy is cut off, and
with small loss

Of our own Troops.

Cast. Here's new intelligence much pertinent.

He gives us notice they expect relief
From *Mamma*. We command the River.

Flo. And so guarded, 'twill prove of small
Advantage to their hopes.

Cast. Then *Florello*, I still shall magnifie
Thy temperate soul; thou hast preserv'd

Pisa
From falling into Ashes, each structure
There stands as a Pyramid, to eternize
Thy noble mercy.

Flo. Sir, I am eclips'd by the glory of
your

Merits. Virgins shall sing your praise, and the
Matrons of the City, commend your kindness
In their prayers to Heaven; they will now
yield

Rather than suffer famine.

Pir. So whilst they learn to fast, we learn
to sleep.

This Discipline is new in War, Pox on't, 'twill
be

A long Siege, I shall grow mangy.

Cast. *Piracco* is a great enemy to his
Impolthumes, he would expose it to all
Unnecessary danger.

Flo. It is his policy to use it ill;
For so he gives it no encouragement
To stay by him.

Pir. When you have use of a Surgeon, you
will grow
Less witty.

Enter Soranzo.

Flo. Your attendance serves aptly now for
your

Affair. My Lord, this is the Gentleman
I did commend unto your knowledge.

Cast. You have made him a Captain in
your own

Regiment. Sir, ask for your Commission
From my Secretary, it is already
Sign'd, and expect all other favor I
Can shew you.

Sor. Your Excellence hath oblig'd my love
more

Than my duty.

Enter a Gentleman.

Cast. *Ronaldo* so soon return'd from *Florence*.
Gent. The Great Duke salutes you kindly
'tis his

Pleasure

Pleasure you peruse these Letters.

Cast. This directs it self to you. Follow me

And share i'th' knowledge of what mine imports.

Gives it Florello.

Exit.

Pir. I must go seek my Subject.
This War affords no other pillage, but
His substance.

Exit.

Florello reads the Letter.

Flo. Hah! You cannot seem cruel to this
Faction,

'Tis our will you hasten your Battery
Against *Pisa*. The Duke deprives me of
Immortal fame, I cannot now be merciful,
Pisa is proscrib'd for ruine.

Sor. My noble Lord, would I could share
in this

Your suffrance, though't be unmannerly
To enquire your grief.

Flo. O *Soranzo*, hast not perceiv'd of late
My eyes eclips'd, Methinks my grief doth so
Exactly counterfeit decrepit age,
The Fates should think me old, and make this
night

My last. O'twere a kind mistake.

Sor. Sir, however you disguise your sorrow
With inforc'd mirth, from publick notice;
Yet friendship hath a subtler perspective,
I am more curious in discovery of
Your health, and find your thoughts perplex'd
and scatter'd;

If the cause could find a remedy from
My assistance, I would beg to know't.

Flo. 'Twere guilt in thee to know't, thou
art pure

As Chrystal, I shall stain thee with my breath.

Soranzo, I must hide my self.

Sor. My noble Lord.

Flo. My absence may beget a wonder,
Until the cause of it is known; but then
My name will infect our Language, blister
The tongue that speaks it, O! I shall be lost

To every good mans memory; this night I
do begin

My Pilgrimage, I enter in a Path

Like that which leads to the habitation

Of the dead, from whence I never shall re-
turn.

Sor. How, my Lord? You have left me
guilty of

An ignorance that may indanger me for ever.
Where will you hide your self?

Flo. In shades of night and darkness.

Sor. You cannot hide your self from me;
for as

The Diamond you are light unto your self.
This darkness makes you seem more bright
to me.

Flo. Your inquisition is too strict; leave me
To wander with the wind; if in my absence
My honor is accus'd, reserve thy charity
For a nobler use, then to defend what
Is so tainted.

Sor. How can your honor (the pattern
which I

Imitate, and think th'ambition lawful)
Deserve an accusation?

Flo. *Soranzo*, thou art young, but newly
known

To war, and glory; the way that leads to
Honor is intricate. O! I must

Commit a sin that will indanger all

Those wreaths my Brow hath merited. *Sor-
ranzo*,

'Tis thy fate to undo me with thy friendship,
For thy help must hasten my perdition.

Sor. My help! Dismiss me strait,
Forget you ever saw me, rather then

Reserve my friendship for a use so horrid!

Flo. No more: Thou hast betray'd me
with thy skill,

Obscurely crept into my Brest, and seen
My black thoughts. Be sure that you

Reveal it not to the Air,

What thou hast tempted from me, I impart
Not to thy ear or tongue, but to thy heart.

Exeunt.

A C T III. SCENE I.

Enter a Sergeant, and Town Perdue.

Perd. Softly Sergeant, we'd better walk
on Thorns,
Then near the enemies Perdues.

Serg. Follow still!

Perd. S'death, whether wilt thou lead me?
shall we creep

Into their Cannons; we are already under
Their Trenches.

Serg. Here good Monsieur *Perdue*, ly
down and dig

A hole for your Chin.

Perd. Whize, hey. These Bullets keep a
noise,

I shall not sleep for 'em.

Serg. Lie close, within two hours you are
relieved.

Perd. Dost here *Sergeant*? Fetch a Notary
from

The Town, and I'll make my Will.

I bequeath thee my Knap-sack; there's a hole
In

In the North side o't, sow it up t'will prevent
An invasion of Mice.

Serg. Y'are to loud in your mirth. I see a
Gun fire
From the Redoubts.

Perd. Whize! Sergeant—

Serg. S'death! Speak low.

Perd. I'th' corner a my Ammunition
Cheefe,
Dwells a huge overgrown Maggot, I bequeath
that

To my Comrade.

Serg. There's another gives fire. *Exit.*

Perd. Whize! Farewel good Sergeant, he's
an old Soldier,

He knows the enemies shoot no Sugar Plums.

*Enter Florello, Soranzo, a Camp
Sergeant.*

Flo. I may be confident, I am disguised
from your Sergeants knowledge.

Sor. You may: The power is great y'have
o'er my love

And duty, or I ne'er could be seduced
To do you this service. Sir y'are not kind
To me, you still conceal the cause that doth
Engage you in this new strange adventure.

Flo. Waste not my last Sute, that thou
wouldst leave me

To the protection of my Stars. Prethee
Be not guilty of too much love, thy care
Is to inquisitive.

Sor. This enterprise is dangerous to your
fame

And person.

Flo. Soranzo, mind thy own affairs;

I cannot die i'th' dark,
Prethee leave me. *Lies down.*

Serg. We walk in danger Sir, they made
This night three sallies from that part.

Exeunt.

Flo. I cannot lie far distant from the ene-
mies

perdue, I must betray my self with noise.

Coughs.

Perd. Pox! Can't you catch a cold, but
must you boast

Of it a loud. I see him move. *Both rise.*

Flo. Danger makes the conquest noble—
Have at the—

Perd. S'death Sir! This is but a rough com-
plement,

Y'embrace me to hard—

Flo. You are to loud, if thou give the a-
larum

To the Town thou dy'st, yield up thy weapon.

Perd. As I hope for mercy, Sir, 'tis not
worth

Your acceptance, dull Ammunition
Blade, as I'm a Soldier.

Flo. Howe'er, resign it for your own safety.

Perd. Well Sir, I cannot deny you so small

A kindness, but 'tis not worth your wearing,
You'll give me good quarter.

Flo. Towhat part of *Italy* dost thou ow
thy Birth.

Perd. Not far of, I was born

In *Pisa*.

Flo. How! the name of *Pisa* doth oblige
my

Kindness, lead me thither; here's thy Wea-
pon—

I'll become thy prisoner—

Perd. Sir, are you in earnest. Now I have
my

Sword again, I shall grow very angry
If ye mock me.

Flo. My request is serious.

Perd. Be your favor Sir, I have cause to be
Merry, we'll tofs the Cannakins, when we
Have entred the Ports. *Exeunt*

Enter Meruole, Ariotto, Lizaro.

Mer. Ho! *Don* Corn-cutter, dost thou
usurp?

Am not I thy Sovereign?

Ari. Good *Ancient*, be pleased but to con-
sider, I

Have not the *Indies*, nor the Philosophers
Stone

To assit my disburfments.

Mer. I know my own Prerogatives: Thou
art

My Subject; my necessities increase in time
Of War, and I must levy Subsidies.

Lizaro, you'll hasten your accounts to
Number me out just Thirteen—

Liz. I'll be a loyal subject. *Piracco*

Is my Sovereign: Pay tribute to a Foreign
Prince.

Mer. Well Gentlemen, ye shall eat my
Sword up,

Ye have Ostridge stomachs, I know ye can
Digest Steel—

Ari. Well, how much must we disburse?

Mer. I'll have all that remains in your pos-
session,

Ye shall not keep a cross to swear by.

Ari. Pox upon you! The Tyrant of *Sira-
cusa*

Was not so envious to Men.

Mer. D'ye snarl ye foyfling Mungrels.

Ari. S'death, you can but have your tri-
bute brought home

To ye: There 'tis— Lie sure, we must obey.

Liz. I am pleased. This tyranny will soon
o'ercome

My Nature; my gentleness is not long liv'd.

Mer. I love mettle of this complexion:

Are your Duckets full weight? I'm decreed,
If ye cheat me with light Gold, to leave your
Souls

Naked without a skin this frosty weather,
D'ye observe my precious Mounkies?

Ari.

Ari. 'Tis a great vertue to be patient.

Mer. So, if I can increase the number of My Subjects: I may have hope To be a Captain, this age is grown Sinful; we can get no titles, but what We pay for. Soldiers were never happy, Since the siege of *Troy*. Good *Agamemnon*, I'll trail a Pike under thy Ghost, if it Would walk, and bear arms. The Court in-

fects
The Camp, we must be gaudy now; triumph In Scarlet, and high Plumes—— This Hat looks like

An old Morrian 't has been my Pillow 'bove Eighteen years. Just of *Methusalem's* Block— Ha!

Let me see—— Troth 'twould not much in-

danger
My thrift to change, onely thou wouldst think't

Too great an honor—— Ha! Go, go, Triumph!

Ari. 'Slight! the *Mogol's* Revenue is not able

To maintain my cowardise.

Mer. I'm known, a Midwives Ruff is just like mine.

Lizaro, let me see yours: Hah! I, I, 'I will serve the turn, unty—— If thou dost grin

I'll cleave thee from the Scalp, unto the Twist——
Change Ruffs.

Liz. *Ariotto* I've often given you my Advice, we must be valiant.

Ari. We must declare our Anger, with Pride and Courage.

Ancient we intend to be valiant.

Mer. How! Speak but that word again, and ye both hasten

To your Graves: Let me but see ye so Conspire against damnation, as to Be valiant. I'll not permit in both Your hearts so much noble fire, as shall Encourage you to skirmish a Field Mouse. Do, do! Be valiant if you dare.

Ari. Sir, we scorn the humor, we——

Mer. The Cannon catch me, if I not make ye

Run away from a Hare; ye shall Be proud to pawn your sisters To feed my riot.

Enter Piracco.

Pir. Subject, I come to visit My Exchequer. *Feels in's Pocket.*

Liza. Sir, I grieve you must lose your in-

dustry,
I pray peruse the other on my left Thigh.

Pira. How Caitiff? Dost thou so much neglect life,

To walk without *aurum potabile*, Without Tribute, to appease my wrath.

Liza. Sir, I know you can speak thunder, 'tis in

Your power to kill me with your voice; but yet

Take leisure to consider. I pray Question *Mernole*, your Colleague i'th' Empire.

Ari. A Man Captain (if it be lawful to whisper)

More barbarous than a *Goth*; the *Vandals* Were not so ravenous when they sack'd *Rome*, As he in pillaging of us.

Pira. Preserve our stations, least when I grow

Angry, I hurt ye with my breath. *Ancient* You are not temperate.

Mer. How Captain?

Pira. You insult upon my kindnesses, and 'tis

Difficult to grant your pardon.

Mer. By this fair Light! If you Incense me, I shall trouble ye worse then Your Imposthume: Can you not gull the State Finely, multer up Ammunition; Cassocks stuff'd with straw;

Number a hundred forty nine dead pays, And thank Heaven for your Arithmetick? Cannot you cloath your ragged Infantry With Cabbage Leaves? Devour the reckon-

ings,
And grow fat i'th' Ribs, but you must hinder Poor *Ancients* from eating warm Beef:

Hence forth

Expect no Contribution from these Bores.

Pira. S'death! Will you not permit me to enjoy one?

Mer. I will have both.

Pira. That's to be decided with our weapons—— *They draw.*

Ari. Pray *Lizaro*, if they both die, our Bonds

Are void, and we are free.

Mer. D'ye curvet! Were there A Scrivener here, I would be bold to make you

Entail my Pension on the Heirs of my

Body illegitimate, so leave ye

In bondage to posterity: Come Sir, I shall anger your Imposthume—— Again.

Ari. Now I am victorious—— *Piracco down.*
Lizaro, your Champion's foil'd.

Mer. Captain, thou'st still been held a bold Soldier,

I'll not insult o'er thy unkind destiny, Live still; but by my Stars, you must either Give me your Sword, or disclaim all interest In these two, they are my Subjects now.

Pira. Yield up my Sword, no! Take 'em, cherish the Babes;

Keep 'em warm, they are very chilly.

Mer. Quick! Do me homage, bow lower?

Ari. This is but humility.

Liza. We are exceeding vertuous.

K k k k

Mer.

Mer. Piracco, give me thy fist—— We'll have a truce.

Pira. Pox upon you, y'ave still the better on't

In these skirmishes.

Mer. How now? No more a Cripple, thou walkest as

Stiffly as a stock.

Pira. Hah! I do not limp! By this Light, thou hast launch'd

My Imposthume!

Mer. Hey! I near thought I had skill in Surgery

Till now; march on quick to my Colonels Kitchen Tent, I'll present thee as a miracle;

A little of the Cooks *Balsamum*

Will finish the cure— By this hand he walks upright!

Subjects both attend.

Ari. Every man gains by quarrelling, but we —— *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Foscarei, Florello, Colonel.

Fosc. We embrace the greatest Soldier The World contains; so far you have oblig'd Our Gratitude, we fear we shall discredit Nature; for Man was ne'er predestinate To so much power, as can requite your Noble Charity.

Col. Ye shall find us always prompt to serve ye, And faithful, as becomes our Births and Calling.

Flor. I have chosen to perform this strange duty, when time Makes me most useful; you are shortly to Expect a Battery.

Fosc. We are enabled to resist the storm; Heaven hath provided us some friends amongst Our greatest Enemies: However, we are Begirt with Intrenchments, We can receive from Florence safe intelligence,

And speedy. The news of this your Battery, Inforced with the Dukes stern rage, came to our Knowledge, before your relation.

Flor. Then Spirits are your Messengers? But I consume these hasty Minutes: Is't your pleasure to direct me To the Chamber, where I may finish That employment which seduced me hither.

Fosc. Sir, I am proffering my attendance: Colonel give the *Perdue* a fair reward for this Great fortune, and conceal Florello's strange arrival.

Col. I go, we have now gage To assure our safety. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Bertolina, Ranola, with Florello's Picture.

Ran. Madam, shall I place it here?

Bert. Gently *Ranola*, had it sence, it could Not more provoke my care, I fear I shall Commit Idolatry? Hail great Soldier!

Thou that art

The pride of *Italy*, and so exact

A wonder in this age; our Chronicles

Will fear to Register thy Deeds, lest they

Endanger quite the Readers faith to all

They write. Why art thou absent now?

Thou art employ'd in atchieving new

Wreaths,

Ere the old are

Wither'd, such sacred Garlands the Olympick

Wrestlers won.

Still he treads the Path of Honor

And loud Glory: He never thinks on me

I shall grow wild with grief.

Enter Foscarei, Florello.

Fosc. Sir, I will leave you to express your thoughts

Unto my Daughter. *Exit Foscarei.*

Bert. Secure us Heaven!

Ranola quick, convey the Picture hence,

My contemplations sure were sinful; still

He remains to accuse my Idolatry.

Ranola, is't not a Spirit?

Ran. Madam, I can't think he is a spirit;

A Maid may feel him without any

Bodily danger. *Exit.*

Flor. She is more timorous in her wonder Than I am.

My *Bertolina* speak—

I hasten to be absent.

Bert. Oh my Lord, if *Pisa*

Be not vanquish'd, how come I t'enjoy you here?

Flor. Our true loves began by often Interview, when this proud City stood loyal To my Dukes prerogative, hath betray'd My soul to infamy and danger; yet I repent not my achievement, I've gain'd More then will requite my losses, and I would Hazard all that's mortal, ever thus to Fetter thee with my embraces.

Bert. Yet in my joy, I am most passionate, The Marigold so opens to the Suns Bright Eye, as *Bertolina* to your wish'd Presence; and had I longer been depriv'd Of your arrival, I had wither'd to my Grave. You should have found me sleeping in my Tomb,

Cold as the Marble is.

Flor. This I fear'd! Prophetick fury brought me

Hither. I left my Countreys Causes, a just War;

My

My title in the Camp, and the Soldiers loves,
To fight for thee.

Bert. How *Florello*, I hope I do mistake
your language.

Flor. My General securely sleeps, and
dreams not
Of my absence.

Bert. Then you are now revolted from your
Prince?

Flor. I could not enough indanger my fame
Or life for thy safety.

Bert. Oh thou art lost! Lost to eternity!

Flor. How! My *Bertolina*!

Bert. Mourn all that love the Wars, your
Ensigns make

Of *Cypress* now. *Florello's* dead to honor.

Flor. Stay, or I shall grow wild, I would
not have

My soul entic'd through my fond ears.

Repeat your former words,

If I have given you cause of rage, speak it

In rougher accents, yet still wear in your

Memory the cause of my revolt: 'Tis for
Your sake I suffer.

Bert. For my sake! The cause of your re-
volt is

The sad reason that must enforce me to
Disclaim your heart.

Flor. Stay, you are too hasty in your sen-
tence,

Collect your thoughts, and do not thus requite
My bold obsequious love.

Bert. Thou stumblest like the blind; thou
canst not see

Thy fall: Heretofore we lov'd with honor
And ambition; resolv'd to make our issue
Glorious, but now thou hast destroy'd that
hope.

Why should we strive to increase posterity,
Since our Off-spring must needs be disfigur'd
With thy stain.

Flor. 'Tis in thy mercy to absolve my sin,
My honor I'll redeem with noble Fortitude.

Bert. Never! The bold Warriour that hath
deserv'd

Fame, whose Deeds engros'd

All publick noise once feel'd; his victories

Are quite forgot, and he degraded from

The rites of honor. My heart shall share in
this

Thy sufferance, I'll weep

Till I am blind: Th'art now the ruins of

A man, though heretofore, the noblest Sol-
dier

In the World. *Exit.*

Flor. Hah! Never more redeem my lost
honor!

Can the vertuous sin with less presumption

Then the impious? Are all my Trophies

Forfeited for one rash error,

And that provok'd by love? Know cruel Vir-
gin.

Hah, is she gone? She has left me mad, as

The Northern wind in Winter storms. I must
Pursue her, and enforce her to
Relent. O harsh, harsh destiny! *Exit.*

Enter Castracagnio, Meruole, Lizaro,
Ariotto.

Castr. Not in his Tent?

Mer. No Sir, Nor in our Trenches, nor in
our Horse

Quarters. We have fought him with Specta-
cles

And a dark Lanthorn, yet cannot find him.

Castr. Thy mirth is troublesome, I'll not
smile to day.

Florello, where art thou hid? How ill it does
become

Thy title to affect corners,

Unless by a strange ambush captivate,

Or slain by some dire instrument of War.

I cannot guess a cause t'excuse thy absence,

I must delay the Battery, till I

Do hear of thy return, or death. The love

I owe thy merit, makes me suspect with fear. *Exit.*

Mer. *Florello* is the favorite o' th' Camp,
He will be mist with much sorrow. Subjects,
Are the Articles written, I'll subscribe

To nothing that may infringe my Prerogative
Royal.

Ari. We onely want your Marshal silt to
Sign it, and some lawful witnesses

To confirm the Deed.

Mer. *Piracco* shall subscribe as a witness.

Liza. Y'ave lanch'd his Imposthume to
good purpose,
He walks upright now.

Enter Soranzo.

Mer. Do ye hear Subject, I would not be
gul'd

Like a young Heir, I must read my Indenture
ere I sign.

Ari. There Sir, 'tis a kind of Hierogli-
phick.

Sor. My heart begins to tire. Sir I'm bold
To intreat a kindness from you.

Mer. Hah! He does not look like one
would borrow Money.

Sor. I have some encouragement to hope
well from your own promise.

Mer. I lend no Money but upon Mort-
gage, I—

Sor. You mistake my errand.

Mer. I'm glad of it, Sir. You look like a
Voluntier; there's a couple of your own
tribe.

Deprive me of sleep, I cannot steel a wink
In forty hours for 'em, they dwell like thunder

In my ears. Proclaim their necessities

Louder then Cripples in the High-ways, and

I'm tender hearted, I cannot deny 'em alms.

Kkkk 2 *Ari.*

Ari. Ancient, we are thy Sovereign Peers,
and thou
Our Subject now.

Mer. Hark Sir I must obey.

Sor. My demand requires not so much Tyranny,

I onely beg you would be pleas'd to exchange
A Thrust or two in earnest, whilst you Sir
Remember the Glove, I remember your promise.

Mer. A new Subject, Heaven help me from

The Gout, I begin to grow wealthy!

Sor. So Sir, your answer should be noble.

Mer. I am thinking what part of thy Body to
Murder first.

Sor. Ye exceed in Curtesie; but no doubt
Heaven will teach me to be thankful.

Mer. I will not hurt thee when I prick thy heart.

Sor. Oh y'are too kind.

Mer. To make out sport lawful, *Ariol* so
Shall o'ersee our motion, I chuse him
My second.

Ari. 'Death *Ancient*, our new Articles exempt
Me from all Duels.

Mer. The Articles are not yet sign'd.

Sor. This Gentleman says he's descended
From *Amadis de Gaule*; I cannot wish
To chuse a man more noble for my second.

Liza. We shall ne'er be quiet, till Marshal
Law

Admit Suits in Actions of Battery.

Ari. Fret thy Gums in private, we must
haste.

Sor. Nay, I beseech you Sir, it is my pride
To be your follower.

Mer. I do not love to waste my time.

Sor. Sir I should disgrace my breeding,
Pray march, I'm your humble Servant.

Mer. If I prove victorious, I shall return
Your complement true. *Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Bertolina, Florello. She gives him a Ring.

Florello. Is this all the Favor?

Bert. 'Tis a great one
I th' state you are in, so quit the
Town

Without more hazard: You owe me much,
That I have studdied your departure, which
To a person of your quality, were
Not to be expected.

Flor. I'm rewarded.

Bert. You may live *Florello*

To purge the sin of your revolt, and be
Set glorious in opinion, who are now
Left in a dull Eclipse. I would not have
Our Chronicle, remember *Bertolina*
Accessary to the death of your fair name,
When the amazed Reader will in pity.
A Tree so full of Blossoms wither!
You are here out of the Suns true warmth,
Return and prosper.

Flor. Cruel *Bertolina*!

I see thou art a Rock to
Wrack th'unskillful Marriner upon, hast thou
disclos'd thy

Stony nature, when first my unhappy eyes
Admir'd thee, I had steer'd another way,
Or got some other Star to sail by. But
Condemn me still, I'll call home my own
thoughts

That straggle from my reason, to joyn with
Your accusation. I confess I'm faln
Into a depth, hath swallowed up my honor;
And that which makes my suffering infinite,
The love of a frail woman led me to my ruine.
Farewel.

Bert. Deliver that to the Colonel.

Flor. If thou be constant to thy temper;
get

Betimes upon some Battlement, and
See me made a Sacrifice, and too late check
Thy pride, when my last breath shall scorn
Thy name, but expire in prophesying thy un-
kind fate. *Exit.*

Bert. I have been too passionate,
And thoughtless of a common danger, I begin
to find it.

Enter Governor.

Gover. *Bertolina*, where's
Florello? I was told you were in conference;
I hope your wisdom will direct you to
Cherish his design, beside his noble
Thoughts to you; for this great act, he's one
Pisa is much engag'd to.

Bert. I foresee a storm.

Gover. *Florence* hath treasured up
Great hope in him, and *Castracagnia*
The General, with less hazard might have
Parted with half his Army. I counsel *Bertolina*,
That as you had power to draw him to our
side,

So manage him, he may be encouraged
To employ his love to *Pisa*.

Bert. Sir, from you
I learn'd to admire goodness, that
Gives the distinction to Men; without
This, I behold 'em but as Pictures, which

Are

Are flourish'd with a Pensil, to supply
The absence of inward worth, their titles
Like Landskip gracing them onely afar off.

Gover. Thou hast my *genius* to instruct
thee;
All thy thoughts are noble.

Enter Colonel, Ranola.

Bert. The Colonel.

Col. 'Tis done Sir.

Gover. What?

Col. *Florello*.

Gover. What of him?

Col. Is discharged.

Gover. Ha!

Col. By your command, he is dismiss'd the
Town.

Gover. By mine!

Col. This is my warrant.

Bert. *Ranola* th'ast undone me, didst not
tell him

I had something to impart.

Col. I did Madam, but you see the unhappi-
ness.

Gover. *Bertolina*!

Bert. Sir, your pardon; 'tis I must own
the fact, yet hear me.

Gover. Art thou turn'd conspirator?

Bert. But late you thought me worth your
praise, for

Honoring vertue, which we cannot truly,
But we must hate the contrary. *Florello*
Was sick, my Lord, and my sending him hence,
Was to procure his health.

Gover. Astonishment!

Is the morn elder by an hour since
He convers'd with me, I discover'd no sickness
in him!

Bert. To me it did; I saw him
Laboring with a disease, did fright my very soul.

Gover. Give it a name.

Bert. An Hospital has none
So full of horror, he has an Ulcer growing
Upon his fame, made him appear full of
Deformity: Shall *Foscari's* Daughter
Cherish a man that comes to court her love,
Spoil'd of his honor? When he has wash'd,
the stain

Contracted by revolting hither, I'll
Look on him with glad eyes, and call him lover
Till then, I shut him from my thoughts.

Gover. As I
Will *Bertolina*, from my sight, I could
Devorce thee from my Blood, and disclaim all
That pleads for nature in me: Take her a way,
Confine her ere she speak again, and tempt
me

To forget my self. Hath your nicety
Betray'd so rich a hope as *Pisa* had
In a few minutes? Hence, or I shall make
Death the punishment of your stay.

Carry in *Bertolina*.

Col. My Lord.

Gover. Be glad your error hath so good a
Plea,

You had been lost else. Tell me *Colonel*,
Dost not expect *Florello* will return
Circled in a flame, melting our Walls for
This affront done by a giddy Woman?

Col. We may joyn fire to his, but Sir, your
noble

Daughter.

Gover. Do not beget suspicion,
Thou hast practis'd Treason with her, she is
Too near me, we all suffer; and in this
Pisa shall see my Justice.

Exeunt.

Enter Meruole, Soranzo, Lizaro,
Ariotto, in the Field.

Mer. Hang Physick, that prescribes the
Spring and Fall,
For opening of a Vein for the health of Ho-
nor.

Ith' Dog-days we may bleed, or ith' depth
Of Winter. Here's an excellent place.
How many ounces wilt thou spare *Soranzo*?
Thou shalt bleed physically.

Sor. I thank you Sir, you are a noble Sur-
geon,

I'll not limit you art, I've your promise,
To employ it to my honor.

Mer. We'll fight the French way, shall's?

Liza. The French.

Ari. I never try'd that Duel.

Sor. We must abide it.

Mer. Let's to't *Pelmel* then.

Liza. Pox a this *Pelmel*,
I was in hope they would have kil'd one
Another opportunely, and given us
Leasure to think on't, I have it, I'll let fall my
Sword.

Ari. Remember then.

Mer. *Soranzo*, tell me where I shall hit
thee now.

Sor. Let your skill direct you.

Liza. Now I forget thee *Ariotto*.

Ari. But howsoever remember to let fall
your weapon,
I am now thy enemy; guard thy heart, re-
member

The reverse.

Mer. Pox a thee, how dost thou fight,
here, canst not

Hit me here? Make a *Punto*.

Sor. You must have patience.

Mer. Death, what a child th'art, do I
encounter

With a Pigmy, put home thy Bulrush, I'll
Cleave thy Teeth Button, prethee fight.
Pox a thee, how thou liest?

Ari. Heart, your Rapier justified my Ribs,
let fall;

D'ye long to see Crimson?

Liza.

Liza. 'Tis against my will, as I am a Christian,
I cannot let fall yet with honor.

Ari. I bleed !

Liza. Are you in earnest ?

Mer. How now ?

Sor. Does your arm ache ? Or have you the
cramp

In your fingers ?

Mer. I cannot govern my weapon, thou
hast

Prick'd my wrist ; where learn'd you
This Surgery ? Pox upon these Rapier-Bod-
kins,

I cannot fight.

Sor. I may take my leave then, *Morrow*
Ancient,

You have oblig'd me, in

Time I may become a Duellist, I shall

Cherish your instructions — *Exit.*

Mer. Vengeance a your gratitude !
'Death, must I

Fl. sh you all, till I am made a Taylors
Bottom, to be stuck thus with your Needles.

Ha ! By this oiler-hole, they fight too, are
valiant !

Hold ! Our quarrel's ended, y'are both well.

Liza. Well ! Yes, I am not sick, there's no
pain

In fighting.

Mer. Let me kiss you Rogues.

Ariot. What Rascals were we to be Co-
wards, I

Do feel my self valiant now. Is all
Agreed ; where's your enemy ?

Mer. Oh ! we parted friends, and he has
left

Me a remembrance about my wrist to
Wear for's sake, he has stab'd a finew.

U'ye not see me left-handed, I have
Made you both Soldiers, teach your hams
Humility, and thank me for't.

Ari. Now I think on't *Ancient,* you wear
A felt of mine, 'tis too conspicuous,
It cost me coyn in *Florence,* Moneys too
Must be restor'd.

Mer. How ?

Ari. I do not know whether my valor be
Quotidian, the fit is now upon me.

Liza. Do *Ariotto,* it is well thought on,
Some trifles too of mine, *Mernole,* y'are
In my debt for. But put 'em in thy Schedule,
I have accounts with another Gentleman,
I'll presently search for him. *Exit.*

Mer. Why thou Dogbolt, shall I recant
and swear

My opinion back again. Dost not see
My right hand useless.

Ari. Would 'twere otherwise,
I thirst to exercise my new valor
Upon some body.

Mer. W'you shall have my place of flesh-
ing

Gentlemen, you see there's something to be
Gor by't. *Exeunt*

Enter Castracagnio, Florello, Piracco,
Soldiers.

Castr. Thou hast been cruel to thy self *Fl-
rello,* thy revolt

Hath cancel'd all, hadst thou piled up desert
To Heaven, this crime o'erthrows it.

Flo. Seem not to make it

Your sorrow, noble General, that I

Am come to die ; I have committed

Sin to the earth I tread, whose dust wou'd

Conspire and hang upon my guilty foot

To apprehend me ; my own colours bluish

I have forsaken them : And where before

I drew my courage from that red, whose sight
Paid back my loss of Blood, and through my
eyes

Supplied my veins ; they now wave death and
paleness

To welcome my return.

Castr. Why didst not wander

In any part of the wild Earth, no ground

But this, would have disturbed thee.

Flo. And to this,

Which I've offended, I'm come to make

My justification, and to ware those titles

I've all this while usurped. Opinion

Hath been too partial in my undertakings

And betray'd honors to me ; can you think

My actions were directed but by

Chance, or that success did more then mock
you

To steal belief that I was valiant.

Take back your thoughts.

Pira. Was ever Faith so cozen'd,
I held him a brave fellow.

Flo. How *Piracco,*

You held him a brave fellow ! Am I grown

So cheap in my humility, you should dare

To censure me ? Hath two or three attempts ;

(Children of Madness rather, and Dispair,

Then discreet Valor, and bold Manhood)
rais'd you

To such an impudence, you dare conclude

Me, or my worth, that thou were worthy to

Grapple for Fame, upon a whirlwind with me,

Shouldst see — But I am fallen below my self

To talk to such a Land-Rat.

Castr. *Piracco* you forget your self ; re-
sume your temper.

Pira. I took him at his word.

Flo. I am cold again, your pardons Sir,
and Heavens.

It does not become a dying man to boast

His Fame ; *Piracco,* I forgive thee, had

I look'd upon my present guilt, though

I am my own accuser, I had suffered

Thy affront with smoothness, I am no more
the man I was.

I was a Soldier, but the stock of shame

And

And calumny ; traytor to honor, and
My Country ; deny me now not that justice
You give to every poor and base offender.
I emlore death, and in the sight of *Pisa*,
To whom, in friendship, I appeared hateful ;
Divorce my Rebel-Soul, least my own hands
Grow mutinous, and take your justice from
you.

Cast. What Motive was so strong to ravish
you

From us to *Pisa*.

Flor. You are come to that
Will convert your wonder, and me
To paleness, when I name the cause of my
Revolt.

Pira. I ever thought so.

Flor. You thought, bold interrupter,
Passion abuses me, take that which in
Delivery must wound me ; Love was the
Witch that drew me from my arms.

Cast. Love ! What Creature ?

Flor. I'll tell you that, so you'll command
the Soldiers
To be in readiness to kill me.

Cast. On.

Flor. Her Hairs were *Cupids* Nets, a Fore-
head like
The fairest Front of Heaven, without a Cloud ;
Her Eye-browe was Loves Bow, while either
Eye

Were Arrows drawn to wound ; her Tongue
was

Loves Lightning, Neck the Milky-path or
Throne

Where sat the Graces.

Cast. You describe her well.

Flor. Yet all this beauty
Hang on her but like Pendants on a Grave,
To make the Monument glorious ; for her
Heart

Was cold and buried in her, she was dead
To Gratitude, so far from rewarding
My bold enterprise, she punish'd it
With scorn ; and as I had been a person
Carried infection, she made me be
Excluded and sent back to bear the stain
Of my dishonor home, to awake your
Severity for my rash sin of loving
Woman, unworthy Woman !

Cast. Do ye love her still.

Flor. I feel that flame quenching every
minute,

I can die without desiring life to
Enjoy that Marble piece ; I am as weary
Of her, as of my self, having undone
My fame, past all example ; and the strength
Of your Commission gives me glad assurance
I am short lived.

Cast. O noble *Florello* !

I could weep for thee, were it manly ; how
Strangely love invades without distinction
Of equality. Thus the bold *Grecian*
At the Siege of *Troy*, grew weary of his Arms

For fair *Brides* : Thus *Cleopatra*
Did captivate the great *Roman* Soul, till
Too much of her memory made him lose
His own. But rise *Florello* from thy dull
Sleep, be disincharmed, and resume thy
Valors flame ; I'm proud thy fate made thee
offend,

Th'art pardoned, exercise thy free command,
As Honor should direct.

Flor. Oh you are

Injust, and do commit offence in mercy,
As great as my revolt, by all our Laws —
By that service in the *Grisons* War, when
Providence directed me to come to
Your rescue ; when your Valor had
Engaged you upon multitudes. Let me
Beg, not to out-live this infamy.

Cast. This Plea seems
Most unnatural, desist, let me
Expect to see you in my Tent.

Flor. Not die ? *Piraco* shall I be so mis-
erable

To live ; have you no Friendship to intreat.

Pira. I did urge him privately while
You were discoursing, but he would not grant
it.

Flor. I resolve not to
Be neglected so ; if he deny
Me one, there is a thousand ways to die —

Pira. I, do so. Why now I'm of another
humor,

I never found my self more apt to cherish
Life : Hang this noise of immortality,
I ha'not the same Appetite I had
To trade with danger, my Conscience would
Need dispensation to take
My leave of Gun-powder, and *Pelmel*, hum !
I cannot conjure up this Devil Valor,
That us'd to roar so in me.

Enter *Mernole*, *Ariotto*.

Ari. Nay nay, faith *Ancient*.

Mer. Not a skirt !

Ari. Some restitution were fair —

Mer. No, not the Wing of a Cossack.

Pira. 'Tis my Surgeon *Mernole*, Hum —

Ari. Return my Duckets then.

Mer. Not a clipt *Doit* ; good temptation
leave,

And 'twere the Dukes treasure, 'tis all damn'd :
Talk of restoring in a Camp, O Herefie !

Ari. How ?

Mer. Yes, and condemn'd by a Council of
War. They
Have Cannons, you believe are dangerous
To those that break 'em.

Pira. What if I mix with 'em, and maintain
The opinion they hold of me.

Ari. Must I lose all ?

Mer. No, you shall lose nothing but the
Principal,

I'll give you honest Ufe.

Ari. What's that?

Mer. Why? for instance, this Dutch Felt was yours,

I'll use it for you gratis; for your Duckets; They are used so much already, they are quite Worn out.

Pira. I'm resolved.

Mer. Why, you Malt-worm, shall I ha' nothing for

Fleshing of you: Who, the Pox, made you fight!

And I had known it, you should ha' still continued

My dear Revenue, and been Coward till Y'ad stunk us from the Trenches.

Ari. 'Tis truth.

Mer. Bring Law terms into the Camp, And talk of honesty and restitution, I'll first be stifled in my Colours.

Ari. Well, th'art noble, I give thee A general release.

Pira. Ancient, how is't? I thank thy Surgery, I am

No Cripple now, *Ariotto*; When didst see my Subject.

Enter Lizaro.

Liza. Oh! Have I found you.

Pira. How now Weezel, whether art thou creeping?

Here's no Hens Nest.

Liza. I have a note for you Captain.

Pira. 'Death, a Challenge?

Liza. A small note for you, I expect an answer;

Ancient, you shall be witness.

Mer. Who signs, is't a Bond? We'll share then.

Ari. What didst deliver to *Piracco*?

Pira. *Imprimis*, A Beaver, ha! *Item*, Two Laced Ruffs, a Pair of Boots; the Inventory of the things I took from him: A Belt, one Holland Shirt plain, another with Seaming-Lace — What's this?

Liza. Commodities that were lent you; you shall

Find ready money at the ballance of the Bill; Captain, these odd reckonings Between you and I, must be cleared.

Mer. Observe 'em.

Pira. Put in that Hat and Feather, and sum't up,

I'll discharge all together.

Liza. So you'll put me in other security.

Pira. Ha! Will he fight? Come I was not serious,

Take your Bonnet and be covered.

Mer. How now Gentleman, what's the difference?

Pira. He brings his Bill, and requires back his Loan

And Subsidies for Beating. Shall I mince thee With thy own Sword;

And like an *Anthropomphagus* devour thee, Thou Rabbet Sucker.

Mer. I, do *Piracco*, scourge him As Boys do Tops; or make him dance The *Irish* Hey, over a Field of Thistles Naked. Why dost not draw?

Pira. *Mervole*, dost not know me? Shall I destroy

The wild thing? Prethee make him sensible What 'tis to enrage me.

Mer. That I will.

Ari. Faith, restore Captain.

Mer. Do you mean to beballaded when you come

To *Florence*. Why d'ye extend your arm forth Like a Fencers sign? Fight or expect no Weapon hereafter, but a Dog-whip to Be advanced against you.

Liza. Will not your Captainship shew your Steel, because you once

Did make a noise, and brave it? Do not tempt

My patience, give me back my Moneys, And put me in good Sureties for my Wardrobe,

Or by this Flesh I'll pink you.

Pira. He is converted, why dost here Squirrel,

What Composition.

Ari. *Mer.* Compound!

Pira. 'Faith *Ancient*, I ha' done him wrong, and

Because I see he's noble, I'll return Some of the trifles.

Liza. Observe me, I will have all, and more Then all; I will not now be satisfied, Unless you fight.

Pira. Why then, be necessary to thy death.

Mer. So, so, too't Bullies.

Pira. I scorn to fight with such a Coward.

Liza. Coward! Thou liest. Come back, you shall not part so.

Pira. That wont provoke me.

Mer. Can there be greater provocation In Nature? He's posselt with a tame Devil.

Pira. Hold, I cannot fight.

Liza. I'll try that.

Pira. There's my Sword, I am disarmed.

Both. Ha! Give up's Weapon!

Liza. This is somewhat.

Mer. Captain Cow! Let's carry him to *Bagola*,

And ha' him drest against Dinner.

Ari. This is a miracle!

Mer. Are you the Doughty Captain that did talk

Nothing but Batteries, Famine, Death, And all the sad Remonstrances of War?

Let us search him, and his Soul be not crept Into one of's Pockets.

Liza.

Liza. I am not satisfi'd,
Since thou wou'd not fight, I'll know the
cause

Makes thee degenerate. Nimble deliver—

Pira. Gentlemen, (for it cannot be conceal'd)

Mervole made me a Coward.

Mer. I ! Thou fought'st with me.

Pira. The Imposthume which your Sword
happ'd to launch,

Let out my valor ; truth is, the pain of that
made

Me desperate, not valiant. Since
I feel my self to have a sound Body,

I am loth to endanger it.

Mer. Did this advance you from a Cor-
poral,

To be a Captain? I perceive some men
Thrive by Diseases, then besides Physicians.

Was I the Surgeon to do this feat too?

Pira. I beseech you Gentlemen.

Ari. I hav't ! You shall now be my Sub-
ject.

Liza. Yours ! That were precious ! No,
hands off, he's mine

For my discovery.

Mer. Release your titles Gentlemen,
My Surgery is unpaid for, give him gently
To my possession, or try the agility
Of your left arms : 'Tis not for your honors
To deal upon unequal terms, and my
Right hand is useless now.

Ari. Fight with left hands.

Mer. Or he that hath Arithmetick enough,
Divide him into three equal portions.

Pira. I am content,
Kind Gentlemen.

Liza. Oh thou Mungrel !

Ari. I have a way to reconcile all ; lets
Draw Lots whose Subject he shall be.

Mer. A match, and let him make 'em, for
he may

Preserve his flesh nimble then.

Liza. Well thought on.

Mer. Is there no motion in you.

Pira. Yes— *Ancient*, I wish I may fall to
Your power, you'll use me nobly.

Ari. When?

Pira. I am preparing, here Gentlemen !

Mer. The longest cut enjoy him.

Pira. Who must be my Sovereign?

Ari. He's *Mervoles*.

Mer. You yield he's mine.

Liza. 'Tis your fate Sir.

Mer. First let me see,

Gentlemen, I must request your absence
For a few minutes ; I have a stratagem
Would have a little privacy, or I shall
Desire to see you at my Hut ; nay, I
Beseech you Gentlemen.

Both. Farewel then,
We'll expect you.

Ari. Farewel.

Mer. There is a ceremony to be us'd Cap-
tain,

You must give me formal possession,
By delivery of your clean Shirt : D'ye
Observe me, mine is somewhat foul, quickly !

Pira. Oh noble *Ancient*, Ah.

Mer. Make a shift, come.

Pira. By this light *Ancient*, I see company,
Leave me not naked to the world.

Mer. Retire then behind the next Tree,
under

Pretence to ease Nature, you may doff it.
Mend your pace Tortoise.

Pira. Oh Tyranny !

Exeunt.

Enter Florello his Sword drawn.

Flor. To live is but to walk to death, why
then

Should we not take the nearest way, since that
We make the period of our Pilgrimage ?

But we are wanton, and affect the path
That keeps us circles in mortality,
When the least declination, would teach us
To die, and know, our errors.

Enter Soranzo.

Sor. My noble Lord,

Flor. Welcome *Soranzo*, there is pitty now
In Heaven, I give my self up hopeless
To have a friend in my necessities,
To do me the kind office, I'm a prisoner.

Sor. A prisoner !

Flor. A prisoner to the World, and thou
shalt set me free.

Sor. You are full of mystery, I understand
you not.

Flor. This will instruct thee, aim it at my
bosom,

And I will praise thee, when I'm dead.

Sor. D'ye court me

To be a murderer. How long has life
Been such a burden to you.

Flor. Wot thou not,

Cure my wound then.

Sor. You would have me make one.

Flor. There is else no physick for me,
Prethee be charitable and do't *Soranzo* ;
'Tis but extending of thy arm, and touch me,
And I shall drop down like an Autumn leaf,
Without a murmur.

Sor. Why are you so cruel, name a cause
That can require me to commit so great
Injustice.

Flor. I will tell thee, if't be possible,
I may believe thy ignorance. Oh *Soranzo* !
That action which thy friendship made thee
yield to

Murder'd my fame. Now it is no secret
To tell thee, Love, like a wild Passion
Transported me to *Pisa*.

Sor. Ha, love to *Pisa* !

LIII

Flc

Flor. Why dost start, I know I am thy wonder.

Here I was but a walking shadow, for
My heart was lock'd up there with *Bertolina*,
Foscar's Daughter.

Sor. *Bertolina*!

Flor. Thou hast a troubled countenance;
has that name

Power to recal thy blood, dost know her?

Sor. Yes.

Flor. How old is thy acquaintance, or
what cause

Brought thee unto the knowledge— Thou
dost not

Love her.

Sor. I ne'er was guilty of a sin to hate
So fair a Lady.

Flor. There's danger in thy words, 'twill
not be safe

To converse further with me, yet I'll tell thee,
Had the great Duke of *Tuscanny* receiv'd
Encouragement to love her, and had made
His crown and wealth the subtle Orators
To plead for him; the venture that I made
Would buy her from his arms, and force her
through

The wealth and treasures, like neglected things
Behind her noble thoughts; his name not de-
serving

To be remembered that day that *Florell's*
Was in her memory, had her heart in Dower
The Universal Graces of her sex,
Ages to come would call my act too great
A price for't, and the purchase dearly bought:
Yet she refus'd.

Sor. Her heart, my Lord, may be,
Was not her own to give.

Flor. What dost thou say *Soranzo*?

Sor. Pardon, my Lord,
The freedom of my language; or but hear it,
Though you grow furious, and destroy me af-
ter.

'Tis my unhappiness to affect that Lady
The trouble of whose fate, invited me
To mingle with your Troups, when *Pisa* held
Friendship with *Florence*.

Flor. No more, I have a rival then! How
dare

Thy fortune be so saucy, get thee from
My sight, a minute will endanger thee.
My afflictions come tumbling like waves
Upon me, there's another lost, my friend;
Yer still I live, and must, unless I teach
My hand to murder. Ha! blessed remem-
brance!

The Battery, 'tis not in the power of death
To avoid me, 'twill be some revenge to die
The example of a Ladies cruelty. *Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter Piracco, Ariotto, Lizari.

Ariotto. **H**ow does the *Ancient*?

Pira. My Tyrant is in
health Sir.

Liza. What, you have
exchanged Wardrobes already.

Pira. We have both one Tailor,
And Landrefs, I thank him he puts forth my
Linnen for me; but for shame I could
Shew you the naked truth; was ever Captain
so prey'd upon.

Ari. Captain, Ha' not the Rats gnawn off
that title yet.

Pira. The *Ancient* does purpose to devour
me first,
And then he'll leave that for the Vermine.

Liza. Th'art justly punished for thy tyran-
nizing o'er us.

Ari. This 'tis to be a coward.

Pira. Alas, 'tis none of my fault.

Liza. How! Not thy fault.

Ari. Whose then?

Pira. 'Tis an error in nature, I cannot
Help it, I could wish it otherwise;
I have disputed with my heart about it,
But have no satisfaction, I've endeavored
Always, that men prescribe to make it valiant.

I ha' been drunk three times, a purpose, since
My last kick, wherein I have attempted
To make a noise, and roar, but hardly can
Conjure up my spirit, able to put
A Mouse in to a fear, that nibbles
A'th Knap sack for the Cheese in't, or a
Weezel

That lies Perdue for a Hens Nest. I ha' not
So much Blood left in me to blush.

Ari. It seems so *Lizaro*; such things were
we once.

Pira. Pray Gentlemen speak to the *An-
cient*

To use me with more gentleness, and I had
been

So happy to ha' been a Subject

To either of you, my life would not have
Been so burthenome.

Ari. And thou beest weary of thy life;
why do you not

Turn desperate as before, and fight?

Liza. H'as no Imposthume now.

Ari. Let him feed on Polecats,
And get one; there be things that die in
Ditches,

And other nasty food to breed diseases.

I see the generation of his valor
Must rise out of corruption.

Liza. Does he use you then with such severity, no mitigation!

Pira. I have a privilege,
He's here Gentlemen.

*Enter Meruole drinking Tobacco,
Bagola.*

Bag. Here they are: Ha! *Piracco* by his
Physiomy,
But ancient *Meruole* by the garb.
I observ'd not this before; what, disguised
Captain?

Liza. What health *Meruole*?

Pira. *Bagola* we are all one,
Do they not fit, we change habits often.
But that he has
The greater bush hangs at his Tavern face,
We might easily be mistaken,
Thou Lady o'th' Lake: A Pox a whispering.
Meruole, shall I play the Farrier, and Drench
you for the fullens.

Liza. This is pretty.

Mer. I do allow him this, or rather he
Allows himself; for he pays for't heartily,
That's his comfort.

Pira. Go bring a Barrel hither; why?
when you *Scolopendra*
Gentlemen now plead for me, I beseech you
noble *Exit Bagola.*
Ancient, you see how ready I am to
Observe you, you might be pleas'd to take
Compassion on my Fortune. I confess
I ha' deserved infamy, but my Stars
Are to be accus'd as well as I.

Mer. Does he not speak like one that's
taking leave
A top o'th' Ladder, and bequeathing precepts
To the young fry, that come to see him swing.
To avoid pilfering, and playing at Dice
With Coffer-mongers for Oranges,
And such like ungracious counsel.

Ari. *Ancient*, do him some favor for our
sakes. See how he looks.

Mer. I ha' seen a Dog
Look like him that has drawn a Wicker Bottle
Ratling about the street, and leering
On both sides, where to get a corner,
To bite his tail off.

Enter Bagola.

Bag. Captain here.

Pira. Art thou come *Proserpine*, here my
Bullies,

A health to *Agamemnon*.

Liza. The Captain's sprightly, and talks big
again.

Pira. 'Death, I'll not spare you *Ancient*,
what a *Glincher*,

Quaff it off *Mulciber*, or I'll force it down
Your Channel, how now! Thou King of Spar-
rows,

But wet your Bill so; what *Ar iotto*,
In contemplation, begin, begin,
I'll pledge thee Mushrom!

Ari. I have not sign'd you any such Com-
mission.

Pira. Th'art a *Trojan*, I hug thee *Lizaro*,
drink.

Liza. Let it go round. *Exit Bagola.*

Pira. Courteous *Ancient* release me, name
My ransom, deliver me from these Agues;
These violent fits, which I am forced to
For honors sake, may much endanger me.

Mer. Why have you not a noble privilege
To bark thus to my face; the great *Turk* with
All his *Janisaries* would not be
Permitted to make this noise; besides, you
know

I have but half your pay yet, that's a business
To be consid'ed on; for I do find,
I cannot without loss afford you so
Much impudence for the price; therefore ob-
serve me.

I here before these Gentlemen depute,
And fully authorise you to receive for me,
Your entire pay, with all and singular,
The emoluments that shall accrew unto
The Captainship, and to oblige your truth
And honesty in Accounts, during pleasure,
You shall receive the just title of your pension,
Together with acquittance

Pira. How shall I live?

Mer. On Sallades, Catter-pillers, and whol-
some Roots,

To suffice nature; quench your thirst with
Pippins
Instead of mighty Wine, surfeit with Cloves
Of Garlick, or eat Horf-bread, and so grow
hearty.

Pira. Is this all?

Mer. 'Tis more then I'll be at the charge
of to,
Now I think on't, you shall cashier your com-
pany.

Pira. How?

Mer. Pretend thou hast a Father lies a dy-
ing,
Worth thousands, though he served a Pren-
tiship

To a Botcher, and with broken ends of Fel-
lony,

Never could patch up Ten pounds together.
I'll procure thy freedom, th'ast a tunable voice
To beg, and tell Camp lies in,
'Tmay raise you to a fortune; or if you carry
Home the full number of your Limbs, you may
Creep into some Kitchin service, and in time
Be Dog controulour.

Within. Arm, arm!

'Death, the words given, heigh a Battery!

Ari. *Liza.* A Battery!

Exeunt.

L I I I 2

Enter

Enter Governor, Colonel, Soldiers.

Col. They have already dismounted our Cannon.

Gover. Make another Sally.

Col. They fight like Men were greedy of destruction,
They weary our Artillery.

Enter Soldier.

Sold. The Out-works are all spoil'd, the Sconce taken,
And they come on like Furies.

Gover. Have you care to prevent the danger Of the Petards, the Devil is not able To resist those Engines, if they once fasten Upon the Gates; courage, to the Walls, and Die with honor. *Exeunt.*

Enter Castracagnio, Ariotto, Lizaro, &c.

Castr. Florello hath done wonders, if he survive the danger of The breach. On Gentlemen Pursue your victory. *Exeunt.*

Enter Soranzo.

Sor. Pisa is bleeding!
Florello has done things above a Man,
He flies about like flame, and consumes all
His anger meets with; nor is Bertolina
Safe now. Angels guard her from his fury,
I languish till I see her. *Exit.*

Enter Meruole beating Piracco, Colours.

Mer. March on, you Bear-whelp.

Pira. Good Ancient, is not the Town taken already.

Mer. I'll ha' thee cram'd into a Cannon, and
Shot back again to Florence.

Pira. If I be slain, you'll lose a Subject of me.

Mer. You shall stand by, and catch the Bullets then: On, on. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bertolina, Ranola.

Ran. O Madam, if I be kill'd with one of The Pellets, I'll take my death on't, 'tis your Fault, and you had staid Florello, you had Been secure from Guns.

Bert. I am unhappy,
And onely fit for death, Heaven protect My Father, though his anger punished me With restraint, I'll pray for him. Florello, Bring home thy justice to my heart, and save The innocent.

Enter Soranzo, and Keeper.

Sor. Not admitted, there's reward For your officiousness.

Ran. He has knock'd down our Keeper.

Bert. Soranzo!

Sor. I know not Madam, with what words to call

Your fears up, nor to give expression To my sad embassie; you may tell your self If you but read my countenance, wherein Is character'd a sorrow for your fate.

Florello hath taken Pisa.

Bert. Proceed.

Sor. The duty that I ow to your command, Imboldens grief, and gives alacrity, Even to horror, I am come Lady, A sad Harbinger to take a Lodging up For Death, that now is borrowing Wings of Time

To hasten hither Florello, you have Made too late your cruel enemy, who If ever fear did prophesie, 'tis yet But in the way to his revenge. He led Up forces to this Battery.

Bert. Pray omit Circumstance, be particular with what I am to expect.

Sor. 'Tis concluded in a syllable, Death!

Bert. And so is Life.

You might have been less tedious Soranzo, I Never held my self immortal.

Sor. When Do you grow pale, and curse the Messenger That frightened you.

Bert. Heaven avert so great Impiety! This Relation doth Not deserve such ingratitude.

Sor. That vertue should like the Phoenix, Kindle fires with her own Wings, And fan her ashes to a second life; But when thy breath, sweeter then Spices That wait on the others Funeral, shall return To Heaven, the World must be an eternal loser. O Bertolina, do not account me So unhappy, that I came onely to Prepare thy Obsequies, my ambition Is not to outlive that fatal minute. I have no other use of life, and you Cannot deny him Grace in Death, whom you have

Coldly honored for his living service; And if my love may hope for so much glory, That you will but name Soranzo, with one Kind accent at your death. We are interrupted.—

Enter Florello, with a Case of Pistols.

Flor. The zeal I had to be a Sacrifice, Hath been the loss of Pisa, and I walk As I were proof against all the Engines

Of War and Death. Hah! Into what place of Horror, hath my wildness brought me? Art Not thou *Soranzo*? That *Bertolina*?

Bert. We are.

Flor. To what affliction will fate reserve me Next? Did Death distrust his power to kill, And left me for this object? More prodigious Than the fam'd Gorgon.

Here be the Adders that convert to Marble, The inconsiderate gazer.

Bert. Florello!

Flor. And had *Soranzo* ta'en possession Of her Soul! Excluded all my merit? Thou hast deceived him, *Bertolina* is Now Lord of both your destinies, pray quickly, I must dispatch a pair of Messengers To inform your hearts that I'm injured, And you shall both die.

Bert. 'Tis not to live I beg, I'm not covetous of breath,

When *Florelo* thinks the air too Great a benefit for *Bertolina*.

I know there will be time, when Nature will Be sick and die; and all that we affect, Must be resigned, forgotten when the dust Carries no figure of our pride. I am Desirous now to meet your wrath, and mix With *Pisa's* friends. I would not survive them To have a new solemnity, and mourn My Virgin-Widowhood; but as you would Leave your fame precious to posterity, Let not your fury be unjust, but save This young man.

Sor. Why are you cruel to imploy your breath

To make me wretched by your white Soul, Then which, the World knows no purer Altar? Life shall not hinder me the Triumph to Wait on you *Florelo* shall not strike More daringly, then I can meet his Thunder. Yet if he be not lost to Piety, He'll spare this Temple; which to violate, Were not to leave a sin hereafter to Be call'd a Sacrilege.

Flor. Their Souls are knit, what will become of me.

Now to divorce them, were rude impiety. Here take you that, assure your

Gives them Pistols.

Safety, and destroy me first, for I find I shall have no mercy on you. Faint Not, least I resume my Vengeance, and Seal your eternal absence. Will you not Remove my dwelling, and secure your loves. Be wise and active, Do you hold Death too great a favor? I'll live then till I can find out a punishment Above life; and to encrease my affliction,

Gives her to Soranzo.

Live, and be anothers, I resign all my Claim, take her, thou hast possess'd her heart Before me, I give thee but her hand. Live, and each day renew the marriage

Of a chaste Love, time *Soranzo* which Shall only serve to wither me, make thee Happy in her. I forgive you! and Bow to my own fate, it hath o'ercome me; But do not make a mockery of my tameness.

Sor. O nobleness, which can never be admir'd

Enough in our dull age! Posterity Shall call this act their wonder! O Lady, We enter now upon our lives, I am Nothing but joy, my *Bertolina*!

Flor. So I'll now go seek out some forsaken Earth,

And there grow old in Prayers, that I may Forget you both, and my own name. Farewel.

Bert. Carry not, Sir, the burthen of a sin Beyond that you suppose we have committed, To afflict you in your solitude, y'are guilty Of a robbery, ere you part Make noble restitution.

Flor. To whom, Ha!

Bert. It is injustice to dispose of wealth That others have a right to, but without The owners consent, is tyranny. You have made

Gift of my heart to *Soranzo*, whom Though I honor, yet I have not plac'd So near it, that it should incorporate With his: And is not this a theft upon My liberty.

Sor. How's this?

Flor. Hah!

Bert. And yet not mine, pardon me *Florelo*, I have it but in trust; nor have ye power, Were I dying, to bequeath it as a Legacy to any, would you take The trouble which you late pretended to Search, I believe you'd find written there The name that owed it.

Flor. Why d'ye perplex me?

Bert. Ye are incredulous. By all the lives of Virgins that have left their Memories, Religious for their Chastity, The Needle Is not more constant to the North, then my Heart full of obedience unto you; Nor can it know a change, It having despaired long since, ever to find One like *Florelo* to cherish it.

Sor. My happiness has been a dream.

Flor. Play not the Syren.

Bert. Fear urgeth no confession, could I be Other, you have dis-engaged my vows. You were not charitable, to construe My desires to preserve your fame unstained (Which made you first precious to me) a Revolt in my affection; 'twas a jealousy I could not miss, and love you.

Flor. Am I not turn'd to a Statue?

Bert. *Soranzo*, as th'art a Gentleman, I challenge thee

To accuse me, if in thy encouragement To love, I have infringed my vows to him, Was ever a faint syllable let fall

To make you hope for it.

Sor. I have made too greedy application,
And find my error.

Flo. By degrees I'll come
To the belief on't; let me touch thy hand,
It is my own again, this kiss I seal'd
At parting, she has preserv'd the impression
For me. I do feel the very breath
I lent it, return back, as if she suspected
I should miscarry in the War, and kept it
Warm, to do a miracle
Upon me, and renew life. Shall I call thee
My *Bertolina*?

Bert. Not to be yours, now
You have recovered fame were to be lost
For ever, be you so just, to
Acknowledge me; or if your despise——

Flo. Not for the wealth of *Florence*, were
it made

The Worlds Exchequer, Divine Harmony
Dwells on thy words. I am now created.
Soranzo, why dost look upon my bliss
With such a melancholly brow? Thou hast
Lost nothing; if thou enviest me, let us
Dissect each other instantly, that she
May see whose heart doth best deserve her.

Bert. Goodness forbid!

Sor. I am o'ercome with both your Noble-
ness,

And I should make my memory scorned, to
With misfortune to your loves. You have
Power o'er my life, as her virtues have o'er
My passion. With a free-soul I wish
All joy crown your Union, I am content
To wear the Willow now.

Enter *Castracagnio*, Governor, *Meruole*,
Ariotto, *Lizara*, *Piracco*.

Cast. The remnant of the common facti-
on

We have power to banish, be't proclaim'd,
that

The Town must now admit our Garisons,
You, my Lord, must to *Florence*.

Gover. Use your power.

Cast. You shall find it honorable.

Bert. My Father!

Cast. *Florello*, to thy valor our triumph is
indebted.

Gover. The City mourns, thy folly hath
defaced

Her goodly Structures, and turn'd her Monu-
ments

Into a rude pile. We are all lost!

Flo. You have found a son, though not to
recompence

The publick sorrow; yet to make it seem
Less or more sufferable, we are your children.

Gover. Ha!

Cast. My Lord, a happy Omen to close up
Our Wars!

Will a Sun-shine take away the storm.

Flo. It doth a little alter the complexion,
And makes it appear smiling.

Gover. Rise and be happier then I. Ah Girl,
This should have been done earlier.

Cast. I do congratulate you both, and
With plenty of joys dwell on you.

Mer. Please your excellence——

Flo. Your are too silent Sir, and apprehend
Too deeply what has past, look on the present
State of things, and then you shall have cause
to

Conform to the Dukes will.

Gover. You shall o'ercome.

Cast. Is't possible?

Mer. These Gentlemen, who to their ho-
nor be't mentioned,
Were his cowards, and paid him tribute, till
they found

The commodity of fighting for their liberties
Shall witness his apostacy, if he dare but
Spit in defiance of this truth.

Pira. 'Tis a miserable truth, but I am
punished for't already.

Cast. As the opinion of his courage
Prefer'd him from a Corporal, his known
cowardise

Degrades him from all offices in War.

Take thou his Company.

Pira. I beseech——

Cast. Come, noble Pair, your marriage
Shall be presently solemnized. *Foscari*
Assure your self, I'll labor to procure
Your pardon of the mighty Duke of *Florence*.
Now *Pisa* put off thy mourning,
And gather up thy drops of Blood again,
That all may dance to th' Musick of this Peace;
Let Bridal tunes sound high, now the Drums
cease.

Exeunt omnes

The Fair Favorite.

The Persons of the Play.

King	_____	
Philemo	_____	} Two Statesmen.
Radegond	_____	
Oramont	_____	Brother to <i>Eumena</i> .
Amadore	_____	His Friend.
Thorello	_____	A Travell'd Gentleman.
Saladine	_____	} Courtiers.
Aleran	_____	
Soldiers	_____	
Old Courtiers	_____	
Boy	_____	
Queen	_____	
Eumena	_____	The Fair Favorite.
Gartha	_____	Eumena's Waiting Woman.
3 Court Ladies	_____	

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Saladine, Aleran, Thorello.

Aleran. **T**Roth thou art now a pretty
toy of state,
Art grown as Grave, and hast
as great a share
Of business in thy looks, as an old Legate
Sent to a Land of Hereticks; Ambassadors
Of Spain compar'd to thee, are meer French
posts,
Dispatch'd with love Letters from th' army to
The Court. O, the excellency of travel!
Salad. Right, *Aleran*! Mark, but how
much it perfecteth
Your very Ape
Ere he hath travell'd, alas! What is he,
Rude and unqualif'd? but having once
Seen Countreys, gone from Town to Town,
he strait
Accepts your Pippin,
Kissing his Hairy hand, most Monsieur like.
Aler. Good Faith, and that is very much!
Salad. Nay more! He rides
And manages your English Mastiff (Sir)

As he had lain in Pension for't at *Paris*.

Thor. Signiors! You have very passible
wits

O'th' Queens side here? Sure they are em-
ploy'd too,

When part'clar pleasures have call'd aside
The nobler spirits, and left you necessary
To the Ladies. What! you read *Alciods* Em-
blems

To 'em, and the Fables of *Aesop* in
Your elegant Mother tongue.

Sal. O, ever Sir, upon long Winter nights,

Thor. And on my Conscience they believe
those Tales

For true, whilst you put off the old *Morals*,
As fine new observations of your own.

Sal. Faith like enough.

We have the pretti'st things in Petty-coats.
Sirrah! They'll admire thee,

And 'twill be held a sov'raign sign of luck,
That thou and the King arrive here together
In one day; thou from thy travels, he from

The

The Wars, and the treasure of thy Court collections

In France, will be no less valu'd than his Victories on the Coast of Sicily.

Thor. Youth, and success in your Amours hath made

You as wanton, as Maids at midnight with their Lovers are.

—Hark! The King, move, and borrow gravity a while.

Enter Phylenio, King, Radegond, Soldiers of his Train.

Phyle. Y'arrive so early Sir, that you will find

The Queen asleep? If she can ever rest, Whose careful fears, both for your safety and Return, have lessen'd much her health.

Radeg. And this is worthy of your pity Sir,

To find a Lady of her youth, So earnest to destroy her beauty In seeking to deserve your love.

King. Advise her Radegond to love me less.

Radeg. Love you less! That were to kill her, Sir.

King. Would thou couldst help me to another heart?

Nature, allows but one, though to a King. And it were cruelty, not kindness to Exact more love from that, then it can give.

Enter Queen, and two Ladies.

Phyle. See where she comes! Already she hath learn'd

You are arriv'd, the spies of Love are swift And universal, as the Beams of Light. Look on

Her Sir, with gracious eyes—

Queen. My joys are more then I can hide! For I

Have liv'd to see my vows grow prosperous. How shall we welcome you enough with praise, Since you have brought home peace, and fame, Left death

And black dishonor with your enemies.

King. Madam, I thank you as I ought! How bless'd

Had we been, if he that made such haste to joy

Our hands, had staid till he had got the skill To joy our hearts? But he was more a Statesman then

A Priest, and married Provinces, not us.

Queen. Alas! This is a little sudden Sir! 'Tis like a Morn o'ercast with Clouds, ere Men May say the day doth break, no sooner can I boast my joys of seeing you, but I must Become your sorrow, and My punishment. How vainly do I wish, That like your better Angel, I could wait

About you still, and be invisible to you, That I might ever serve you Sir, And never be discern'd.

King. Would you had all your wishes (Madam) and I

(If it were fit to ask'd of Heaven) had mine. But since we are so cruelly proscrit'd, Let's strive to mitigate our sufferings, By making still our visits few, and short; For we can never meet, but we must mourn. And you are wise, to know our sorrows ill Become the triumphs of this day.

Queen. You are too quickly weary of our griefs,

I could endure 'em longer Sir, so I Might tarry here: But 'tis as hard for me To disobey your will, as hinder fate.

King. Be kind then to your self, you may possess

That happiness alone, which we Together never can enjoy—

Queen. The Peace, which by your valor you have brought

Your people home, increase within your Breast,

And (as in War) so may you prove victorious (Though at my charge) in all the love you make.

Thor. Look Saladin! The King may well be held

The chief of his Profession (a grand Courtier) For I ne'er saw so much Ceremony With so little love.

Salad. It is your new

Court-Justice now? They ever pay the want Of their affection to their Wives, with over-much

Civility, but 'tis in publick Sir, at home They think it too much pains.

King. Unarm me Radegond.

And now, I would thou couldst un-King me too?

Radeg. How Sir?

King. Phylenio, I am sure, Thou dost not love the King, had I No title left, I should have friends. Why must I struggle then beneath this load.

Phyle. This melancholly Sir, is treason 'gainst

Your self; and such, as if we durst, we would Rebuke.

King. Of what a false, And consuming composition am I made, Resolv'd by all most absolute, yet not So free, as he, that daily fights for food. You are happy, for you are subjects still.

Radeg. Your subjects Sir, and that we justly may Esteem our happiness.

King. O, you are wise, And content to your selves; had you but any share Of love for me, you would un-King me straight,

And

And then teach me a sudden way to be no Monster.

Phyle. A Monster Sir! We understand you not.

King. What am I else, that still beneath Two Bodies groan; the Natural and the Politick?

By force compounded of most different things, How wearisome, and how unlucky is The essence of a King, gentle, yet by Constraint severe; just in our Nature, yet We must dissemble; our very Vertues are Taken from us, only to augment our sway?

Radeg. Your judgment is too cruel of your self.

King. In what's our pity, or our kindness more

Express'd, then when we father other's crimes. As if it were a great Prerogative To make the guilty safe. Our wealth serves but To keep Mens hopes in pay; onely happy When we can purchase friends, because they share And ease the glorious torment of our power.

Enter Eumena and Gartha.

Phyle. The burden of your thoughts will now grow light, Behold the fair *Eumena*, Sir.

King. Hail virtuous Maid! Why my *Eumena*, did

I strive for Victories abroad, when all My Conquests there, could never recompence My absence from that beauty which I left At home. 'Tis true, that I have done such deeds,

As Fame her self shall chuse, even for the last Great story that must fill her Book. The age! And the young Have had sufficient cause to curse thy coldness In love; for hadst thou kept me here, they still

Had been alive.

Eum. Could my obedience pay The debt we ow your valor (Sir) thus I Would kneel, till I grew old, so long You should not know me when I rise.

He takes her up.

King. *Eumena*, this becomes thee not; for love Hath made us equal, and how poor a thing Is Majesty, compar'd to mighty love?

Eum. The changes of my fortune, Sir, Have made me now so wise, I dare not trust Too much to happiness, whose danger comes From its excess, the joys you bring are so Extream, they needs must suffer an allay. Already I have found it too; for as I hastned hither to behold the true Success of all my Horizons (your safety and Return) I met beneath the *Cypress* shade That borders near the Garden Rivolet.

Your beauteous Queen, but sad, and mourning like

A Virgin at her lovers Tomb; even she (That is so fair and good) I saw Thus newly ruin'd by your frowns.

King. The poor Hermit that nightly is assur'd

By visions in his sleep, fasting all day With zealous hope of nourishment from Heaven.

The young unpractis'd child, that hath not yet Outgrown his native Innocence, hath skill To shape disguises for his thoughts, as much As I, I cannot hide the anger of My grief, and all th'observing world, Can witness it is just; though 'tis as sad A truth, that the is guiltless of the cause.

Eum. You make a brave confession Sir. Yet where

There is no guilt, your least unkindness seems Too great a punishment.

King. But I have heard, during my forc'd Unwilling absence from thee, in this last *Sicilian* War, she us'd thy tenderness, As if her jealousy had practis'd a Revenge in Envy of my noble Love.

Eum. Forgive my anger Sir, They are as false, as Men that cheaply swear For hire, who thus have wrong'd your royal Ear

With forged whispers; in dull hope to win My favor by officious wicked courtesie.

King. Thou art so full of truth, I must Believe thee 'gainst thy self. Go *Radegond* And let the Queen know I am penitent; Fall at her feet, and sigh in my behalf, Until thou findest my pardon in her eyes.

Exit King, Eumena, Radegond, Phyleneo.

Thor. Gentlemen, may a man without suspicion

Of treason, think a little odly of the King, Having a virtuous Lady to his wife, Must he needs get a Mistress? But you'll say This Mistress is surpassing virtuous too.

Let that be granted; yet—

Salad. Disclose your meaning Sir?

Thor. Faith *Saladine*, I mean to ask, Why he

Allows his wife the lesser share of's heart, Or rather none at all. 'Tis such a royal Riddle? Well, the Devil is in't, and I Suppose at least ten Devils more; for less (Signior) cannot suffice this Court.

Salad. *Thorello*, thou art a right traveller, An old acquaintance in every Town Abroad, and a new stranger still at home.

Aler. Instruct him, 'tis a raw youth, but he will learn.

Salad. Long ere our King was marry'd; know he was

Most servently in love with fair *Eumena*, And yet our Politicians to joyn *Otranto* to

M m m m

His

His Crown (which Neighb'ring Province was the Dower
Of our sad Queen) did force him to this Match.

Thor. Could he be wrought to wed a Princess for

Dull humane ends, when's love was formerly Engag'd. Where are the old *Arcadian* lovers?

Aler. Why? In their Graves, where they sleep quietly.

Thor. Had I but once made love, though to a poor

Inheritrix of thirteen Pistolets a year,
The Queen Dowager of *China* should not Remove my sute, Signior, I pray proceed.

Salad. I soon shall vindicate the King, for (Sir)

These subtle managers of his affairs, before They treated with him for the Queen, surpris'd

Eumena from his sight; proclaim'd her dead. And more to cozen his belief, did celebrate Her Funerals with much solemnity Through *Naples* here. *Eumena* all this time Closely immur'd, some two years after they Did work his sorrows to give way unto Necessities of state, so perfected This marriage with the Queen.

Thor. And during this *Eumena* ne'er was heard of.

Salad. She was most carefully conceal'd, and at

The Nuptial Feast presented to his sight.

Thor. So suddenly retriev'd!

Salad. Your Politicians

Have ever more a taint of vanity, As hasty still to show, and boast a Plot, As they are greedy to contriv't; but he Requires the falshood of their care with banishment.

Though marry'd, yet refus'd to Bed the Queen,

And to *Eumena* strait renews his love.

Thor. You have untied the knot,

Salad. 'Tis a full Court,

Let's hasten to the Privy Gallery, And whisper there a while; for so We may be ta'en for Cabinet Statesmen, And at least be held secret, if not wise.

Exeunt.

Enter Oramont and Gartha.

Gar. My sute will meet much danger in delay,

I gave my Lady this (Sir) in her ear; But she reply'd, I'm busie with the King.

Ora. Hah! Busie with the King, that sounds not well!

Go back! Say my affair concerns her life.

Gar. I will attempt to tell her so. *Exit.*

Ora. She is become the peoples secret scorn, Yet from the earliest dawning of her eyes,

From the first budding of her beauty she Was bred, withal those bashful fears that guard

A Virgins innocence; but who can be Secure in Court, where every tempter Looks so full of power,

As if he could forgive more crimes Then's leisure suffers him to act, and not To yield to Kings desires (although unjust) Is disobedience here, not virtue still'd.

His message makes me wonder; yet if There were no other cause of fear, but guilt, I should enough of courage find, to dare All danger, but what comes from Heaven.

Enter Eumena.

Ora. Can you find nothing (Lady) In this face, that may direct You to remember it.

Eume. My Brother *Oramont*! That you are he appears too unprepar'd A truth, to be so suddenly believ'd.

He steps a little back.

Do not distrust my joys, because they come In tears thus through mine eyes, from whence our griefs

Spring forth. My heart, were not the gates too narrow, could fall out the self-same way to meet you.

Ora. Hath she a stock of tears for joys, and such

A debt of them to pay unto her sins, 'Twere easier to believe her innocent.

Eume. Why seem you so reserv'd? Why will you wear

A gravity, that doth as ill become This meeting as your years?

Ora. I am a prisoner, Though for a little space my bonds are off.

Eume. How *Oramont*!

Ora. The King hath brought Home victory from the *Sicilian* War. But our attempt upon the *Tuscan* Camp, Was bloodily repuls'd.

Eume. This he hath heard, Yet 'tis a loss he mentions with neglect; For his intelligence believ'd you safe, And marching hither with's remaining Troops.

Ora. Fame like a cunning Falcon falsifies Her flight. Know by the treason of our Scouts I was surpris'd, weakned with many wounds; Those pitious Heaven, hath favor'd with a happy cure,

But th'avaricious enemy impos'd Upon my liberty, the ransom of Two hundred thousand Crowns; the value

was

No less, they laid upon my gen'rous faith, Since they have trusted me to visit thus My native soil, and ta'en my word

For

For my return, within the circuit of
One Moon, or else to pay that mighty sum.

Eume. It is a mighty sum indeed!

Ora. Such (sister) as our Ancestors ne'er
knew

But by report; nor can I think they would
Have laid so waste a rate, on worthless me;
Had they not heard your greatness here in
Court.

Eume. Can such a trivial grief as this, con-
tract

Those wrinkles on your brow, and make you
old

Ere time hath perfected your youth; would
they

Had doubled what they have impos'd, that I
Might yield a worthier trial of my love.

Ora. *Eumena*, do you know what you de-
sire —

Eume. Here Sir, take this. It doth con-
tain in Jewels,

She reaches a Cabinet.

Enough to ransom you as oft, as Fortune can
Betray you to the Fo: Take it, and pay
Those Fools of *Tuscany*, that had not skill
To lay a greater price on *Oramont*.

You are my Brother Sir, a title which
Includes all that my judging love calls wealth.

Ora. Are you so rich! *Eumena* you have
found

He takes the Cabinet.

A bounteous Master of the King, I dare
Not call him yet your lover, that would
wound

My ear as much as yours; although I know
A Maidens tenderness is struck, even with
The nicest injury of words.

Eume. But were the King a lover (Sir) I can
Not think that word would injure me.

Ora. Are you so well

Resolv'd? Take heed frail Maid. And Hea-
ven! Take heed

Of me. If ever yet her Blood hath been
Defil'd, make choice of one that is no kin

Unto the purer part of it, to let
Out the impure, I would not punish her.

Eume. What mean you *Oramont*? How
were I blest'd,

Could I no more resent those cruel words
Then Heaven, to whom you utter them in
vain.

Ora. Take back your precious trifles, and
repent

Your treasure is so strangely got; that 'tis not
fit

For noble minds to use it, though they want.

Eume. Strike me with stupid dulness you
kind powers,

That in excessive wonder I may fail
To understand the meaning of his speech.

Ora. Away! O flee! Fly from the Court,
thou young

And silly Sophister in Arts of State.

The Favorites of Kings are chosen but
To own, and wear their Masters worse sins;

And what a load thou wilt be taught to bear,
When his (oppressing thee) must needs be laid
Upon as great a burden of thine own.

Eume. Thou cruel, and suspicious *Oramont*,
Whither is all thy virtue gone? I ne'er
Believ'd, I could be angry until now,
My heart rebels within my Breast, and chides
me

For every tear I shed, as if on thee
My pity were mispent; yet 'cause thou wert
My Brother once, I would not have it said
I left thee in captivity, Procure
Thy freedom with this wealth— For misery
Doth seldom mend, but makes the wicked
worse.

Ora. I rather will return, my bonds
Still wear, as gaudy Bracelets on my Wrists;
In a dark Dungeon sit, there mourn thy loss,
And curse that treacherous fate, which first
did bring

Thy luckless Beauty to the tempting King.

Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Oramont, Thorello, Saladine, and Aleran.

Oramont. **Y**ou can instruct me Sir, I
have a suit
Unto the King, and would
attend where I

May stand within the level of his eye.

Take's he this way, in's passage from the Park?

Thor. 'Tis not in's pow'r to avoid you Sir,
if you

Stay here; but in our judgments, that have
got

The bold ambition to be stil'd your friends;

'Twere fitter (noble *Oramont*) men of

Your early virtue, and still growing worth,
Should have the fortune rather to command,
Then wait among the common croud.

Ora. You grace me with your kind opinion
Sir;

But we must rest contented with our Stars.
Could we attain the pow'r to pick and chuse
I th' Firmament; he that created them
And us, would lose his eminence on Earth,
For we should make a God of ev'ry poor As-
tronomer.

Salad. 'Tis Piety to wish

M m m m 2

You'd

You'd throw your cloudy sorrows off, and
not

Affect to wear your virtues in the dark.

Aler. My Lord, we need you here in Court,
and are

Not ignorant, that you may make what choice
You please in your desires.

Ora. Alas, I want

The skill how to grow great, the patience to
Permit those wrongs, which they that rise
Must not alone endure, but praise.

Thorello, you have travel'd long, d'ye find

No change i'th' Court, since your return?

Thor. Faith Sir, not much, now, as before,
the steps

To high command (like such as up to Steeples
reach)

Are worn a little with the num'rous tread
Of fools, that climb to gaze upon the top.

Therefore, 'tis harder to ascend, then if

The number of those men that press to rise

Were few; but 'tis the same way still, though

(As I said) the steps must be uneasy, 'cause
Th'are overworn.

Ora. I want good parts; my head's to
light t'ascend.

Salad. O take't on my experience Sir, you
should

Not load your shoulders with a weighty head-
piece, when

You mean to mount, the greatest will be
thought

The wisest still: Therefore they seldom lend

A hand, to lift a wiser then themselves.

Besides a little head may weigh enough,

When cozening Fortune holds the Scale,
which she

Hath ever done in Court.

Thor. Little intelligences of little things,
Will serve for universal knowledge here;

If whisper'd often with a travel'd face.

Aler. And then, an inward safe content
we all

Enjoy, since every one believes he hath
Enough to be above others, 'cause he hath
learn'd

How to content'm.

Thor. Nor is

There danger Sir, in enemies; for though

Each Table feeds a sev'ral faction here,

Where they despise the absent still as heartily,

As they do eat; yet in the Presence-Chamber

The Opposites can smile, laugh, and embrace

Like Neighbors, that were newly met

Upon a Foreign Coast.

Ora. Your observations much encourage
me.

The King! I pray remove a while.

Enter King, Phylenio, and Radegond.

King. Is that young Oramont?

Radeg. It is: And I believe he means t'ad-
dress

Himself to your compassion Sir.

Phyle. He wears his troubles handsomely.

King. Leave us, and bid the rest avoid the
place. *Exeunt.*

Remain King, Oramont.

Come hither Oramont, you carry in

Your looks a discontent, which shews not grief

Alone, but anger too. I shall admire

Your courage, if it points at me.

Ora. Far be it from that humble low degree
in which my duty ranks me with

My King, that I should cherish grief till it

Grow up to anger Sir; so I might turn

The virtue of that sorrow into sin.

King. Young Soldier, you are strangely
wise, and have

Already got the providence, not to

Permit your tongue betray your thoughts;
but I

Am pleas'd when you are safe; if your

Attendance here imply a suit, give it a name.

Ora. 'Tis call'd my Ransom, Sir; a debt
Which Fortune, not my Error, throws on
you.

I lost my precious Liberty on an

Unlucky day, when I was active in

Your service, and 'tis just you now redeem't.

King. Be taught the art of thriving in the
Court;

Reserve my favor for a higher use, although

This tax upon your Liberty be large,

My bounty may exceed it far; which I would
keep

To make you wealthy, not your enemies.

Ora. I value freedom Sir, above all wealth.

King. Do so: But let your sister purchase
it.

Such kindness to a Brother, may advance

Her nature much to popular esteem;

Which I endeavor, for I love her well.

Ora. 'I were better she had lov'd her self.

King. Hah! Give me your meaning!

Ora. It is not worth your taking, and I
think

My sisters treasure of less value then

My thoughts. 'Lass! How should she get
riches, Sir?

King. Doubt I am not lib'ral where I
love?

Ora. It were a lasting happiness for her,

If my suspicions did no more concern

Your love, then liberality.

King. Away thou jealous fool.

Ora. My Honor is engag'd for payment of
Two hundred thousand Crowns, or to resign
My self, to everlasting bonds. Shall I
Return?

King.

King. Thy honor *Oramont* is forfeited
Already in thy jealousy. If thou
Halt any valor left, return and die. *Exit.*

Ora. What strange divinity is that, which
guards
These Kings (the lawful terrors of mankind)
Keeps them as safe from punishment, when
they
Oppress the tame and good, as it secures
Them from the treachery of the fierce, and
bad.

Be safe then (cruel Monarch) since still hid
Within thy dark prerogative, which is
Divine indeed: For 'tis most fear'd, because
It least is understood, I will submit
Unto my bonds, and keep my honor free.

*Enter Amadore disguis'd, with a
Warrant seal'd.*

Amad. Health and renown to *Oramont*!

Ora. You greet me with a lib'ral wish,
your haste

Would be consider'd too, next to your love.

Amad. In thy pursuit I have been swift
As falling Torrents, or th' Arabian from
A Battel lost; the *Tuscan* Gen'ral's son
(Young *Amadore*) salutes thee from his heart;
And thus presents thy freedom sign'd —

Gives a Paper Seal'd.

By's Fathers hand; thy Ransom is forgiven.

Ora. Though *Amadore* be noble, and be-
flow'd

His courteous visits on me, when my wounds
Were large, and I was hopeless of their cure;
Yet this is such a wondrous bounty, as
Requires as much of faith to make it be
Believ'd, as gratitude to see it paid.

Amad. Take thy assurance, and thy friend
together.

*Pulls off his disguise,
and embraces him.*

Ora. The *Roman* race of Men, sure is not
yet

Extinct in *Italy*, I hold within
Mine arms, the Heir, and never fading Branch
O' th' noblest stock. Make me as worthy
(Heaven)

As I am glad for what I have receiv'd.

Amad. Couldst thou believe I would per-
mit soft sleep

To hover o'er my Father's eyes, till he
Had seal'd thy Liberty. Alas! Why should
The valiant, to the valiant, be unkind,
Pursuing anger more than cruel Beasts:
For in their hungry quarrels they inflict
No bondage, where th' are weary to devour.

Ora. I have more happiness, then I can
well

Contain, unless I waste it in a boast;
For now I shall not need to be oblig'd
Unto my Sister, or the King.

Amad. In mighty minds, the pleasure's
more sublime

To give, then to possess, freely like Clouds
That uninvited still their treasure shed
In plenteous showers.

Oramont draws his Sword.

Ora. Joyn now thy noble hand
To mine, and let us vow a friendship here,
More lasting then our selves; for that may
live

With our immortal parts. Danger, henceforth
Be it in virtuous glory, or in just
Revenge, we equally will share.

Amad. It is confirm'd.

They kiss the Hills.

I shall not need to serve you in disguise;
For this Commission will authorize me
Here to reside in Treaty from
The Army, and the *Tuscan* State.

Ora. 'Twas luckily contriv'd,
Fair Favorite; my Sister in thy name,
Not blood, take heed, although
Intrench'd i' th' arms of the lascivious King,
The windy tempest doth begin to swell,
The Taper of thy life, now I have joyn'd
The fury of another's breath to mine,
Must be blown out, unless it clearer shine.

Exeunt.

Enter Queen, Thorello, Saladine.

Queen. Saw you the King so harsh to *Ora-
mont*.

Thor. If 'twere no error in my loyalty
To censure him, I should profess he was
More rigid, then became his nature in
The first encounter of a servant, so
Approv'd by general consent.

Queen. Indeed, though's last success i' th'
Tuscan War

Shews him unfortunate, yet he hath gain'd
Fame from his enemies, and hath more fame
Then usually belongs unto his years.

Salad. Most certain, Madam, 'tis an envy'd
truth

That's Fame wears many Wings upon her feet,
For she hath much out-gone his time.

Queen. Did he refuse to Ransom him, as if
He grounded his denial on the last
Defeat?

Thor. We stood not in the reach of their
Discourse, but that it was deny'd, we both
Are well assur'd, and have some cause to fear,
That *Oramont* looks on his Sister with
Suspicious eyes.

Queen. Such doubts are dangerous;
Try if you singly can get him hither,
I gladly would confer with him alone.

Thor. Let's hasten to the *Tarras* walk.

Exeunt Thorello, Saladine.

Queen. How greedily at Court, knowledge
doth still

On others secrets feed, though 'tis too false,
Too nice a nourishment, and shews her appe-
tite

Not

Not found, for she is weary strait of what
 She hastily devour'd. Alas! What need
 My knowledge take anothers private grief,
 When secret sorrow is her daily food?
 But here each man his forward duty pays
 In needless whispers to his Prince, and thinks
 He merits by revealing what he should
 Conceal—.

Enter Oramont.

Ora. O cruel King! How couldst thou
 wrong
 Such virtue, and such beauty too? Were it
 My crime, Angels, and Men might laugh,
 when they
 Should hear my groans in Hell; yet not be
 tax'd
 For want of fit compassion—

Queen. He brings his sisters eyes! Their
 influence
 (I hope) will not so fatal prove to me.

Ora. I am command'd to attend your
 Grace.

Queen. Sir, though mine own calamities
 stand in
 Continual use of pity and redress,
 Yet I neglect them now to comfort you.

Ora. Madam, such holy kindness can but
 add
 To my undoing; for you then will lay
 Too great a debt upon the conscience of
 The poor.

Queen. The King (sad Oramont) is much
 To blame; but we like good Physicians must
 Forbear to make our Medicines violent,
 And not apply them, whilst his Fever holds
 The raging fit.

Ora. You wisely may suspect
 My patience; but shall ne'er have cause to
 doubt
 My loyalty.

Queen. You must take care of both;
 • And that you may perceive how gladly I
 Would have you prosperous, I will dispatch
 Urselfi strait to Venice, and discharge
 Your Ransom, from that Bank my Father
 left,
 Protected by the Senate for my use.

Ora. Can there be still such goodness in
 the Sex,

And yet *Eumena* false. Thus on my knee
 I pay my wonder and my gratitude,
 'Tis for a bounty that can ne'er be equal'd, till
 Your self shall find another in distress.

Queen. Rise Sir, and fetch *Urselfi* hither.

Ora. No Beauteous Excellence, this yet
 restores

Me to some kind opinion of my Stars,
 I shall not need to use your Princely gift,
 Till I grow worthier to receiv't: This day
 My Ransom was releas'd, and sent me from
 The *Tuscan* General,

Queen. Thy joys are newly budding, *Ora-*
mont,

But time will quickly make them ripe, tell me,
 (And by thy love to truth) canst thou receive
 Such blessings from a cruel enemy,
 And to thy sister be unkind.

Ora. Madam, it seems you know too much,
 it would more help

The quiet of your sleeps, if you dismiss'd
 Your thoughts, and could be ignorant
 In others ills, as Heaven is of your own,
 'Tis such a wish, (if not too vainly made)
 As I would rove for my self.

Queen. The King, and then your Sister, *O-*
ramont;

Two bonds upon your duty, and your love,
 Which you must never forfeit Sir; nor can
 They e'er be cancel'd, but by nature, when
 you die.

Ora. Good night unto your Grace, may it
 be long
 Ere th'Angels call you hence; were such a
 great

Example of fair virtue gone, what would
 Become of your remaining Sex?

Queen. 'Lass! I perceive no words, al-
 though contriv'd

In charms, can soon allay the mutiny
 Of thoughts: I'll cease to trouble you in vain,
 Yet be assur'd, that I believe those doubts
 (Upon your Sister urg'd) as much
 Injurious unto her, as they will prove
 Unsafe to you, good night unhappy *Oramont.*

Exit.

Ora. How have they fool'd this righteous
 Lady to

A simple, self-abusing Faith! That she
 Forgives with credulous consent, the arts
 And falshood of her Rivals love, no less
 Inspires my rage, then doth her beauty or
 Her bounteous heart, though my revenge
 were dull,

And such as noble Justice could not move,
 'Twould now take fiery motion from my love.

Exit.

Enter Eumena, under a Canopy. Boy
that sings: A Taper and Book,
Cabinet, Cushionet.

Eume. Sing me that air *Renaldo* sent to
Gritiline,
 It is a Song of Jealousie.

The Song, which ended.

Enter Gartha with a Letter.

Gartha, in Errands you are ever slow!
 Were but your feet as nimble as your tongue,
 My business would have quick dispatch.

Gar. Madam, we have been laughing and
 shrieking
 In the Lobby.

Eume. Shreeking! At what?

Gar.

Gar. At Cavaliers

That start upon us in the dark, like Tumblers
in

A Warren at their Game, your Ladiship
Will spoil your self with melancholly Songs
And Books; you'll grow as grave as an old
Abbeſs?

Eum. Y^e are very pleaſant; What Letter's
that?

Gar. The Queen hath ſent it to your Ladi-
ſhip.

Eum. A Letter from the Queen! It is her
Character!

Reads. Your Brother *Oramont* is free, his
enemies

Releas'd him; if then
His foes find him ſo worthy of
Their care, why ſhould you want the pow'r to
raiſe him

With the King? He hath a great
And daring heart, I wiſh (*Eumena*)
It were as little vex'd, and troubled at
Your loves, as mine hath been— Go gentle
youth. *Exit Boy.*

Gar. Why, Madam, do you weep?

Eum. I prethee *Gartha* leave me too, I
ſhall

Have company enough, though left but with
my thoughts. *Exit Gartha.*

In all thoſe Tragick Tales (of which, *Loves*
Hiſtory

Is full) no Virgin can be found, whoſe fate
May equal mine; I am belov'd, where I
Not dare to love, and yet not dare to hate;
Forc'd to do wrong, yet I not guilty of
The doing of it; and 'gainſt a Queen,
Whoſe goodneſs works in ſuch extreams, as it
Betrays her own felicity, that it
May add a ſafe continuance to mine.

Enter King.

King. Light of my Soul, my Hearts re-
fin'd part,

Of which, my better thoughts are form'd!
Why doſt

Thou weep? why like Diſtilling Roſes waſte,
Diſſolving thus thy ſweetneſs to a Dew?

Eumena, ſpeak!

Eum. Give me your leave

To be offended Sir. Can you that cauſe
My ſorrows, wonder at my tears? Why will
You force your viſits on me in the nights
Suſpicious hours? making your Kingly pow'r
Shew tyrannous, where you would ſeem moſt
kind,

Diſcolouring the beauty of my Fame,
Till ſhe turn black, and all the ſtriſtly chaſte,
Gaze on her now with pity, and with fear?

King. Who is't hath frighted thus thy In-
nocence?

akes thee entertain my vertuous love

And m^rouſly?

Thus ſi

Eum. 'Tis equal ſure

To have no Honor, and to have the World
Believe that it is loſt. Honor's a rich,
A glorious upper Veſtment, which we wear
To pleaſe the lookers on; as well as to
Delight our ſelves.

King. Honor's a word, the iſſue of the
voice.

Eum. The voice, Sir, was ordain'd to ſa-
tiſfie

And fill the ears of others, not our own.

King. Where is the courage of thy virtue
ſhed?

When valiant with thine own integrity,
Thou diſt reſolve to flight opinion, as
The vulgar doom. Oſt haſt thou ſaid, Honor
Doth dwell within, and cannot live abroad.
For like extracted ſpirits, in

A Viol ſhut, it keeps its vigor whilſt
'Tis cloſe retain'd; but when diſpers'd and
mix'd

With open air, the virtue ſo evaporates,

That all its value is for ever loſt.

Eum. O that the World cou'd be in-
ſtructed thus!

But the ſevere miſtake on Womens honors,
Muſt laſt like other hereſies, and be
Too ſtrong for Truth, or Reaſons force, be-
cauſe

'Tis popular and old.

King. We all delight

In fair well-looking Fame, but ſhould we dreſs
Her face in every various Glaſs, which fond
Opinion makes; the World would quarrel
ſtrait,

For ſev'ral judgments of her ſhape, and ſhe
As ſeldom gain the publick vote, as ours.

Eum. I feel a mutiny within my Breſt,
But why ſhould others thoughts diſorder mine?

King. Neglect thoſe cruel men that in-
jure thee

With doubts, and take a pitious care of me.

Suſtain that love, whoſe diet is thy looks;
If baniſh'd from thy ſight, 'twould ſtarve for
Want of nourishment. Love is a mighty Prince,
And keeps his Revels, when the Sun is hid.

Shouldſt thou in ſullen fear of jealous fools,
Forbid great Love theſe viſits in the night,
It might be ſaid, Thou but penuriously

Doſt feed that Monarch, whom thou ought'ſt
to feaſt.

Eum. No more: I will reſign my ſorrow
(Sir)

To thoſe that are poſſeſt, with guilt enough
Still to maintain, and make it laſt:

And were it not an injury to her,
That claims by ſacred Rites, a title to
Your heart, I could not eaſily refrain
From wiſhing I might, meet your love with
equal flame.

King. Let me forget I am confin'd, at leaſt,
Not hear it from thy tongue; 'twere cruel
when,

Thou

Thou seest a captive in his sleep, to shake
His Chains; he would be more tormented
with
That noise, then with their weight. O do not
say

Thou canst not love! I rather will beguile
My hopes; fondly believing what I dare
Not doubt.

Eume. I shall forget the rigor of my fate,
Remembring yours; and send my pity forth
To call those sorrows back, which I too hastily
Dismiss'd.

King. So thou wilt kill, whom thou dost
strive

To cure; to Bed my beauteous Favorite,
And when thou wak'st the watchful morn
(taught by

The lustre of thine eyes) will learn first to
Begin, then perfect day; she through the
nights

Dark clouds must break, thou through the
mists of Sator's breath.

Who wait in throngs, upon thy Regal pow'r,
For their redress.

Eume. Let me resign your favor, Sir,
Though to be Mighty, is a just desire in all
That covet to do good; yet you may place
That painful office, on those that can
With safer eyes out-look the flaring World:

King. *Eumena* no: Could every one that
careless sits

On his high Throne, depute his pow'r
Where it might mingle with such innocence,
Monarchal sway would be belov'd: For 'tis
Our worst mistake, to think the Arts of Go-
vernment

So hard; since a perfection in the skill
To rule, is less requir'd then perfect will.

Eume. The envious waits the night, ob-
serving us.

Let us depart, though onely to become
So good, as not to hinder (Sir)

Our very enemies from rest.

King. To Bed, to Bed!

And whilst in gentle dreams (the sweets of
sleep)

Thy heart doth revel, mine, the watch shall
keep. *Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Oramont, Amadore.

Amadore. **W**ithout the use of my
Commission, Sir,
The courteous *Radegond*
procur'd me from

The King, a Licence for my stay,
Which I believe may last, as long as you
Shall think my service fit for your command.

Ora. In this disease of grief, that poysons all
My blood, and strives to taint my heart, no
help

From Heaven could keep me living *Amadore*,
But the most precious cordial of thy love.

Ama. I wish (Sir) you would stop the cur-
rent of

Your doubts, unless you were provok'd by
More receiv'd authority, then Mens reports:
Two of the lesser whisperers, that rule

But at a distance 'bout the King,
To make a friendship with you, have this
morn

Reveal'd all others secrets to you, and their
own.

Ora. They've overcharg'd mine ear; were
I to meet
Them now, I would be deaf.

Ama. Could they discover ought that will
detect

Your sister by such reasons, as her friends
Must needs allow, as well as enemies.

Ora. Last night the King in th' dark, and un-
attended too,

Stole to her Chamber, where he staid until
The morn did seem most bashfully to blush
In's face, but then return'd to his own Bed,
As secretly, and single as before.

Ama. Unless your judgment be severe and
nice,

What can it urge from this?

Ora. Enough to cause thee hate her too,
when thou

Shalt read those Coments which observers
make,

His secret visits; and his favors to her
Have perfected so much the sufferings of

The Queen, as now, that Patience, which
Before was but necessitously kind, is grown

Most willingly devout.

Ama. 'Tis strange to me!

Ora. Sir, though affliction at the first, doth
vex

Most vertuous natures, from the fence, that 'tis
Unjustly laid; yet when th' amazement which

That new pain brings, is worn away, they then
Embrace oppression strait, with such

Obedient cheerfulness, as if it came
From Heaven, not Men.

Ama. The Queen is then resolv'd?

Ora. Most strictly Sir; just now she did
implore

My aid to that effect.

Ama. What noise is that? *A Scent within.*
Ora.

Ora. My glorious Sister comes abroad to day
I'th' fresh and early breathing of the morn,
She airs her sinful beauty in these walks.
It seems a croud of Slaves, whom in her pride,
And bounteous ostentation, she redeem'd
From *Turkish* chains, salute her in
Her passage hither, let's hasten from her sight.

Exeunt.

*Enter Eumena, Gartha, Ladies, Phylenio,
Radegond, Saladine, Thorello, Aleran,
Old Courtiers, Captain, and Suitors with
Petitions.*

Eume. Yond' Slaves; are they of *Corfica*,
or those
Of *Maltha*, which I bought from the Gallies
of *Argiers*?

Radeg. Of *Maltha* (Madam) whom you
last redeem'd.

Eume. Go back, and let the Provost know,
they must
Be cloath'd, and bid my Auditor give
Them a thousand Crowns, but pray
Prevent their loud return of thanks.

Exit an old Courtier.

Radeg. Madam, I beg your goodness would
procure

The *Genovesse* emay be dismiss'd without
A Tax upon his Goods; you will oblige
A noble family.

Eume. It shall be done.

Phyle. The Treasurer o'th' Customs doth
present
His humble suit unto your gracious care, and
hopes

The Patten for the place, may be renew'd.

Eume. My Lord, he hath too hastily enlarg'd
His Lands: He toils, and reckons for the King,
But gathers for himself. I dare not mov't.

Sal. The Abbot of *Cajeta* (Madam) sends
His Brother here, to be protected by
Your favor, in his first request.

He presents a Suitor to her.

Eume. I know your business, Sir,
The Chancellor of *Cuma's* dead; and for
Regard unto your Brothers Piety,
I'll strive you may succeed in that command.

Other Suitors present Petitions.

You Sir, have got the common hope to help
An evil cause with importunity:
Pray trouble me no more.

Thor. This (Madam) is a Captain of *Pu-
reoli*,

A modest and a valiant Man; he sues
For his arrears since the last War.

Eume. I shall deserye his trust, and see it
paid. *Exeunt all but Saladine,
Thorello, Aleran.*

Thor. Here Gallants, you must make a
stop; for still
The Privy Lodging doors are shur, to wit,
Greatness doth love't, at distance, but not near,

'Tis held too sharp a spie.

Sal. How lovingly

Yon Brace of Lords, hug, and consent before
The publick Face, as they were Twins, and now
(Grown old) would both pursue but equal
hopes;

Yet th'are of different Factions, *Aleran.*

Thor. Right Sir, and hate each other with
As true devout a heart, as over-zealous fools
That differ in their Faiths.

Aler. 'Twere good the King would re-
concile

These civil factions in his Court.

Sal. You must excuse him (Sir) the King's
too wise,

He'd so deprive his ears of those complaints,
Which utter'd sev'rally in dull revenge,
Furnish his knowledge with their secret faults.

Thor. How *Aleran*! Talk of attoning
factions here.

I tell thee, 'tis not profitable for

The King, that they should reconcile them-
selves;

For in good troth, they seldom do't but at
His charge, since they begin that friendship still
With mutual courtesies of begging Suits,
One for the other, till both sides grow rich
In their new truce, by kindly cozening him.

Enter Old Courtiers.

Sal. Look there! the rev'rend waiters are
return'd;

The living Furniture o'th' Court, though spent
with age;

Yet such his Highness Grandfire never bought,
But they paid dearly for their places Sir,
And so bought him.

Thor. Good faithful Squires!

Their everlasting business is, slowly
To move behind, when the King walks; and
When he dines, to stand in a selected croud, as
They would stare him out of count'nance.

Sal. And yet they take it ill, they are not
rich.

Thor. With reason Sir; for they have
waited hard,

That is, worn out his Graces Hangings with
Their backs, and with their feet, his Mats. I
would

Have Men of Brain and Courage, fill a Court.

Aler. Come, let's in now, and hear them
rail at us. *Exeunt.*

Enter Eumena and Gartha.

Eume. Who is't that's so importunate?

Gar. Your Brother (Madam) and he brings
A Lady with him, vested like a Nun.

Eume. Give them admittance, and retire a
while. *Exit Gartha.*

The choice he makes of his Society,
Is very sad and strange. The Queen disguis'd.

N n n n

Enter

Enter Oramont and Queen, in a Nuns habit.

Ora. The Blessings of the day (great Sister) are
So much at your command, 'twere idle ceremony
To salute you with a courtly wish.

Eume. Brother, you look upon my fortunes
with a scornful and
A troubled eye, but from your soft temper
(Most illustrious Madam) I expect
Much more than I deserve, a courteous joy
For all I dare possess, since what I am
Your patience onely can allow, and what
I have I prostrate at your feet. *Kneels.*

Queen. *Eumena*, you deject your self too
much, it is my turn
To kneel, that am a suitor to you.

She lifts her up.

Eume. Forbid (just Heaven) such misbecoming fights,
And give me your forgiveness too, if I
Demand the cause of this attire, that hides
More sanctity within, then it presents without.

Queen. I dare not trust my griefs to my
own tongue;
For so, my patience would be injur'd much,
By narrowly expressing what I bear;
Your noble Brother, justly may assume
My office of complaint, since he hath ta'en
Most charitable pains in my redress.

Ora. *Eumena*, happy wert thou in thy ignorance,
Could not thy guilt soon prompt thee how to
know
What I am weary to express: The most renowned

Of all her sex, stands here divided from
Her royal Lord, that sacred knot untied,
By which the righteous have been taught to
Think she grew unto his heart; another sad
Example that might match the fate of this,
Would damn the World; for we should willingly

Believe Religion were no more then form.

Eume. You powers that are so loth to be discern'd

Appear a while to sence, and let them know
If it be just, that I should be accus'd
For what your selves ordain.

Ora. Live still triumphant in the Court,
Flatter thy beauty with presuming hope,
It ne'er shall fade; think nature onely weak
(And subject to decay) in Trees, and Flowers;
As if thy Spring could last without her help,
Whil'st this great Type of virtuous Love,
(That vainly is, what others ne'er can imitate)
Retires into a shade, cloister'd 't' th' dark
With holy Nuns, hiding her eyes from all

Those shining glories, which th'ambitious seek
Till they are blind.

Eume. O let me wear that solemn Weed,
And (Madam) stay you here to mend what is
Amis. Why should you live in a Monastick
Cell?

The virtuous need no pattern, since they are
Already what the chief should be, let me
Make trial of that dress.

Ora. Would you invest your self, i'th' ornaments
Of pious Maids. 'Lais! Vain Sister, that were
To cozen Heaven, as you have cozen'd her.

Eume. Madam, I'll turn me from that cruel
Man,
And sigh away my Soul, if what he says,
Hath any leave from your content.

Queen. Your love to me is so injurious
(*Oramont*)

I dare not trust it, till you know
The error of your thoughts; forgive him (fair
Eumena) and so often too, as you
At last may purchase Heaven by pard'ning
him.

Ora. What Angel but her self, could ever
Have such mercy, and such wrongs at once.

Queen. Rest sure, this solitary shape is not
In envious anger worn, because
The King continues constant to your love,
Your meritorious Beauty had the fate
To be his first kind choice; he does you right;
And me no injury, to let that love
Continue growing where it first took root.
Yer I could wish I ne'er had seen his face,
Or my affection could pursue it less,
Since both my passion, and the object were
Ordain'd to meet too late.

Eume. Let me reclaim your purpose with
my tears,
Leave not the Court: What resolution can
The King assume, but such a strength of virtue
May in time subdue?

Queen. It were unlawful hope, since then
He needs must heap discourtesies on you.

Ora. Wonder of Women! and my Souls
delight!

Queen. Enjoy (*Eumena*) what thou dost
possess,

The King! the King! A blessing so Supream,
That I have oft rebuk'd th'ambition of
Desire, when I did dream, that he was mine.

Eume. O misery of Sence! we are forc'd
to hear

And feel, without the licence of our Will.

Queen. This I request, when happier hours
shall give

Your Beauty, more especial Grace, you would
Entreat him, I may keep my ho'y Calling still,
And from my Dowre he would allow
So much of's useles treasure, as may build
A little Covent, where the Virgin Sisterhood,
And I, may with our Prayers expiate
The sin against our marriage vow, which he

Un-

Unwillingly comits.

Oramont takes Eumena aside.

Ora. If those be penitential tears, weep on.
Thou shalt behold poor *Oramont* no more;
For our dear Mothers sake, that prais'd thee
with

Her dying tongue, and blest'd us with her last
Cold breath, I will not do thee so much wrong
To wish these sorrows short, or thy life long

Exeunt Oramont and Queen.

Eume. Must my intire, and lasting innocence
Be still rewarded with a curse, and from
A noble Brother too, whose jealousy
Can ne'er be cur'd, but by my vow'd
Perpetual absence from the Court, which is
A remedy that will destroy the King.

Enter Amadore.

Amad. This is her Chamber sure!
I watch'd with heed, if
The Queen and *Oramont* in their return
Took not their straight immediate way from
Hence; I'll make the door secure
To hinder all access —

Eume. What are you Sir, that rudely press
to so reserv'd a place.

Amad. With wise intent did *Oramont* detain
Me still from seeing her. She looks as she
Were made to conquer or betray —

Eume. Why do you gaze with such amazement Sir?

Come you t'admire?
Or scornfully to kill what you behold?

Amad. T' instruct you who I am,
Know I am proud to

Call my self the friend to *Oramont*.

Eume. Was't he that sent you hither?

Amad. No Lady (by my own contrivance)
I come resolv'd, through all the dangers death
Can minister, to find you here; friendship
Hath given my Resolution strength to meet
Even that, which overcame the valiant King,
Your Beauties force.

Eume. Discover quickly your intents,
Ere fear distracts my understanding so,
That I shall suffer, and not know the cause.

Amad. Your Brother thinks your youth
defil'd, which breeds

Such a distemper in his Breast, that now
His stronger Sences yield to ev'ry doubt.
This melancholly sickness I would cure,
And can invent no means, so fully fraught
With hope, as to convey you from the Court
In this disguise —

Eume. Stay. Whither would you lead me
Sir? I dare

Not trust my self to furious men:
To me you are a stranger, and may feign
The story of that cause which tempts you so
Uncivily to gain my Brothers love; take heed!
If you abuse the Royal Privilege
That guards this place, an army call'd

To your defence, cannot secure your life.

Amad. Danger's a vain, unbody'd blast;
let it

Prevail with Infants often frighted in
Their sleep; with Judges grown effeminate
In their warm Furrs; who think most fearfully
Of death, because 'tis terrible to those
Whom they condemn; with Priests, who at
Their frequent visits, find the sickly in
Despair, that hourly see the guilty die,
And by uncertain faith, derive at last
Their fears unto themselves. To such
As these preach danger, but to me it is
The music of the Drum, ordain'd to fright
Cowards, but gives the valiant appetite.

Eume. Is there no help, but what with un-
prepar'd

Devotion, rudely I must call from Heaven.

Amad. Delay me not in hope of a surprize,
But straight put on this borrow'd shape, and then
With silence follow me, or on thy heart
My Sword shall spoil the figure of the King.

Draws his Sword.

Eume. Did I believe, that dying is the worst
You would inforce, I should invite it now.
Kill her — that is most willingly prepar'd.

Amad. Have you the vanity to be believ'd
So innocent, as that you fear not death

Eume. Sir, if you think I borrow virtue for
A safe disguise, here I present my Breast.

Amad. Assemble all your thoughts toge-
ther, and

Consult within; are there no terrors near
The Grave? No angry Spirits, whose
Imployment is to hurry, and transmit the Soul
From flame to flame, from wind to wind (Poor
Vex'd and weary stranger?) till groaning
With the burden of its long remembered sins,
Shall wish that its too soon forsaken flesh
Were on again.

Eume. I cannot think of any willing crime,
I e'er committed, that may make me fear
I shall be troubled after death.

Amad. Yet study more; perhaps I have
Defac'd your memory, with the disorder that
My threats have made.

Eume. 'Tis you are guilty Sir, and may suspect
The confidence you brough, not what you
Find in me; besides my innocence, I have
So many griefs, as may declare I am
Willing enough to die; begin that work,
You thought you could so quickly finish with
your sword.

Amad. Thou but pretendst this virtuous
boldness to

Beguile my wrath, receive the just reward
That such hypocrisy provokes.

Eume. What interrupts you now, why are
you slow

To execute, what you did promise with such
eager haste.

Amad. Then she is clear, and I am lost,
betray'd,

And by the easiness of friendship wrought,
 Bâsely to place suspicions on a Saint.
 Upon my knee, I beg, you by
 Your hasty pardon, would prevent that curse,
 That black dishonor, which your Brothers
 Jealousie might lay upon your sex.

Knocking at the Door.

Eume. Hide, hide your self, if you desire to
 live,
 perchance it is the King.

Amad. He comes most timely then; for
 had I power,
 I would command him here.
 If life will satisfie th' arrears of guilt,
 Take it (who e'er thou art) for I will let
 Thee in? *Opens the Door.*

Enter King.

King. This (Mistress) is a pretty needles
 safety,
 D'y'ou guard your door with Bolts? Hah!
Amadore!

That gave to Oramont his ranfome, with
 Such brave munificence.

Eume. Was he the Author of my Brothers
 liberty,
 Then I shall more lament his loss.

King. How Sir! Your Sword naked, as
 'twere drawn

For violent deligance! If treacherously
 It aims at me, thou shalt have cause to praise
 My valor more, then thou dost fear the King.
 I will not call for help, but thus unarm'd
 I dare resist a Traytors force.

Amad. Had I not wrong'd that Lady, Sir,
 with most

Unworthy doubts, then (free from guilt) I
 Should have boldness to encounter all assaults,
 Though num'rously address'd; but as I am
 Th' abuser of her fame, I weakly yield
 My weapon to your hand, revenge her cause,
 Whom you so nobly love.

Kneels, and gives his Sword.

Eume. How strangely he becomes this
 penitence!

O Sir, believe him not, distraction makes
 Him own a crime, which he did ne'er commit.

King. *Eumena*, he is safe; thou shouldst
 not think

I'll vanquish him

That overcomes himself; yet it

Is just, I give him to the tryal of

The Laws; for ev'ry circumstance denotes

There is some great rash injury, which sure
 Thy goodness labors to conceal.

Amad. If your strict Laws could punish me
 with death,

For faultily infringing thus the Peace,
 And secret quiet of your Court, I then

Would cheerfully commend the doom.

Eume. For my sake pity (Sir) his madness
 'gainst

Himself: Shall he that made my Brother free,
 Be fetter'd and confin'd in Bonds?

Amad. My vile subjection grows more
 hideous to my sense.

King takes Eumena aside.

King. Those little Forms that bring autho-
 rity

Regardful aw, and keep it great, should still
 Be fullen and severe; 'tis not with Kings
 (*Eumena*) as with lesser Men, that may
 In gentle courtesie forgive; for if
 The Lord of Laws should complement
 With Crimes, the Law it self that makes him
 safe,

Would be but ceremony thought, and get
 No more regard, then as 'tis eloquently writ
 Or spoke; believ't, 'tis fit he suffer for
 Example onely, to deter the bad.

Eume. Have you not said, I ne'er should
 be deny'd?

King. Yare wondrous fond of Men that
 do you wrong:

Is this deriv'd from pity, or from love?

Eume. There is no pity (Sir) if it be meant
 For benefit, and use, but hath
 Some little relish in't of love:

King. Thou never wert too kind till now.

There Sir,

Take back your weapon and be gone, but no
 Return of words. Reserve your thanks,
 'Cause it belongs to her; and you may guess
 (Without offence) that I am loth to hear
 She doth oblige another more then me.

Amad. This favor I would ne'er receive,
 Were not I secretly resolv'd to merit it.

Exit Amadore.

King. *Eumena*, you are merciful to all
 Beneath your self: O that I were no King,
 If thy affection onely can descend,

Eume. Why should old weary Time run on,
 and make

The World continue that deserves to cease,
 Since ev'ry vertue now grows dangerous;
 Can you be jealous of my mercy, Sir?

King. Farewel neglectful Maid; how long
 have I

Endur'd those narrow payments of thy love,
 For mine (bestow'd with such excess) and in
 A dull surmise, thou couldst not love at all?

But I (alass) was ignorant of thee,

As Men have ever been of things

Most excellent, making such judgment on
 Thy Beauty, as Astronomers on Stars;

Who, when their better use they could not
 know,

Believ'd that they were onely made for show.

Exeunt severally.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Oramont, Amadore, severally.

Amadore. Amongst the numberless affairs of life,
A Not one can I remember that so much

Concerns my happiness, as now to find Thee *Oramont*.

Ora. Inspir'd, thou dost foretel a joy From the resentment of thy Soul: For sure I am the first can give it to thy sense. The Queen with soft appliances of love, Is sent for by her Royal Lord. Men hope He will invite her to his Bed.

Ama. This is a joy indeed! The noble are Inclind to gladness, when the virtuous taste The just reward of their deserts.

Ora. Methinks thou dost but temperately Receive, what thou shouldst hastily devour. Know, by his kind command, sh'ath laid aside The holy Robes; and now appears as the Already did possess, what onely expectation Yet can boast to have.

Amad. Thou hast declar'd enough to make me think

The Destinies have careful been of her, Though not of thee, unlucky friend: Thy jealousies

Betray'd me to such false ignoble doubts, As must undo us both; for the abuse Of Ladies honors, never can be satisfied With penitence, but Blood.

Ora. What means my Friend?

Amad. To chastise thee; for thou unmanly, and

Too curious fears, that so have sulli'd the Most fair complexion of thy Sisters fame.

Ora. Thou hast but nam'd her *Amadore*, And I already feel, a deadly weight upon My heart, not 'cause I think my forward faith Hath wrong'd her vertue with mistakes, but That I find, it is with Reasons help, too well Assur'd of her defects.

Amad. Thy reason is but circumstantial, False as a cowards fear, which multiplies Each danger, that he would not meet until It grows into impossibilities. Thy Sister I Have seen, and know her to be pure, as first Created light, new spreading Buds, and Flowers Ne'er handled in their growth, are not More innocently sweet: How fierce will then My anger prove, when 'tis not onely exercis'd In a revenge for that foul heresie, With which thou didst infect my Soul, but 'Cause it took all quiet Peace from hers.

Ora. With what Prophetick care, I fain would have

Preserv'd thee from her eyes. Now thou hast Seen her, all the power of humane art cannot

Redeem thee from her charms. She hath Bewitch'd thee to a doating love, and told thee Tales as void of truth, as those which *Syrens* sing,

When listning Seamen perish in the Flood, For what they foolishly believ'd.

Amad. Can I hear this!

Shall I maintain fond Patience at such great Expence of my vex'd spirits, carelessly T'incourage other Men to slander her, Whose pity did redeem me from just bonds: Advance thy Sword. *Draws.*

Ora. Stay *Amadore*; I knew not that she Gave thee liberty, but that thou gavest me Mine, my memory doth now confess with so Much gratitude, I cannot be provoked T'attempt thy life.

Amad. Heavens! Why did you make me kind?

If to do good, draws on the consequence Of doing ill, because I did procure Thy liberty, am I oblig'd to take A ceremonious gratitude for thy Offence; forgiving all thy Sisters wrongs, And those low jealousies did force from me. Prepare —

Ora. The furious winds are not More senseless in a storm. What reputation will Thy anger have, when it proceeds without Dispute, not staying for the usual credit of A cause. I shall believe th'ast none, unless Discourse, and Reason give't authority.

Amad. To tell thee what I saw, or what *Eumena* said, were strait to lose the brave Just cause of my revenge; for then I know thou wouldst repent.

Ora. I will not fight.

Amad. O *Fatés*! What poor unworthy enemies

Do you provide for me, Coward? Thy former Sins shall unregarded pass, compar'd to this; For now thou wilt commit strange sacriledge, Steal from th'hearse of thy great Ancestor All his victorious wreaths, and blast 'em with The venom of a word. *Oramont draws.*

Ora. The Seals of Friendship are broken now — Let's not

Destroy our selves, like vain fantastick fools, Thus in the publick view, but follow till I lead Thee near a Grove; and though too late, thou shalt

Be taught, how soon thy angers flame will die, Fed by the false fire of *Eumena's* eye.

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Aleran, Saladine, Thorello.

Aler. This is the Queens Privy Chamber
sure?

I wonder 'tis so empty, when so great
Disorders are at hand; each faction met
In several crouds.

Thor. 'Tis strange! As after ev'ry raging
storm,
Merchants and Mariners flock to th' Exchange,
To hear what mischiefs done at Sea; so now
(Methinks) the Politick, and those that would
Be thought such; Men old in offices, and those
Whose Infant hopes are newly crying out,
'Cause their Reversions have not pass'd the
Seals;

Nay, and lovers of either sex, should all meet
Here, to scatter and to gather news—

*Enter Old Courtiers, picking their Teeth, and
striking of Crumbs from their Skirts.*

Sal. Behold the Formal Antiquaries!
It seems the Waiters Table's first broke loose.

Aler. Now are they talking of Religion.
Sal. No, we should hear 'em then; because,
Men at a loss are ever loud.

Thor. Th'are talking of our sudden change
i'th' Court,
Which he in the dapple Grey-Beard observes
T'important use; for I dare warrant ye,
He swears if this inversion hold, he will
Recover by th'assistance of an old
Record, at least—another Rabbit to
Their second course.

Sal. Pox, he can never do't?
That Record has been sufficiently studi'd.

Aler. Y'are in the right! Besides by a
Decree
Of the same date, they have lost the dry'd
Sweet-Meats
Due from his Highness Table, and 'tis thought
Can ne'er relieve 'em by Law.

*Enter Gartha and one Lady, who curtsie to
Thorello, very low; then bow to the others,
they to them.*

Thor. That's Gartha, Eumena's Woman,
And that the Lady Olari; 'tis such a short
Leg'd Hen, but her Chapeens (Sir) are so tall,
That th'other day, I was also playing with her,
And thinking he had pinch'd her knee,
Wonder'd at her patience; when all the while
He held her by the Wood—

Aler. Sure th'others very old.

Sal. Who? Gartha! She is the best An-
nalsist
Of all the Back-stair, and the Lobby acts,
In good Queen Joan's days, that is now extant.

Gar. Is not that Thorello, a wit?

1 Lady. Yes; but he makes love, as loud,

And tediously, as Lawyers put the Case. What
Call you it the *Academick* way; as if he
Would dispute a wench out of her Maidenhead.

Gar. Those Cavaliers (his friends) are wits
too. Lord!

How maidenly they sit before the great Ladies
Whom they visit, as if their silence did
Imply, 'twas Beauty struck 'em dumb.

*Enter Second Lady, who curtsies to all, but
Saladine, they to her; then she sits on the
Rushes, and takes out a Book to read.*

Thor. How coldly you salute your Mistress
Saladine,

I know by that you'll marry her; for 'tis
A certain sign, those who embrace abroad,
Do ever keep a sober distance here.

Gar. 'Slight! How strangely she is dress'd
to day!

1 Lady. She's prouder than a Favorites
Mistress at
A Mask: Last night, Gartha, she'd needs
compare

Her Flanders Peaks to mine: What think'st
thou?

Gar. Alas poor soul; it is a little mad!

1 Lady. Let us sit by her, and tell her
A secret or two of ours, that we
May hear all hers.

Gar. No, she'll read to us in that Book,
Till we grow madder than her self.

1 Lady. It is some Play.

Gar. She's excellent at driving perfect
Characters in Plays: The Poets bow
To her, she is so critical.

Enter Third Lady in white.

3 Lady. Signior Thorello!

Thor. Your Creature, sweet Madam—

3 Lady. Sir, you perfume me with your
Epethite, I fear you have not sent to Milan
Yet, for th' Carkanet of Pearl.

Thor. Your Ladship will make me languish
Much by your distrust, since your commands
My dispatches have been written twice.

3 Lady. Y'oblige me Sir.

She goes to salute and talk with Gartha.

Thor. Sure she is fasting yet; her breath's
So strong, 'twould overcome a Bearward.

Sal. But thou hast writ for the Pearl?

Thor. The Devil have.

3 Lady. Signior, I here there are fair Ru-
bies there.

Thor. By my next Letter, Madam, I'll take
Care t'acquaint you with their size & value—
'Twere good she'd bait on Lemmon Peels,
Or eat Pastillies, before she comes abroad.

3 Lady. Gartha, these travel'd wits are
good for nothing.

But to lie Liegers here for Ladies toys;
Why dost not thou employ 'em.

GAR.

Gar. For what Madam?

3 Lady. For Essences to *Rome*, *Tweeses* to *Brussels*, and for Fans to *Paris*. Make the Poor Souls write, they'll take it kindly.

Gar. Troth, and I'll put 'em to't; your Ladship must stand my friend, and tell 'em That I'll read their verses to the Queen.

3 Lady. Let me alone Wench: Is your Lady in the Gallery?

Gar. I wait here, in that opinion Madam.

Exit third Lady.

These great Ladies when th'ave tasted Matrimony, grow so haughty; and think they Can fool others, as easily as their Husbands.

Enter Radegond.

Radeg. Ladies and Gentlemen, avoid the Room. *Exeunt all but Radegond.*

Enter King.

King. Have you by private order so contriv'd,

That both in visits, and her passage through The Court, *Eumena* may perceive some general Neglect, as if my favor to her were declin'd.

Radeg. I have been busie (Sir) in your command.

King. And are the throngs of Suitors too (that at

Her lodgings still address their hopes) forbid Attendance there.

Radeg. All secretly dismiss'd.

King. How does she take it *Radegond*?

Radeg. As one that entertains the change, More with her wonder, then her grief.

King. How vain is the revenge which Lovers gainst their Mistresses invent? Since Still themselves more suffer in't, then those Whom they afflict.

Enter Phylenio and Queen.

Phyle. Your Grace will much confirm your Happiness, if you can meet his proffer'd Kindness with such looks, as may declare your Discontents, are not so lasting as your love.

King. Why (Madam) did you come at my request?

Or, why did I desire your presence here? I want the common virtue of the poor, Such a reserv'd and fearful bashfulness, As makes indebted men ashamed to see Those that oblige them most.

Queen. Are these the comforts that I sought With such believing haste? Sir, 'tis not safe To mock my misery, for so your errors must Derive themselves; not from necessity, But from your will; and when your hate Prolongs its growth, until it ripen to a scorn, I am not certain I shall have the pow'r to pardon it.

King. Alas; mistake me not,

Though I mistake my self; for I of late Have felt such strange disorders in my heart; That I can hardly find those thoughts, which I Would utter first.

Queen. 'Twas ill that I was sent for Sir; Why did you cruelly command that we Should meet again; I am the hurtful cause Of that disease which governs in your mind; And till the cause be quite remov'd, there is No hope of cure —

King. O stay! thou didst divest Thee from thy holy Ornaments at my Request, 'twas kindly done; nor could I think It fit to bury so much excellence In unfrequented shades, stay here, and love me still.

Queen. You make your serious invitation vain,

Where you are sure of such a glad consent.

King. But wilt thou give me leave to love?

Queen. Else Sir I were unjust unto my self.

King. Thy understanding is too slow, I Would have such a liberty as is not fit For me to ask, nor thee to grant. Seal me A licence for each choice, mine eyes shall make.

Queen. There is no harm in love; your nicety

Hath wrong'd us both. Peculiar and distinct Affections, are but small derived parts Of what we call the universal love; And universal love (undoubtedly) Must be the best, since 'tis ascrib'd to Heaven. Take Sir the freedom you desire.

King. Shall I receive a bounty that must Needs undo the giver, and yet nothing add Unto the wealth of my content; for I am sure That charter never can usurp upon *Eumena's* heart, begone: Some curse o'errules My nature, shouldst thou stay, I must again Invite thee to be wrong'd — Attend the Queen

Exeunt King one way, Phylenio, Radegond, Queen another.

Enter Oramont, Eumena.

Eume. Sir, whether would you go With a wild look? You shift from place to place, and move so fast, as if your steps Were hastned by your fears —

Ora. I find a happy emptiness In all your lodgings now: What is become Of that gay croud of Flatterers, who did Attend your greatness here? Where be Your Suitors too? Are all dispatch'd? Y'have Been a courteous Favorite, and of your power, have made a noble use.

Eume. Though you are come To scorn this sudden change, I dare (without Much sorrow) tell you Sir, the King hath eas'd Me of that weighty power, as fit for His own judicious strength. And now this rich Division of his glorious Pallace looks,

As sad and vacant as the place where some
Great Prince's Herse is laid aside, until
The Funeral day, there but a few kind servants
Watch in dutious Form, and weep for
Their dead Lord.

Ora. Alas! What alteration's here! Good
Heaven!

How comes it faithful Lovers thus fall out?

Eume. Not for my own sake (*Oramont*) but
yours,

I pity that decay of courtesie
And soft compassion which you still discover.

Ora. Why, you mistake me sure, I am a wife
Prophetick Courtier, and foresaw your fall
Ere I did practise my neglect? But yet
I may a little differ now from all
My subtlefriends, bred up in Pallaces;
For like a dull unskilful follower
Of Kings, I shall bestow a present on you,
(A rich one too) when all your power is gone.

Draws out a sword bloody.

Eume. A Sword, and newly stain'd with
Blood!

Ora. That your amazement may increase,

Emmena. You shall know this present is
A Legacy sent from a lover at
His last expence of breath; and by my Soul
He was a valiant Lover, though his cause
Made him unfortunate.

Eume. What hath your jealous fury done?

Ora. An act scarce worthy of my Fame,
I but dispatch'd a dying man:
For thy bewitching beauty with strange charms
Had conquer'd, and destroy'd him ere I came
To make a tryal of his strength; his name
Was *Amadore*.

Eume. My fears had in 'em too much cause,
Sure he was slain in rescue of my honor.

Ora. You best can tell his undertaking that
Provok'd him to't, and would you hear't
from me.

Eume. O, I have heard too much!
Thou bloody Harbenger of death, whose place
And hasty business, is to take up Graves
And Tombs, where thou dost courtly lodge
Men more renown'd and valiant than thy self.

Weeps.

Ora. Weep'st thou for him?

Eume. Young *Amadore* to all succeeding
times shall live

Eterniz'd by some Tragick Pen, whose
Gentle numbers shall melt the most
Obdurate men, when they shall hear the
Miseries of love, whilst thou (the horror of
The scene) shalt ne'er be mention'd, but to
Change their pity into rage.

Ora. O heart! I've ever strove

To keep thee firm, loyal to virtue, and
Impartial to the World; yet now thou art
Subdu'd with sorrow that proceeds from sin.
For I'm constrain'd to grieve, when I behold
Her mourn, although I know she lov'd him but
Unlawfully, whom she laments; else why

Did she employ his anger to revenge,
My kind and careful jealousy.

Eume. Thou hast proceeded to such dire
extreams,

That 'tis too late to let thee know thy error,
And 'cause thou art my Brother, I am loth
To hinder thee of that excuse, which ignorance
May give, since th'art no other shift to free
Thee from eternal punishment.

Ora. Her falshood shews so comely in
Her sorrows dress, that if my judgment were
Not strongly arm'd with Reasons force, I
Should be fondly overcome.

Enter Radegond, Phylenio, and Guard.

Raged. He was observ'd to enter here.
It is the Kings command, that you disarm,
And strait imprison him i'th' Fort.

The Guard seize on him.

Phyle. What fate hath govern'd you to day,
My Lord? The people that beheld your fight
With *Amadore*, have with tumultuous rage
Pursu'd you to the Pallace-Gate, report
Him kill'd; his servants and his friends assem-
bled with

The noise, demand strict justice of the King.

Ora. Convey me strait to darkness, or to
death!

What pleasure can I take i'th' use of light,
Since it no more can bring unto my view,
My friend alive, or my fair Sister true?

Exeunt Phylenio, Oramont, and Guard!

Eume. Let me intreat you Sir, to bring him
Back, I've much to say, that may persuade him
To a fitting penitence: Why are you deaf
To my request? Or, how durst you presume
T'infringe the Royal privilege of Court,
And force my Brother hence?

Radeg. I'm sorry (*Madam*) you will shortly
Find more alteration in the King, then yet
You seem to know. What we have done, was in
Obedience to his will. *Exit.*

Eume. Then I shall feel too soon the sudden
Want of power; for I no more must see thee

Oramont,

A word so fatal, and implies such sad
Unlucky truth, that I did fear to utter it.
If now thy spirit (noble *Amadore*)
'Mongst thy immortal new acquaintance has
The leisure to attend my plaints, forgive
Th'injustice my fond nature prompts me too,
Since I must needs bewail a Brothers loss,
Although that Brother was thy enemy.

Enter King.

King. Since *Amadore* is slain, though by the
Rage of *Oramont*, which I lament so much,
That should remembrance entertain it long
(I would be my ruine too;) yet such
A strange necessity my Stars impose
Upon me now, that his lamented death

Is all I've left, to give some means of life
Unto my begger'd and half famish'd love;
For if there be a room for love within
Her Brest, he being gone, that did
Inhabit there: Why should not I succeed?

Eum. Are you here Sir, does it become a
King to look upon affliction, and not strait
Redress't? The poor Physician is so nice
I'th' honor of his science, that he ne'er
Will visit dying men: As if he were
A sham'd to look upon those inward wounds
He hath not skill to cure.

King. *Eumena*, I did think to use a while
a lovers art,

Returning harsh neglects for thine; but since
Thy fortune doth afflict thee more than I
Could do, I come to share, and lessen what
Before I practis'd to augment.

Eum. I fear you come too late; but if
Y'are still a King, and still retain that lov'd
Divinity to which the virtuous bow; subdue
The wicked strait, by shewing now that power
Which they so sawcily suspect; call back from
His dark Grave, the valiant *Amadore*.

King. You Angels take her senses to your
care.

'Lass! What a strange request was this? As
Much discourteous too, as 'tis impossible.
She'd have me fetch my rival from th' unknown
Far distant shades, to take a new
Possession of that love, which onely by
His absence I can hope to enjoy.

Eum. If this exceed your high prerogative,
I will descend to what your mercy can
Perform, redeem my Brother from his bonds:
For in a dearth of comforts, we are taught
To be contented with the least. Why, by
Severe command, did you surprise him here?
And gave no privilege unto that place
Which you have often sanctif'd with vows.

King. Here I surprise him! No 'twas the
just Law; but who is he so rash, that can
Desire to be a King? Since all the justice that
We do, is father'd on the makers of
Our Laws, and all their cruelty on us,
Make much you greedy Monarchs of that
Dignity, which with such toil in Was
You labor to attain, I'm weary of't:
For like the Castle bearing Elephant,
We groan beneath that load, which we support
To guard and strengthen others, not our selves.
And what a useless glory 'tis, to be the chief
Of Men, wanting the Charter to command
A tender Ladies love.

Eum. Strange remedies you bring unto
The sick! You deaf'n those complaints you
Came to hear, with louder of your own.

Enter Queen.

Queen. O mercy, mercy, Sir. Dare you de-
rive

Your attributes from Heaven, yet mercy want.

By which, the wiser chiefly are content
You should assume th' immortal power!

King. Madam, methinks you sue too ear-
nestly.

Queen. *Eumena*, speak to him; for
Oramont is now convey'd to suffer death, just
Now, 'tis the Letter of the riggid Law. He that
In Duel doth survive, must be destroy'd,
Ere th' other, whom he slew, can be interr'd—

Eum. Alas! what weak encouragement
Have I to make requests on earth, when by my
Griefs of late, I've cause to doubt my prayers
Are not heard in Heaven, and ill it will become
Me Sir (whilst I remember *Amadore*)
To ask that mercy which (how ever) is most
Fit for you to grant.

King. A fond unskilful bargain I shall make
If I exchange Justice (the Jewel that doth
Most adorn my crown) for her uncertain love
Which since she is so loth to promise, how
Unwilling she will be to pay.

Queen. Why Sir are you so slow, when
Time and danger move so fast?

King. The people (Madam) call for Justice;
They wisely lov't; that is, are well content
When it is us'd to punish those above
Them, not themselves, rude and ill manner'd
Are they to expect the valiant should be
Sacrific'd not onely by the Fo abroad, to keep
Them safe, but suffer publick death at home,
When they are pleas'd to see a Tragick show,
Yet since such valor is proscribed by Law,
He needs must die.

Queen. If valor be
Proscrib'd, how wretched then will Ladies be
Since they can onely find the valiant true.

King. Madam, I confess, that old Coward
Law, looks too severely on couragious youth;
And know in regal skill I should connive
At those disorders which the furious in
Their growing spirits oft commit; for else
The body of a state (effeminate
With lasting peace) when a strange War shall
Come, like Bodies natural (confirm'd by strict
And quiet temperance) will want the benefit
Which the use of small disorders bring, that
Make each violent disease less new, and dan-
gerous.

Queen. Sir there is hope, your reason will
Perfwade your mercy now.

King. I, but the people understand not this,
For that dull croud (whom Kings through
curled fate

Must please) will have all Laws observ'd, and
They must stand, not 'cause th' are wise, but
'Cause th' are old.

Enter Radegond.

Radeg. The hour Sir is come, and *Oramont*
Must suffer death, unless you cancel strait
The written doom.

Eum. How fatal *Oramont*

O o o o

Doth

Doth sound; when joyn'd with that severe
word death?

Be free and bounteous of your pardon Sir;

She kneels.

For 'tis the last request I ere shall make.

King. Look on her Heaven! Since you are
Molifi'd with such a pitious sight as this; I
Hope my justice now would not be stil'd
Divine, but rather humane tyranny. This Ring
Unto the Provost bear, it shall suffice
To make him know *Eumena* gives his prisoner
life.

Exit Radebond.

Eume. May all the hours you have be-
flow'd on him,

Be added unto that accmpt which destiny
Hath numbred for your royal Self.

Queen. And may they prove so happy too,
That you shall wish for immortality,
More for a change of being, then a hope
To better what y^e enjoy on earth.

King. *Eumena*, hold poor begging Priests,
Assume the power to bless, and with devout
Wishes, imaginary payment make
Of what they really receiv'd, but I
Will lay a nobler value on your gratitude,
And look you should return (not for your
Brothers life) but for my fervent passions that
So long have courted your flow love.

Eume. I am undone!

For I have rais'd your expectation to
Demands, that I can never satisfie;
Sir, could my memory transgress so soon
To lose the thought of *Amadore*; yet my
Devoted heart so much adores
The virtues of your Queen, that I shall ne'er
By the temptations of your Crown, usurp
That love, which is so justly due to her.

King. Be careful of my inward peace, and
Call those resolutions back, or else deny
Them for a little space.

Eume. My soul's unalter'd truth,
Confirms what I have said: But trust me you
May take this comfort Sir, I'll not be more
Unkind unto your matchless heart then to
Mine own.

Exit.

King. So dying men receive vain com-
forts

From those visitants they love, when they
Perswade them to be patient at the loss of life,
With saying they are mortal too, and mean
To endure the like calamity, as if
To die were from good fellowship, from free
Intent t^e accompany departing friends,
When such last courtesie proceeds not from
Their will, but natures obstinate decree:

So if she mourns, 'tis not through willing
Kindness but constraint.

Queen. Doubt not her kindness Sir, you
saw her weep.

King. 'Twas by compulsion of my great
All conquering grief, not from her love, like
Eyes that from a secret sympathy,
Water and weep at others, when they
Behold them sore, but (Madam) why your
tears.

Queen. These are but leading drops; the
Showers are all behind, that I shall dedicate
Unto the memory of your sad fate.

King. Can you lament at my distress whom
I have injur'd with worse neglects; or can
You wish my sorrows remedy, when what
I gain must be your loss.

Queen. Sir, I shall claim no title to your
Brest, but what my patience and affection can
Deserve; he that did joyn our hands, did give
Me but a formal interest, since to
Eumena you dispos'd your heart, before
We knew those sacred rites.

King. Are you not weary of your vertue
yet?

Queen. Nor of your love unto my rival Sir;
If it were low, and sinful love, I should
Not think it worth my envy or my fear:
If pure and noble (as my strictest faith
Believes) it is too great, a treasure to
Be made particular, and own'd by me
Alone, since what is good doth still increase
In merit of that name, by being most
Communative.

King. This doctrine (Madam) will
Be new, and much unwelcome to your sex.

Queen. True love admits no jealousy; you
shall perceive it strait, for I will hasten to
Eumena Sir, and wo in your behalf.

King. Dare you employ your tongue a-
gainst your self?

Queen. Do not suspect me Sir, I shall
Not lose, by what she gains: For since your
Heart can have no peace, unless 'tis lodg'd
Within her Brest, I will procure its entrance
There with reason too, because I find
My quiet only doth consist in yours.

King. Leave me! had I not goodness, yet
My pride would ne'er consent to be so far out-
Gone, in kind effects of love. See me no more
Till thou canst hope to love me less, till I
Have cancel'd this large debt, or can (at least)
Find out a juster, and a nobler way
Then to increase, that debt which I should pay.

Exit severally.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Thorello, Saladine, Gartha, and one Lady.

Thorello. **W**'Have a Coach (Ladies)
at the Palace Gate
If you dare trust the trea-
sure of your Beauties

T'our charge, we'll visit Oramont i'th' Fort.

Salad. Some o'th' good natur'd Statesmen
Accuse the King for sending's pardon, and
Think 'twas ill advis'd to disappoint the
People, when they were all met for nothing,
But to see him suffer.

Thor. Faith since they came in courtesie
To see't, Oramont had been a right Cavalier,
Had he refus'd the pardon, and strait dy'd
To prevent them from losing their labor.

Gar. Lord! How they love to see a proper
Man suffer? And when their wives come home,
Each tells her husband he was like him:
For he behav'd himself with such a
Courtly courage at the Block.

Salad. As he had been his own neat exe-
cutioner,

And put of's head with the same ceremony,
As others do their Hats, right alamode.

Thor. Your Cavalier doth handsomely
Indeed; but 'tis not fit course fellows should
Arrive at such a publick grace, and for no other
Merit, but fighting o'duels.

1 Lady. The King, I hope, will let them
Fight it out, and not permit the Laws should do
'Em th' honor to take notice of their quarrels.

Salad. When Ladies take the pains to dress
Themselves to see, and grace an executed
Gallant, were it handsome a poor quarrelling
Rascal should strait perk up in's place,
Perhaps he'll die stoutly; but how? in base
Old cloaths, foul linnen, and s'face unshav'd,
Is that a sight for Ladies.

Enter Aleran and third Lady.

Thor. Look there comes Aleran, and with
Him your revolted Mistress.

3 Lady. That Gartha, Signior's strangely
Impudent; she's playing in the Sun, whil'st her
Poor Lady is weeping wet under a cloud.

Aler. Pray advise her (Madam) she'll take
it kindly.

3 Lady. How dost good Wench? Introth
Thou look'st so temptingly, that I could e'en
Kiss thee. The very corner of thine eye stoln
Out of a Close-hood, would burn as much
I think, as a Sun beam, contracted in a Glass.

Gar. I protest (Madam) I am meerly
Your Ladiships Glass, and reflect your looks,
Those are rare Pendants; I dare say a present;
Some travell'd lover's fool'd into a gift.

3 Lady. Prethee, who told thee of it?

Thou hear'st all; but I mean to change 'em.
Ustalso says they wear slight Emrauds now in
Venice, and being set transparant, they shew
well —

1 Lady. W'are taking Coach to visit
Oramont; has your Ladiship the leisure
T' humble your self with so much charity?

3 Lady. You do me honor in your
Invitation, I shall make the number more
Unworthy by th' poor addition of my self.
—Gartha! This Alari's a very fool; why
Dost thou keep her company?

Gar. I keep her (Madam) for intelligence,
She's well acquainted with all the Court
Matrons, that have the skill to drive out
Marriages, and make the parties meet; she can
Procure a Catalogue of all the rich young heirs.

3 Lady. Sweet, Madam, whether do you
Go? Pray stand and talk with us —

1 Lady. Your Ladiships servant!

3 Lady. We shall have tedious conversation
With those wits; they'll nothing but discourse
Together of fine hard things, and ne'er
Mind us —

Aler. I bring a business for you Gentlemen,
Would we were rid of our impertinent charge.

Thor. Widows are not so troublesome to
Their young husbands, when they relieve them
With good counsel, instead of money; the
Curse is, that they are chaste too. A very faucy
Vertue in them; considering they cannot
Make up our pleasure with handfomness.

3 Lady. Come Signiors! Shall we take
Coach?

Thor. Your pardon Ladies! — Nay, I be-
seech you.

Saladine, you still usurp my place. *Strive to
lead 'em.* *Exeunt comes.*

Enter King, Radegond, Phylenio.

King. False, and unlucky are you all!
Pretend great wisdom, till y' attain to dignity,
And place, then strait supply't with empty
Forms, austere, and rigid looks; by which
Your age (made dreadful, with that power
High office brings) begets you an unjust
Esteem; or, if you have the skill to give safe
Counsels to your King; when's judgment
Is distress'd, y'are so unfortunate, I
Ne'er can feel their use.

Radeg. Sir, you mistake that power, which
Onely we derive from yours. You never did
Include in our Commission such a vaste
Authority, to alter, or to govern love.

Phyle. How should we rule *Exmena* (Sir)
Whom you (depos'd by th' cruel tyranny of

Oooo 2 Love)

Love) must by constraint obey? or, if we could Prescribe to you, and with th' advice of reason Too, we dare not whilst your anger lasts.

King. A cure

Upon your mannerly o'er-civil fears! But you suspect it is not safe to speak, (The Statesman's cowardise) more dangerous To Kings intrench'd within their Thrones, Then are the dastard thoughts of Sentinels, That watch near Sconces and Redoubts; Who still afraid to give th' alarm (least being Heard, they should be first surpris'd) endanger Armies by that silence, when, like you, they Basely practise to secure themselves.

Radeg. 'Tis better to be silent, Sir, then give Advice, that may bring us ruine, And give you no ease.

Phyle. All thriving Arts, Kings are Content to own; but when good counsels Not succeed, their Ministers possess the blame.

King. I thank your noble wisdom much, Y'are kindly natur'd in your Providence. With wholesome policy you are content To share the better Fame, and juster wealth Of my Prerogative, but not the envy that Misfortune joyns to it.

Radeg. If your distemper, Sir, will needs Constrain us to reveal th' opinion we would Hide, let our obedience then excuse all that Our judgment wants. We think you ne'er can Have a free possession of *Eumen's* love, Unless your Queen consent to a divorce.

Phyle. Nor is this such a hopeless remedy As doth consist in wishes, more than in A probable effect; for she hath so design'd Her love and life to your dispose, that she'll Undo her self, by giving what you ask.

King. 'Tis well, y'have ta'en a worthy care Both of my quiet, and my fame! Make haste In your address unto the Queen; let her be Told I am prepar'd to visit her? — These are

Exeunt Radegond, Phylenio.

The righteous State-Physicians that attend On sickly Kings, prescribing unto us, As Nature to the hungry disease of Tygers, And of Wolves; when to preserve their lives, They feed on all the weak submitting herd. But how accurs'd would subjects be, were we Not born with far more vertue, then w'are taught?

I'll make my Function lov'd, and rather die, Then owe my life to such a remedy. *Exit.*

Enter Oramont and Queen.

Queen. Was holy *Elyer Albert* here to day, Your Sisters Confessor?

Ora. Madam, he hath In just obedience to your kind command, Unlock'd my sisters secret breast, and laid It open to mine eyes, shew'd me her heart, Until my jealousy receiv'd a strong

And certain cure; but though I have out-liv'd My doubts, my modesty (I hope) will not Permit me to survive my shame.

Queen. In giving you (By her unwearied intercession) life, She onely hath engag'd your gratitude: But rev'rend *Albert*, by revealing all Those truths, the priviledge of's function Makes him know, hath much oblig'd your faith.

Ora. I am confirm'd! And though the peoples malice to her in Their talk, by general consent Made me so credulous; though my nice care (Still watchful to preserve a sisters honor) And my most dutious love of you, apt to Resent your wrongs, and then believing you Declar'd her chaste, more in your gentleness, Then your belief, though these apparant Pleas (Together urg'd) might prove me capable Of some excuse; yet I am loth to own Them least my guilt made less, I should be Thought t'avoid that punishment, which I've Resolv'd upon my self.

Queen. Beware, such resolutions, Sir, are ill.
Ora. Your Justice (Madam) would conceive them fit,

Could you with my vex'd thoughts, peruse Those wrongs which I not onely did commit 'Gainst her, but 'gainst the King, and my Renowned friend, dead *Amadore*; and when I name him dead, I hardly can forbear that Fury to my self, by which I rashly ruin'd him.

Queen. To be the unauthoriz'd Author of Your own strict punishment, would to your Crimes such foulness add, as never could be Wash'd away, with all the tears of penitence. Be govern'd by your better thoughts, and strait Prepare to follow me, you'll perfect a Design, to which I am importun'd by The secret suit of *Aleran*.

Ora. I must not disobey you (Madam) Though I shall but make an ill exchange of This lov'd darkness, for that light I am Asham'd to see.

Queen. My own distresses are so great, That I conceive them hopeless now of cure, But I will try to lessen yours.

Ora. Her vertue is as restless as the Sun, Still moving, and yet never tir'd; and like His purer Beams, it comforts every thing.

Exeunt.

Enter Aleran, Thorello, Saladine.

Thor. The Ladies are sullenly retir'd Into their Closets, there to meditate And study the perfection of new tires.

Salad. They took it ill, that *Oramont* was So reserv'd, as to refuse their visit.

Aler. Gallants, y'are here invited to the Funeral of *Amadore*.

Sal.

Sal. Had not your summons been too hasty,
Sir,

W'had put our selves to th' charge of Blacks,
For the solemnity; but we have borrowed all
The sorrow we could get abroad, which added
To our own, will shew as doleful as long cloaks.

Aler. Well, you are high in my esteem,
And you shall both confess't; that very secret
Which this morn I whisper'd to the Queen,
Shall now be yours, The party is alive.

Sal. How! *Amadore* alive!

Thor. This mirth is scarce becoming *Aleran*.

Aler. It shall be when you find it truth,
Attend and reverence this tongue of mine,
That hath contain'd it self so silently
These two days.

Thor. Dost thou grow serious?

Aler. It was my luck t'arrive where those
Great spirits fought, and just when *Oramont*
Had left the field, in fear that he had kill'd
His friend, there I beheld the conquer'd
Amadore grasping his Mother Earth,
And senseless with the loss of Blood; whilst
Straight by the discovery of a few, a tide
Of people rushing in, they carry'd him
For dead unto my Garden-house that stood
Upon the River side, it being luckily
The next adjacent dwelling to that place.

Sal. I hope this will proceed from wonder
into joy.

Aler. Your hope, Sir, will be satisfied,
For with this violence of motion, I
Discover'd life, and by some skilful help
Retriev'd his wandering fences, till he got
The power to speak; but they were words
Of rage, most strangely vex'd: As soon as he
Had strength to know that he was overcome,
And when with all religious force we had
Perswaded him not to disdain his cure,
There being no impediment, but loss of blood,
He was a while content, but did enjoyn
Me to conceal his strange return to life.

Thor. What might that imposition mean?

Aler. I cannot guess, unless in melancholly
Sense of that disgrace, he did resolve
Perpetually to hide himself from men.

Thor. If *Oramont* had mis'd his pardon,
You would have been so good natur'd
(*Aleran*) t'have mock'd the Law, by shewing
Amadore alive.

Aler. Introth, I think, I should, nor will
I more obey his fond injunction now.

Enter Amadore in a night Gown.

For he'll relapse again for want of company;
Look there, this shady walk contents him much.

Thor. It will be happy news for *Oramont*.

Sal. 'Tis like ere this, h'has heard it from
the Queen.

Amad. Sir, you have fail'd my trust!

Aler. What I have done, my care and
Reason will excuse; for such a solitude as this

Would nourish your disease.

These (Sir) whom I presume to make your
Vilitants, are my choice friends, that hold
Your virtue and your honor in a high regard.

Amad. Though I'm concern'd i'th' injury,
Yet you have most abus'd these Gentlemen:
Why have you made the valiant lose their
Time so much to visit me, that by the falseness
Of my courage was subdu'd, when I was
Grac'd with such a noble Cause.

Thor. This was your Fortunes weakness
(Sir) not yours.

Sal. And you would grow unjust unto your
Self, to own the error of your fate.

Amad. Fortune and Fate are merely names,
For were they real pow'rs, they'd not indure,
That fools should prove them guilty of our ills.

Sal. Your passion makes you subject to
mistake.

Amad. 'Tis a sad truth, and no mistake of
Rage, if every Star were guilty of those crimes;
Of which so feverally they've been accus'd
By th' long continu'd race of Erring men,
They would have lost their hurtful influence
Ere this, for the supream just power would
Then neglect them.

Enter Oramont, Aleran steps to whisper him.

Ora. Sir, Heaven will soon reward your
Noble care, those joys you would deliver me;
The Queen already hath reveal'd.

Aler. 'Twere fit you should delay your
Visit Sir, I fear 'twill much distemper him!

Ora. Trust my discretion, and dismiss your
Friends.

Exeunt all but Oramont and Amadore.

Amad. My enemy! If I had any sense
Of shame, I should believe it now as much
Immodesty to live, as it was base
Before to be subdu'd.

Ora. Renowned *Amadore*!

Whom, if not my merit, yet my intire
Affection must call friend. Know, not by me,
But by unlucky destiny, thou wert
Subdu'd; so destiny became your enemy
Not *Oramont*.

Amad. A second curse is come upon me,
Ere the first is gone! Wilt thou deprive me
Of revenge, by courteous false denials of
Thy act; expose me to repair my honor
On a high mysterious power, that we onely
Know by words, let me be hidden in a Grave!

Ora. These sad complaints become you
not.

Amad. Why do you scorn me Sir? And
When my honor's lost, so vainly thrust me off;
Thus to repair't upon immortal things?
Why am I fool'd, by telling me, I'm overcome
By some strange influence above? For in
Disdain, you'd bid me go and fight with
Heaven now.

Ora.

Ora. Your valor, Sir, is misinform'd, and Your opinion weakly nice, to think the Conquer'd lose their honor with their swords, The noble sons of *Pompey* kept their honor When they lost the spacious World, and will Continue still as dear to Fame, as lucky *Cesar* That prevail'd, they gain'd by being overcome. For those that die, get instant immortality, Whilst victors that survive retard'd that Happiness which early dying, doth with Greater safety meet, because with fewer crimes.

Amad. You come to tell me, that I should have dy'd.

Ora. Your anger still perverts my words.

Amad. These are but vain sophistical toys, If thou art real *Oramont*, and hast some touch Of pity left, Deprive me not of that Renown, which such a noble cause might gain Me, if 'twere manag'd with a prosperous arm.

Ora. I understand not, what you would command.

Amad. Be kind and gentle, as thou ever Wert, and fight with me again.

Ora. Not for the wealth of both the *Indies*, Or all the treasure that the Sea doth hide! I am reclaim'd, and with true inward grief, Repent my jealous thoughts.

Amad. What will become of me? My honor's lost, and now I want a cause That justly might suffice me to redeem't? Be courteous yet! Could it be ever said Of *Amadore*, that he deny'd one, whom He stil'd his friend, th'employment of his Sword, when's reputation was distress'd, The cause will yet stand good enough, Since I'm not bound so quickly to believe Your jealousies, are by your penitence absolv'd.

Ora. You make a wonderful request! Retire a while within! Till I can secretly Provide to satisfy your will.

Amad. All Blessings, but this victory be thine. *Exeunt severally.*

Enter Oramont and Eumena.

Ora. To say (*Eumena*) that my jealousy Sprung from my Love, and Rumor gave It growth, were such fond circumstance, As both the Queen, and your Grave Confessor Already have confuted with severe Rebukes: Thy causeless sufferings have rais'd Thee to the dignity of Saints: Thus low I bow for my offence, which (since so great) If thou forgiv'st, it would be stil'd thy miracle, But that such wondrous mercy is the most Familiar custom of thy virtue.

Eum. I must receive thee *Oramont* with Tears, although thy happy news of *Amadore's* Return to life, might well command my joys T'appear in a less doubtful shape.

Ora. You have been told the temper of His soul, restore him by the soft Persuasions of your love. Where are you Sir?

Enter Amadore.

Amad. *Eumena* too! Is the great hope of Our brave Fierce encounter turn'd to this! Cruel and false! Dost thou present the object To my view, that will revert mine eyes, until They look upon my inward, hidden shame?

Eum. Y'are too suspicious (*valiant Amadore*) of the condition of your Fame, Which since so precious unto all, you ne'er Can lose what others with such care preserve. My cause was dignifi'd in your attempt; and Though the noblest humane enterprise is still Uncertain of success, yet brave attempts Get th'estimation of most prosperous deeds.

Amad. All that is good, the ill within me, Straight inverts to contrary effects; that which Would render life to Plants and Stones, doth Strike me dead; for I shall now be kil'd, Even with the mulick of her voice.

Eum. Make me not still unhappy.

Amad. No Lady, I would have you keep Your kind compassion for a nobler use, then Thus to waste it upon me, though I did want The vigor to defend the justice of your cause, And could not be victorious then; yet you Shall find I can subdue my greatest hopes, Even those that aim'd at you. *Exit.*

Ora. *Eumena*, follow him! unless thy love Can for immediate rescue, force a passage to His heart, he straight will ruine it.

Eum. O, what a change is here! You That before set guards upon my modesty, Now think it fit the wooer should be Courted by the woo'd. *Exeunt.*

Enter King, Queen, Radegond, Phylenio, and Attendants.

King. Proclaim a lasting joy to all that love, Or are belov'd! Send 'em a bounteous share Of mine, I have enough to furnish either sex. I am so light that I could tread on growing Flowers, and never bend their stalks.

Queen. My joy is such, that till this hour I never felt the like! And therefore Sir, you Needs must guess it is deriv'd from yours.

King. Thy constant Virtue hath so Vanquish'd me, that all my rash Rebellious Flames grow pale and sickly now. Near ev'ry Beam thine eyes most carelessly do shed Tapers before the Sun at Noon, look Not so alter'd and eclips'd.

Queen. Who is it, that will doubt The care of Heaven? Or think th'immortal Pow'rs are slow, because they take the Privilege to chuse their own time, when they Will send their blessings down.

King. Call all the Court, that they may Celebrate this miracle of love! And call *Eumena* too, that she may know how much Her wishes, and her Prayers for the Queen

Have

Have been observ'd above, I must believe
They were devout, they have so well prevail'd.

Enter Thorello, Saladine, Aleran.

Radeg. Look Sir ! Your joys are soon
dispers'd.

Phyle. Your voice is kingly too ; for 'tis
As soon obey'd, as it is heard.

King. Do homage to your Queen ;
Not as she shares the titles of my Crown,
But the Prerogatives of Love, whose
Everlasting Throne is in my Breast.

Aler. Our gladness shall appear in Tri-
umphs, Sir !

Sal. Such as the envious too shall come to
See, delighted with the glory, though they
Want the Vertue to affect the Cause.

Enter Oramont, Amadore, Eumena.

Thor. This *Cupid's* a strange fantastick
Young Monsieur.

King. What Magick show is this ? Brave
Amadore alive again ?

Queen. W^e have kept a story for you Sir,
That will contribute to your wonder and your
Joy ; reserve it for the triumphs of this night.

Eume. Sir, to prolong a precious life, that
Hath been sav'd by miracle, I was constrain'd
A little to dispencc with bashfulness,
And woo a valiant lover to woo me.

King. Were not my heart resolv'd *Eumena*
To be still delighted here, where justly I
Am taught to pay a mighty debt, long due
For true affection, and her patient loyalty,

I should hear this as a sad Tragick tale ;
But now, my kinder wish fall on you both.

Eume. The strange continuance of your
Vertuous love, my prayers and obedience,
Shall requite, at first I durst not welcome it,
More then with civil kindness and regard,
Since there was no proportion 'tween my
Fortunes and a King ; but when it grew to
Passionate excess, the Piety of your fair
Queen, made me forbear t^e usurp her interst.

King. 'Twas fit thy goodness should receive
Rewards from thy own choice. Now *Oramont*,
Your causeless jealousy will cease, and yours
(Brave rival) I am sure will ne'er begin.

Ora. Let me receive your pardon, Si r,
In a forgetfulness of my fond crime.

Amad. I'll beg it for him, Sir, as fervently
As I emlore your favors on my self,
Your sister shall be taught to chide you
Oramont, though I'll no more lament your
Victory, since I have gain'd my honors
Hope in her.

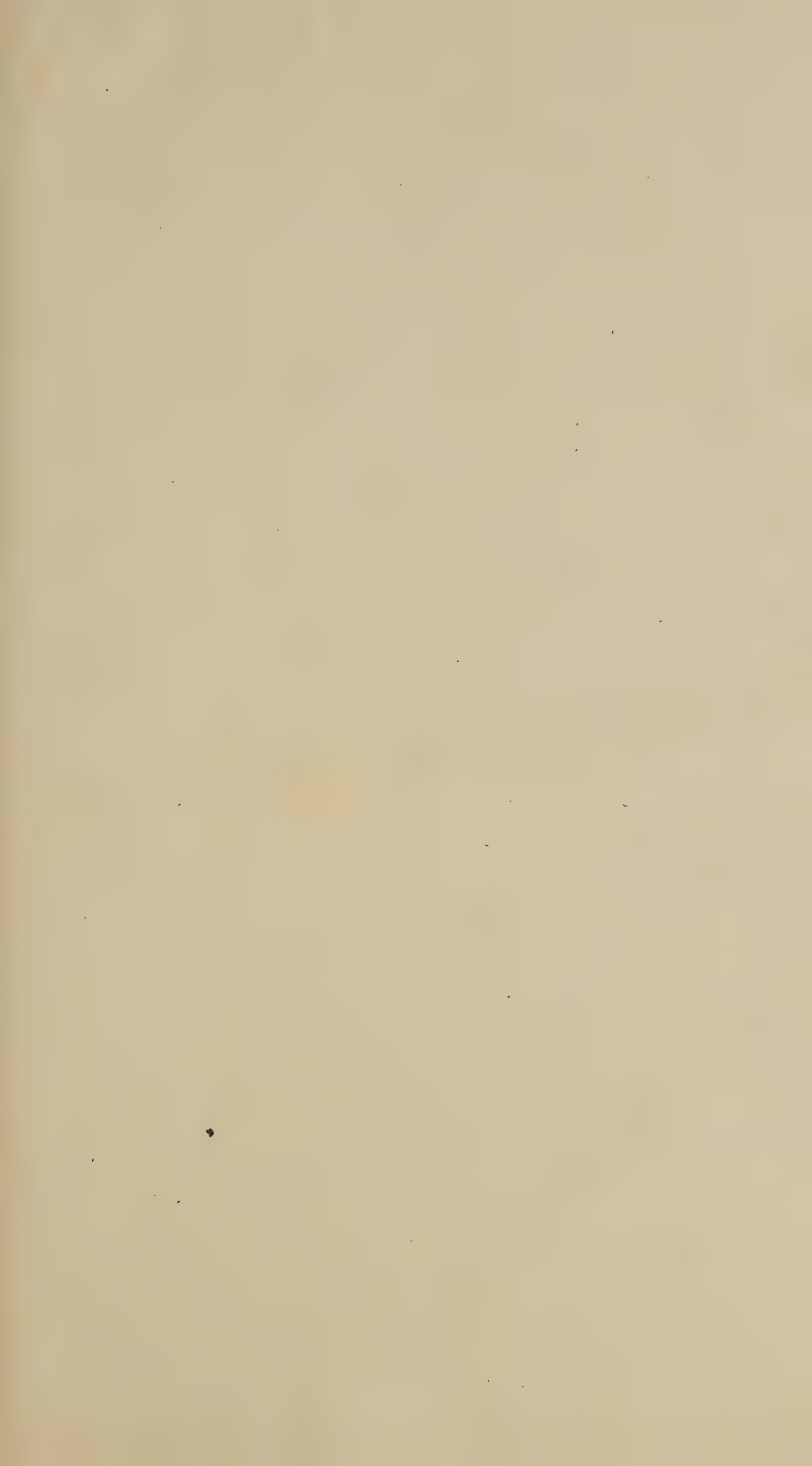
Queen. Be not dejected *Oramont*, your care
Of me I shall requite ; there's no choice,
Your noble love can make in *Italy*, but I
Will woo her to become your Bride.

Ora. Madam, the War must be my Mistress
Now, a long hard penance I'll endure,
Till I can expiate my sins of jealousy.

King. Lead on (my Lords) that we may
Straight prepare to celebrate *Eumena's*
Nuptial Rites, mine now will be
But happily renew'd
This day, succeeding Lovers shall prefer
To be the chief in Loves new Kalender.

Exeunt.

FINIS.



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